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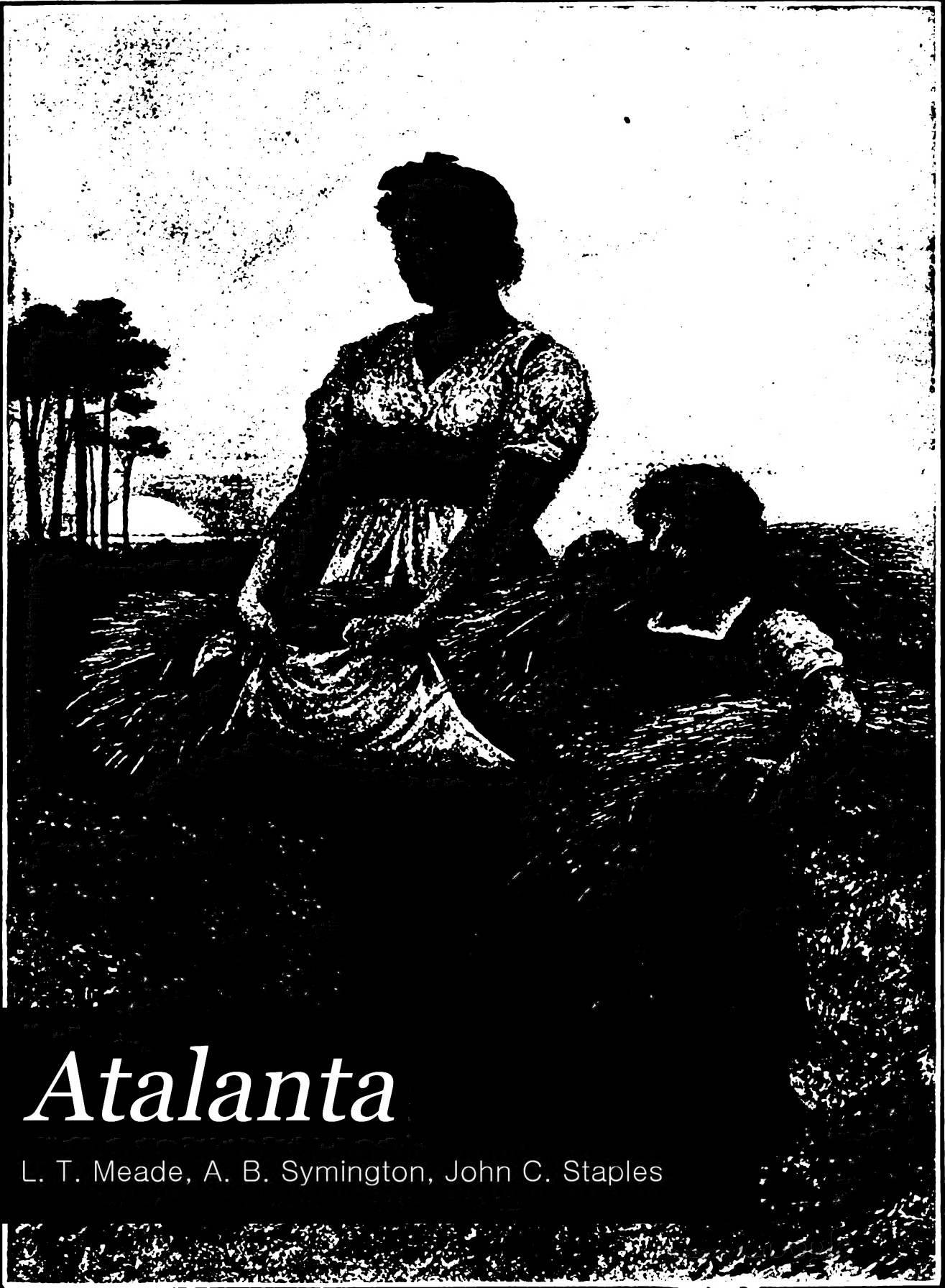
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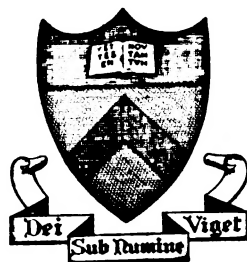
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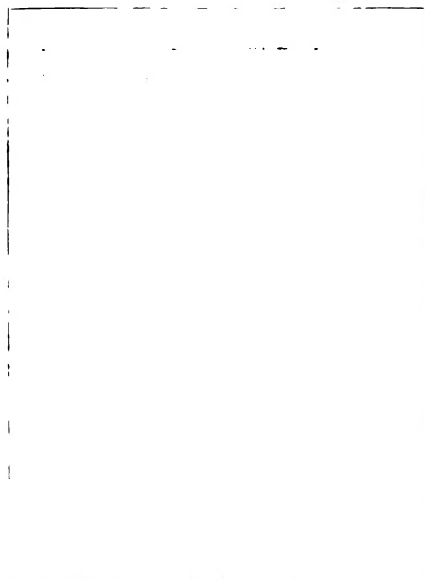
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ATLANTA

VOL. III.

OCTOBER, 1889.

No. 25.

TO A CHILD WHO ASKED ME FOR A POEM.

YOU ask me for a poem, dear,
You want from me a lay,
Who are a music blithe and clear,
Sung sweetly day by day!
You, child, have songs within your heart,
More pure than aught of mine,
For life, my dear, is more than Art;
Who sings you is Divine.

HON. RODEN NOEL.

A ROUGH SHAKING.

George MacDonald.

I.

HOW I CAME TO KNOW CLARE SKYMER.

IT was a day when everything around seemed almost perfect: everything does, now and then, come nearly right for a moment or two, preparatory to coming all right for good at the last. It

was the third week in June. The great furnace was glowing and shining in full force, driving the ship of our life at her best speed through the ocean of space. For on deck, and between decks, and aloft, there is so much more going on at one time

than at another, that I may well say she was then going at her best speed, for there is quality as well as rate in motion. The trees were all well clothed, most of them in their very best. Their garments were soaking up the light and the heat, and the wind was going about among them, telling now one and now another, that all was well, and getting through an immense amount of comfort-work in a single minute. It said a word or two to myself as often as it passed me, and made me happier than any boy I know just at present, for I was an old man, and ought to be more easily made happy than any mere beginner.

I was walking through the thin edge of a little wood of big trees, with a slope of green on my left hand, stretching away into the sunny distance, and the shadows of the trees on my right lying below my feet. The earth and the grass and the trees and the air were together weaving a harmony, and the birds were leading the big orchestra, which was indeed on the largest scale. For the instruments were so different, that some of them only were meant for sound; the part of others was in odour, of others yet in shine, and of still others in motion; while the birds turned it all as nearly into words as they could. Presently, to complete the score, I heard the tones of a man's voice, both strong and sweet. It was talking to some one in a way I could not understand. I do not mean I could not understand the words: I was too far off even to hear them; but I could not understand how the voice came to be so modulated. It was deep, soft, and musical, with something like coaxing in it, and something of tenderness, and the intent of it puzzled me. For I could not conjecture from it the age, or sex, or relation, or kind of the person to whom the words were spoken. You can tell by the voice when a man is talking to himself; it ought to be evident when he is talking to a woman; and you can, surely, tell when he is talking to a child; you could tell if he were speaking to him who made him; and you would be pretty certain if he was holding communication with his dog: it made me feel strange that I could not tell the kind of ear open to the gentle manly voice saying things which the very sound of them made me long to hear. I confess to hurrying my pace a little, but I trust with no improper curiosity, to see—I cannot say the interlocutors, for I had heard, and still heard, only one voice.

About a minute's walk brought me to the corner of the wood where it stopped abruptly, giving way to a field of beautiful grass; and then I saw something it does not need to be old to be delighted withal: the boy that would not have taken pleasure in it, I should count half-way to the gallows. Up to the edge of the wood came a large field—acres on acres of the sweetest grass; and dividing it from both wood and path stood a fence of three bars, separating at the moment two as genuine lovers as ever wall of "stones with lime and hair knit up" could have sundered. On one side of the fence stood a man whose face I could not see, and on the other one of the loveliest horses I had ever set eyes upon. I am no better than a middling fair horseman, but, for this horse's sake, I may be allowed to mention that my friends will all have me look at any horse they think of buying. He was over sixteen hands, with well rounded barrel, clean limbs, small head, and broad muzzle; hollows above his eyes of hazy blue, and delicacy of feature, revealed him quite an old horse. His ears pointed forward and downward, as if they wanted on their own account to get a hold of the man the nose was so busily caressing. Neither, I presume, had heard my approach; for all true-love-endearaments are shy, and the man had his arm round the horse's neck, and was caressing his face, talking to him much as Philip Sidney describes a lady, whose lips "seemed at once to kiss and speak," as murmuring to her pet sparrow, only here the voice was a musical baritone. That there was something between them more than an ordinary person would be likely to understand appeared patent.

Whether or not I made an involuntary sound I cannot tell: I was so taken with the sight, bearing to me an aspect of something eternal, that I do not know how I carried myself; but the horse gave a little start, half lifted his head, saw me, threw it up, uttered a shrill neigh of warning, stepped back a pace, and stood motionless, waiting apparently for an order from his master—if indeed I ought not rather to call them friends than master and servant.

The man looked round, saw me, turned toward me, and showing no sign that my appearance was unexpected, lifted his hat with a courtesy most Englishmen would reserve for a lady, and advanced a step, almost as if to welcome a guest, only he did not hold out his hand. I may have owed something of this reception to the fact that he saw be-

fore him a man advanced in years, for my beard is very gray, and that by no means before its time. Then I saw that he must be nearly, if not quite as old as myself. His hair and beard, both rather long, were quite white. His face was wonderfully handsome, with the stillness of a summer sea upon it. Its features were very marked and regular and fine, for the habit of the man was rather spare. What with his white hair and beard, and a certain radiance in his pale complexion, which, I learned afterwards, no sun had ever more than browned a little, he reminded me for a moment, as he turned, of Cato on the shore of Dante's purgatorial island.

"I fear," I said, "I have intruded!"—there was no path where I had come along.

The man laughed—and his laugh was more friendly than an invitation to dinner.

"The land is mine," he answered; "therefore no one can say you intrude."

"Thank you heartily. I live not very far off, and know the country pretty well, but have got into a part of which I am ignorant."

"You are welcome to go where you will," he answered. "I could not close a field without a sense of having thrown a fellow-being into a dungeon. Whatever be the rights of land, space can belong to the individual only '*as it were*,' as Shakspeare says. All the best things have to be shared, showing plainly that the house was designed for one family."

While he spoke I scarce heeded his words for looking at the man, so much he interested me. His face was of the palest health, with a faint light from within. He looked about sixty years of age. His forehead was square, his head rather small, but beautifully modelled; his eyes were of a light hazel, friendly as those of a celestial dog. Though slender in build, he looked strong, and every movement denoted activity.

I was not ready with an answer to what he said. He turned from me, and as if to introduce a companion and so render the interview easier, he called, in tone as gentle as if he spoke to a child, but with that peculiar intonation that had let me understand it was not a child he had with him, "Memnon! come;" and turned again to me. His movement and words directed my attention again to the horse, who had stood motionless. At once, but without sign of haste, the animal walked up to the rails,

rose gently on his hind legs, came over without touching, walked up to his master, and laid his head on his shoulder.

I bethought me now who the man was. He had been but a year or two in the neighbourhood, though the property on which we now stood had been his own for a good many years. Some said he had bought it; others knew he had inherited it. All agreed he was a very peculiar person, with ways so oddly unreasonable that it was plain he had, in his wanderings over the face of the earth, gradually lost hold of what sense he might at one time have possessed, and was in consequence a good deal cracked. There seemed nothing, however, in the behaviour or appearance of the man, to suggest such a conclusion: a man can hardly be concluded beside himself because he is on terms of friendship with his horse. It took me but a moment to recall his name—Skymer—a name odd enough to assist the memory. I caught it ere he had done mingling fresh caresses with those of his long-tailed friend. When I came to know him better, I knew that he had thus given me opportunity—such as he would to a horse—of thinking whether I should like to know him better: Mr. Skymer's way was not to offer himself, but to give easy opportunity to any one who might wish to know him. I learned afterwards that he knew my name and suspected my person, and being rather prejudiced in my favour because of the kind of thing I wrote, was now waiting to see whether there was to be further approximation between us.

"Pardon my rude lingering without introduction or invitation," I said; "but that lovely animal alone is enough to make one desire nearer acquaintance with his owner. I don't think I ever saw such a perfect creature!"

I remembered now that I had heard said of Mr. Skymer that he liked beasts better than men. There are, it is true, even women who love dogs and dislike children; but, nauseous fact as this is, it is not so nauseous as that there are some who believe in no animal rights, or in any God of the animals, and think we may do anything we please with them, either indulging an insane thirst after knowledge, or desiring to help our fellow-creatures at the cost of other of our fellow-creatures who cannot defend themselves. I do not think the unjust will have the honour of discovering any real truth. But nothing of this applies to Mr. Skymer, who indeed

heartily loved beasts, but did not love them so much as his fellow-men.

"I grant him nearly a perfect creature," he answered. "But he is far more nearly perfect than you yet know him! Excuse me for speaking so confidently; but if we were half as far on for men, as Memnon is for a horse, the kingdom of heaven would be a good deal nearer!"

"He seems an old horse!"

"He is an old horse—much older than you can think, after seeing him come over that paling as he did. He is forty out."

"Is it possible!"

"I know and can prove his age as certainly as my own. He is the son of an Arab mare and an English thoroughbred.—Come here, Memnon!"

The horse, who had been standing behind like a servant in waiting, had his beautiful head over his master's shoulder in a moment.

"Memnon," said Mr. Skymer, "go home and tell Mrs. Waterhouse I hope to bring a gentleman with me to lunch."

The horse walked gently past us, then started in the direction I had come—at a quick trot, which almost immediately became a gallop.

"Dear fellow!" said his master. "He would not gallop like that if he were on the hard road—he knows I would not like it."

"But, excuse me, how can the animal convey your message?—how communicate what he knows, if he does understand what you say to him?"

"He will at least take care that the housekeeper looks in his mane for the knot which perhaps you did not observe me tie in it."

"You have a code of signals by knots then?"

"Yes—comprising about half a dozen possibilities.—I hope you do not object to the message I sent! You will do me the honour of lunching with me?"

"You are most kind," I said—with a little hesitation, I suppose, fearing to bore my new acquaintance.

"I hope, Mr. Gowrie," he resumed, "it is not that you would have to break your faith that I might keep mine with horse and housekeeper! Any other objection is surmountable.—I put the horse first, because I could more easily explain the thing to Mrs. Waterhouse than to Memnon."

"Could you explain it to Memnon?"

"I should have a try!" he answered, with a peculiar smile.

"You hold yourself bound then to keep faith with your horse?"

"Bound just as with a man—that is, as far as the horse can understand me. A word understood is binding, whether spoken to horse, or man, or pig. To whatever animal I give it, I am bound by my word. With one of the lower animals, it is the more important that we can do so little, must work so slowly, for their education. It seems to me an absolute horror that a man should lie to an inferior animal. Just think—if an angel were to lie to us! What a shock to find we had been reposing faith in a devil."

"Excuse me—I thought you said *an angel*!"

"When he lied, would he not be a devil?—But let us follow Memnon, and as we walk I will tell you more about him."

He turned to the wood.

"The horse," I said, pointing, "went that way!"

"Yes," answered his master; "he knows it's nearer for him to take the long way round. If I had started him and one of the dogs together, the horse would have gone that way, and the dog the path we are now taking."

We walked a score of yards or so in silence.

"You promised to tell me more about your wonderful horse!" I said.

"With pleasure. I delight in talking about my poor brothers and sisters! Most of them are but savages yet. There would be far fewer such if we did not treat them as slaves instead of friends. But one day all will be well for them as for us—thank God."

"I hope so," I responded heartily. "But please tell me," I said, "something more about your Memnon."

Mr. Skymer thought for a moment.

"Perhaps, after all," he rejoined, "his best accomplishment is that he can fetch and carry like a dog. I will tell you one of his feats that way. But first you must know that, having travelled a good deal, and in some wild countries, I have picked up things it is well to know, even if not the best of their kind. A man may fail by not knowing the second best! I was once out on Memnon, five and twenty miles from home, when I came to a cottage where I found a woman lying ill. I saw what was wanted. The country was

strange to me, and I could not have found a doctor. I wrote a little pencil note, fastened it to the saddle, and told the horse to go home and bring me what the housekeeper gave him—and not to spare himself. He went off at a steady trot of ten or twelve miles an hour. I went into the cottage, and did what I could for the poor woman till he should return. I confess I felt anxious!”

“You well might,” I said: “why should you say *confess*?”

“Because it was not my business to be anxious.”

“It was your business to do all for her you could.”

“I was doing that! If I hadn't been, I should have had good cause to be anxious! But I knew that another was looking after her; and to be anxious was to meddle with his part!”

“I see now,” I said, and said nothing more for some time.

“What a lather poor Memnon came back in! You should have seen him! He had been gone nearly five hours, and neither time nor distance accounted for the state he was in. I did not let him do anything for a week. I should have had to sit up with him that night, if I had not been sitting up at any rate. The poor fellow had been caught, and had made his escape. His bridle was broken, and there were several long skin wounds in his belly, as if he had scraped the top of a wall set with bits of glass. How far he had galloped there was no telling.”

“Not in vain, I hope! The poor woman?”

“She recovered. The medicine was all right in a pocket under the flap of the saddle. Before morning she was much better, and lived many years after. Memnon and I did not lose sight of her.—But you should have seen the huge creature lying on the floor of that cabin like a worn-out dog, abandoned and content! I rubbed him down carefully, as well as I could before I let him go to sleep, and tied my poncho round him. Then as soon as the poor woman seemed quieted for the night, I made up a big fire of her peats, and they slept like two babies, only that they both snored.—The woman beat,” he added, with a merry laugh. “It was the first, almost the only time I ever heard a horse snore.—As we walked home next day he kept steadily behind me. In general we walked side by side. Either he felt too tired to talk to me, or he was not satisfied with himself because of something

that had happened the day before. Perhaps he had carelessly allowed himself to be taken. I do not think it likely.”

“What a loss it will be to you when he dies!” I said.

He looked grave for an instant, then replied cheerfully—

“Of course I shall miss the dear fellow—but not more than he will miss me; and it will be good for us both.”

“Then,” said I,—a little startled, I confess, “you really think—” and there I stopped.

“Do *you* think, Mr. Gowrie,” he rejoined, answering my unpropounded question, “that a God like Jesus Christ, would invent such a delight for His children as the society and love of animals, and then let death part them for ever? If you do, I don't.”

“I am heartily willing to be your disciple in the matter,” I replied.

“I know well,” he resumed, “the vulgar laugh that serves the poor public for sufficient answer to anything; and the common-place retort: ‘You can't give a shadow of proof for your theory! It is as foolish as presumptuous!’ I answer, ‘I never was the fool to imagine I could; but as surely as you go to bed at night expecting to rise again in the morning, so surely do I expect to see my dear old Memnon again, when I wake from what so many Christians call the sleep that knows no waking.’ By the by, what proof have they that sleep comes last for animals, and waking for men? ‘But,’ I should say, ‘do not think I want you to believe it. I have no great reason to desire you should believe that or anything else. Only, thinking as you do, you ought not to do *all* you can to make their little lives as full of misery as they can hold!’—But think, Mr. Gowrie, just think of all the children in heaven—what a superabounding joy the creatures would be to them!—There is one class, however,” he went on with a curious smile, “which I should like to see have to wait a while before they got their creatures back;—I mean those foolish women who, for their own pleasure, so spoil their dogs that they make other people hate them. They do their best to keep them from rising in the scale of God's lovely, ever advancing creation.”

“They don't know better!” I said. For every time he stopped, I wanted to hear what he would say next.

"True," he answered; "but how much do they want to know the right way of anything? They have good and lovely instincts—like their dogs, but do they care that there is a right way and a wrong way of doing things?"

We walked in silence, and now came near the other side of the small wood.

"I hope I shall not interfere with your plans for the day!" I said.

"I seldom have any plans for the day," he answered. "Or if I have, they are made to break easily. In general I wait. The day brings its plans with it—comes itself to tell me what is wanted of me. It has done so now. And see, there is Memnon waiting for us!"

Sure enough, there was the horse, on the other side of the paling that here fenced the wood from a well-kept country-road. His long neck was stretched over it toward his master.

"Memnon," said Mr. Skymer as we issued by the gate, "I want you to carry this gentleman home."

I had often enough in my youth ridden without a saddle, but seldom indeed without some sort of bridle, however inadequate; and I did not, at the first thought of the thing, relish mounting, at my age, a horse about which all I knew was that he and his master were on better terms than I had ever seen man and horse upon before. But even while the thought was passing through my head, Memnon was lying at my feet, flat as his equine rotundity would permit; and ashamed of my doubt, I lost not a moment in placing myself in the position which Sir John Falstaff suggested to Prince Hal for the defence of his own bulky carcase—across the body of the animal, namely, who at once proceeded to rise and lift me into the natural relation of man and horse. He then looked round at his master, and they set off at the same leisurely pace we had been walking at before.

"You have me captive!" I said.

"Memnon and I," answered Mr. Skymer, "will do what we can to make your captivity pleasant while it lasts."

A silence followed my thanks; and in this procession of horse and foot, we went about half a mile before anything more was said worth setting down; then began evidence to appear that we were drawing nigh to a house: the grassy lane between hedges in which we had been moving, was

gradually changing its character. First came trees in the hedge-rows.

"I don't like hedge-row trees," I said. "I can make no friendship with them for the army of thorns they maintain about them."

"If a thing is worth desiring," he said, "is it not better to go on desiring it, than, by having it, to cease caring for it?"

"Certainly," I answered. "But how is it that one ceases to care for a thing once desired?"

"By having made a fuss and got it, or rather taken it, too soon—that is, before he was capable of doing it justice."

This threatened to open question after question about which I preferred to think first; and I was not sorry that here there came another change. Hedges gave way to trees; and I might now make loving acquaintance with a whole grand avenue of splendid elms and beeches alternated. The ground under our feet was the loveliest sward, and between us and the sun came the sweetest shadow. A glad heave but instant subsidence of the live power under me, let me know Memnon's delight at feeling the soft elastic turf under his feet; he had said to himself, "Now we shall have a gallop!" but immediately checked the thought with the reflection that he was no longer a colt ignorant of manners.

"What a lovely road the turf makes!" I said. "It is a lower sky—the sky solidified for feet heavier than the angelic."

He looked up with a brighter smile than I had yet seen upon his face.

"It is the only kind of road I really like," he said, "though turf has its disadvantages! I have as many roads of it about the place as it will bear. They won't do for carriages!"

"You ride a good deal, I suppose?"

"I do. I was at one time so accustomed to horseback that, without thinking, I did not know whether I was on my horse's feet or my own."

"Where, may I ask, does my friend who does me the favour to carry 'this weight and size,' come from?"

"He was born in England, but his mother was a Syrian—of one of the oldest breeds there known. He was born into my arms, and for a week never touched the ground. Next month he will be forty years of age!"

"It is a great age for a horse!" I said.

"The more the shame as well as the pity!" he answered.

"Then you think horses ought to live longer?"

"Much longer than they are allowed to live in this country," he answered. "And our punishment is that we shall not know them. We treat them so selfishly that they do not live long enough to become our friends. At present there are few worthy of their friendship. For what is admiration without love or respect or justice, but a bitter form of despite! It is small wonder there should be so many stupid horses, when they are all so little educated, have such bad associates, and die too young to have any ripe experience to transmit to their posterity. Where would humanity be now, if we all died before five-and-twenty?"

"I think you must be right. I have myself in my possession at this moment, the gift of a friend, an ink-stand made from the hoof of a pony I knew well: she died at the age of at least forty-two, and pulled her side in double harness occasionally till within about a year of her death.—Poor little Zephyr!"

"Why, Mr. Gowrie, you talk of her as if she were a Christian!" exclaimed Mr. Skymer.

"That's how you talked of Memnon a moment ago! Where is the difference? Surely not in the size, though Memnon would make three of Zephyr."

"I didn't say *poor Memnon*, did I? You said *poor Zephyr*. That is the way Christians talk about their friends gone home to the grand old family mansion! Why they do, they would hardly like one to tell them!"

"It is true," I responded. "I understand you now! I don't think I ever heard a widow speak of her departed husband without putting *poor*, or *poor dear*, before his name. By the way, did you ever hear a woman speak of her *late* husband without thinking how ready she must be to marry again?"

"It does look as if she meant him to be her husband no more. But here we are at the gate! Call, Memnon."

The horse gave a clear whinny, gentle, but loud enough to be heard at a considerable distance. It was a tall gate of wrought iron which Memnon could not clear; and the summons was first answered by one who could indeed clear, but could open it no more than Memnon: a little bird, which I was not ornithologist enough to recognize—mainly because of my short-sightedness, I hope—

came fluttering from the avenue, which went on a long way within the gate, perched on the top of it, looked down on our party for a moment as if debating the prudent, dropped suddenly on Memnon's left ear, and thence to his master's shoulder. There the little one sat till the gate was opened, and went half-way up the further avenue with us, making several little flights and returns ere he left us.

The boy that opened the gate, a chubby little fellow of seven, looked up in Mr. Skymer's face as if he had been his father and king in one, and stood gazing after him a long way up the avenue. I noticed also—who could have failed to notice?—that every now and then as we went, a bird would drop from the tree we were passing under, and alight for a minute on my host's head. One time when he happened to take off his hat, seven or eight perched together upon it. One tiny bird got caught by the claws in his beard.

"You cannot surely have tamed *all* the birds in your grounds?" I said.

"If I have," he answered, "it has been only by allowing them to follow their natural bent."

"You mean it is the nature of birds to be friendly with mankind?"

"I do. Through long ages men have been their enemies, and have alienated them. Men are so far from their own natural selves!"

"You mean that unfriendliness, and cruelty, and such like, are not natural to men?"

"I do! It must be unnatural, that is inhuman, for any man to be cruel."

"How is it, then, that so many men—so many boys indeed—are careless of what suffering they inflict?"

"Because they have in them the blood of men who loved cruelty, and never repented of it."

"But how do you account for those men loving cruelty—for their being what you say is contrary to their nature?"

"Ah, if I could account for that, I should be at the secret of most things! All I meant to half-explain was, how it came that so many who have no wish to inflict suffering, yet are careless of inflicting it."

I saw that we must know each other better before he would quite open his mind to me. I saw that, though hospitable of house and heart, his best rooms open to all, there were others in his

house into which he did not care to invite every acquaintance.

The avenue led to a wide gravelled space before the house, which was a plain, low, long building in whitish stone, with a portico and pillars in front. In the middle of the space was a small basin, with a fountain, close to which were a few chairs. Mr. Skymer begged me to be seated, offering me a comfortable cane one. Memnon walked close up to it, and ere I could begin to dismount, lay down again that I might do so more comfortably, and there lay.

"The air is so mild," said my host, "I fancy you will prefer this to the house."

"Mild!" I rejoined, "I should call it hot!"

"I have been so much in real heat," he returned. "For all my love of turf, I keep this in gravel for the sake of the desert."

I took the seat he offered me, wondering whether Memnon could be comfortable on the gravel. Absorbed in the horse, I had not observed my host go to the other side of the basin. Suddenly we were "clothed upon" with a house which, though it came indeed from the earth, might well have come direct from heaven: a great uprush of water spread above us all a wide tent-like dome, through which the sun came with a cool, broken, almost frosty glitter. We seemed in the heart of a huge soap-bubble. I exclaimed with delight.

"I thought you would enjoy my sun-shade!" said Mr. Skymer. "Memnon and I often come here of a hot morning, when nobody wants us. Don't we, Memnon?"

The horse lifted his nose a little, and made a low soft noise, a chord of mingled obedience and delight—a moan of pleasure mixed with a half-born whinny.

We had not been seated many moments, and had scarcely pushed off the shore of silence into a new sea of talk, when we were interrupted by the invasion of half a dozen dogs. They were of all sorts down to no sort. Mr. Skymer called one of them Tadpole—I suppose because he had the hugest tail, while his legs were not visible without being looked for.

"That animal," said his master,—“he looks like a dog, but who would be positive what he was!—is the cleverest in the pack. He seems to me a rare individuality. His ancestors have been of all sorts, and he has gathered from them every good

quality possessed by each. Think what a man might be—made up that way."

"Why is there no such man then?" I said.

"There will be one day," he answered,—“but not for a while yet. Men must first be made willing to be noble."

"And you don't think men willing to be made noble?"

"Oh yes! willing enough, some of them, to be made noble," he replied.

"I do not understand! I thought you said they were not!"

"They are willing enough to be made noble; but that is very different from being willing to be noble: that takes trouble. How can any one be noble who desires it so little as not to fight for it! not to say try after it a little? Whoever is really willing, that is, whoever will endeavour after it, will have all the help he needs."

The man drew me more and more. He had a way of talking about things seldom mentioned, except in dull fashion in the pulpit, as if he cared about them. He spoke of them as of familiar things, yet made you feel he was looking out of a high window. There are many who never speak of real things except in a false tone; this man could speak of serious things without an atom of assumed solemnity—speak of them in his ordinary voice as of things that came into his mind as to their home—not as dreams of the night, but as facts of the day.

I sat for a while, gazing up through the thin veil of water at the blue sky so far beyond, and thinking how like that veil was to our little life overdomed by the boundless foreshortening of space. The lines in Shelley's *Adonais* came to me:

"Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity,
Until Death tramples it to fragments."

Then I thought of what my host had said concerning the too short lives of horses, and wondered what he would say about those of dogs.

"Dogs are more intelligent than horses," I said: "why do they live a yet shorter time?"

"I doubt if you would say so in an Arab's tent," he returned. "If you had said, 'still more affectionate,' I would have known better how to answer you."

"Then I do say so," I replied.

"And I return, that is just why they live no

longer. They do not find the world good enough for them, die, and leave it."

"They have a much happier life than horses!"

"Many dogs than some horses—that is all I grant."

The same instant arose what I fancied must be an unusual sound in the place: two of the dogs were fighting. The master got up. I thought with myself, "Now we shall see his notions of discipline!" Nor was there long to wait. He had in his hand a small riding-whip, which I found he always carried to avoid inflicting a heavier punishment from inability to inflict a lighter; for in all wrong-doing man can deal with, the kindest thing is to punish at once. He ran to the conflicting parties. They separated the moment they heard his approach. One of them came cringing and crawling to his feet; the other—it was the nondescript Tadpole—stood a little way off, wagging his tail, and cocking his head up in his master's face. He gave the one at his feet several pretty severe cuts with the whip, and sent him away, whereupon the other drew nearer. But his master turned from him, nor took notice of the attempt to attract his attention.

"May I ask," I said, when he came back to his seat beside me, "why you did not punish both the animals for their breach of the peace?"

"They did not both deserve it."

"How could you tell that? You were not looking when the quarrel began!"

"Ah, but you see I know the dogs! One of them—I saw at a glance how it was—had found a bone, and dog-rule about finding is, that what you find is yours; but the other wanted a share. It was Tadpole who found the bone, and he—in part at least from his sense of justice—cannot endure to have his claims infringed upon. Every dog of them knows that Tadpole must be in the right."

"He looked as if he expected you to approve of his conduct."

"Yes, that is the worst of Tadpole! he is so self-righteous as to imagine he deserves praise for standing on his rights! He is but a dog, you see, and knows no better!"

"I noticed you disregarded his appeal."

"I was not going to praise him for nothing!"

"You expect them to understand your treatment?"

"No one can tell how infinitesimally small the

understanding of a thing may be, and yet be there—and that with the divine potency of growth. The only way to make animals reasonable—more reasonable, I mean—is to treat them as reasonable. Until you can go down into the abysses of creation, you cannot know when a nature begins to see a difference in the quality of actions."

"I confess," I said, "it did seem as if Mr. Tadpole slunk off a little ashamed."

"And you see how Blanco White is lying at my feet, yet taking care not to touch them. He is giving time for my anger to pass."

He laughed the merriest laugh. The dog looked up eagerly, but dropped his head again.

If I go on like this, however, I shall have to take another book to tell the story for which I began the present! In short, I took to the man as I had never taken to another since the friend of my youth went away where I shall go to seek and find him one day—or, more likely, one solemn night. It was a swiftly cemented union, though my inferiority was so great. Love is a quicker divider of shares; he that gathers much has nothing over, and he that gathers little has no lack. I soon ceased to think of him as my *new* friend, for I seemed to have known him before I was born.

I am now going to tell the early part of his history,—if only I could tell it as it deserves to be told! For the most interesting story may be so narrated as to take the eyes of a Shakspeare to spy the shine underneath.

He never told me the tale of his life straight off; one thing suggested another—generally with no connection in time, and I had afterward to piece the facts together. He did indeed start again and again to give me a continuous narrative, but we always got discussing something, and it was persistently interrupted.

I will not write what I have put together as if he were himself narrating his history: the most modest man in the world is that way put at a disadvantage. The constant recurrence of the capital *I*, is apt to rouse in the mind of the reader, if he be himself egotistic, more or less of irritation at the egotism of the narrator—while in reality the freedom of a man's personal utterance *may be* owing to his lack of the egotistic. Partly for my friend's sake, therefore, I shall tell the story as what it was—a narrative of my own concerning him.

II.

WITH HIS PARENTS.

THE lingering, long-drawn-out *table d'hôte* dinner was just over in one of the inns on the Cornice road. The gentlemen had gone to smoke, and some of the ladies to the *salotto*, where the windows admitted the odours of many a flower and blossoming tree, for it was spring in that region. One had sat down to the piano, and was striking a few chords, more to her own pleasure than that of the company. Two or three were looking out into the garden, where the diaphanous veil of the twilight had so speedily thickened to the crape of the night. But the darkness was filled with hundreds of small isolated splendours—fire-flies, those “golden boats” never seen “on a sunny sea,” but haunting ever the dusky waters of the night, pulsing along with seeming aimlessness, like sweet thoughts that have no faith to bind them in one. A tall, graceful woman stood in one of the windows alone. She had never been in Italy before, had never before seen a fire-fly, and was absorbed in the beauty of their motion as much as in that of their golden lights, each light with its own little tide that rose and ebbed apparently in concert with its motions, for they seemed to push themselves on by their own radiance, ever waxing and waning. In wide, complicated dance, they moved, weaving at a huge, warpleless tapestry with ever vanishing aureate shine. The lady, an Englishwoman, evidently, gave a little sigh, and looked round, regretting, apparently, that her husband was not by her side to look on the loveliness that woke a faint-hued fairy-tale in her heart. The same moment he entered the room and came to her. He was a man above the middle height, but looking taller than he was, from the slightness of his figure. He had a quick change of movement, a readiness to turn on his heel, a free swing of the shoulders, and an erect carriage of the head, all marking him as a man of action: any spectator speculating on his calling, would at once have felt satisfied by hearing that he was the commander of an English gun-boat, now on its way to Genoa, where they were to rejoin it. He was young—within the twenties, though looking two or three and thirty, his face was so browned by sun and wind. His features were regular and attractive; his eyes so dark that the vivacity of

their movement seemed too much for the weight of their colour. His wife was very fair, with large eyes of the deepest blue of eyes. She looked delicate, and was very lovely. They had been married about five years, but were now on their first voyage together. The candles having been extinguished that they might better see the fire-flies, he put his arm round her waist, and favoured by the piano she whispered in his ear.

“I’m so glad you’re come, Henry!” she said. “I was uncomfortable at having the lovely sight all to myself!”

“It is lovely, darling. I hope you will be able to sleep without the sea to rock you!”

“No fear of that!” she answered. “The stillness will be delightful. I am thoroughly reconciled to the motion of the boat,” she went on, “but there is something satisfactory in feeling the solid earth under you, and knowing it will keep steady all night!”

“I am glad you will enjoy the change. For my part I never sleep the first night on shore. Somehow, indeed, I wish we were on board!”

“Why, Henry? I will keep awake with you.”

“Not for the world! How could I mind lying awake with you beside me! Oh Grace, you don’t know, you cannot know, what you are to me! I don’t feel in the least that you’re my other half, as people say. How I dislike the notion! You’re not like a part of myself at all; you are quite another, else you could not be mine. I don’t feel about you that way at all. It would be sacrilege! When I look at you, it is as if I stood before an enchanted mirror that could not show what was in front of it. You make me forget myself altogether.”

“That’s not surprising, Harry: I’ve got you inside me; and a mirror never shows what is inside it.”

“Ah, you’ve got beyond me!” said Captain Skymer, laughing. “You always do!”

“Yes, at nonsense, Harry.”

“Then your speech was nonsense, was it?”

“No; it was full of sense. Make up anything you would like me to say, Harry, and I will say it—I must go and get Clare out of bed to see the fire-flies!”

She ran from the room. Her husband stood where he was, looking out. There was something of sadness in his face—whether from the haunting thought of her delicate health, or some strange fore-

boding, I cannot tell. She returned presently with her boy in her arms. He made haste to take him from her.

"My darling," he said, "he is much too heavy for you! How stupid of me not to think of it! If you don't promise me never to do that at home, I will take him to sea with me—eh, Clare, my lad?"

The child, a fair, bright boy, the sleep in whose eyes had turned to wonder, for they seemed to see everything, and be quite satisfied with nothing, went readily to his father, but looked back at his mother. He was plainly delighted with the fire-flies, though the only sign was that he looked from the one to the other speechless and soundless, with shining eyes. He knew they were feeling just like himself, and there was room for nothing but silent communion.

After a few minutes, the father turned to carry

him back to bed. But as the mother turned from the window her eyes fell upon two or three delicate, small-leaved plants—I do not know what they were—that stood in pots on the balcony in front of the open window: the night was perfectly still, but they were shivering. The leaves trembled as if they had a fit of the ague.

"Look at that, Harry!" she said.

He turned and looked, said it must be caused by some loaded wagon—though there was nothing to be heard—and went off with the child.

"I hope to-morrow will be as fine as to-day!" said the mother as they went. "What shall we do with it, Harry?"

"I've got a notion in my head," answered her husband. "There's a little inland town I have long wished to see."

(To be continued.)

MORE ABOUT MISS EDGEWORTH.

BY MISS THACKERAY.

IT is now some time since a short notice of Miss Edgeworth appeared in the pages of *Atalanta*. There was a great deal to be said about a woman so interesting, and bound by so many various links to her age, but the little article was necessarily curtailed by the margins of *Atalanta's* pages. One allusion which fortunately escaped excision concerned a little girl who said "she liked *Simple Susan* best." It is always touching and interesting when the past suddenly comes to life, as it has a way of doing, and happens and utters again for our benefit. Some such experience seemed to befall the writer when she received through the Editor of *Atalanta* a letter written by Miss Edgeworth herself to the little girl in question, and two others with fifty years between them, of which the latest was dated only the day before—

"I cannot help writing to say that I honestly believe I am the little girl who said she liked *Simple Susan* best, only I wrote the sentiment instead of saying it, and I had a most charming and kind letter written back to me by Miss Edgeworth herself. I was only eight years old at the time."

The letter is signed by Mrs. Kerwan, who was Miss Ellen Chambers when she wrote, and I think

any one who reads the letter here given will agree with us in thinking that it well deserved its kind response. What critic could touch more justly, or ask those questions more judiciously, to which we must all have desired an answer at one time or another?

"RUGBY, October.

"MY DEAR MISS EDGEWORTH,

"My name is Ellen Chambers, and I came from India. Since I came from India I have learnt to read, but I don't write with ink yet but I write with pence. The first letter that I rote (wrote) was to grand-mama. Sarah and I have read some of your very very pretty books. Sarah is my youngest sister—Willie is our youngest brother, but Robert our eldest brother is at Adiscombe. We have just finished *Simple Susan* and I am very fond of it, and that is the reason that I am writing to you fr for I want to a little more about Susan if you will be so kind as to (tell) me a little more (about) her. I want to (know) the words of Susan's lamentation for her lamb, and if Miss bab was well from the stings from bees before they had to leave the contry and if she was more alble (amiable?) wen she grewup, and will you tell me if you please if the old harper ever sow Susan again and was he ever paid back the money he lent, and do you reacrlacte how old Susan was wen she sed 'take a 'poon pig,' and will you, if you please write, tell me if Mrs. Price was quite well by Susan's birthday to see all the village children as well as her daughter happy at the Hawthorn bush. We all send our love to you I remain your affectionate

frend all tho I do not now you. Ellen E Chambers Sarah and I learn music. We have to donkeys and to dogs one is buty and the other spot one Patience and the other is Jeny."

Then follows the answer in its delicate handwriting—

*I wish you may have as
good friends & love them as well
when you are an old & old woman
as I am — Maria Edgeworth*

What composure there is in the pretty, old-fashioned characters and even-flowing lines of the early part of the century! Miss Edgeworth, Miss Mitford, Mrs. Taylor of Norwich, all wrote tranquil and finished handwritings. Mrs. Barbourd's writing was more agitated and uneven, and like much of our modern caligraphy, blown by the winds of the hour, and the sudden changes of the moment. Here is Miss Edgeworth's letter—

"EDGEWORTHS TOWN,
"November 2nd, 1845.

"MY DEAR ELLEN,

"I thank you for your very well written and perfectly well spelled letter, and I hope and believe that it was all your own, and I further hope that you will have a blackberry hunt next season to make you amends for what you lost for my sake this year. All I can think of to send you as an acknowledgment for your letter is a little sketch of 'Take a' poon pig,' made by a sister of mine. We think that the pig's head is too small and the little girl should not look so very good-humoured as she does in the drawing. She was about three years old. But I cannot mend the pig or the girl, nor can I make a new girl or pig. I do not know how to draw well enough. I hope you do or will draw as well as you write, and that the same kind friend or aunt (I guess she is) who taught you to write, will teach you to draw. . . .

"I am afraid I cannot answer all your questions.

"As to Miss Bab, I do not know what became of her; she was not worth my enquiring about.

"I am sorry that I have no copy of Susan's lamentations for her lamb. Susan's mother, I am happy to tell, recovered perfectly, and Susan was always good and kind. She became housekeeper when she grew up to a very rich and benevolent lady and gentleman, who lived in London, and who were so much attached to her that she lived with them for many years till her health failed. They settled an annuity upon her—that is, a sum of money to be paid every year. She did not spend half of it on herself any year while she lived. She left £400 to her mother and a poor brother and sister who *survived* her—that is, who lived longer than she did. I am glad you have two such nice

donkeys. I hope you are very kind to them, and to Beauty and Spot. But pray do not give Beauty or Spot too much to eat, that would make them sick, and they would besides have a disagreeable smell, and that would make them disagreeable to everybody, and then people would not like to let them come into the room where they live, and you would be sorry for that.

"So do not spoil your dogs by foolish kindness; your friends do not spoil you, you know, though they are so kind to you.

"I am very fond of children, but I think I never spoil them, though some people think I do.

"I am glad that you like my books, and that you fancy you should like me if you were to see and to know me. It is a very pleasant (thing) to be liked and loved by our friends, as you feel now you are young, and as I feel now I am old—very old, seventy-eight next New Year's Day—yet very happy in having most affectionate friends who love me truly, and whom I love most heartily.

"I wish you may have as good friends, and love them as well when you are an old, old woman as I am.

"MARIA EDGEWORTH."

One can almost see these letters written as well as read them, picture the eager child pencilling her grateful thoughts, and the venerable old lady writing at her desk in the big drawing-room at Edgeworth's town. She is "very old—seventy-eight next New Year's Day"; but she still retains her child's heart, and throws herself with interest into her little correspondent's history. Miss Edgeworth is entirely herself in this long letter—kindly, animated, didactic, and inculcating her simple upright lessons to the last.

Those of the readers of *Atalanta* who are familiar with the story of *The Rose and the Ring* will remember the austere benevolent Fairy Blackstick, who plays so important a part in the history of Prince Giglio and Betsinda. She did not believe in unearned rewards, in unbroken prosperity and indolence. She taught Giglio to black his own boots, to study his own lessons, to fight his own battles. Fairy Edgeworth is a sort of Fairy Blackstick. She follows her easy-going young princes just when they are most carried away by the passing amusement or conceit of the hour, with warnings and

admonitions ; she inflicts passing trials of temper and of patience upon her Foresters, her Glenthornes, her Ormondes ; her conceited Princesses go through many useful experiences. . . *L'amie inconnue* might be a Betsinda on her way through the world. Dear severe Fairy Edgeworth has also dire punishments and transformations, halts and knockers at hand for wicked footmen, Gruffanuffs, and unjust stewards ; but how tender she is to the poor and humble—to the cottagers at their toil, to the wandering harper, to the village children at their play.

In Miss Edgeworth's day manner was more elaborate, and considered of far greater consequence in itself than it is now. That art is in its decadence, compared to the days when the parent with dignity would say, "Come hither, Charles," to the baby of three ; "I do assure you, madam," the little girl would anxiously and politely say to her mother or guardian . . . It is often agreed that this formality did not in any way diminish the freedom and affection between the two generations, but, on the contrary, gave a certain dignity or piquancy to

the relations which are too often wanting now. It may be so, but the writer, for her own part, looking back at the time when her own natural guardians were in the place in which she is now, can honestly say she only grudges and regrets any barriers, however desirable, which ever arose to divide her from those two generations, whose love and care made her early home, and towards the elders of which her natural and youthful expansion was sometimes checked by the educational theories still surviving from the early part of the century. As life goes on it has a way of explaining what has gone before, of interpreting its own secrets ; and most certainly one of the secrets we realize as we go on is that conscience and kindness and love of right, do not change much with succeeding generations, though the things people say about them all vary a good deal, and what people feel about their own feelings is also apt to vary. But truth of heart, sympathy for others, cannot alter—at eight years old, at eighty, it holds its own among those blessed facts which make life best worth living.



"Take a poor pig."

FACSIMILE OF THE SKETCH BY MISS EDGEWORTH'S SISTER.

THE CHOICE OF THE CASKEIS.
From a Photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company.

Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence,
And here choose I. Joy be the consequence!"
Merchant of Venice, Act III. sc. ii.

Harriet Prescott Spofford

PLEASANT, pleasant woods of Warwick, when
the shaws are thick with summer :
Green and golden, gloom and sunshine, leafy
wealth of wilderness ;
Velvet mosses plashing rainbows round the feet of
any comer
Lingering where the dew still lingers, branches
droop, and odours press ;
High above the castle towers ; down below the
wild brook brawling ;
And across a dream of sorrow, hark ! the nightin-
gales are calling
Far away in long-drawn depths of dusky dell and
dark recess.

I was never there, were you, dear? Yet at once,
my eyelids closing,
Thrice a hundred years are vanished, and a tender
hand I lay
On this ancient tree-bole's furrows, crooked gnarls
and knots, supposing
When 'twas young a lad I know of chanced to
stroll this self-same way ;
Warbling wood-notes as he loitered, and, the
blood in blushes bringing—
While a cuckoo mocked, and madly many thrushes
burst out singing—
Here Will Shakespeare, it may happen, cut the
name "Anne Hatheway!"

Thrush, or cuckoo? Nay, beshrew me ! did he
see that cuckoo mocking
When he turned his head to listen and his fancy
felt the spell?
In his hand—its sweetest secrets under old black-
letter locking—
Chaucer's was the verse he carried, opening where
the pages tell
Of the elf-queen and her people when the land
was full of fairy.
Thrush, or cuckoo? Nay, a gladsome spirit, deli-
cate and airy,
Nay, an airy spirit was it of the name of Ariel !

On the turf he threw him gaily with old Chaucer
 for his pillow ;
 Far along the level greenwood where he sent a
 happy eye
 Wind and boughs and latest sunbeams swept in
 billow over billow,
 Oxlips and the nodding violets danced between
 him and the sky,
 Wild thyme and the sweet musk-roses sent their
 fragrance out to find him,
 There a jewelled snake slipped leaving his enamelled
 skin behind him,
 Bees with brimming honey-bags, and big and
 burly, blundered by.



Was he sure it was a snake then wore the gilded
 weed and cleft it ?
 "Weed," he murmured, "wide enough to wrap a
 fairy in." And might
 That Titania be, who doffed the gauzy coverlid
 and left it,
 Hovering in the gentle gloom, and shining there in
 sheer delight ?

Was the bee that just sung by him, where the shade
 was deep and mellow,
 Kind Hobgoblin, loved of firesides, he the shrewd
 and knavish fellow,
 Was that Puck, the lob of spirits, merry wanderer
 of the night ?



Evening sun forsook the forest, twilight gathered
 in the hollows :
 Winds went rustling, dewy coolness fell like
 shadow on the air ;
 Where the new moon hung, the leaves stirred like
 the wings of darting swallows ;
 Where the new moon, slight and glorious, hung a
 sudden silver flare,
 In its lovely crescent swiftly stole a glimmering
 apparition,
 Lost among the tossing branches, half a dream and
 half a vision,
 Oberon, the king of fairies, in that moment pass-
 ing there !



Hist! No whisper! In the royal lustre who were
 these came trooping?
 What gay swarm of silken banners, wings, and
 scarfs of damask dyes?
 Topsy-turvy, hurly-burly, tripping, tumbling, soar-
 ing, swooping,
 All the elves in humming murmur of light laughs
 and rippling cries!
 Cobweb, floating through the darkness, filmy as a
 bat and slender;
 Balancing above a poppy, Moth with wings of
 downy splendour;
 And Peasblossom, flower or fairy, fluttering with
 the butterflies!

"Master!" 'Twas a cry of music, Queen Titania's
 voice, oh hearken!
 "Though, indeed, you know the summer still doth
 tend upon my state—"
 Breathe not, think not! She all rosy glows while
 shadows round her darken!
 "Yet I fain of other lands would tempt the
 pleasures, try the fate.
 Running stream no fairy ventures, witch nor war-
 lock crosses water,
 Woe betide the sorry elf if urchins of the great
 seas caught her!
 Yet, beyond them, richer roses, sweeter nightin-
 gales must wait."



Have you, with a south-wind blowing, heard a
 harp-string's silver shiver?
 Oberon, the king, was speaking: "Fairy-land obeys
 my nod,
 And, though like a forester I these groves may
 tread for ever,
 Let me break a lance, I pray you, with some
 chapleted Greek god!
 Into lands of antique story, Master, you alone can
 send us,
 One midsummer night's mad revel in Athenian
 forests lend us!
 We are Gothic fairies, take us where the fauns of
 Greece have trod!"



"Master, Master," chimed the chorus, "we are
 home-bred English fairies,
 We the little people who, the old dame tells you,
 bless the hearth,
 Sweep the dust behind the door, and churn the
 cream in lucky dairies,
 Dance within the nine-men's-morris, haunt the
 night-side with our mirth,
 Light us tapers from the waxen thighs of humble-
 bees, and cheery
 Blow our elfin horns and scatter when the stars do.
 But we weary,
 Long for other sports, and weary of this corner of
 the earth!"

Night came sweeping through the forest, soft her
 sombre garments trailing;
 With a sound of gallant chiding distant hounds
 began to bay,
 Like a shoal of dancing waters in the moon, the
 crew went sailing,
 Like a cloud of flying rose-leaves when the winds
 are up and away.
 "Following darkness like a dream," sighed Will
 Shakespeare half in sadness,
 Underneath his breath, and spelled in this mid-
 summer night's dream madness,
 All the woods of Warwick ringing with the elfin
 roundelay.

VERY YOUNG.

JEAN INGELOW.

I.

HIS LITTLE CART.

THE Squire was almost as young as a squire could be to live in his own house and be his own master. Twenty-one years old was the Squire, and—seven months.

"And I thought, sir, as you've a way of talking with a man that seems to do him good—not but what it's a commanding way too, now and then; and this poor fellow lives in one of your own cottages at present (worse luck), you'd may be not think it a liberty—"

"No," answered the Squire, when there was a pause, "not at all."

It was the head gardener who had spoken, and with a certain air of deference had stopped short at the word 'liberty.'

The Squire stood stock still, looking on while his head gardener cut two or three of the first ripe bunches of grapes and laid them on a flat basket.

"You see, sir, he's a married man," he continued, perceiving that more would have to be said; "and you being that observant and that investigating of all the tenants on the estate, I thought as you'd like to know it was no fault of his; and he such a respectable man, and came hundreds of miles to take that place. And the money that used to be spent on them hot-houses, and the orchid-house, and such, never was anything like it! And there, one fine morning if they didn't hear as the master had gone bankrupt right away in his town-house, and before they knew where they were they got turned out, and he was sold up, and had to fly the country."

"Well, I shall probably go and see him," said the Squire, not displeased at the hint that he had an agreeable and possibly a commanding manner with him. "A manner that the people like," he considered with himself, "goes a long way."

"And so there he is," continued the gardener; "such an eddication as he had too—knows Latin and all; been living on what he had saved for this

ten months past; not earned a single shilling, and had rheumatic fever as well."

The gardener was respectful, and gave himself the air of talking as a man to a man.

This was wise. To have thought of the Squire as a boy, a very pretty boy, even a beautiful boy, would, from whomsoever the thought had come, have hurt his youthful dignity very much if he could have known it, and to record such a thought in print would not be fair, or indeed necessary, for the youngest man, however full of fun, however fond of schoolboy games and jollity, cannot be said to be too young for more than such a very little while that the end of it is likely to be reached about the same time that its existence had become certain.

"Oh, this is a case for charity then, is it?" he inquired.

"Well, sir, there's giving as you may call charity," said the gardener; "and then again, there's giving that isn't. I don't say as this is a case where a gentleman might put his hand in his waistcoat pocket and fork out half-a-crown. But, dear me, if a goldian sovereign might happen (not to take too great a liberty) to be what a gentleman chose to fork out, it might seem a sort of a compliment, for you know Latin, sir, and so does he. But really, sir, if you hadn't asked me out and out—"

The Squire nodded and very shortly withdrew, not at all aware that his head gardener had *sent* him to look after a brother gardener, and had also let him know that he was to give the same a sovereign.

The gardener looked after him as he went back to the house with a disconsolate loitering air.

"Dull for the present," he remarked, shaking his head as he came out of the grape-house, "and no wonder, his father not dead a month. Well, things in this world come about strangely. *He* was one that would have been a real blessing all round. And then to think that within a week of his old second cousin's burying—that had never been the least good or comfort or credit to any living soul,

kept his heir so shameful short too, grudged the very vines their fuel and the horses their oats—he should be ordained to foller, and leave this here school-boyish, this here larky, polo-playing, cricketing lad, that's been mostly brought up in London too, for to rule and reign in his stead. Well, but he has his notions; feels as though it wouldn't be proper like to have his jolly young companions about him yet awhile, and there he's right."

"Ah, here it is," said the Squire, when he was walking up a country road some short time after. "I remember that this is the place, a sort of high-shouldered, humpy-looking cottage, with great clumps of houseleek and that yellow flowering stuff all over the roof, and tangles of honeysuckle hanging about the casements."

He undid the garden latch. A pale man was sitting on a chair in the little garden, and a tiny child, perhaps between three and four years old, was playing near him.

It was one of the first visits the Squire had paid, and it gave great satisfaction. The artful and kindly gardener was responsible for a manner "that seemed to do a man good." He tried it then for the first time, having had previously what may be called no manner in particular.

The poor scientific ex-head gardener took a pleasure in telling of his misfortunes, of his loss of situation, and then of his long illness.

The Squire replied that he had heard of these, and added some of his own head gardener's appreciative words.

"I am very much obliged to Mr. Callender," was the answer; "and a most respectable man he is, sir, too—one to be thoroughly relied on. Science is not everything, sir. No, and not all a man may have learned sets him much above the best of those thorough-going, conscientious men of the old school."

The Squire was much impressed by this patronising tone, but then it was a testimony too. So it did not lower Mr. Callender in his opinion, though, together with several other things said by the poor man, it did make it uncommonly difficult to give the sovereign. In fact, he stammered and even blushed over this embarrassing affair, and the colour rose in the head gardener's hollow cheek when he began to understand what was coming. But he rose and accepted the gift.

It was balm to see this handsome young fellow

so utterly out of countenance. He let him know that this was the first time he had ever been offered an alms, but he thanked him, less for what he had given, though that was very acceptable, than for his way of doing it.

This "way of doing it" had also been in some sort suggested by Mr. Callender. The Squire did not actually say, "For you know Latin, and so do I," but he managed to hint that it was but natural for a fellow who was well educated to sympathize with another educated man when things did not go well with him.

When the Squire took leave he walked up the road with his hands in his pockets, looking more boyish than usual, yet feeling slightly pleased with himself.

"I shall do something more for that poor fellow. I think I shall take to philanthropy," he remarked, as he sent a stone skipping across a wayside pond in the clever fashion that boys call ducks and drakes. "My father would have liked it. Hey!—What!—Mrs. E. Smith? Did he say Mrs. E. Smith was his first employer, and that there he married his wife, who was an English woman, her sewing maid? What if that should be Daisy? Why should it be though? There must be fifty Mrs. E. Smiths who have head gardeners. Widows are there? Why a widow? Because if not he would have said Mr. E. Smith, and I am sure he talked about 'that corner of Scotland.' Daisy would send him a 'fiver,' I know, if I asked her, for she is as rich as she is fat, and she has only those two plagues of spoilt pug-nosed girls to spend money on. She would recommend him too. I'll ascertain it."

No sooner thought than acted on. The Squire ran back, put his hand on the top of the little two-foot wall, which was all that divided that cottage garden from the road, and jumped over. He did notice that something cracked and came to a squash under one of his feet; but was surprised when the head gardener's tiny boy came running up with woe-begone tears and wailings, and had seized him by the leg almost before he knew what he had done. Then he found that he had crushed the most trumpery little wooden cart that ever was sold for a half-penny, a cart made of very thin chips of wood, and ornamented with small dabs of green and red paint.

The father and mother were one on either side excusing him, and scolding the poor baby before he

had accosted them. "Thee little fool," cried the mother sharply, while the baby with loud lamentations let piteous tears bedew the ruined toy. The father spoke roughly, and then when our young Squire had asked his question, and it actually appeared that Mrs. E. Smith was his own cousin, this excellent parent had no patience with his poor little bereaved offspring, but sternly ordered the chubby young mother to "carry off that brat," which she prepared to do, saying as she lifted him up in her arms, and tried to quiet his howls—

"Gentleman did not go for to do it, Natty dear."

She dried his tears with his pinafore.

"Poor little chap," said the Squire. "No; I did not do it on purpose. There, don't cry. I'll give you another cart some day soon. Yes, I will," he continued, nodding, for the child, who was in course of being carried off by his mother, looked back at him over her shoulder, heaved a long sob, and was pacified.

He had the fragments of his precious halfpenny-worth tightly clasped in his little fists; and while the Squire continued to talk, letting the father know that he should see Mrs. E. Smith in a few days, for he was going to pay a visit up in her part of Scotland, he saw "Natty" proceed to lay these down in a row on the cottage floor with deep interest and attention. They had constituted his only toy, and perhaps he thought a cart that was smashed to bits was nevertheless better than no cart at all.

This second visit raised some exciting hopes in the mind of the pale-faced gardener. He felt that in all probability it would be worth another sovereign to him, if not more, and as he had accepted the first he half unconsciously perceived that he had already borne the sting which to be a recipient of charity could inflict, and that at least, so long as he had no situation, and no strength to take one, a second benefaction would cost him no more, particularly if it came from the same family, and was given, as it would be in this case, with equal delicacy. He had never heard of the common French proverb, "*Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute*," but it expressed his feeling perfectly.

Yes, the Squire went away this second time pledged to remember the case of her late head gardener, and explain it to Daisy, otherwise Mrs. E. Smith; also to ask her if she would write him a good recom-

mendation so soon as he should be strong enough to look after another situation.

As the Squire went along towards home he passed the smallest of humble cottage shops; a few spades stood outside, a couple of scythes swathed in hay-bands, and some common grass hats. In the window some loaves of bread, some sugar with a great many flies on it, and in one pane some Dutch dolls, and some little wooden carts, like but much grander than the one he had smashed; in fact, it may be supposed that these would stand the purchaser in at least twopence apiece.

"That's the sort of article," he considered. "I shall not forget it; but to buy one and go back with it for the third time would really be too ridiculous. The little chap must wait, of course, till the next time I pass, I shall be coming this way very shortly."

It so chanced, indeed, that he passed down that lane again the very day after, and his cousin, Mrs. E. Smith, hearing from a neighbour of his intended visit, wrote and asked him to spend a couple of days with her previously to the one already fixed. He telegraphed to say that he would come, and in the afternoon followed himself to the railway station. He was on horseback, but as he approached the high-shouldered cottage the gardener's tiny boy darted out, ran to the wicket gate, and gazed at him with eager attention. He had not time to stop, but he nodded kindly and went on.

Now he really was a good-natured young fellow, and when he got to his cousin's house he did not forget the gardener, but got that matter off his mind before he began to play polo, and otherwise amuse himself.

He had decided by this time to go in for philanthropy, but was reasonable enough to feel that no future philanthropic scheme could possibly be expected to answer as this one had done. This was a lucky accident, but it decidedly added to his pleasure during this absence from home. He prolonged it rather more than he had intended, not, in fact, returning till some days past the fortnight, and bringing with him a letter of high interest to the ex-head gardener which he meant to deliver himself.

At the station, while the groom was coming up with his horse, he heard the soft tang of a church bell—again.

"What is that bell?" he asked of the guard.

"I expect it's a funeral," he was answered, as the man got again into the carriage. "I know there is one in the village to-day, but I think it is but for a child."

And so then the train went off, and he presently rode down the shady lane towards the gardener's cottage. He was both boyish enough and kindly enough to feel very proud of the letter he had to give. It contained not only the "fiver" he had in some degree counted on, but Daisy's head gardener, having lately been found out in certain delinquencies and peculations, had met with rather an abrupt dismissal, and this letter actually set forth that if Evan Fraser was well enough to take the situation, he might in a few weeks have it back again; for, as Mrs. E. Smith explained to the Squire, she had never had a man about the place who was so competent, sober, and straightforward, in short, whom she liked so well.

Tang went the bell. What a lovely afternoon it was. He stopped at the gardener's wicket gate. The door of the cottage was wide open, and the sun streamed in. He alighted, and a respectable cottager came out with a baby in her arms. He asked where the gardener and his wife were.

"Gone to the funeral, sir," she answered with a curtsy, "and I said I would take care of the baby. It's their little boy, sir."

"Oh, I am sorry," said the Squire. "Poor people."

"She takes on for the present, sir, no doubt, and so does he, for the matter of that; but children are a great expense, and poor folks can't mourn 'em as gentlefolks do."

"Why I promised that little fellow a cart," exclaimed the Squire. "I little thought he would not live to play with it."

"Oh ay, sir," quoth the cottage dame, "he often talked o' that cart as you was to give him. 'Never you fear, Natty,' his mother 'd say; 'gentleman won't forget 'ee.'"

"I might have sent a cart by parcel's post," thought the Squire. "Why, it would have been no trouble in the world. I wish I had."

"Was the child ill many days?" he asked.

"Nigh a week, sir," replied the woman. "Died last Sunday just at sunrise."

"Or I might have sent stamps to the mother,

and told her to buy him one," thought the Squire. "Why didn't I?"

"His father came round to me at dawn," continued the woman. "He called me, and says he, 'I wish you would come to us,' he says; 'I'm afraid it's very near over with the child.' I up and went, and as we went up the stairs rather hasty, for his mother called to us, he maybe heard the door go, and he opened his eyes and says, as clear as could be, 'Mammy, is that my cart come?' Yes, sir, his mother frets, but I tell her she shouldn't. There's many troubles in this world, and it's a blessed thing to be out o' them so early. Those was about the last words he spoke, and passed away he did as gently as could be."

The Squire did not say a word, but advanced to the round deal table, and laid the letter he had brought upon it.

"Thank you kindly, sir," said the woman, as he took out his purse and put money in her hand. "I'll see that Mr. Fraser has your letter when they come back."

After that he rode home. He did not exactly think that he would not meddle any more with philanthropy, but he did remember that if he had not gone out of his way to befriend the father, he should never have trampled on the child's toy.

It seemed hard upon him. He almost hated that woman for telling him. Poetical justice had not been meted out to him, for he had attended to the great matter, and the man's future was provided for; what he was storming against as he rode, was the unfairness of circumstance which had made *him* the cause of such disappointment to the little child.

"How was I to know that this trumpery toy must be given at once," he exclaimed, "or I should never have another chance?"

Events were severe upon him. And he had been so much pleased with himself. However, he had shortly the grace to admit that no one else was really to blame. There was an uncomfortable sort of lump in his throat, and when he alighted at his own house he went into his special smoking-den and locked the door.

Well?

Well, that's all. How can what he may have done in that smoking-room be any one's affair but his own?

(To be continued.)

THE LUCK OF EDENHALL.

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ballad, *The Luck of Edenhall*, published in the *Boston Nation*."

In 1846, July 2, he records in his Journal—

“A note from Buchanan Read, with a glass goblet, or ‘Luck of Edenhall’ all the way from Philadelphia, and unbroken—a Bohemian goblet, with views of Prague sketched upon it.”

In 1851, November 26, he has this note—

“I find in *Jesse's Memoirs* a pleasant description of *The Luck of Edenhall*.”

There are perhaps other allusions, besides this word to Sumner at the close of a letter—“Do not

So much for this phase of the literature of the “Luck,” and these side lights.

A word, however, about the note by Sir Walter above referred to: as is well known this beloved story-teller revelled in old legends and delighted in looking up fairy lore, and in this case has much to tell about the little people and their ways, and pranks. He says, “It is still currently believed that he who has courage to rush upon a fairy festival, and snatch from them their drinking-cup or horn, shall find it prove to him a cornucopia of good fortune, if he can bear it in safety across a running stream.”

He then refers to the goblet at Edenhall, and to the supposition by some that it was so seized by one of the family of Musgrave.

Turn backward now the leaves of many centuries, and imagine that you are away up in the north of England, three hundred miles from London, in Cumberland, almost if not quite in the debatable land of forays, where Fosters and Fenwicks and Armstrongs and Musgraves and other chieftains of renown with their clans disputed the territory. There is Edenhall.

The river Eden is one of the beautiful streams of picturesque Cumberland, flowing along a rocky channel in the midst of charming scenery; the little village with its stone houses, or what remains of it (of which more hereafter), is on the west side, and the whole estate is situated in what was once the forest of Inglewood; and formerly belonged to the family of Stapleton, who held it for five generations, when it passed away from them by the marriage of Joan de Stapleton to Sir Thomas de Musgrave.

The Musgraves were by this marriage fixed on the banks of the Eden in the thirty-ninth year of the reign of Henry VI., and have remained there to this day. A martial family of renown in border warfare and border minstrelsy, whose lineage—to go no farther—could be traced to the coming in of the Conqueror. A certain Musgrave, keeper of the king's hawks (whence his name is said to have originated), was granted Scaley Castle by William. The chief seat of the family was formerly at Musgrave in Westmoreland.

Stirring tales might be told of the men of this house: Sir Philip, whose motto was *sans changer*, a gentleman, says Clarendon, “of a noble extraction and ample fortune in Cumberland and West-

ST. CUTHBERT'S CHURCH.

forget the Luck of Edenhall,” which may reasonably be taken as a reminder of some promise to look up its history, which would be a congenial subject for Charles Sumner, especially as his dear Longfellow was evidently greatly interested in it.

When the poet made his last visit to Europe, in 1868, he took pains to visit Edenhall, where, says his brother, he saw the famous goblet (as if it were a desire accomplished), “still entirely unshattered, spite of Uhland's ballad which he translated in former years.”

Longfellow was fond of the German writers, and once while stopping over a Sunday at Stuttgart, he attempted to find Uhland. During the next month (July, 1836), when in Switzerland in company with his friends the Appletons and Motleys, he was in the habit of reading aloud this poet's ballads “simple and strange,” translating them and criticizing and discussing them with that fair lady, Mary Ashburton—all of which is told charmingly in the sixth chapter of *Hyperion*, and lightly touched upon in the private journal of that time.

moreland," fought for Charles at Marston Moor, and lived to engage again in the cause, a loyal friend to the Stuarts always. One need hardly be reminded of the prominence this name has, which was on the roll of Battle Abbey, how it figures in history and romance, all through the Border wars, in story and song. You come upon the Musgraves in ballads of love and in ballads of strife.

"Fosters, Fenwicks and Musgraves, they rode and they ran,"

in the hot chase when fair Ellen was stolen away by Lochinvar; and Musgraves were ever at the fore in fight and hunt. It was a Musgrave who was lamented in stirring lines in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*—

"'Twas pleasure as we looked behind,
To see how thou the chase couldst wind,
Cheer the dark bloodhound on his way,
And with the bugle rouse the prey!
I'd give the lands of Deloraine,
Dark Musgrave were alive again."

And there is a local ballad which tells how two knights, Sir John Armstrong and Sir Michael Musgrave, fell in love with the beautiful daughter of Lady Dacre, and how it wrought the death of one hundred men.

It is in this family that is held the wonderful heirloom known as the "Luck of Edenhall." As to its origin there are diverse stories. Lady Bartelot of Sussex, who was a Musgrave of Edenhall, writes me that it "is undoubtedly one of the oldest Venetian glasses in England, and, independently of the light thrown on its probable use by the sacred monogram on the case, which has evidently been made to fit it, it is with the best foundation, supposed to have been used as a chalice, at a time when it was unsafe to have these vessels made of costly metals on account of

the predatory habits which prevailed on the Borders. The 'Luck' is supposed to be considerably older than the beginning of the fifteenth century, its leathern case probably about the time of Henry VI. or Edward III."

"A fair Venetian glass of excellence,
In frail material—geometric lines
Border a space where foliage intertwines,
Bright tracery of saffron and of red
In flowery-azure pattern on a pale sea bed."

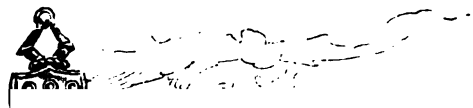
As the well on the grounds, where tradition says it was found, has always been known as St. Cuthbert's, there is a supposition that in early times some holy man might have had a hermitage there, as such pious retreats were then common in England, and that this was a sacred vessel brought from Venice by some knight returning from the Holy Land.

But aside from all traditionary associations, or its value as a relic of sacred usage, or as an heirloom centuries old, it is of great interest as a specimen of ancient art. The "Luck" is a tall tumbler

ON THE LAWN AT EDENHALL.

(often called a vase, or cup, or goblet), expanding in a gentle curve from the bottom upward and terminating in a graceful lip. It is of the most delicate Venetian glass, and on a green ground are enamelled designs in crimson, blue, and yellow. The pattern is very intricate, but lovely, and, as

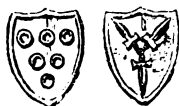
Lady Bartelot says, in geometric lines, crossing and curving, and intermingled with trefoils and foliage. It is illustrated, full size, in Lysson's *Cumberland*, also the leather case, ornamented with scrolls and vine leaves, and bearing the letters *I. H. S.*, from which it has been inferred that it was for sacred use.



"If e'er this cup shall break or fall,
Farewell the luck of Edenhall."

The couplet is given in different forms, but this is the one in Lady Bartelot's communication.

Whatever the tradition, the drinking-glass is, and has been for time immemorial, at Edenhall. On one occasion it came perilously near a fall.



THE HALL.

But superstition has connected it through all this period with the prosperity of the family ; and thereby hangs the legend of a different origin, and the couplet suggestive of dire calamity if harm comes to it. This, told in different versions, concerns St. Cuthbert's Well, which is in one corner of what was the ancient pleasaunce—does not that word bring back Elizabeth's time?—a spring of water crystal clear which never fails, and which used to bubble up into a small, square stone basin, and then brimming over, flow away in a little brooklet over the green turf.

To this well—so runs the story—went the butler one night to fetch water, and there surprised a company of fairies dancing on the grass. Instantly they began to flee, and in their haste the beaker was dropped, and the butler seized it and refused to restore it ; then the queen of the little people uttered the words (some say plaintively)—

It was in the days (forever gone let us pray) of much wine-drinking, when it was brought from its sanctuary with great honour, "filled to the brim with the choicest vintage," and presented to each guest in succession, each one who drank at all being required to drain the contents at a single draught—and it holds about an English pint ! At one of these festivals a Duke of Wharton of evil fame, having drunk, amused himself by tossing it up and catching it in his mad revelry, and was near doing it once too many times, but fortunately as it was falling to the floor the butler caught it in a napkin. In reference to the event, it has been put on record that the Duke composed a doleful parody on *Chey Chase*, beginning,

"God prosper long from being broke
The luck of Edenhall,"

and after nearly forty verses of burlesque, common sense and sobriety were reached in the last—

"God bless the king, . . .
 And keep the land in peace,
 And grant that drunkenness henceforth
 'Mong noblemen may cease."

Scott, who ought to know, says it was not Whar-
 ton who wrote the ballad, but one of his jovial
 companions, Lloyd by name ; and adds that he
 understands the cup "is not now subjected to such
 risks, but the lees of wine are still apparent at the
 bottom"—from which we may infer that it is long
 since it has been actually used. What an event
 to be remembered if one could but carry it to the
 fairy well, and dip up and take a draught of the
 sparkling water ! Probably the ghosts of all the
 warrior Musgraves would rise, in armour, to punish
 such sacrilege ; or who knows but the incensed

little foot-page who loved her dearly ran to Penrith
 Town for the leech (physician)—

"'Twas summer-tide when days are long,
 And holm and haugh are green,
 And the mavis sings in the good, green tree
 And chatters the jay between.

"O, whither dost run, thou little foot-page,
 As swift as hawk on wing ?'
 'For life, for life, to Penrith town,
 I run the leech to bring.'"

On his way he meets the weird woman who knows
 things, and helps good people, and she tells
 him—

"If the leech to succour fail,
 Then seek the fairie's spring."

AN OLD COTTAGE AT EDENHALL.

fairies would return and wreak elfin vengeance on
 the culprit ? But the heirs of Edenhall hold their
 "Luck" too dear to trust it to any hands but
 those of the chief of the house of Musgrave.

There is another ballad, a lovely one, which tells,
 in twenty-eight verses, how the Lady Isabel of
 Edenhall was lying in a deadly swoon, and how a

And, alas ! (she knew he would fail)

"The leech he rode to Edenhall
 The while uprose the moon ;
 But his craft was vain, and his simples naught
 To loose the deadly swoon.

"The little foot-page he wept full sore,
 And he fell on his knees and he prayed,"

after which he called up all his courage and went
alone in the wan moonlight down to the fairy
spring.

"So softly crept he down the stair
And out by the secret door;
And he was aware of a strange music
He never had heard before.

"And slowly passed he o'er the mead,
And heard the self-same sound;
And then he saw a companye
A dancing round and round.

"He fell on his knee behind a bush,
And his heart beat quick for fear,
Whenever he saw the dainty folk
Come dancing him a-near.

"Oh, merrily did they laugh and dance,
Still tripping round and round,
But not a blade of grass did bend
Nor flower sink on the ground.

"And ever the music rung full sweet,
Yet not a player there.
It was as if the trees did sing
While tinkled harps in the air.

"Anon they pause, and a crystal cup
Is dipped in the bubbling spring,
And gliding goes from lip to lip
All round the fairy ring.

"But the fay that bears the cup around
No mortal eye may see.
'Oh, could my lady drain that cup!'
Thought the little foot-page on knee.

"Scarce had he thought than to him glides
The cup from the bubbling spring.

"He trembled sore but he took the cup
For the sake of his dear ladye,
And fast the drops fell down like pearls
As he rose up from his knee.

"And at his feet upon the grass,
A written scroll was thrown,
And all at once the music ceased,
And the fairy folk were gone.

"He took the scroll and he took the cup,
Them to the hall he bore,
The Lady Isabel did drink,
And her deadly swoon was o'er.

"And the little foot-page he brought the scroll
And showed it to his lord,
Sir Ralph he looked thereon and read
In the olden style the word:

Ef that cuppe
Shall breake or fall
Farewel the Lucke
Of Edenhall.

"Sir Ralph de Musgrave made a feast
For joy over his ladye;
And the little foot-page he stood by her chair,
And blithest of all was he.

"Sir Ralph de Musgrave built a church
In sweet Saint Cuthbert's praise,
That men might know whence came the Lucke,
And think thereon always."

What a sweet fairy tale, with the genuine good
fairy ring to it!

It is very evident that Saint Cuthbert was in
some way associated with the chalice, and some
kind of a chapel, or religious retreat may have
been at Edenhall from the time when knowledge
of the glass first came to the dwellers there.
Later (long, long after the good saint, whose history
belongs to the seventh century, away back veiled
in the mists of tradition), the noble Sir Philip
"began and finished a little oratory on ye front of
his house for ye public and family worship of God."
The Musgraves would seem to have been a house-
hold who believed in religious observances; a
church, Saint Cuthbert's, is there now, though prob-
ably not on the site of St. Philip's. How strongly
all the evidence points toward the chalice-hypo-
thesis of the Luck! Yet is not the part the fairies
had in it, as this tender ballad runs, too delightful
to be given up?

A gentleman who visited the place several years
ago was shown a cavity in one of the stones of the
well where the fairies are said to have kept the
goblet—which surely must have been invisible to
mortal eyes. The park he described as having
glorious beeches, and it was upland, glades, beau-
tiful walks and dells. When about four miles
from Penrith he said he came to the Park entrance
to Edenhall, where he found a spacious stone man-
sion in the Italian style; the front door was stand-
ing wide open, books, old watches, and other
antiquities lay on a table in the centre of the hall.
He went out for a walk, and the lodge-keeper's
children began to tell him the legends of the place,
prefacing every reply with, "Wall," and pronounc-
ing *I* as "*aw*." Their father's name they said was
"Jawzif."

St. Ninian's church near there he found was.

called "Nine Kirks," because evil spirits pulled it down nine times while it was building. There was a Giant's Cave known in the old chronicles as "Hugh's Parlour," and it is thought by some that

THE BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER EDEN.

it is the scene where Sir Lancelot of the Lake, the Lancelot of King Arthur's company, met the damsel fair, who

" . . . brought him to a river side,
And also to a tree
Whereon a copper basin hung
And many shields to see."

This visitor saw with his own eyes the "Luck," which Sir Richard Musgrave brought out from the "murriment room," and took from its leathern case for the gratification of this stranger from over the sea.

Not so good fortune came to the artist who made the journey up there from London for the special purpose of making the accompanying drawings. He gives, however, some items of great interest, and copied the devices found on the house; the wedding rings on the coat of arms show that Edenhall came into possession of the Musgraves by marriage. He says that "the old village which had been there from the time of the Roman occupation" has almost disappeared, only a few picturesque old cottages remaining; and that in the park on the way to St. Cuthbert's church, where generations of the Musgraves sleep their last, and under the shade of mighty trees, there stands a cross, erected by one of the Musgraves on the site of the old market-place.

The present house was probably built in the time of one of the Charleses, after an Italian style perhaps introduced by Mary of Modena, wife of

James I., as the foreign queen-consorts usually brought over new fashions, in dress, in furnishings, in manners, and doubtless in architecture. The well of the "Luck," which is described by this late visitor as a spring of beautiful water, is in an Italian garden, is stoned in and surrounded by regular shrubs, and frequented in the day-time at least by birds and bees; what may go on at night he cannot tell. Evidently things have changed since St. Cuthbert used to fill his lovely chalice there, since the fairy folk danced on the sward, since the little foot-page saw them going round and round. The glass, he adds, "is kept from the eyes of every one in some unknown stronghold, and has not seen the light of day since Sir Richard's death, several years ago. When the heir comes of age, it will be taken out again. The Musgraves are superstitious about it." And do you wonder?

THE CROSS ON THE SITE OF THE OLD MARKET-PLACE.

The old woman at the cottage in the picture told him she "had haired summat about the coop, but a niver considered it mooch, leastwise there ben't mony fairies about noo'n Ed'nawl."

A STORY OF THE EVIL EYE.

Victor Carr.

THERE came unto an Austrian town,
In the good days of *Reich* and *Ritter*,
A slim small maid with blood-red gown,
And a bowed greybeard with a zither.

Still hand in hand the travellers went,
Till in the *Platz* that fronts the steeple
He tuned and touched his instrument,
She danced before the market people.

Oh, 'tis a pleasant seemly noise !
Ah, she's so fair who treads the measure !
"Huzza," cried wives and 'prentice boys,
"For the Herr Greybeard and his treasure."

About her coif a merry mint
Of little golden byzants dances,
Which sing and ring with gleam and glint
Each time she curtsies or advances.

And round her pale sweet face her hair
Lifts and flows out with billowy motion
As strands of the gold seaweed, where
The sun shines into th' emerald ocean.

There's that within her eyes you meet
In wild-wood things,—they're soft and tragic.
But 'tis the witchery in her feet
Which out-enchants all other magic !

They come and go, they pass and pause,
Like swallows' wings or flames a-burning,
Till half the folk cry out because
Their heads are well-nigh turning.

And half the folk laugh low, and he
Who erewhile struck, now clasps his brother.
The scold grows good, and cheerfully
The fretting child obeys its mother.

Old scores are paid ; grim men forego
The cruel quests for which they panted.
"Children, the while she dances so,
Do you not guess yourselves enchanted ?"

One spake—a dark Dominican.
Men started as the cold words stung them ;—
And lo, an old outlandish man,
A dark-eyed Turkish witch among them !

Then some one cast a stone ;—the deed
Was his who spake—we let him claim it.
Yet were there none to intercede
For wizard worshippers of Mamet !

And soon arose a dreadful shout,—
" 'Tis th' Evil Eye !" and stones came flying,
That burgher throng became a rout,
And after—some one lay a-dying.

* * * *

So—lift her head upon his knee.
At sight of this is wrath not minished ?
'Twill not last long : the tragedy
In those strange eyes is nearly finished.

They grow exceeding dim. 'Tis good
The child hath such brave rags to cover
With kindred hue the dye of blood
Now that the dance and song are over !

Once more she stirred, and strove to fold
His frail worn hand with faint endeavour.
Then o'er the scarlet and the gold
Death drew his viewless veil for ever.

WEDNESDAY THE TENTH:

A Tale of the South Pacific.

Grant Allen.

I.

WE SIGHT A BOAT.

ON the eighteenth day out from Sydney, we were cruising under the lee of Erromango—of course you know Erromango, an isolated island between the New Hebrides and the Loyalty group—when suddenly our dusky Polynesian boy, Nassaline, who was at the mast-head on the look out, gave a surprised cry of “Boat ahoy!” and pointed with his skinny black finger to a dark dot away southward on the horizon, in the direction of Fiji.

I strained my eyes and saw—well, a barrel or something. For myself, I should never have made out it was a boat at all, being somewhat slow of vision at great distances; but, bless your heart! these Kanaka lads have eyes like hawks for pouncing down upon a canoe or a sail no bigger than a speck afar off; so when Nassaline called out confidently, “Boat ahoy!” in his broken English, I took out my binocular, and focussed it full on the spot towards which the skinny black finger pointed. Probably, thought I to myself, a party of natives, painted red, on the war-trail against their enemies in some neighbouring island; or perhaps a “labour vessel” doing a veiled slave-trade in “indentured apprentices” for New Caledonia or the Queensland planters.

To my great surprise, however, I found out, when I got my glasses fixed full upon it, it was neither of these, but an open English row-boat, apparently, making signs of distress, and alone in the midst of the wide Pacific.

Now, mind you, one doesn't expect to find open English row-boats many miles from land, drifting about casually in those far-eastern waters. There's very little European shipping there of any sort, I can tell you; a man may sometimes sail for days together across that trackless sea without so much as speaking a single vessel, and the few he does come across are mostly engaged in what they euphoniously call “the labour-trade”—in plain English, kidnapping blacks or browns, who are induced to sign indentures for so many years' service (generally “three

yams,” that is to say, for three yam crops), and are then carried off by force or fraud to some other island, to be used as labourers in the cane-fields or cocoa-nut groves. So I rubbed my eyes when I saw an open boat, of European build, tossing about on the open, and sang out to the man at the wheel, “Hard a starboard, Tom! Put her head about for the dark spot to the sou'-by-south-east there!”

“Starboard it is,” Tom Blake answered cheerily, setting the rudder about; and we headed straight for that mysterious little craft away off on the horizon.

But there! I see I've got ahead of my story, to start with, as the way is always with us salt-water sailors. We seafaring men can never spin a yarn, turned straight off the reel all right from the beginning, like some of those book-making chaps can do. We have always to luff round again, and start anew on a fresh tack half a dozen times over, before we can get well under weigh for the port we're aiming at. So I shall have to go back myself to Sydney once more, to explain who we were, and how we happened to be cruising about on the loose that morning off Erromango.

My name, if I may venture to introduce myself formally, is Julian Braithwaite. I am the owner and commander of the steam-yacht *Albatross*, thirty-nine tons burden, as neat a little craft as any on the Pacific, though it's me that says it as oughtn't to say it; and I've spent the last five years of my life in cruising in and out among those beautiful archipelagos in search of health, which nature denies me in more northern latitudes. The oddest part of it is, though I'm what the doctors call consumptive in England—only fit to lie on a sofa and read good books—the moment I get clear away into the Tropics I'm a strong man again, prepared to fight any fellow of my own age and weight, and as fit for seamanship as the best Jack Tar in my whole equipment. The *Albatross* numbers eighteen in crew, all told; and as I am not a rich enough or selfish enough man to keep up a vessel all for my own amusement, my brother Jim and I combine business and pleasure by doing a mixed trade in copra or dried cocoa-nut with the natives from time

to time, or by running across between Sydney and San Francisco with a light cargo of goods for the Australian market.

Our habit was therefore to cruise in and out among the islands, with no very definite aim except that of picking up a stray trade whenever we could make one, and keeping as much within sight of land, for the sake of company, as circumstances permitted us. And that is just why, though bound for Fiji, we had gone so far out of our way that particular voyage as to be under the lee of Erromango.

As for our black Polynesian boy, Nassaline, to tell you the truth, I'm proud of that lad, for he's a trophy of war; we got him at the point of the sword off a slaver. She was a fast French sloop, "recruiting" for New Caledonia, as they call it, on one of the New Hebrides, when the *Albatross* happened to come to anchor, by good luck or good management, in the same harbour. From the moment we arrived I had my eye on that smart French sloop, for I more than half suspected the means she was employing to beat up recruits. Early next morning, as I lay in my bunk, I heard a fearful row going on in boats not far from our moorings; and when I rushed up on deck, half dressed, to find out what the noise was about, blessed if I didn't see whole gangs of angry natives in canoes, naked of course as the day they were born, or only dressed, like the Ancient Britons, in a neat coat of paint, pursuing the French sloop's jolly-boat, which was being rowed at high pressure by all its crew towards its own vessel. "By Jove!" said I, "what's up?" So, looking closer, I could make out four strapping young black boys lying manacled in the bottom, kicking and screaming as hard as their legs and throats could go, while the Frenchmen rowed away for dear life, and the Kanakas in the canoes paddled wildly after them, taking cockshots at them with very bad aim from time to time with arrows and fire-arms. Such a splutter and noise you never heard in your life. Ducks fighting in a pond were a mere circumstance to it.

"Tom Blake!" I sang out, "is the gig afloat there?"

"Aye, aye, sir," says Tom, jumping up. "She's ready at the stern. Shall we off and at 'em?"

"Right you are, Tom!" says I; "all hands to the gig here!"

Well, in less than three minutes I'd got that boat

under weigh, and was rowing ahead between the Frenchmen and their sloop, with our Remingtons ready, and everything in order for a good stand-up fight of it.

When the Frenchmen saw we meant to intercept them, and found themselves cut off between the savages on one side and an English crew well armed with rifles of precision on the other, they thought it was about time to open negotiations with the opposing party. So the skipper stopped, as airy as a gentleman walking down the Boulevards, and called out to me in French, "What do you want, ahoy there?"

"Ahoy there yourself," says I, in my very best Ollendorff. "We want to know what you're doing with those youngsters?"

"Oh, it's *that*, is it?" says the Frenchman, as cool as a cucumber, coming nearer a bit, and talking as though we'd merely stopped him with polite inquiries about the time of day or the price of spring chickens; while the savages, seeing from our manner we were friendly to their side, left off firing for a while for fear of hitting us. "Why, these are apprentices of ours—indentured apprentices. We've bought them from their parents by honest trade—paid for 'em with Sniders, ammunition, calico, and tobacco; and if you want to see our papers and theirs, monsieur, here they are, look you, all perfectly *en règle*," and he held up the bundle for us to inspect in full—with a telescope, I suppose—at a hundred yards' distance.

"Row nearer, boys," I said, "and we'll talk a bit with this polite gentleman. He seems to have views of his own, I fancy, about the proper method of engaging servants."

But when we tried to row up, the Frenchman stopped and called out at the top of his voice, in a very different tone, all bustle and bluster, "Look out ahead there! If you come a yard closer we open fire. We want no interference from any of you Methodistical missionary fellows."

"We ain't missionaries," I answered quietly, cocking my revolver in the friendliest possible fashion right in front of him; "we're traders and yachtsmen. Show 'em your Remingtons, boys, and let 'em see we mean business! That's right. Ready! present!—and fire when I tell you! Now then, monsieur, you bought these boys, you say. So far, good. Next then, if you please, who did you buy them from?"

The Frenchman turned pale when he saw we were well armed and meant inquiry ; but he tried to carry it off still with a little face and bluster. "Why, their parents, of course," he answered, with a signal to his friends in the ship to cover us with their fire-arms.

"From their parents? Oh, yes. Well, how did you know the sellers were their parents?" I asked, still pointing my revolver towards him. "And why are the boys so unwilling to go? And what are the natives making such a noise over this little transaction in indentured labour for? If it's all as you say, what's this fuss and row about? Keep your rifles steady, lads."

"They want to back out of their bargain, I suppose, now they've drunk our rum and smoked our tobacco," the Frenchman said evasively.

"No true, no true," one of the natives shouted out from beyond in his broken English. "Man a *oui-oui*!"—that's what they call the French, you know, all through the South Pacific—"man a *oui-oui* bad—no believe man a *oui-oui*—him make us drunk, so try to cheat us."

"Now, you look here, monsieur," I said severely, turning to the skipper, "I know what you've been doing. I've seen this little game tried on before. You landed here last night with your peaceable equipment for recruiting labour—we know what that means—a Winchester sixteen-shooter and half a dozen pairs of English handcuffs. You brought on shore your 'trade'—a common clay pipe or two, some cheap red cloth, and a lot of bad French Government tobacco; and you treated the natives all round to free drinks of your square gin. When they'd reached that state of convenient conviviality that they didn't know who they were, or what they were doing, you took advantage of their guileless condition. You picked out the likeliest young men and lads, selected any particularly drunken native lying about loose to represent their fathers, made 'em put their marks to a formal paper of indentures, and handed over twenty dollars, a bottle of rum, and a quid of tobacco, as a consolation for the wounded feelings of their distressed relations. You've been carrying them off all night at your devil's game; and now in the morning the natives are beginning to wake up sober, miss their friends, and put a summary stop to your little proceedings. Well, sir, I give you one minute to make up your mind; if you don't hand us over

these four lads to set on shore again, we'll open fire upon you; and as we're stronger than you, with the natives at our back, we'll make a prize of you, and tow you into Fiji on a charge of slave-trading."

Before the words were well out of my mouth the French skipper had given the word "Fire!" and the bullets came whizzing past, and riddling the gunwale of the gig beside us. One of them grazed my arm below the shoulder and drew blood. Now there's nothing to put a man's temper up like getting shot in the arm. I lost mine, I confess, and I shouted aloud, "Fire, boys, and row on at them!" Our fellows fired, and the very same moment the natives closed in and went at them with their canoes, all alive with Sniders, lances, and hatchets. It was a lively time, I can tell you, for the next five minutes, with those lithe, long black fellows swarming over them like ants; and poor Tom Blake got a bullet from a French rifle in his thigh, that lodges there still in very comfortable quarters. But one of the Frenchmen fell back in the jolly-boat shot through the breast, and the skipper, who turned out to be a fellow with one sound leg and a substitute, was severely wounded. So we'd soon closed in upon them, the natives and ourselves, and overpowered their crew, which was only ten, all told, besides the fellows on the big vessel in the harbour.

Well, we took out the four boys, when the mill was over, and transferred them to our gig; and then we escorted the Frenchmen, ironed in their own handcuffs, to the deck of their sloop, with the natives on either side in their canoes rowing along abreast of us like a guard of honour. The crew of the sloop didn't attempt to interfere with us as we brought their comrades handcuffed aboard; if they had, why, then, with the help of the savages, we should have been more than a match for them. So we prowled around the ship on a voyage of discovery, and found ample evidence in her get-up of her character as an honest and single-hearted recruiter of labour. A rack in the cabin held eight Snider fliers, loaded for use, above which hung eight revolvers, employed doubtless in self-defence against the lawless character of the Kanakas, as the skipper (with his hands in irons and his eyes in tears) most solemnly assured us. The sloop was prepared throughout, with loop-holes and battening-hatches, to stand a siege, and could have made short work of the natives alone had they tried to attack her,

for she carried a small howitzer, not so big as our own; but she never suspected interference from a European vessel. We went down into her hold, and there we found about forty natives, men, women, and children—free agents all, the skipper had declared—packed as tight as herrings in a barrel. Such a sight you never saw in your life. There they lay athwart ship, side by side, some handcuffed and manacled, while the women and children were crying and screaming, and the men were shouting as loud as they could shout in their own lingo.

Fortunately, we had a sailor aboard the *Albatross* who had been a beach-comber (or degraded white man who lives like a native) for three years on the island of Ambrym, and had a Kanaka girl for a sweetheart; so he could talk their palaver almost as easy as you can English, and he acted as interpreter for us with the poor people in the hold. We knocked their handcuffs off, and explained the situation to them. About a dozen of the wretchedest and most squalid-looking of the lot were prepared, even when we offered them freedom, to stand by their last night's bargain, and go on to New Caledonia; but the remainder were only too delighted to learn that they might go ashore again; and they gave us three ringing British cheers as soon as they understood we had really liberated them.

As for the four boys we'd got in the gig, three of them elected at once to go home to their own people on the island; but the fourth was our present black servant, Nassaline. He, poor boy, was an orphan; and his nearest relations, having held a consultation the day before whether they should bake him and eat him, or sell him to the Frenchman, had decided that after all he would be worth more if paid for in tobacco and rum than if roasted in plantain-leaves. So, as soon as he found we were going to put him on shore again, the poor creature was afraid after all he was being returned for the oven; and flinging himself on his face in the gig, grovelling and cringing, he took hold of our knees and besought us most piteously (as our sailor translated his words for us) to take him with us. Of course, when we entered into the spirit of the situation, we felt it was impossible to send the poor fellow back to be made "long pig" of; so, to his immense delight, we took him along, and a more faithful servant no man ever had

than poor Nassaline proved from that day forth to me.

I've gone out of my way so far, as I said before, to tell you this little episode of life in the South Pacific, partly in order to let you know who Nassaline was and how we came by him; but partly also to give you a side glimpse of the sort of gentry, both European and native, one may chance to knock up against in those remote regions. It'll help you to understand the rest of my yarn. And now, if you please, I'll tack back again once more into my proper course, to the spot where I broke off in sight of Erromango.

II.

THE BOAT'S CREW.

PRESENTLY, as we headed towards the black object on the horizon, Nassaline stretched out that skinny finger of his once more (no amount of feeding ever seemed to make Nassaline one ounce fatter), and cried out in his shrill little piping voice, "Two man on the boat! him make signs for call us!"

I'd give anything to have eyes as sharp as those Polynesians. I looked across the sea, and the lippy waves in the foreground, and could just make out with the naked eye that the row-boat had something that looked like a red handkerchief tied to her bare mast, and a white signal flapping in the wind below it; but not a living soul could I distinguish in her without my binocular. So I put up my glasses and looked again. Sure enough, there they were, two miserable objects, clinging as it seemed half dead to the mast, and making most piteous signs with their hands to attract our attention. As soon as they saw that we had really sighted them, and were altering our course to pick them up, their joy and delight knew no bounds, as we judged. They flung up their arms ecstatically into the air, and then sank back, exhausted, as I guessed, on to the thwarts where they had long ceased sitting or rowing.

They were wearied out, I imagined, with long buffeting against that angry and immeasurable sea, and must soon have succumbed to fatigue if we hadn't caught sight of them.

We put on all steam, as in duty bound, and made towards them hastily. By and by, my brother Jim, who had been off watch, came up from below and

joined me on deck to see what was going forward. At the same moment Nassaline cried out once more, "Him no two man! Him two boy! Two English boy! Him hungry like a dying!" And as he spoke, he held his own skinny bare arm up to his mouth dramatically, and took a good bite at it, as if to indicate in dumb show that the crew of the boat were now almost ready to eat one another.

Jim looked through the glasses, and handed them over to me in turn. "By George, Julian," he said, "Nassaline's right. It's a couple of boys, and to judge by the look of them, they're not far off starving!"

I seized the glasses and fixed them upon the boat. We were getting nearer now, and could make out the features of its occupants quite distinctly. A more pitiable sight never met my eyes. Her whole crew consisted of two white-faced lads, apparently about twelve or thirteen years old, dressed in loose blue cotton shirts and European trousers, but horribly pinched with hunger and thirst, and evidently so weak as to be almost incapable of clinging to the bare mast whence they were trying to signal us.

Now, you land-loving folk can hardly realize, I dare say, what such an incident means at sea; but to Jim and me, who had sailed the lonely Pacific together for five years at a stretch, that pathetic sight was full both of horror and unspeakable mystery. For anybody, even grown men long used to the ocean, to be navigating that awful expanse of water alone in an empty boat is little short of ghastly. Just think what it means! A stormy sheet that stretches from the north pole to the south without one streak of continuous land to break it; a stormy sheet on which the winds and waves may buffet you about in almost any direction for five thousand miles, with only the stray chance of some remote oceanic isle to drift upon, or some coral reef to swallow you up with its gigantic breakers. But a couple of boys!—mere children almost!—alone, and starving, on that immense desert of almost untravelled water! On the Atlantic itself your chance of being picked up from open boats by a passing vessel is slight enough, Heaven knows! but on the Pacific, where ships are few and routes are far apart, your only alternative to starvation or foundering is to find yourself cast on the tender mercies of the cannibal Kanaka. No wonder I looked at Jim, and Jim looked at me, and each of

us saw unaccustomed tears standing half ashamed in the eyes of the other.

"Stop her!" I cried. "Lower the gig, Tom Blake! Jim, we must go ourselves and fetch these poor fellows."

At the sound of my bell the engineer pulled up the *Albatross* short and sharp, with admirable precision, and we lowered our boat to go out and meet them. As we drew nearer and nearer with each stroke of our oars, I could see still more plainly to what a terrible pitch of destitution and distress these poor lads had been subjected during their awful journey. Their cheeks were sunken, and their eyes seemed to stand back far in the hollow sockets. Their pallid white hands hardly clung to the mast by convulsive efforts with hooked fingers. It was clear they had used up their last reserve of strength in their wild efforts to attract our passing attention.

I thanked Heaven it was Nassaline who kept watch at the masthead when they first hove in sight. No European eye could ever have discovered the meaning of that faint black speck upon the horizon. If it hadn't been for the sharp vision of our keen Polynesian friend, these two helpless children might have drifted on in their frail craft for ever, till they wasted away with hunger and thirst under the broiling eye of the hot Pacific noontide.

We pulled alongside, and lifted them into the gig. As we reached them, both boys fell back faint with fatigue and with the sudden joy of their unexpected deliverance. "Quick, quick, Jim! your flask!" I cried, for we had brought out a little weak brandy-and-water on purpose. "Pour it slowly down their throats—not too fast at first—just a drop at a time, for fear of choking them."

Jim held the youngest boy's head on his lap, and opened those parched lips of his that looked as dry as a piece of battered old shoe-leather. The tongue lolled out between the open teeth like a thirsty dog's at midsummer, and was hard and rough as a rasp with long weary watching. We judged the lad at sight to be twelve years old or thereabouts. Jim put the flask to his lips, and let a few drops trickle slowly down his burnt throat. At touch of the soft liquid the boy's lips closed over the mouth of the flask with a wild movement of delight, and he sucked in eagerly, as you may see a child in arms suck at the mouthpiece of its empty feeding-bottle. "That's well," I said. "He's all right, at any rate. As long as he has strength enough to

pull at the flask like that, we shall bring him round in the end somehow."

We took away the flask as soon as we thought he'd had as much as was good for him at the time, and let his head fall back once more upon Jim's kindly shoulder. Now that the first wild flush of delight at their rescue was fairly over, a reaction had set in; their nerves and muscles gave way simultaneously; and the poor lad fell back, half fainting, half sleeping, just where Jim with his fatherly solicitude chose to lay him.

Tom Blake and I turned to the elder lad. His was a harder and more desperate case. Perhaps he had tried more eagerly to save his helpless brother; perhaps the sense of responsibility for another's life had weighed heavier upon him at his age—for he looked fourteen; but at any rate he was well-nigh dead with exposure and exhaustion. The first few drops we poured down his throat he was clearly quite unable to swallow. They gurgled back insensibly. Tom Blake took out his handkerchief, and tearing off a strip soaked it in brandy-and-water in the cup end of the flask; then he gently moistened the inside of the poor lad's mouth and throat with it, till at last a faint swallowing motion was set up in the gullet. At that, we poured down some five drops cautiously. To our delight and relief they were slowly gulped down, and the poor white mouth stood agape like a young bird's in mute appeal for more water—more water.

We gave him as much as we dared in his existing state, and then turned to the boat for some clue to the mystery.

She was an English-built row-boat, smart and taut, fit for facing rough seas, and carrying a short, stout mast amidships. On her stern we found her name in somewhat rudely-painted letters, *Messenger of Peace: Makilolo in Tanaki*. Clearly she had been designed for mission service among the islands, and the last words which followed her title must be meant to designate her port, or the mission station. But what that place was I hadn't a notion.

"Where's Tanaki, Tom Blake?" I asked, turning round, for Tom had been navigating the South Seas any time this twenty years, and knew almost every nook and corner of the wide Pacific, from Yokohama to Valparaiso.

Tom shifted his quid from one cheek to the other, and answered, after a pause, "Dunno, sir, I'm sure. Never heerd tell of Tanaki in all my

born days; an' yet I sorter fancied, too, I knowed the islands."

"There are no signs of blood or fighting in the boat," I said, examining it close. "They can't have escaped from a massacre, anyhow." For I remembered at once to what perils the missionaries are often exposed in these remote islands—how good Bishop Patteson had been murdered at Santa Cruz, and how the natives had broken the heads of Mason and Wood at Erromango not so many months back, in cold blood, out of pure lust of slaughter.

"But they must have run away in an awful hurry," Tom Blake added, overhauling the locker of the boat, "for, see, she ain't found: there ain't no signs of food or anything to hold it nowheres, sir; and this 'ere little can must a' been the on'y thing they had with 'em for water."

He was quite right. The boat had clearly put to sea unprovisioned. It deepened our horror at the poor lads' plight to think of this further aggravation of their incredible sufferings. For days they must have tossed in hunger and thirst on the great deep. But we could only wait to have the mystery cleared up when the lads were well enough to explain to us what had happened. Meanwhile we could but look and wonder in silence; and indeed we had quite enough to do for the present in endeavouring to restore them to a state of consciousness.

"Any marks on their clothes?" my brother Jim suggested, with practical good sense, looking up from his charge as we rowed back towards the *Albatross*, with the *Messenger of Peace* in tow behind us. "That might help us to guess who they are, and where they hail from."

I looked close at the belt of the lads' blue shirts. On the elder's I read in a woman's handwriting, "Martin Luther Macglashin, 6, '87." The younger boy's bore in the same hand the corresponding inscription, "John Knox Macglashin, 6, '86." It somehow deepened the tragedy of the situation to come upon those simple domestic reminiscences at such a moment.

"Sons of a Scotch missionary, apparently," I said, as I read them out. "If only we could find where their father was at work, we might manage to get some clue to this mystery."

"We can look him up," Jim answered, "when we get to Fiji."

We rowed back in silence the rest of the way

to the *Albatross*, lifted the poor boys tenderly on board, and laid them down to rest on our own bunks in the cabin. Serang-Palo, our Malay cook, made haste at the galleys to dress them a little arrowroot with condensed milk ; and before half an hour the younger boy was sitting up in Jim's arms with his eyes and mouth wide open, craving eagerly for the nice warm mess we were obliged to dole out to his enfeebled stomach in sparing spoonfuls, and with a trifle of colour already returning to his pale cheeks. He was too ill to speak yet—his brother indeed lay even now insensible on the bunk in the corner—but as soon as he had finished the small pittance of arrowroot which alone we thought it prudent to let him swallow at present, he mustered up just strength enough to gasp out a few words of solemn importance in a very hollow voice. We bent over him to listen. They were broken words we caught, half rambling as in delirium, but we heard them distinctly—

(To be continued.)

“Steer for Makilolo . . . Island of Tanaki . . . Wednesday the 10th . . . Natives will murder them . . . My mother—my father—Calvin—and Miriam.”

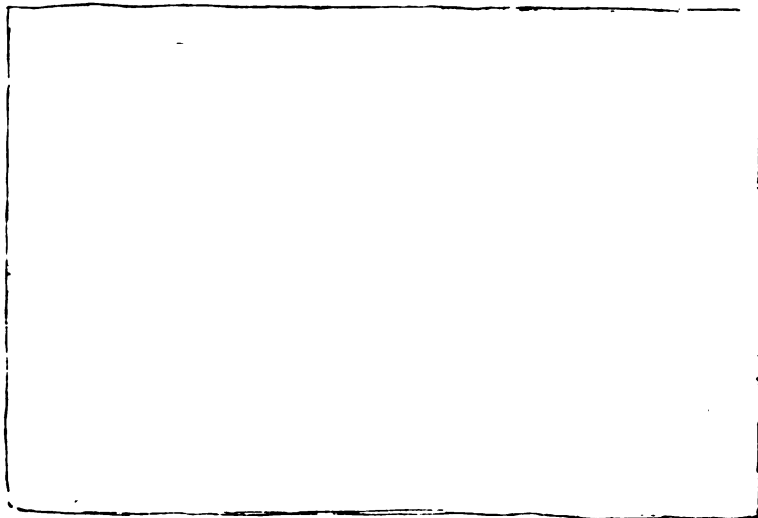
Then it was evident he could not say another word. He sank back on the pillow breathless and exhausted. The colour faded from his cheek once more as he fell into his place. I poured another spoonful of brandy down his parched throat. In three minutes more he was sleeping peacefully, with long even breath, like one who hadn't slept for nights before on the tossing ocean.

I looked at Jim and bit my lips hard. “This is indeed a fix,” I cried, utterly nonplussed. “Where on earth, I should like to know, is this island of Tanaki !”

“Don't know,” said Jim. “But wherever it is, we've got to get there.”

OLD-FASHIONED GIRLS.

Stories from the Old Tales and Novels.



THE THREE GUARDIANS.

EDITED by L. T. MEADE.

CECILIA ;

OR, MEMOIRS OF AN HEIRESS A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

I.

CECILIA was a young lady of fortune, who at the age of twenty was left to the care of three guardians. These were called respectively Mr. Harrel, the Hon. Mr. Delville, and Mr. Briggs. Mr. Harrel was the husband of one of Cecilia's dearest friends, and as such was supposed to be a person of honour and integrity. Mr. Delville was a man of high birth and character. Mr. Briggs had spent his whole life in business, in which he had already amassed an immense fortune, and had still no greater pleasure than that of increasing it.

The Dean of —, Cecilia's late uncle, thought he could not do better than by thus providing for her, and he considered her wish to reside in the house of the Harrels a perfectly natural one. He knew nothing of their real character and great extravagance, but only considered the joy Cecilia would feel in residing with her friend. From the honour of Mr. Delville he expected the most scrupulous watchfulness that his niece should in nothing be injured, and from the experience of Mr. Briggs in money matters he hoped that her fortune would be turned to the best account. Thus, as far as he was able, he had equally consulted her pleasure, her security, and her pecuniary advantage.

Soon after the death of her uncle, Cecilia left the retirement of the country to reside in London with the Harrels. All was strange to her in the new life, and for a time her experiences were both bewildering and unsatisfactory.

During breakfast on the day after her arrival a lady of the name of Larolles was announced as a visitor to Cecilia, to whom she immediately advanced with the intimacy of an old acquaintance, taking her hand, and

assuring her she could no longer defer the honour of waiting upon her.

Cecilia, much amazed at this warmth of civility from one to whom she was almost a stranger, received her compliment rather coldly; but Miss Larolles, without consulting her looks, or attending to her manner, proceeded to express the earnest desire she had long had to be known to her; to hope they should meet very often; to declare nothing could make her so happy; and to beg leave to recommend to her notice her own milliner.

"I assure you," she continued, "she has all Paris in her disposal; the sweetest caps! the most beautiful trimmings! and her ribbons are quite divine! It is the most dangerous thing you can conceive to go near her; I never trust myself in her room but I am sure to be ruined. If you please, I'll take you to her this morning."

"If her acquaintance is so ruinous," said Cecilia, "I think I had better avoid it."

"O impossible! there's no such thing as living without her. To be sure she's shockingly dear, that I must own; but then who can wonder? She makes such sweet things, 'tis impossible to pay her too much for them."

Mrs. Harrel now joining in the recommendation, the party was agreed upon, and accompanied by Mr. Arnott, Mrs. Harrel's brother, the ladies proceeded to the house of the milliner.

Here the raptures of Miss Larolles were again excited: she viewed the finery displayed with delight inexpressible, inquired who were the intended pos-

No woman, young or old, married or unmarried, was then seen without a cap. Dr. Johnson had, perhaps, never seen a lady without a cap, however flimsy, until he went to the Highlands. He writes to Mrs. Thrale from "Skie" in 1773:—"The ladies all, except the eldest, are in the morning dressed in their hair. The true Highlander never wears more than a ribbon on her head till she is married."
"I ran down without my cap. She" (the Queen) "smiled at sight of my hasty attire. . . ."—*Diary of Mme. D'Arday.*

sessors, heard their names with envy, and sighed with all the bitterness of mortification that she was unable to order home almost everything she looked at.

Having finished their business here, they proceeded to various other dress manufacturers, in whose praises Miss Larolles was almost equally eloquent, and to appropriate whose goods she was almost equally earnest: and then, after attending this loquacious young lady to her father's house, Mrs. Harrel and Cecilia returned to their own.

While they were at breakfast next morning, they were again visited by Miss Larolles. "I am come," cried she, eagerly, "to run away with you both to my Lord Belgrade's sale. All the world will be there; and we shall go in with tickets, and you have no notion how it will be crowded."

"What is to be sold there?" said Cecilia.

"O, everything you can conceive; house, stables, china, laces, horses, caps, everything in the world."

"And do you intend to buy anything?"

"No; but one likes to see the people's things."

Cecilia then begged they would excuse her attendance.

"O, by no means," cried Miss Larolles, "you must go, I assure you; there'll be such a monstrous crowd as you never saw in your life. I dare say we shall be half squeezed to death."

"That," said Cecilia, "is an inducement which you must not expect will have much weight with a poor rustic just out of the country: it must require all the polish of a long residence in the metropolis to make it attractive."

"O, but do go, for I assure you it will be the best sale we shall have this season. I can't imagine, Mrs. Harrel, what poor Lady Belgrade will do with herself; I hear the creditors have seized everything; I really believe creditors are the cruellest set of people in the world! They have taken those beautiful buckles out of her shoes! Poor soul! I declare it will make my heart ache to see them put up. It's quite shocking, upon my word. I wonder who'll buy them. I assure you they were the prettiest fancy I ever saw. But come, if we don't go directly, there will be no getting in."

Cecilia again desired to be excused accompanying them, adding, that she wished to spend the day at home.

"At home, my dear?" cried Mrs. Harrel; "why we have been engaged to Mrs. Mears this month, and she begged me to prevail with you to be of the party. I expect she'll call, or send you a ticket, every moment."

"How unlucky for me," said Cecilia, "that you should happen to have so many engagements just at this time! I hope, at least, there will not be any for to-morrow."

"O yes; to-morrow we go to Mrs. Elton's."

"Again to-morrow? and how long is this to last?"

"O, Heaven knows, I'll show you my catalogue."

She then produced a book which contained a list of engagements for more than three weeks. "And as these," she said, "are struck off, new ones are made; and so it is we go on till after the birthday."¹

II.

THE next day Cecilia and Mrs. Harrel found themselves at Mrs. Mears's assembly. The character of this good-lady was of that common sort which renders

delineation superfluous. She received them with the customary forms of good breeding.

Mrs. Harrel soon engaged herself at a card-table: and Cecilia, who declined playing, was seated next to a Miss Leeson, who arose to return the courtesy she made in advancing to her, but that past, did not again even look at her.

Cecilia, though fond of conversation and formed for society, was too diffident to attempt speaking where so little encouraged; they both, therefore, continued silent.

At length, quite tired of sitting as if merely an object to be gazed at, she determined to attempt entering into conversation with Miss Leeson.

The difficulty, however, was not inconsiderable how to make the attack; she was unacquainted with her friends and connections, uninformed of her way of thinking, or her way of life, ignorant even of the sound of her voice, and chilled by the coldness of her aspect.

After much deliberation with what subject to begin, she remembered that Miss Larolles had been present the first time they had met, and thought it probable that they might be acquainted with each other; and, therefore, bending forward, she ventured to inquire if she had lately seen that young lady?

Miss Leeson, in a voice alike inexpressive of satisfaction or displeasure, quietly answered, "No, ma'am."

Cecilia, discouraged by this conciseness, was a few minutes silent; then again she exerted herself as far as to add, "Does Mrs. Mears expect Miss Larolles here this evening?"

Miss Leeson, without raising her head, gravely replied, "I don't know, ma'am."

All was now to be done over again, and a new subject to be started, for she could suggest nothing further to ask concerning Miss Larolles.

Cecilia had seen little of life, but that little she had well marked, and her observation had taught her, that among fashionable people, public places seemed a never-failing source of conversation and entertainment: upon this topic, therefore, she hoped for better success; and as to those who have spent more time in the country than in London no place of amusement is so interesting as a theatre, she opened the subject she had so happily suggested, by an inquiry whether any new play had lately come out?

Miss Leeson, with the same dryness, only answered, "Indeed, I can't tell."

Another pause now followed, and the spirits of Cecilia were considerably damped; but happening accidentally to recollect the name of Almack,¹ she presently revived, and congratulating herself that she should now be able to speak of a place too fashionable for disdain, she asked her, in a manner somewhat more assured, if she was a subscriber to his assemblies?

"Yes, ma'am."

"Do you go to them constantly?"

"No, ma'am."

Again they were both silent. And now, tired of finding the ill-success of each particular inquiry, she thought a more general one might obtain an answer less laconic, and therefore begged she would inform her what was the most fashionable place of diversion for the present season?

¹ Almack's (or Willis's Rooms) in King Street, St. James's, were opened in 1765 by a Scotchman, who kept the Thatched House Tavern in St. James's Street.

"There is now opened at Almack's, in three very elegant new built rooms, a ten guinea subscription, for which you have a ball and a supper once a week for twelve weeks. . . . Almack's Scotch face, in a bag-wig, waiting at supper, would divert you, as would his lady, in a sack, making tea and curtsying to the duchesses."—*Gilly Williams to George Selwyn*, 1765.

¹ After King George's birthday, the 4th of June, the Court left St. James's Palace for Windsor, and the "ton parties" ended.

This question, however, cost Miss Leeson no more trouble than any which had preceded it, for she only replied, "Indeed, I don't know."

Cecilia now began to sicken of her attempt, and for some minutes to give it up as hopeless; but afterwards, when she reflected how frivolous were the questions she had asked, she felt more inclined to pardon the answers she had received, and in a short time to fancy she had mistaken contempt for stupidity, and to grow less angry with Miss Leeson than ashamed of herself.

This supposition excited her to make yet another trial of her talents for conversation; and, therefore, summoning all the courage in her power, she modestly apologized for the liberty she was taking, and then begged her permission to inquire whether there was anything new in the literary way that she thought worth recommending?

Miss Leeson now turned her eyes towards her, with a look that implied a doubt whether she had heard aright; and when the attentive attitude of Cecilia confirmed her question, surprise for a few instants took place of insensibility, and with rather more spirit than she had yet shown, she answered, "Indeed, I know nothing of the matter."

Cecilia was now utterly disconcerted; and half angry with herself, and wholly provoked with her sullen neighbour, she resolved to let nothing in future provoke her to a similar trial with so unpromising a subject.

Soon afterwards, Mr. Gosport, a man of good parts, and keen satire, advanced to Cecilia, and addressing her so as not to be heard by Miss Leeson, said, "I have been wishing to approach you some time, but the fear that you are already overpowered by the loquacity of your fair neighbour, makes me cautious of attempting to engage you."

"You mean," said Cecilia, "to laugh at *my* loquacity, and indeed its ill success has rendered it sufficiently ridiculous."

"Are you, then, yet to learn," cried he, "that there are certain young ladies who make it a rule never to speak but to their own cronies? Of this class is Miss Leeson, and till you get into her particular coterie, you must never expect to hear from her a word of two syllables. The *TON* misses, as they are called, who now infest the town, are in two divisions, the *SUPERCILIOUS* and the *VOLUBLE*. The *SUPERCILIOUS*, like Miss Leeson, are silent, scornful, languid, and affected, and disdain all converse but with those of their own set; the *VOLUBLE*, like Miss Larolles, are flirting, communicative, restless, and familiar, and attack, without the smallest ceremony, every one they think worthy their notice. But this they have in common, that at home they think of nothing but dress, abroad of nothing but admiration, and that everywhere they hold in supreme contempt all but themselves."

"Probably, then," said Cecilia, "I have passed, to-night, for one of the *VOLUBLES*; however, all the advantage has been with the *SUPERCILIOUS*, for I have suffered a total repulse."

"Are you sure, however, you have not talked too well for her?"

"O, a child of five years old ought to have been whipt for not talking better!"

"But it is not capacity alone you are to consult when you talk with misses of the *TON*; were their understandings only to be considered, they would indeed be wonderfully easy of access! in order, therefore, to render their commerce somewhat difficult, they will only be pleased by an observance of their humours; which are ever most various and most exuberant where

the intellects are weakest and least cultivated. I have, however, a receipt which I have found infallible for engaging the attention of young ladies, of whatsoever character or denomination."

"Oh, then," cried Cecilia, "pray favour me with it, for I have here an admirable opportunity to try its efficacy."

"I will give it you," he answered, "with full directions. When you meet with a young lady who seems resolutely determined not to speak, or who, if compelled by a direct question to make some answer, dryly gives a brief affirmative, or coldly a laconic negative—"

"A case in point!" interrupted Cecilia.

"Well, thus circumstanced," he continued, "the remedy I have to propose consists of three topics of discourse."

"Pray what are they?"

"Dress, public places, and love."

Cecilia, half surprised, and half diverted, waited a fuller explanation without giving any interruption.

"These three topics," he continued, "are to answer three purposes, since there are no less than three causes from which the silence of young ladies may proceed: sorrow, affectation, and stupidity."

"Do you then," cried Cecilia, "give nothing at all to modesty?"

"I give much to it," he answered, "as an excuse, nay almost as an equivalent for wit; but for that sullen silence which resists all encouragement, modesty is a mere pretence, not a cause."

"You must, however, be somewhat more explicit, if you mean that I should benefit from your instructions."

"Well, then," he answered, "I will briefly enumerate the three causes, with directions for the three methods of cure. To begin with sorrow. The taciturnity which really results from that is attended with an incurable absence of mind, and a total unconsciousness of the observation which it excites; upon this occasion, public places may sometimes be tried in vain, and even dress may fail; but love—"

"Are you sure, then," said Cecilia, with a laugh, "that sorrow has but that one source?"

"By no means," answered he, "for perhaps papa may have been angry, or mama may have been cross; a milliner may have sent a wrong pompoon,¹ or a *chaperon* to an assembly may have been taken ill—"

"Bitter subjects of affliction, indeed! And are these all you allow us?"

"Nay, I speak but of young ladies of fashion, and what of greater importance can befall them? If, therefore, the grief of the fair patient proceeds from papa, mama, or the *chaperon*, then the mention of public places, those endless incentives of displeasure between the old and the young, will draw forth her complaints, and her complaints will bring their own cure, for those who lament find speedy consolation. If the milliner has occasioned the calamity, the discussion of dress will have the same effect; should both these medicines fail, love, as I said before, will be found infallible, for you will then have investigated every subject of uneasiness which a youthful female in high life can experience."

"They are greatly obliged to you," cried Cecilia, bowing, "for granting them motives of sorrow so honourable, and I thank you in the name of the whole sex."

"You, madam," said he, returning her bow, "are, I hope, an exception in the happiest way, that of having

¹ A "*pompoon*" is any little ornament of dress, from the woollen ball on a soldier's shako to a lady's knot, or rosette of ribbon.

no sorrow at all. I come, now, to the silence of affectation, which is presently discernible by the roving of the eye round the room to see if it is heeded, by the sedulous care to avoid an accidental smile, and by the variety of disconsolate attitudes exhibited to the beholders. This species of silence has almost without exception its origin in that babyish vanity which is always gratified by exciting attention, without ever perceiving that it provokes contempt. In these cases, as nature is wholly out of the question, and the mind is guarded against its own feelings, dress and public places are almost certain of failing; but here again love is sure to vanquish. As soon as it is named, attention becomes involuntary, and in a short time a struggling simper discomposes the arrangement of the features, and then the business is presently over, for the young lady is either supporting some system, or opposing some proposition, before she is well aware that she has been cheated out of her sad silence at all."

"So much," said Cecilia, "for sorrow and for affectation. Proceed next to stupidity; for that, in all probability, I shall most frequently encounter."

"That always must be heavy work," returned he, "yet the road is plain, though it is all up-hill. Love, here, may be talked of without exciting any emotion, or provoking any reply, and dress may be dilated upon without producing any other effect than that of attracting a vacant stare; but public places are indubitably certain of success. Dull and heavy characters, incapable of animating from wit or from reason, because unable to keep pace with them, and void of all internal sources of entertainment, require the stimulation of show, glare, noise, and bustle to interest or awaken them. Talk to them of such subjects, and they adore you; no matter whether you paint to them joy or horror, let there but be action, and they are content; a battle has charms for them equal to a coronation, and a funeral amuses them as much as a wedding."

"I am much obliged to you," said Cecilia, smiling, "for these instructions; yet I must confess I know not how upon the present occasion to make use of them: public places I have already tried, but tried in vain; dress I dare not mention, as I have not yet learned its technical terms——"

"Well, but," interrupted he, "be not desperate; you have yet the third topic unessayed."

"O that," returned she, laughing, "I leave to you."

"Pardon me," cried he, "love is a source of loquacity only with ourselves: when it is started by men, young ladies dwindle into mere listeners. *Simpering* listeners, I confess; but it is only with one another that you will discuss its merits."

At this time they were interrupted by the approach of Miss Larolles, who, tripping towards Cecilia, exclaimed, "How glad I am to see you! So you would not go to the auction? Well, you had a prodigious loss, I assure you. All the wardrobe was sold, and all Lady Belgrade's trinkets. I never saw such a collection of sweet things in my life. I was ready to cry that I could not bid for half an hundred of them. I declare I was kept in an agony the whole morning. I would not but have been there for the world. Poor Lady Belgrade! you really can't conceive how I was shocked for her. All her beautiful things sold for almost nothing. I assure you, if you had seen how they went, you would have lost all patience. It's a thousand pities you were not there."

"On the contrary," said Cecilia, "I think I had a very fortunate escape, for the loss of patience without

the acquisition of the trinkets, would have been rather mortifying."

"Yes," said Mr. Gosport; "but when you have lived some time longer in this commercial city, you will find the exchange of patience for mortification the most common and constant traffic among its inhabitants."

"Pray have you been here long?" cried Miss Larolles, "for I have been to twenty places, wondering I did not meet with you before. But whereabouts is Mrs. Mears? O, I see her now; I'm sure there's no mistaking her; I could know her by that old red gown half a mile off. Did you ever see such a frightful thing in your life? And it's never off her back. I believe she sleeps in it. I am sure I have seen her in nothing else all winter. It quite tires one's eye. She's a monstrous shocking dresser. But do you know, I have met with the most provoking thing in the world this evening? I declare it has made me quite sick. I was never in such a passion in my life. You can conceive nothing like it."

"Like what?" cried Cecilia, laughing, "your passion or your provocation?"

"Why, I'll tell you what it was, and then you shall judge if it was not quite past endurance. You must know I commissioned a particular friend of mine, Miss Moffat, to buy me a trimming when she went to Paris; well, she sent it me over about a month ago by Mr. Meadows, and it's the sweetest thing you ever saw in your life; but I would not make it up, because there was not a creature in town, so I thought to bring it out quite new in about a week's time, for you know anything does till after Christmas. Well, to-night at Lady Jane Dranet's, who should I meet but Miss Moffat! She had been in town some days, but so monstrously engaged, I could never find her at home. Well, I was quite delighted to see her, for you must know she's a prodigious favourite with me; so I ran up to her in a great hurry to shake hands, and what do you think was the first thing that struck my eyes? Why just such a trimming as my own, upon a nasty odious gown, and half dirty! Can you conceive anything so distressing? I could have cried with displeasure."

"Why so?" said Cecilia. "If her trimming is dirty, yours will look the more delicate."

"O la, but it's making it seem quite an old thing! half the town will get something like it. And I quite ruined myself to buy it. I declare I don't think anything was ever half so mortifying. It distressed me so I could hardly speak to her. If she had stayed a month or two longer I should not have minded it, but it was the cruelest thing in the world to come over just now. I wish the Custom-house officers had kept all her clothes till summer."

"The wish is tender, indeed," said Cecilia, "for a particular friend."

Mrs. Mears now rising from the card-table, Miss Larolles tript away to pay her compliments to her.

"Here at least," cried Cecilia, "no receipt seems requisite for the cure of silence! I would have Miss Larolles be the constant companion of Miss Leeson: they could not but agree admirably, since that SUPER-CILIOUS young lady seems determined never to speak; and the VOLUBLE Miss Larolles never to be silent. Were each to borrow something of the other, how greatly would both be the better!"

III.

BUT this sort of life was not agreeable to Cecilia. She possessed a keen intelligence, and a very refined

order of mind,—in short, her disposition was quite as lovely as her face. She had a tender heart, and was anxious to be truly charitable. She steadily resisted all the efforts of the Harrels to draw her into a round of gaiety and dissipation. Most of her evenings she spent in the solitude of her own apartments, and many hours she devoted to alleviating the sufferings of the unfortunate. Her next solicitude was to furnish herself with a well-chosen collection of books. Thus in the exercise of charity, the search of knowledge, and the enjoyment of quiet, serenely in innocent philosophy passed the hours of Cecilia.

The first check this tranquillity received was upon the day that the Harrels, giving a masquerade in their own house, insisted on her being present at it. She had prepared no masquerade habit for this evening, as Mrs. Harrel, by whose direction she was guided, informed her it was not necessary for ladies to be masked at home.

At about eight o'clock the business of the evening began; and before nine, there were so many masks that Cecilia wished she had herself made one of the number, as she was far more conspicuous in being almost the only female in a common dress, than any masquerade habit could have made her. The novelty of the scene, however, joined to the general air of gaiety diffused throughout the company, shortly lessened her embarrassment; and after being somewhat familiarized to the abruptness with which the masks approached her, and the freedom with which they looked at or addressed her, the first confusion of her situation subsided, and in her curiosity to watch others, she ceased to observe how much she was watched herself.

Her expectations of entertainment were not only fulfilled but surpassed; the variety of dresses, the medley of characters, the quick succession of figures, and the ludicrous mixture of groups, kept her attention unwearied: while the concerted efforts at wit, the total thoughtlessness of consistency, and the ridiculous incongruity of the language with the appearance, were incitements to surprise and diversion without end. Even the local cant of, *Do you know me? Who are you?* and *I know you*; with the sly pointing of the finger, the arch nod of the head, and the pert squeak of the voice, though wearisome to those who frequent such assemblies, were, to her unhackneyed observation, additional subjects of amusement.

Soon after nine o'clock every room was occupied, and the common crowd of regular masqueraders were dispersed through the various apartments. Dominos of no character, and fancy dresses of no meaning, made, as is usual at such meetings, the general herd of the company: for the rest, the men were Spaniards, chimney-sweepers, Turks, watchmen, conjurors, and old women; and the ladies, shepherdesses, orange girls, Circassians, gipseys, haymakers, and sultanas.

Cecilia had, as yet, escaped any address beyond the customary inquiry of *Do you know me?* and a few passing compliments; but when the rooms filled, and the general crowd gave general courage, she was attacked in a manner more pointed and singular.

The very first mask who approached her, seemed to have nothing less in view than preventing the approach of every other: yet had he little reason to hope favour for himself, as the person he represented, of all others least alluring to the view, was Mephistopheles!

Waving his wand as he advanced towards Cecilia, he cleared a semi-circular space before her chair, thrice with the most profound reverence bowed to her,

thrice turned himself around with sundry grimaces, and then fiercely planted himself at her side.

Cecilia was amused by his mummery, but felt no great delight in his guardianship, and, after a short time, arose, with intention to walk to another place; but the black gentleman, adroitly moving round her, held out his hand to obstruct her passage; and therefore, preferring captivity to resistance, she was again obliged to seat herself.

An Hotspur, who just then made his appearance, was strutting boldly towards her; but Mephistopheles, rushing furiously forwards, placed himself immediately between them. Hotspur, putting his arms a-kembo with an air of defiance, gave a loud stamp with his right foot, and then—marched into another room!

The victorious Mephistopheles ostentatiously waved his wand, and returned to his station.

At length, however, a Don Quixote appeared, and every mask in the room was eager to point out to him the imprisonment of Cecilia.

This Don Quixote was accoutred with tolerable exactness, according to the description of the admirable Cervantes; his armour was rusty, his helmet was a barber's bason, his shield a pewter dish, and his lance an old sword fastened to a slim cane. His figure, tall and thin, was well adapted to the character he represented; and his mask, which depicted a lean and haggard face, worn with care, yet fiery with crazy passions, exhibited, with propriety the most striking, the knight of the doleful countenance.

The complaints against Mephistopheles, with which immediately and from all quarters he was assailed, he heard with the most solemn taciturnity: after which, making a motion for general silence, he stalked majestically towards Cecilia, but stopping short of the limits prescribed by her guard, he kissed his spear in token of allegiance, and then, slowly dropping upon one knee, began the following address:

"Most incomparable Princess!

THUS humbly prostrate at the feet of your divine and ineffable beauty, graciously permit the most pitiful of your servitors, Don Quixote De la Mancha, from your high and tender grace, to salute the fair boards which sustain your corporeal machine."

Then, bending down his head, he kissed the floor; after which, raising himself upon his feet, he proceeded in his speech.

"Report, O most fair and unmatchable virgin! daringly affirmeth, that a certain discourteous person, who calleth himself Mephistopheles, even now, and in thwart of your fair inclinations, keepeth and detaineth your irradiant frame in hostile thralldom. Suffer, then, magnanimous and indescribable lady! that I, the most grovelling of your unworthy vassals, do sift the fair truth out of this foul sieve, and conjure your highness veritably to inform me, if that honourable chair, which haply supports your terrestrial perfections, containeth the inimitable burthen with the free and legal consent of your celestial spirit?"

Here he ceased: and Cecilia, who laughed at this characteristic address, though she had not courage to answer it, again made an effort to quit her place, but again by the wand of her black persecutor was prevented.

This little incident was answer sufficient for the valorous knight, who indignantly exclaimed,

"Sublime Lady!

I BESEECH but of your exquisite mercy to refrain mouldering the clay composition of my unworthy body to impalpable dust, by the refulgence of those bright stars vulgarly called eyes, till I have lawfully wreaked

my vengeance upon this unobliging caitiff, for his most disloyal obstruction of your highness's adorable pleasure."

Then, bowing low, he turned from her, and thus addressed his intended antagonist :

"Uncourtly Miscreant !

BEHOLD, my gauntlet ! yet ere I deign to be the instrument of thy extirpation, O thou most mean and ignoble enemy ! that the honour of Don Quixote de la Mancha may not be sullied by thy extinction, I do here confer upon thee the honour of knighthood, dubbing thee, by my own sword, Don Mephistopheles, knight of the horrible physiognomy."

He then attempted to strike his shoulder with his spear, but the black gentleman adroitly eluding the blow, defended himself with his wand : a mock fight ensued, conducted on both sides with admirable dexterity ; but Cecilia, less eager to view it than to become again a free agent, made her escape into another apartment ; while the rest of the ladies, though they almost all screamed, jumped upon chairs and sofas to peep at the combat.

In conclusion, the wand of the knight of the horrible physiognomy was broken against the shield of the knight of the doleful countenance ; upon which Don Quixote called out *Victoria !* The whole room echoed the sound ; the unfortunate new knight retired abruptly into another apartment ; and the conquering Don, seizing the fragments of the weapon of his vanquished enemy, went out in search of the lady for whose releasement he had fought : and the moment he found her, prostrating both himself and the trophies at her feet, he again pressed the floor with his lips ; and then, slowly arising, repeated his reverences with added formality, and, without waiting her acknowledgments, gravely retired.

The moment he departed, a Minerva, not stately, nor austere, nor marching in warlike majesty, but gay and airy,

Tripping on light fantastic toe,

ran up to Cecilia, and squeaked out, "Do you know me?"

"Not," answered she, instantly recollecting Miss Larolles, "by your *appearance*, I own ! but by your *voice*, I think, I can guess you."

"I was monstrous sorry," returned the goddess, without understanding this distinction, "that I was not at home when you called upon me. Pray how do you like my dress ? I assure you I think it's the prettiest here. But do you know there's the most shocking thing in the world happened in the next room ? I really believe there's a common chimney-sweeper got in ! I assure you it's enough to frighten one to death, for every time he moves, the soot smells so you can't think ; quite real soot, I assure you ! only conceive how nasty ! I declare I wish with all my heart it would suffocate him !"

Here she was interrupted by the re-appearance of Don Mephistopheles ; who, looking around him, and perceiving that his antagonist was gone, again advanced to Cecilia : not, however, with the authority of his first approach, for with his wand he had lost much of his power ; but to recompense himself for this disgrace, he had recourse to another method equally effectual for keeping his prey to himself, for he began a growling, so dismal and disagreeable, that while many of the ladies, and, among the first, the *Goddess of Courage and Wisdom*, ran away to avoid him, the men all stood aloof, to watch what next was to follow.

Cecilia now became seriously uneasy ; for she was made an object of general attention, yet could neither speak or be spoken to.

After some time spent thus disagreeably, a white domino, who for a few minutes had been a very attentive spectator, suddenly came forward, and exclaiming, "*I'll fight him !*" rushed forward, and grasping one of his horns, called out to a Harlequin who stood near him, "Harlequin ! do you fear to fight Mephistopheles?"

"Not I, truly," answered Harlequin, who, issuing from the crowd, whirled himself round before the black gentleman with yet more agility than he had himself done before Cecilia, giving him from time to time many smart blows on his shoulders, head, and back, with his wooden sword.

The rage of Don Mephistopheles at this attack seemed somewhat beyond what a masquerade character rendered necessary ; he foamed at the mouth with resentment, and defended himself with so much vehemence, that he soon drove poor Harlequin into another room : but, when he would have returned to his prey, the genius of pantomime, curbed, but not subdued, at the instigation of the white domino, returned to the charge, and by a perpetual rotation of attack and retreat, kept him in constant employment, pursuing him from room to room, and teasing him without cessation or mercy.

Meantime, Cecilia, delighted at being released, hurried into a corner, where she hoped to breathe and look on in quiet ; and the white domino, having exorted Harlequin to torment the tormentor, and keep him at bay, followed her with congratulations upon her recovered freedom.

"It is you," answered she, "I ought to thank for it, which indeed I do most heartily. I was so tired of confinement, that my mind seemed almost as little at liberty as my person."

Here they were disturbed by the extreme loquacity of two opposite parties : and listening attentively, they heard from one side, "My angel ! fairest of creatures ! goddess of my heart !" uttered in accents of rapture ; while from the other, the vociferation was so violent, they could distinctly hear nothing.

The white domino satisfied his curiosity by going to both parties ; and then, returning to Cecilia, said, "Can you conjecture who was making those soft speeches ? a Shylock ! his knife all the time in his hand, and his design, doubtless, *to cut as near the heart as possible !* while the loud cackling from the other side is owing to the riotous merriment of a noisy Mentor ! When next I hear a disturbance, I shall expect to see some simpering Pythagoras stunned by his talkative disciples."

"To own the truth," said Cecilia, "the almost universal neglect of the characters assumed by these masquers has been the chief source of my entertainment this evening : for at a place of this sort, the next best thing to a character well supported is a character ridiculously burlesqued."

"You cannot, then, have wanted amusement," returned the domino ; for among all the persons assembled in these apartments, I have seen only three who have seemed conscious that any change but that of dress was necessary to disguise them."

"And pray who are those?"

"A Don Quixote, a school-master, and your friend Mephistopheles."

Just then they were approached by a young haymaker, to whom the white domino called out, "You look as gay and as brisk as if fresh from the hay-field,

after only half a day's work. Pray how is it you pretty lasses find employment for the winter?"

"How?" cried she, pertly; "why the same as for the summer!" And pleased with her own readiness at repartee, without feeling the ignorance she betrayed, she tript lightly on.

Immediately after, the school-master, mentioned by the white domino, advanced to Cecilia. His dress was merely a long wrapping gown of green stuff, a pair of red slippers, and a woollen night-cap of the same colour; while, as the symbol of his profession, he held a rod in his hand.

"Ah, fair lady," he cried, "how soothing were it to the austerity of my life, how softening to the rigidity of my manners, might I—without a *breaking out of bounds* which I ought to be the first to discourage, and a 'confusion to all order' for which the school-boy should himself chastise his master, be permitted to cast at your feet this emblem of my authority! and to forget, in the softness of your conversation, all the roughness of discipline!"

"No, no," cried Cecilia, "I will not be answerable for such corruption of taste!"

"This repulse," answered he, "is just what I feared; for alas! under what pretence could a poor miserable pedagogue presume to approach you? Should I examine you in the dead languages, would not your living accents charm from me all power of reproof? Could I look at you, and hear a false concord? Should I doom you to water-gruel as a dunce, would not my subsequent remorse make me want it myself as a madman? Were your fair hand spread out to me for correction, should I help applying my lips to it, instead of my rat-tan? If I ordered you to be *called up*, should I ever remember to have you sent back? And if I commanded you to stand in a corner, how should I forbear following you thither myself?"

Cecilia, who had no difficulty in knowing this pretended school-master for Mr. Gosport, was readily beginning to propose conditions for according him her favour, when, creeping softly towards her, she again perceived the black gentleman.

"Ah!" cried she, with some vexation, "here comes my old tormentor! Screen me from him if possible, or he will again make me his prisoner."

"Fear not," cried the white domino; "he is an evil spirit, and we will surely lay him. If one spell fails, we must try another."

Cecilia then perceiving Mr. Arnott, her friend Mrs. Harrel's brother, begged he would also assist in barricading her from the person who so obstinately pursued her.

Mr. Arnott most gratefully acceded to the proposal; and the white domino, who acted as commanding officer, assigned to each his station: he desired Cecilia would keep quietly to her seat, appointed the school-master to be her guard on the left, took possession himself of the opposite post, and ordered Mr. Arnott to stand sentinel in front.

This arrangement being settled, the guards of the right and left wings instantly secured their places; but while Mr. Arnott was considering whether it were better to face the besieged, or the enemy, the arch-foe rushed suddenly before him, and laid himself down at the feet of Cecilia.

Mr. Arnott, extremely disconcerted, began a serious expostulation upon the ill-breeding of this behaviour; but Mephistopheles, resting all excuse upon supporting his character, only answered by growling.

The white domino seemed to hesitate for a moment

in what manner to conduct himself, and with a quickness that marked his chagrin, said to Cecilia, "You told me you knew him—has he any right to follow you?"

Before this question could be answered, an offensive smell of soot making everybody look around the room, the chimney-sweeper already mentioned by Miss Larolles was perceived to enter it. Every way he moved a passage was cleared for him, as the company, with general disgust, retreated wherever he advanced. He was short, and seemed somewhat incommoded by his dress; he held his soot-bag over one arm, and his shovel under the other. As soon as he espied Cecilia, whose situation was such as to prevent her eluding him, he hooted aloud, and came stumping up to her. "Ah, ha," he cried, "found at last;" then, throwing down his shovel, he opened the mouth of his bag, and pointing waggishly to her said, "Come, shall I pop you?—A good place for naughty girls;—in, I say, poke in!—cram you up the chimney."

And then he put forth his sooty hands to reach her cap.

Cecilia, though she instantly knew the dialect of her guardian Mr. Briggs, was not therefore the more willing to be so handled, and started back to save herself from his touch; the white domino also came forward, and spread out his arms as a defence to her, while Mephistopheles, who was still before her, again began to growl.

"Ah, ha!" cried the chimney-sweeper, laughing, "so did not know me? Poor duck! won't hurt you; don't be frightened; nothing but old guardian; all a joke. And then, patting her cheek with his dirty hand, and nodding at her with much kindness, "Pretty dove," he added, "be of good heart! sha'n't be meddled with; come to see after you. Heard of your tricks; thought I'd catch you!—come o' purpose.—Poor duck! did not know me! ha! ha!—good joke enough!" "What's here?" he continued, stumbling over Mephistopheles; "what's this black thing? Don't like it. You sha'n't stay with it; carry you away; take care of you myself."

He then offered Cecilia his hand; but the black gentleman, raising himself upon his knees before her, paid her, in dumb show, the humblest devoirs, yet prevented her from removing.

"Ah! ha!" cried the chimney-sweeper, significantly nodding his head; "smell a rat! a sweetheart in disguise. No bamboozling! it won't do; a'n't so soon put upon. If you've got anything to say, tell me, that's the way. Where's the cash? Got ever a *rental*? Are warm? That's the point. Are warm?"

Mephistopheles, without returning any answer, continued his homage to Cecilia; at which the enraged chimney-sweeper, exclaimed, "Come, come with me! won't be imposed upon; an old fox,—understand trap!"

He then again held out his hand, but Cecilia, pointing to Mephistopheles, answered, "How can I come, sir?"

"Show you the way," cried he; "shovel him off." And taking his shovel, he very roughly set about removing him.

Mephistopheles then began a yell so horrible, that it disturbed the whole company; but the chimney-sweeper, only saying, "Aye, aye, blacky, growl away, blacky,—makes no odds,—" sturdily continued his work; and, as Mephistopheles had no chance of resisting so coarse an antagonist without a serious struggle, he was presently compelled to change his ground.

"Warm work!" cried the victorious chimney-

sweeper, taking off his wig, and wiping his head with the sleeves of his dress; "warm work this!"

Cecilia, once again freed from her persecutor, instantly quitted her place. She was not, however, displeased that the white domino and the school-master still continued to attend her.

"Pray look," said the white domino, as they entered another apartment, "at that figure of Hope; is there any in the room half so expressive of despondency?"

"The reason, however," answered the school-master, "is obvious; that light and beautiful silver anchor upon which she reclines, presents an occasion irresistible for an attitude of elegant dejection; and the assumed character is always given up, where an opportunity offers to display any beauty, or manifest any perfection in the dear proper person!"

"But why," said Cecilia, "should she assume the character of *Hope*? Could she not have been equally dejected, and equally eloquent as Niobe, or some tragedy queen?"

"But she does not assume the character," answered the school-master; "she does not even think of it: the dress is her object, and that alone fills up all her ideas. Inquire of almost anybody in the room concerning the persons they seem to represent, and you will find their ignorance more gross than you can imagine; they have not once thought upon the subject; accident, or convenience or caprice has alone directed their choice."

A tall and elegant youth now approached them, whose laurels and harp announced Apollo. The white domino immediately inquired of him if the noise and turbulence of the company had any chance of being stilled into silence and rapture by the divine music of the inspired god?

"No," answered he, pointing to the room in which was erected the new gallery, and whence, as he spoke, issued the sound of an *hautboy*; "there is a flute playing there already."

"O for a Midas," cried the white domino, "to return to this leather-eared god the disgrace he received from him!"

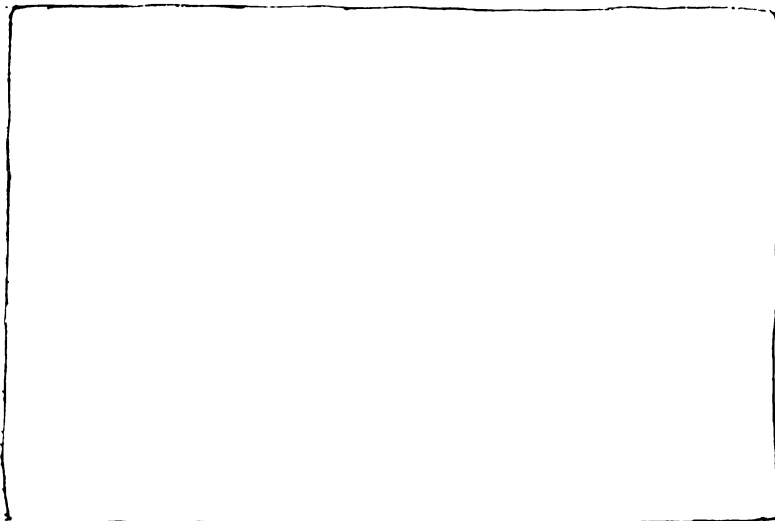
They had now proceeded to the apartment which had been lately fitted up for refreshments, and which was so full of company that they entered it with difficulty. And here they were again joined by Minerva, who, taking Cecilia's hand, said, "How glad I am you've got away from that frightful black mask! I can't conceive who he is; nobody can find out; it's monstrous odd, but he has not spoke a word all night, and he makes such a shocking noise when people touch him, that I assure you it's enough to put one in a fright."

"And pray," cried the school-master, disguising his voice, "how camest thou to take the helmet of Minerva for a fool's cap?"

"I have not," cried she, innocently; "why the whole dress is Minerva's; don't you see?"

"My dear child," answered he, "thou couldst as well with that little figure pass for a Goliath, as with that little wit for a Pallas."

The rooms now began to empty very fast, but among the few masks yet remaining, Cecilia again perceived Don Quixote; and while, in conjunction with the white domino, she was allowing him the praise of having supported his character with more uniform propriety than any other person in the assembly, she observed him taking off his mask for the convenience of drinking some lemonade, and, looking in his face, found he was no other than an old friend Mr. Belfield! Much astonished, and more than ever perplexed, she again turned to the white domino, who seeing in her countenance a surprise of which he knew not the reason, said, half laughing, "You think, perhaps, I shall never be gone? And indeed I am almost of the same opinion: but what can I do? Instead of growing weary by the length of my stay, my reluctance to shorten it increases with its duration; and all the methods I take, whether by speaking to you or looking at you, with a view to be satiated, only double my eagerness for looking and listening again! I must go, however; and if I am happy, I may perhaps meet with you again,—though, if I am wise, I shall never seek you more!"



The Brown

Owl

"Here is the use of Society : it is so easy with the great to be great ; so easy to come up to an existing standard. The benefits of affection are immense ; and the one event which never loses its romance is the encounter with superior persons on terms allowing the happiest intercourse."—Emerson.

LOVERS of flowers and shrubs, in common with students of animal nature, are all aware that in the rearing of the former and the development of the latter, there is a certain influence to be taken into account, which is distinctly apart from anything else—subtle, intangible, indefinable—an influence compounded of a variety of ingredients, yet in itself a thing alone ; and that influence we would term *environment*. What environment is to tree and beast, such is *society* to men and women. The mysterious force of society acts upon us all, and acts upon us from day to day, and hour to hour. There are some temperaments, indeed, so susceptible to its touch, that one can divine as by magic with whom, or to be more strictly correct, with what manner of persons their latest moments have been spent. Word, look, thought, everything has taken on the impress ; and though, thank Heaven ! such plastic moulds are the exception, not the rule, the rule with one and all of us—more especially in the case of the young, but with all, more or less—would seem to be that after some mysterious fashion, we do take the colour of those personalities among whom we dwell, by whose unconscious examples we are formed, and whose mode of life is ever set before us.

It is no harm that you love society, you young people who may read this ; it is only right and natural, only obeying the promptings of nature, for you to long and yearn after intercourse with those of your age and sex. Show me the boy or girl who does not care to make a friend ; who feels no need of sympathy, and talk, and interchange of ideas and associations, likings and dislikings, sportive combat and argument—why, all this is the very zest of life !—and I would say, if I might dare to say it,

there is something wrong about that youth or maiden. The breezy, healthy buffeting-about and shaking-up of the young ideas which have just begun to shoot, the wholesome ridicule of all that is ridiculous, and on the other hand the strengthening and encouraging of all that is noble and pure within the breast, which will be afforded by the society which I would emphatically term *good* society—the society of the good, of those who desire to be good and to do good—is precisely to human beings what the merry blast, laden with its freight of moisture, and spice, and infinite other health-giving ingredients, is to the tender sapling—a reviving and invigorating change of environment.

But the young tree does not want a foul and noisome breath to be breathed upon it from some pestilent atmosphere, as a change from its own pure surroundings—rather any amount of stagnation than *that*. No more will you thrive and bloom, mentally and spiritually, if you invite and cultivate friendships of a lowering nature. Do you not know some one—try and think for a moment—who, all propriety in the general circle, is no sooner alone with yourself, than she (we will suppose the case is one of girls) instantly drops the mask, begins to discuss people and scenes which she would not mention before parent or guardian ; freely discourses about events as to which her demure lips would be sealed in their presence ; lets slip sentiments that you are convinced they never hear ; in a word, shows herself to you as they never see her. How do you feel after the closeted interview is over ? We will hope you feel ashamed, degraded, and uncomfortable. We will hope you would have an uneasy, burning indignation in your bosom should you hear your so-called friend praised and

approved? We will hope that you mentally resolve to break off this baleful, poisonous intimacy, and to free yourself from its entanglement? If not, shall we tell you what will be the certain, inevitable result? You will in your turn deserve to be shunned and despised: you will grow to resemble her with whom you associate: since it does not distress or shame you that your chosen companion is a hypocrite and mischief-monger, as well as a lover of evil and of all kinds of foolish and hurtful ways, you may start some day to find that you have set forth on the same road. You will do so sooner or later, if you do not turn aside in loathing from it; and those who knew and loved you in the days of your innocent childhood, will learn perchance mournfully to remember that you *once* were simple, natural, loving-hearted, and pure-minded, while they cannot shut their eyes to the fact that you are no longer any of these.

But you say, you must have *some one*, and perhaps the one whom your elders approve and select is to you a dull and tame creature, without spirit, without enthusiasm for any subject, or object. There, you have our sympathy. It is against the grain for a sprightly, lively, ardent young nature to be tagged on to a stupid, grovelling one. She has not a taste in unison with you? She does not care for the books you like? She sees nothing out of the common in the people you admire and venerate. What is to be done? You will never be able to make anything of that friend, and you may shake her off as soon as you please, for aught we care; but all the same, try not to feel contemptuous and superior; and recollect that there are many thousands in the world as clever and as much in earnest as yourself—nay, in whose society you would be the one to feel abashed and outshone. Try, if you can, to persuade your parents to let you mix in more congenial society, if it is to be had. Nothing induces self-conceit to the same extent as does a certain sort of retirement. People who live entirely in their own set, all possessed of the same notions, get terribly narrow-minded and consequential; whereas those who go about among their equals and compeers find they have much to learn, and, moreover, find perchance that those from whom most is to be learned, upon nearer acquaintance, are the very persons who at a distance might be despised and overlooked. To know others is the only way to know ourselves. To find other men and women

better and nobler than we, will teach us humility. To find them poorer in worldly goods, harder-nurtured, more encompassed with difficulties and perplexities, will teach us pitifulness, toleration, forbearance. To find them ignorant and unstable, will teach us the courage of our opinions. To find them careless and heedless, will, by God's help, startle us into deeper seriousness. Therefore ask your parents, or guardians, to give you society, young people, if they can do it without trouble or inconvenience, but remember that this it may not always be in their power to do; you may have set your hearts upon knowing the very people who, harmless in themselves, are by reason of unfortunate circumstances, undesirable. This often happens. It cannot be explained that the poor girls who have excited your pity and your desire for good-fellowship, are perforce obliged to bear the burden of their parents' or others' misdeeds. It is quite impossible to be frank with you on the subject, but do not cry aloud that "it is a shame"; do not think everything "unjust," because you cannot understand. Try to believe, and to take on trust the superior knowledge and wisdom of your elders.

Supposing, however, that your desire for society has been granted, it yet remains with yourself what use you will make of the indulgence. And the first word we would say to you on this head is, whatever you do, do it *openly*. If your fancy be captivated by any neighbour, friend, or acquaintance of either sex, do not pretend that it is not so; do not hide your predilection because it is not shared—but acknowledge that you are attracted, and at least defend your partiality, while you endeavour to justify it.

N.B.—We are of course talking of friendship, and friendship only. No young reader of *Atalanta* will be so foolish as to misconstrue the above into reference to any other feeling.

Be open, then, about your likings and dislikings: give your grounds for them; or if you have no grounds to give—and sometimes there really are none, and yet we cannot help ourselves—at least candidly avow the sentiment. Such frankness will bring its own reward. If the object of your regard be really unworthy, you will find it out so much the sooner; or if, on the other hand, you can prove yourself to be wiser and more penetrating than your elders (perhaps you are so), you will have the triumph of having nailed your colours to the mast

from the outset. At all events you have nothing to gain, and your own character has everything to lose, by concealment.

Never conceal if a fawning inferior seeks to gossip with you and flatter you. Never encourage the secret confidences of the disaffected. Never allow yourselves to be recipients for daughters' or sisters' complaints of home-rule, or want of home-appreciation. Once a girl begins with that sort of talk, stop her as brusquely as ever you like; show her that you do not want her society for that; and that if all she cares for is to pour out her grievances in your ear, she may go elsewhere.

Then again, when you have obtained the society you desire, do not be too eager to be always in it. To be perpetually before the world is not only *wearing*, but it wears away. It be-littles the mind; the energies grow dwarfed; the youthful ardour for knowledge and thought gets dwarfed. A girl does not "feel inclined" for books, and music, and painting, and gardening, and collecting, and all the other different, delightful pursuits and occupations which would otherwise suit her excellently, when she is always in a fever to be at this place and that place, to meet this one and that one. Add to which, if you are sure to be met with in every house and at every gathering, at all times and seasons, you will by and by grow just a little *stale*, dear young reader; and you would not like to do that. Therefore reserve yourself. Retire again and again into your own quiet round, and depend upon it, you will emerge from this all the fresher and the brighter when worthy occasion requires.

And once more, do not expect too much even from the best society. Suppose you are a favourite, even favourites are at times eclipsed. You may have to "take a back seat" occasionally. You may have to bear the pang of mortified vanity, as well as to suppress the flutter of gratified vanity. Society is a stern disciplinarian. Young folks who move in it must become habited to self-control, to fortitude, to patience, and to courtesy. It will not do to suffer the humours of the breast either to break loose or to rage within. Society imposes a dignity of bearing with which this would be incompatible. The frown upon the brow, and the quiver on the lip, must alike be stifled. The world must not be allowed to pry into the recesses of the soul.

In a word, society has a mission to perform in the formation of every character, and to under-rate

or neglect this mission is to put aside one of the chief factors in the making or marring of every life. Therefore let the young have society—but let it be such society as will instruct the timid and reduce the bold; enlarge the narrow, plodding spirit, and sober the soaring, idealistic one; polish the demæanour; develop the taste; train the mind. Good society will satisfy the cravings of the young, and soften the prejudices of the old. It should be looked upon as an *experience*, nay, as an *ordeal*, through which it is well to pass, hand-in-hand, with a loving parent or guardian, while the morning of life is young, while early instructions are ringing in the ears, and early inculcated principles are firm within the heart. Society will test their value: it ought not to shake them; it ought, if a little wisdom be shown, and a little trouble and due precaution be taken, rather to fix, settle, strengthen, and rivet all that has been implanted with care and pains, faith, hope, and prayer.¹

L. B. Walford.

* * *

THE following verses have been provoked by Ella Fuller Maitland's beautiful lines, *To One Whose Love Lies Dying*, published in the August number—

Fear neither Time nor Death,
Too fearful lover;
Time will thy Maid from coyness timely free,
And shall discover,
Though fair the outward seeming,
The shrine within is fairer than all dreaming.
Greet Death, but fear not Time,
For Love bestoweth
More than Death's boon of deathless bliss untold,
Nor Seasons knoweth:
Yea, borrowing one poor minute,
He can compress all life, all time within it.
Greet Death, but fear not Time,
Nor deem his malice
Can enter in to scar thy Maiden fair
Within Love's palace:
His shafts if e'er they reach her
Carve but new loveliness on every feature.

W. K. S.

¹ This paper invites discussion. All letters or remarks must reach the Editor not later than October 20, and must have the words "Brown Owl" on the cover.

OLD books are often better than new, and when they appear in a fresh dress and less costly form they run considerable chance of pushing their younger brethren altogether out of the race. A perfect library of Miss Yonge's novels can now be obtained in Messrs. Macmillan's new series; and the cheap edition of the works of Charles Kingsley already numbers many volumes. This most practical and spirited of writers has done much good work for his day and generation. *Westward Ho! Hereward the Wake, The Water Babies*, will be read and loved as long as boys and girls have true and honourable hearts; and the *Heroes*, one of the more recent of the series, though less known than the others, is full of the same enthusiasm for the right, and the same unflinching courage in battling against the wrong. It is not necessary to understand the classics to read the story of the Golden Fleece, or that of the most fascinating of all heroes, Perseus, who slew the Gorgon and rescued Andromeda. As Kingsley says, the meaning of these stories is true, and true for ever, and that is, "Do right, and God will help you." In those days men loved honour more than gold, and to die like a hero more than life. How much money shall I earn? was not the question of questions in those far-away days of old romance. "There is a better thing on earth than wealth, a better thing than life itself, and that is to do something before you die for which good men may honour you, and God your Father smile upon your work."

* * *

THE following amusing verses in connection with the *Search Passages in English Literature* were received by the Editors a short while ago—

THE SEARCH FOR QUOTATIONS.

The Roman epicure, 'tis said,
His palate to such edge had polished,
That the first bite could tell the bed
Whence came the oyster he demolished.

Alas! my taste is not so keen
To recognize an author's flavour;
First toward Victorian age I lean,
Then back to Anna's epoch waver.

I turn the page 'twixt hope and fear:

Enough: this blank verse makes me shudder,
Left like a mariner to steer

Through trackless seas without a rudder.

The next's in rhyme: that is a clue
To disentangle all its mazes:

I think that Browning's verse will do;
And are not those his very phrases?

In vain, in vain; I turn to prose:

Is it sonorous declamation?

Does not the cadence suit the close
Of some majestic peroration?

Ah! no; 'tis in a calmer vein,
And treats of things so very common,
It might belong to any reign,
And might be writ by man or woman.

I'm tortured by a mocking elf
That somewhere in the bookcase lingers;
But, as I pass from shelf to shelf,
He's always slipping through my fingers.

At last in pity for my plight
He whispers in my ear, "Remember,
If you would find that elfish sprite,
Read *Atalanta* for November."—H. J. H.

* * *

IN the April number of the last volume an article by THEODORE WOOD, called *Feathers and Fashion*, not only attracted attention, but led to a very practical result, and with this number the *Atalanta* branch of the Selborne Society will be inaugurated. The new branch has already twenty-one members, who all, from their letters, appear to have the interest of the Society very much at heart. Its objects are—

1. To preserve from unnecessary destruction such wild birds, animals, and plants as are harmless, beautiful, or rare.
2. To discourage the wearing and use for ornament of birds and their plumage; except when the birds are killed for food, or reared, as in the case of the ostrich, for their plumage.
3. To protect places and objects of interest or natural beauty from ill-treatment or destruction.
4. To promote the study of natural history.

All further particulars can be obtained from the Honorary Secretary, KATHARINE MONTAGUE WYATT, 20, Queen's Square, London, W.C., on receipt of a stamped envelope.

The names of members who have already joined are as follows—

MAY ROGERS,
ALICE BLAXILL,
MARIA J. DAWES,
JESSIE H. HAYLIER,
LIZZIE HINCHCLIFF,
MARY A. SLOANE,
ALICE JANE BUCKLE,
CHARLOTTE LEYDE,
MARY MACLEOD.

ADA J. HEELIS,
MISS PATTERSON,
KATHARINE KNIGHT,
KATHARINE M. WYATT,
ANNA M. PAGE,
MAUD M. NORMAN,
HARRIET C. BOWDEN SMITH (MRS.),
EMILY K. WEDDELL,
MINA RICKMAN LUCAS,
SASCHA EMILIE PERKIN,
E. HUTCHINSON.
L. T. MEADE.

From time to time Reports of the Society, and names of fresh members, will be found in the Supplement.

L. T. Meade.

There once was a youthful Agnostic
Who didn't believe in the moon,
And attempted to solve an Acrostic
By stirring it up with a spoon.

A T A L A N T I A
SCHOLARSHIP & READING UNION.

ENGLISH MEN AND WOMEN OF LETTERS.

XIII.

SPENSER.

RICHARD GARNETT.

KEATS, complimenting his friend Cowden Clarke on his acquaintance with Spenser, describes him as "a forester deep in thy midmost trees." The phrase is felicitous, for Spenser's poetical domain resembles a forest much more nearly than it resembles a champain, or a mountain, or an ocean. Its attributes are neither those of

well-ordered culture, nor of wild sublimity; rather those of rich woodland, varied, exuberant, full of beautiful products and beautiful creatures, yet withal pathless and difficult of access in many parts, and impossible to be taken in at one view from any quarter. Add that, like a forest, with its secular growths and growths of yesterday, it is at once old and young—young with its fresh poetical spirit, old with its obsolete diction and general aspect of a bygone age. Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, though the language is two centuries older, are nearer to the modern world in spirit than is *The Faerie Queene*. For many readers this is a recommend-

ation. Spenser, like Shelley and Coleridge, and unlike Milton and Byron, is a poet's poet; and does not, for readers of poetical temperament, require to be brought nearer by comment or interpretation. To such his beautiful world, like Emerson's Rhodora, seems to exist solely and sufficiently for its own sake. "The self-same Power that brought me here, brought you." But not all readers qualified to enjoy and admire Spenser are of this stamp; and even those who want no comment on Spenser the poet, must allow that a knowledge of the circumstances which inspired his poem throw much light on things hardly less interesting—Spenser's times, and Spenser the man—the times an era of our history, the man one of a group, perhaps the most brilliant and picturesque that England has ever known. An age of discovery, of colonization, of adventure, of general enlargement called by Tennyson "spacious times," when the human spirit entered upon the heritage gained for it in the preceding generations by Luther and Copernicus and Columbus.

If we are to have a guide to Spenser we must find a trusty one, for perhaps no great poem with a great purpose so conceals its purpose, tells us so little about itself as the *Faerie Queene*. It is in the first place unfinished or mutilated, and the argument must be sought for outside the poem itself. Homer gives us the subject of the *Iliad* in the very first line, "Sing, O Muse, the wrath of Achilles, son of Peleus." Milton, like a stately argosy, is some time in getting under way; yet the first five lines of *Paradise Lost* explain the subject of the poem. But though Spenser gives a general definition of the theme of the *Faerie Queene* pretty clearly, "Fierce warres and faithful loves shall moralise my song," he nowhere in the poem discloses the reason, other than the delightful exercise of the imagination, which made him create so many chivalrous champions, and beautiful ladies, and uncouth giants, and unshapely monsters, and wily enchanters, and alluring sorceresses, and devise such an interminable series of adventures. We must resort to some interpreter, and we shall not find a more trustworthy companion to Spenser than Dean Church's life of him in the *English Men of Letters Series*.

Dean Church, then, putting into few words Spenser's own somewhat confused explanation in his letter to Raleigh, tells us that "he meant to

shadow forth, under the figure of twelve knights and in their various exploits, the characteristics of a gentleman or noble person, fashioned in virtuous and gentle discipline. He took his machinery from the popular legends about King Arthur, and his heads of moral philosophy from the current Aristotelian catalogue of the Schools." The Faery Queen herself, says Spenser, is meant "for glory in general intention," but in particular for Elizabeth, and Faery Land for her kingdom. Spenser, therefore, conceived himself to be a national poet, and, remote as his verse seems from ordinary human affairs, really intended to "set his age to music." If he had succeeded, his place in literature would have been like that of Virgil, who, seeming merely to tell a romantic story, has expressed the innermost idea of Roman nationality, as it was realized in the best minds of Rome under Augustus, before the Roman citizen melted into the general mass of Imperial subjects. But Spenser has not achieved this end, and the principal reason is that his allegory is so loose, and devoid of obvious connection with the historical person whose pre-eminence it is supposed to shadow forth. How can it be otherwise when the august Gloriana, Queen of Faerie, the alleged centre and animating spirit of the action, does not appear in the poem at all? It begins—

"A gentle knight was pricking in the plaine,
Y-cladd in mighty armes and silver shielde."

In the third stanza we learn that this champion is bound upon a great adventure—

"That greatest Gloriana to him gave,
That greatest glorious queen of Faery land."

This is all; nothing to show that Gloriana is Elizabeth. When, therefore, we by and by encounter other allegorical figures, we have no means of identifying them. Knowing so little of Gloriana, we could not, but for the above-quoted letter to Raleigh, have been sure that the Faery Queen's enemies were really Elizabeth's. They seem just such uncomely and uncanny creatures as knights-errant habitually slay in romances. With the clue afforded by the letter we may indeed, finding that the enchanter Archimago,

"Told of Saintes and Popes, and evermore
He strewed an *Ave Mary* after and before,

surmise in him no other than the Pope himself. And we can then see that the witch Duessa, beautiful in semblance, foul in fact, the ruin of the young knights whom she seduces, is the very counterfeit presentment of Mary Queen of Scots as she appeared to a loyal subject of Elizabeth. But these figures are brought into no vital connection with Gloriana, who comes to light regularly in the dedication to each successive book, and then goes to sleep like old Barbarossa in the Kyffhäuser Mountain. She is made a heroine on far too easy terms; she should have been what Una is—a living, moving, suffering personage. It is no doubt perfectly true that the respect due to his Sovereign would have prevented Spenser from exhibiting Elizabeth in any perilous or equivocal situation, and hence that he cannot, as a courtier, do his part as a poet. But, whatever the cause, the effect is the same; his poem in relation to the times is not sufficiently distinct; hence, with all its innumerable beauties, it is not an epic, and is not what he meant it to be. I would recommend those of my readers who know Latin to read the *Argenis* of Barclay, another romantic allegory of the times, where the characters are strongly individualized, and the connection of the incidents with real transactions is perfectly clear. There is no mistaking Elizabeth, Henry IV., Philip II. here; and though Barclay is no poet as Spenser is, he might, had Spenser lived to his time, have given him a useful lesson how his poem should be written as regards its plot and allegory. I do not wonder that Coleridge should have wished to see the *Argenis*, invested by some poet with that poetical charm which Barclay could not impart, translated into English verse as our national Elizabethan epic.

Spenser has succeeded better in another part of his plan—the delineation of a perfect gentleman. Unfortunately the work is not complete. Twelve special virtues, each deemed essential to this character, were to have been set forth in a corresponding number of books, each divided into twelve cantos. The portion completed by the poet embraces Holiness, Temperance, Chastity, Friendship, Justice, and Courtesy; a fragment of the lost or unfinished Book of Constancy is also preserved. As was perhaps to be expected, the poet's plan is much more consistently carried out in the first books than in their successors. "The allegory," says Dean Church, "starts from the belief that religion,

purified from falsehood, superstition, and sin, is the foundation of all nobleness in man; and portrays the struggle which every one at that time supposed to be going on between absolute truth and righteousness on one side, and fatal error and bottomless wickedness on the other. But after this, the thread at once of story and allegory, slender at the best, is neglected and often entirely lost. The poem becomes an elastic framework, into which Spenser puts whatever interests him and tempts him to composition." One effect of this is to bring the poem nearer to history. We still require a clue as much as ever; the poem does not reveal its inner meaning as it ought to do. But if we compare it with contemporary history, we shall see that Spenser's head is becoming fuller of what is going on about him; and writing as he is in Ireland, alone with his own fancies, he gives himself the full rein, and introduces contemporary transactions with less disguise than he thought needful in the earlier books. The *Legend of Justice*, in the fifth book, for instance, in great measure shadows forth the pacification of Ireland by his patron, Lord Grey of Wilton, the Lord-Lieutenant, figured by the hero Artegall. Mary of Scotland re-appears as Florimel and Radegund; Elizabeth, though still addressed as Gloriana, is Britomart and several other characters besides. These things should be known, else part of the poet's intention escapes us, and he himself seems a mere melodious voice. We must clearly understand that in reading him we are not only drawing from a fountain of fancy, imagination, and music; but are conversing with the soldier, courtier, and man of affairs, the loyal servant of his idolized Queen, the friend of Leicester, Sidney, and Raleigh, himself a sentinel stationed in one of the most vulnerable frontiers of the empire, the half-conquered and quarter-civilized province of Munster—anything rather than "the idle singer of an empty day," whom he so much resembles at first sight.

Although, however, these facts about the *Faery Queen* should be known and borne in mind, the great fact is still the poem itself. Spenser, like every other poet, must be finally judged by his poetry, not by his politics. His power, as we have seen, is insufficient to achieve the very ambitious plan he had proposed to himself; the age of Elizabeth is sung by him, is illustrated by him, but does not live in his verse as Rome lives in Virgil's, or the England of Edward III. in Chaucer's, or the

Puritan conception of spiritual things in Milton's. But the world of his own imagining does live ; it is a real creation. He is not quite an epic poet, but he is a great deal more than a metrical romancer. Perhaps the poets with whom he may be best compared are the Italian Laureates Orlando, Boiardo and Ariosto. In some important respects he is before them. His tone is more dignified and bard-like, he wears singing robes more habitually, and strikes a bolder note. One sees at once that he was a spirit of a higher order, as much before Ariosto at least as his Queen of England is before the Italian's patron, the Duke of Ferrara. But the comparison is not always to his advantage. His poem, with its mazy whirl of heroes and heroines, and recommencements of interrupted action, is artistically far inferior to that pattern of unity in variety, the *Orlando Innamerato* of Boiardo—a poem so delightful that it would be worth while to learn Italian merely on its account. While rising to greater heights of poetry than Ariosto, Spenser is far behind him in uniform excellence of style. Whatever Ariosto says is said as well as it can be said ; but many a stanza of Spenser is pitted with a blemish. For this he is not to be blamed. When the state of English poetry in his youth is considered, it seems nothing short of a miracle that he should have written as he has. If Chaucer is the morning star of English song, Spenser is the early sunbeam. To have the measure of his merit, we must compare him with the predecessors who interposed between Chaucer and himself ; to have the measure of our due gratitude, we must look at those who followed him. The honour, of course, is not entirely his ; he was upborne by a great wave of inspiration and culture which broke in under Elizabeth, and lifted the whole nation along with it. In him, however, the grandeur of the irruption is best seen. Shakspeare always excepted, no English poet is so affluent. There are no bounds to his copiousness. Invention and narrative seem to give him no trouble whatever. Blemishes there are in his stanzas, as we have said, things which no careful and self-respecting poet would tolerate now, but in him these seem of no more account than drift and sea-wrack lightly borne upon the crest of the billow. He owes much to the noble stanza he adopted or invented, and which retains his name ; a stanza which allows of the greatest volume of sound and variety of musical effects of any in our language, and which is

so far beyond the resources of any other language, that even the German translator, whom the Greek hexameter and the Sanscrit sloka do not daunt, commonly shirks its difficulties, and puts his readers off with an inferior substitute. Comparing Spenser with his predecessors, we best appreciate the immense stride which English poetry, considered as verbal music, took forward in his poem. All that had been said of the harshness, roughness, and poverty of English speech was at once refuted, and an era was ushered in when, as the lyrics edited by Mrs. Arthur Bullen show, the simplest words of poets unknown, or only conspicuous by association, like the stars of the Milky Way, chimed with a melody which in our own day a Shelley or a Tennyson does not surpass. Here, again, we must not attribute too much to Spenser's influence ; the music of the age, like its poetry, was in the air, but he gave the first conspicuous example of both, and it is from the publication of the *Faerie Queene* that Englishmen date pride in their poetical literature, and a well-founded belief that it has nothing to envy strangers. In one respect only his example was, or rather might have been, injurious—his extravagant abuse of the poet's privilege of enriching his native tongue. He coins so many new words, revives so many disused ones, and metamorphoses so many ordinary ones to fit his rhyme, as to raise up formidable obstacles to his reader, which his editors have increased by refusing, one does not see why, to modernize his orthography. It is indeed a signal proof of his genius that neither an unfinished poem, nor a faulty plan, nor an uninterpreted allegory, nor a conventional picture of manners, nor tedious detail, nor obsolete language, nor antiquated spelling, should have prevented him from being read.

It is right that some specimen of Spenser's poetry should be given ; it is also right that this should not be one of his famous and almost faultless passages, such as the description of the Cave of Morpheus (partly imitated from Ovid), or the Lay of the Rose (partly imitated from Ariosto), but something nearer to his ordinary manner—

"Soon as she up out of her deadly fitt
Arose, she bade her charett to be brought ;
And all her sisters that with her did sitt
Bad eke attonce their charets to be sought :
Tho full of bitter grief and pensife thought,
She to her chariot climbe ; climbe all the rest.
And forth together went with sorrow fraught.

The waves, obedient to their behest,
 Them yielded ready passage, and their rage
 surceast.

"Great Neptune stood amazed at their sight,
 Whiles on his broad round back they softly slid,
 And eke himself mourned at their mournful plight,
 Yet wist not what their wailing meant; yet did
 For great compassion of their sorow, bid
 His mighty waters to them buxom bee:
 Eftesoones then the roaring billows still abid,
 And all the griesly monsters of the sea
 Stood gaping at their gate, and wondered them to
 see.

"A teme of dolphins raunged in aray
 Drew the smooth charett of sad Cymoent:
 They were all taught by Triton to obay
 To the long raynes at her commaundement:
 As swift as swallows on the waves they went,
 That their brode flaggy finnes no fome did rear,
 No bubbling roundell they behinde them sent:
 The rest of other fishes drawnen weare,
 Which with their finny oares the swelling sea did
 sheare.

"Soone as they bin arrived on the brim
 Of the Rich Strond, their charettis they forlore.
 And let their temed fishes softly swim
 Along the margent of the foamy shore
 Lest they their finnes should bruze, and surbate sore
 Their tender feet upon the stony ground;
 And coming to the place, there all in gore
 And cruddy blood enwallowed they found
 The luckless Marinell lying in deadly swound."

In all this most beautiful passage, you will observe, there is hardly anything not belonging to the general inventory of poets. If all the poets of Spenser's age, and before him and after him, had been given this incident for a subject, they would all have described it very much in the same way; but Spenser would have vanquished most of them from his perfect ease of handling, as though the theme presents no difficulty to him; as though he is accustomed to see Proteus and Triton, not by glimpses, as Wordsworth wished to have sight of them, but habitually; and especially from the singular fitness of his ample, liquid, booming verse to describe the sea and the things of the sea. As he is here, so he is everywhere, seldom or never sublime, seldom astonishing by absolute originality or intense truthfulness of description, but penning forth beauties of the strictly poetical order as from a horn of plenty. His effects are broad and general; he does not care for minutiae, and cannot sustain minute criticism. In the second stanza of the above description he makes Neptune still the waves for the nymphs, forgetting that the nymphs have already done this for themselves. He could

not well have found epithets less accurately descriptive of dolphins' fins than broad and flaggy, which even the conventional representations of the painters do not justify; and the nymphs' concern lest the fishes should hurt their feet seems, to say the least, superfluous. Spenser is no model; but he is nevertheless to be recommended to all lovers of poetry for the treasures of delightful poetry he contains; to all enthusiasts of morality for his gentle and generous spirit, the opposite of whatever is prosaic and utilitarian; finally, to all who would write poetry in our age, that they may catch something of his grand sweep and breadth of manner, in which their contemporaries are so often deficient; and may fill their ears with his music, their minds with his ideals, and their memories with his gorgeous though frequently corrupt and fantastic vocabulary.

Spenser's minor works need not detain us here; for though they have much merit and interest, they are now rather literary monuments than living literature. There is one exception, the splendid *Wedding Song*, which may be read at the head of Mr. Gosse's collection of great English Odes. Spenser the man belongs to a class not easily reproduced in this day. In the sixteenth century the world's work was less strictly plotted out, and one calling or pursuit more easily flowed into another, as now in the United States of America. The same man might so combine scholar, soldier, and statesman, that we can hardly tell under which head to reckon him. Spenser was such a man as Sidney in England and Cervantes and Camoens abroad; save that while the scholar and the author were not more prominent in him than in them, the man of affairs was less conspicuous. Still, after a youth of scholarship and authorship, he goes to Ireland as Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant; he is planted at an outpost of English authority; he is described by the English Council as "not unskilful, or without experience in the wars"; and he writes a report on Ireland, "full," says Dean Church, "of curious observations and shrewd political remarks," thought worthy of repeated transcribing ere it at last found its way to the press. He foresees the storm about to burst upon the English colony, which did burst in October 1598, and drove him to England leaving his house and fortunes in ruins. He died in Westminster in the following January; in poverty it is to be feared, yet scarcely in absolute want, if it be true that he refused twenty pieces sent him by

Essex, saying "that he had no time to spend them." Short as he may have felt his own time, he had a wife and children of whom he must have thought. Essex laid him in the Abbey next Chaucer, the master at whose feet he had sat until he could sit by his side.

SCHOLARSHIP COMPETITION QUESTIONS.

I. Give an outline sketch of the First or Second Book of the *Faerie Queene*, dealing with it as a romance and an allegory.

II. Show, as far as you can, in what way the *Faerie Queene* reflects the spirit of the age in which it was written.

WORK SELECTED.—Spenser's *Faerie Queene*. Book I. or Book II. (Clarendon Press Series.)

Only one question need be answered. Papers must contain not more than 500 words, and must be sent in by October 25th.

SEARCH QUESTIONS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

I.

How did Mr. Wodehouse like his gruel?

II.

Who lived at these places—Ellangowan, Fieldhead, Chesney Wold, Dorlcote Mill, Goose Green, Stow House?

III.

Give the derivation of the words in italics in the following verse—

"Twas *brillig*, and the *slithy* toves
Did *gyre* and *gimble* on the *wabe*,
All *mimsy* were the borogoves,
And the *mome* raths *outgrabe*.

IV.

How was Egbert Stanhope dressed at the Bishop's evening reception?

V.

In what books do these characters appear—Gilead P. Beck, Nydia, Mrs. Gummidge, the Campaigner, Catherine Glover, Miss Matty, Mr. Boffin?

VI.

To whom do the following lines refer—

(1) "A scent of eastern sandal-wood,
A gleam of gold."

(2) "Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear
The freedom of a mountaineer;
A face with gladness overspread,
Soft smiles, by human kindness bred."

(3) "I met a lady in the meads,
Full beautiful—a fairy's child;
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild."

(4) "To see her is to love her,
And love but her for ever;
For nature made her what she is,
And ne'er made sic anither!"

(5) "Far from the sun and summer gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid;
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face: the dauntless child
Stretched forth his little hands and smiled.

(6) "Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even."

(7) "In me there dwells
No greatness, save it be some far-off touch
Of greatness to know well I am not great."

All readers of *Atalanta* may send in Answers to the above. Papers must be received not later than October 15th.

REFERENCES TO SEARCH PASSAGES (SEPTEMBER).

1. Keats. *Ode to Autumn*.
2. John Bunyan. *The Holy War*.
3. Coleridge. *Youth and Age*.
4. George Macdonald. *Song in Autumn*.

5. Leigh Hunt. *The Glove*.
6. T. Gray. *Progress of Poesy*.
7. Ben Jonson. *Hymn to Diana*.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

ATALANTA SCHOLARSHIP AND READING UNION, 1889—1890.

In accordance with the wishes of the majority of the members of the Reading Union, it has been decided to make a slight change with regard to the Prizes offered in connection with this department of the Magazine. For the future, every month a prize of ONE GUINEA will be given for the best, and HALF-A-GUINEA for the second best Essay on the Author under discussion. In addition to these Monthly Prizes there will be the following—

FIRST PRIZE—A scholarship of TWENTY POUNDS per annum, tenable for two years.

SECOND PRIZE—A scholarship of TEN POUNDS per annum, tenable for two years.

Subscriptions for the new course are now due. Full particulars with regard to Membership and Rules may be had on application to the SUPERINTENDENT R. U., Care of Messrs. Hatchard, 187, Piccadilly, London, W.

RULES.

I.—Intending Subscribers should forward with the least possible delay, their names, ages (last birthday), and addresses to

THE SUPERINTENDENT, R. U.,

Care of Messrs. HATCHARD,

187 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.,

accompanied by a Postal Order, or Post Office Money Order, for the amount of their subscriptions, "privileged" or "simple."

II.—The time allowed for sending in Reply Papers in what may be called, for short, the Scholarship Competition, is the 25th day of the month of issue.

III.—Replies to the Search Questions in English Literature must reach the Superintendent not later than the 15th of the month of issue.

There will be an extension of time allowed for those members of the Union who live in India and the Colonies, and special Honour Lists will be published to meet their convenience.

IV.—"Privileged" subscribers should enclose a stamped and directed envelope with each set of Papers.

V.—At the end of the Supplement to each Number of the Magazine will be found Two Coupons, which must be cut out and pasted, one to the top of the first page of Replies to the Scholarship Competition Questions, the other to the top of the first page of Replies to the Search Questions. In the case of two or more members of the same family belonging to the Union, one coupon will be held to suffice, *provided that the Reply Papers are sent under cover of the same envelope.* This must be clearly understood as applying only to the Coupon, and not to the Subscription to the Union, which must be paid by each individual member.

VI.—The Reply Papers must in any and every case be the unaided work of the Competitor in whose name they are sent in.

SEARCH QUESTIONS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

In future all readers of *Atalanta* may send in answers to the Search Questions. Prizes of TWO GUINEAS and ONE GUINEA will be awarded half-yearly to the Competitors who have scored the highest number of marks. All answers must be sent in by the 15th of the month of issue, and must be accompanied by the "Search Questions" Coupon, found at the end of the Magazine.

Walker & Boutall, sc.

Clara Montalba, R. W. S., pinx.

PALAZZO DUCALE, VENICE.

ATLANTA

VOL. III.

NOVEMBER, 1889.

No. 26.

OF CELIA'S ROSES.

WOULD'ST thou know why those roses fair
Which until just that moment were
Decking her cheeks did disappear
The minute that Sir Plume came here?
Well, this is why. They did depart
To fortify 'gainst him her heart.
But finding 'twas of no avail,
And such defence was doomed to fail,
Back to her cheeks they shyly came,
And watched from there the losing game.

ELLA FULLER MAITLAND.

A ROUGH SHAKING.

George MacDonald.

III.

WITHOUT HIS PARENTS.

THE sun in England seems to shine because it cannot help it; the sun in Italy seems to shine because he means it, and wants to mean it. Thus he shone the next morning, and included in his attentions a curious little couple, husband and wife, who, attended by a guide, and borne by animals which

might be mules and might be donkeys, and were not lovely to look at except through sympathy with their ugliness, were slowly ascending a steep terraced and zigzagged road, with olive trees above and below them. They were on the south side of the hill, and the olives gave them none of the little shadow they have in their power, for the trees next

the sun were always below the road. The man often wiped his red, innocent face, and looked not a little distressed : but the lady, although as stout as he, did not seem to suffer—perhaps because she was sheltered by a very large bonnet. After a silence of a good many minutes, she was the first to speak.

"I can't say but I'm disappointed in the olives, Thomas," she remarked. "They ain't much to keep the sun off you!"

"They wouldn't look bad along a brookside in Essex!" returned her husband. "Here they do seem a bit out of place."

"Well, but, poor things! how are they to help it—with about a trayful of earth under their feet! If you planted a priest on a terrace he would soon be as thin as they!"

They had just passed a very stout priest, in low broad hat and cassock, and she laughed merrily at her small joke. They were an English country parson and his wife, abroad for the first time in their now middle-aged lives, and happy as children just out of school. Incapable of disliking anybody, even a priest, there was no unkindness in Mrs. Porson's laughter.

"I don't see," she resumed, "how they ever can have a picnic in such a country!"

"Why not?"

"There's no place to sit down!"

"There's a whole hill-side!"

"But so hard!" she answered. "There's not a yard of turf in any direction!"

The pair—equally plump, and equally good-natured—laughed together.

I need not give more of their talk. It was better than most talk, yet not worth recording. Their guide, stumping along behind them, knew no more of English than they did of Italian. He kept on at his donkeys continuously, admonishing now this, now that, and seemed not a little hurt with their behaviour, to judge from the expostulations that accompanied his numerous physical arguments. Assuredly the speed they made was small; but it was a festa, and hot.

They were on the way to a small town some distance from the shore, up among the hills. It would, from the number of its inhabitants, have been in England a village, but there are no villages in the Riviera. However insignificant a place may be, it is none the less a walled town. Such at least

was every one Mr. and Mrs. Porson had seen. Somebody had told them they ought to visit Graffiacane, and they were therefore bound for it: why they ought to visit it, and what was to be seen there, they were taking the readiest way to know.

The place was indeed a curious one, high among the hills, and on the top of its own hill, with approaches to it like the trenches of a siege. All the old towns there seem to have climbed up to look over the heads of other things. Graffiacane saw over hills and valleys and many another town—each with its church standing highest, the guardian of the flock of houses beneath it; over water-courses, mostly dry, with lovely oleanders growing in the middle of many of them; over multitudinous oliveyards and vineyards; over mills with great wheels, and little ribbons of water to drive them—running sometimes along the tops of walls to get at them; over rugged pines, and ugly, verdureless, raw hillsides—away to the sea, lying in the heat like a heavenly vat in which all the tails of all the peacocks God was making lay steeped in their proper dye. Many were the sharp turns the donkeys made in their ascent; and at this corner and that, the sweetest life-giving wind would leap out upon them, as if it had been lying there in wait to surprise them with the heavenliest the old earth, young for all her years, could give them. But they were getting too tired to enjoy anything, and were both indeed not far from asleep on the backs of their humble beasts, when a sudden, more determined yet more cheerful assault of their guide upon the donkeys, roused both them and their riders; and looking sleepily up, with his loud *heeroop* ringing in their ears, and a sense of the insidious approach of two headaches, they saw before them the little town, gathered close for protection like a brood of chickens, with the white steeple of the church rising above the houses, like the neck of the love-valiant hen.

Passing through the narrow arch of the low-browed gateway, hot as was the hour, a sudden cold struck to their bones. For not a ray of light shone into the narrow street. The houses were lofty as those of a city, and parted so little by the width of the street that friends on opposite sides might almost from their windows have shaken hands. Narrow, rough, steep old stone stairs ran up between and inside the houses, all the doors of which were open to the air—which here, however,

was none of the sweetest. Everywhere was shadow ; everywhere one or another evil odour ; everywhere a look of abject and dirty poverty—to an English eye, that is. Everywhere were pretty children, young, slatternly mothers, withered-up grandmothers, the gleam of glowing reds and yellows, and the coolness of subdued greens and fine blues. Such at least was the composite first impression made on Mr. and Mrs. Porson. As it was a festa, more men than usual were looking out of cavern-like doorways over hand-wrought iron balconies, leaning their backs against door-posts, and smoking as if they were too lazy to stop. Many of the women were at prayers in the churches. All were quite orderly, and quieter than usual for a festa. They could not have told the reason ; they were hardly aware that an undefinable oppression was upon them—as upon the donkeys, and the visitors with whom they had toiled up the hills and slow-climbing valleys.

It added to the gloom and consequent humidity of the town that the sides of the streets were connected, at the height of two or perhaps three stories, by thin arches—mere flights of stones from the one house to its opposite, with but in rare instance the smallest superstructure to keep down the key of the arch. Whatever the intention of them, they might seem to serve it, for the time they had straddled there undisturbed, had sufficed for moss and even grass to grow upon those Mr. Porson was now regarding with curious speculation. Being a bit of an architect, and finding himself foiled, he summoned at last what Italian he could, supplemented it with Latin and a terminational *o* or *a* to any French or English word that offered him help, and succeeded in gathering, as he believed, from a bystander, that the arches were there because of the earthquakes.

He had not language enough of any sort to pursue the matter, else he would have asked his informant how the arch they were looking at was to help them, seeing, as it had no weight on the top of it, a slight endlong pressure must, as it seemed to him, burst it up. He turned away to tell his wife what he had learned, but was checked by a low rumbling, like distant thunder, which he took for the firing of festa guns : he had discovered that the Italians were fond of all kinds of noises. The next instant, they felt the ground under their feet move up and down and from side to side with

confused motion. A few seconds of realization elapsed, and then arose a sudden great cry among the houses. A moment more, and down every stair, out of every door, like animals from their holes, came men, women, and children, with a rush. The earthquake was upon them.

But in such narrow streets, the danger could hardly be less than in the houses, the older of which were especially ill-constructed—mostly with boulder-stones, having neither angles nor edges, and thence little grasp on each other beyond what the friction of their weight and the adhesion of their poor old friable cement gave them : the Italians have a genius for building, but are careless of certain constructive essentials. After about twenty seconds of shaking, they began to hear, through the cries of the people, some such houses as these rumbling to the earth.

Far more bewildered than frightened, they did not know the degree of danger they were in, and they were both of good nerve ; while the strangeness of the thing produced an excitement that helped their courage. I cannot say how they might have behaved in an hotel full of their countrymen and countrywomen, running and shrieking, and giving good cause to the unbeliever to say, “Where is now your God ?” The fear on all sides might have infected them ; but the terror of the “foreigners” did not weaken their consciousness of English superiority. For a moment the people stood motionless, pale, and staring ; the next they began to run, some for the gateway, but the greater part up the street, staggering as they ran ; for though the displacement of the ground was small—not more, perhaps, than half an inch in any direction, laterally at least—mingled indeed with some movement up and down and round about—they staggered more, possibly, from fear and imagination than from necessity. But they had not run far before all the motion ceased, as suddenly as it had come on.

The English pair drew a long breath where they stood—for they had not stirred a step, nor indeed thought whither to run—and imagining it over for a hundred years, looked around them. Their guide had disappeared. The two donkeys stood perfectly still with their heads hanging down, and seemed in deep dejection, all but incapable of movement. Only a few men were yet to be seen running up the street, and in a moment more it would be empty. They were the last of those who had let the women

go to church without them, and were now hurrying to join them in the sanctuary, the one safe place : the rest of the town might be shaken in heaps on its foundations, but the church would stand ! Guessing their goal, the Porsons, leaving the donkeys their conductor had abandoned, followed them. But they were neither of a build nor in a condition to make haste, and the road was uphill. No place, however, was far from another within the walls of the toy-town, and they came presently in sight of an open *piazza*, on the upper side of which rose the great church. It had a square front, masking with its squareness the triangular gable of the building ; and upon this screen, in the brightest of colours, magenta and sky-blue predominating, was represented the day of judgment. The mother stood on the right hand of the judge, and cast a pitying look upon the miserable assembly below on his left. The square was a good deal on the slope, and as they went slowly up to the church, they kept looking at the picture. The last tatters of the skirt of the crowd had disappeared through the great door. All at once the picture at which they were gazing, the spread of wall on which it was painted, the whole bulk of the huge building began to shudder, and went on shuddering—"just," Mr. Porson used to say when describing the thing to a friend, "like the skin of a horse trying to get rid of a troublesome fly." The same moment the tiles on the roof began to clatter like so many castanets in the hands of giants, and the ground to wriggle and heave. But they were too much absorbed in what they saw to heed much what they felt under their feet. The shaking of the front of the church did not at most seem to cover more than a hand-breadth, but it was enough. Down came the plaster surface, with the judge and his mother, clashing on the pavement below, while the good and the bad yet stood trembling. A few of the people came running out, thinking the open square after all safer than the church, but there was no rush to the open air. The shaking had not lasted again more than about twenty seconds, or at most half a minute—but no one who has never watched the time in some such terrible moment can have any sense of how long half a minute may be—when, without indication to the eyes watching the ague of the great house, for the front entirely hid the roof of the building, there came a roaring crash, and a huge rumbling sound, through, and far above which, rose

a multitudinous shriek of terror, dismay, and agony, and a number of men and women issued as if shot from a catapult. Then a few came straggling out, and then no more. The roof had fallen upon them.

With the first rush the shaking ceased utterly, and the still earth seemed again the unshakable thing the English spectators had thought her. Of what had taken place there was little sign on the earth, no sign in the blue sun-glorious heaven ; but in the air there was a cloud of dust so thick as to look almost solid ; and from the cloud, as it seemed, came a ghastly cry, mingled of shrieks and groans and articulate appeals for help. It kept on issuing from the church, whose calm front, dominated by the frightful canopy of dust, went on displaying the assembled nations delivered from their awful judge, while the multitude groaned within. It spread itself out in silent composure to the sun, welcoming and cherishing his rays in its gorgeous hues.

The Porsons stood for a moment, stunned ; then coming to their senses, made haste to enter the building. When, with white faces and trembling hands, they lifted the heavy leather curtain that hung inside the great door, they could for a moment see nothing : the air inside was filled with solid yellow dust. But as their eyes recovered from the sudden change of sunlight for gloom, and they began to distinguish the shapes of things, they perceived that the floor was filled with a confused heap of rafters and bricks and tiles and stones and lime. The centre of the roof had been a large brick dome ; now there was nothing between their eyes and the clear heaven but the slowly vanishing cloud of ruin. In the mass below they could at first distinguish nothing human—could not have told limbs from broken rafters in the chaos. Eager to help, they dared not in the dimness set their feet upon the mass—not that they feared any additional downcome ; there was little left to descend, except the earthquake returned and shook down the walls next ; but they shuddered at what their own weight might do to crush some live creature under the mass. Three or four of those present when the dome gave way, but who being near the door had received no hurt, were moving about the edges of the heap, vaguely trying for a moment to move now this, now that, but yielding each attempt in despair, either from its evident uselessness, or for lack of energy. They did not see how to begin. They would give a pull at a beam that lay across

some writhing figure, find it immovable, and turn with a groan to some farther cry. Others began to come in with white faces and terror-stricken eyes, and before long the sepulchral ruin had groups all over it, endeavouring, in shiftless fashion, to bring rescue to the prisoned souls. Scarce a face was to be seen in the mass; there was little of the danger Dante ran of wounding his fellows as he walked on the ice of Caina or Antenora.

The Porsons saw nothing they could do. Great beams and rafters lay crossed in all directions; it was beyond their power to move one an inch. Neither could they hold communication with those who were at work. They seemed but vainly busy, and the louder moans that accompanied their attempts revealed that they added to the tortures of those beneath. They saw more plainly now, and could distinguish contorted limbs, and here and there a countenance near the edge of the heap. The silence, more and more seldom broken by feeble groans, was becoming itself terrible. Had they known how many were buried there, they would have wondered that so few were left able to cry out. At moments there was even absolute stillness in the dreadful place. The heart of Mrs. Porson began to sink.

"Do come out," she whispered, afraid of her own voice. "I feel so sick and faint, I fear I shall drop."

As she spoke something touched her leg. She gave a cry and started aside. It was a hand, but of the body to which it belonged nothing could be seen. It now lay motionless. Then they spied something else. Upon the heap, a little way from the edge, sat a child of about three, dressed like a sailor. He was gazing down at something—they could not see what. Going a little nearer they distinguished the face of a fair woman, evidently English, who lay dead, with a great beam across her heart. The child showed no trace of tears; his white face seemed frozen. The stillness upon it seemed to belong to some quieter world than this. It was not despair. It suggested a world in which hope had never yet been born.

"My dear," said Mrs. Porson, but he took no heed. Her voice, however, seemed to have waked something in him, for he started to his feet, and rushing at the beam, began to tug at it with his tiny hands. Mrs. Porson burst into tears.

"It's no use, darling," she said.

"Wake mamma!" he returned, looking up at her.

"She will not wake," sobbed Mrs. Porson.

Her husband stood by speechless, choking back the tears of which, being an Englishman, he was ashamed.

"She will wake," returned the boy; "she always wakes when I kiss her."

He knelt beside her, to prove upon her white face the efficacy of the means he had all his life found effectual. But it was clear he had already tried them, for the condition of the two faces showed that he had kissed away much of the dust, though none of the death, from his mother's. When once more he found that he could not wake her, that she did not even close her lips to return his embrace, he desisted, with that saddest of things, a child's sigh, and a look that seemed to Mrs. Porson to embody the riddle of humanity, and seated himself on the beam, with his little feet on his mother's bosom, where so often she had made them warm. He did not weep; he did not fix his eyes on his mother; his look was level and moveless and set upon nothing. He seemed to have before him an utter blank—as if the outer world of creation had risen frowning in front, and he knew there was nothing beyond but chaos. Some such feeling returned at intervals all his life, and would bring to his mind what Mrs. Porson had told him of his look at that moment.

"Where is your papa?" said Mr. Porson.

The boy looked round bewildered.

"Gone," he said.

They could get nothing more from him.

"Was he with you here?" asked Mrs. Porson.

He answered only with the word *Gone*, uttered in a dazed childish fashion. The little fellow did not know that his father lay further in the heap.

By this time all the men left in the place were doing their best, without system, but happily under the direction of an intelligent man, the priest of a neighbouring parish. They had already got out one or two alive, and their own priest quite dead. They had forgotten the haunting earthquake, they were so eager after deliverance. But seeing that from their ignorance of the language they could be of little use, and in dread of doing more harm than good, Mr. Porson judged it better to go.

They stood one moment, and looked at each other in silence. The child had dropped from the

beam, and lay fast asleep across his mother's bosom, with his head on a lump of mortar. Without a word between them, Mrs. Porson went to the spot, picking her way carefully, knelt down by the dead mother, tenderly kissed her cheek, lifted the sleeping child, and with all the awe, and nearly all the tremulous joy of first motherhood, bore him to her husband. The throes of the earthquake had slain the mother, and given the child into their arms. Without look of consultation, mark of difference, or sign of agreement, they turned in silence and left the terrible church, where the clear summer sky was now looking in upon the dead. The sun met them shining with all his might. The sea, far away over the tops of hills and the clefts of valleys, lay basking in his glory.

A shimmer of heat rose up from the wide landscape. From the flight of steps in front of the church they looked down on the streets and walls of the town, and far over them into space. It looked the best of all possible worlds—as neither plague, famine, pestilence, earthquakes, nor human wrongs will persuade me it is not in the one process of becoming. When a man knows that purpose, as I dare to think I do, *then* let him say, and not till then, whether it be a good world or not. That in the midst of the splendour of that sunny day, olives and oranges, grapes and figs ripening swiftly in the fervour of the circumambient air, should lie that charnel-church, is a terrible fact, neither to be ignored, nor to be explained by some paltry theory of the greatest good to the greatest number; but is it therefore to be accounted for to the prejudice of the Maker of things, the *end* of whose creative dream was surely not this? I have nothing to say to the man who comforts himself that it came by a perfect operation of immutable unconscious law: I prefer to postpone dialogue with that man.

When they turned into the street that led to the gate, they found the donkeys standing where they had left them. Their driver was not with them. He had gone into the church with the rest, and was killed. When they caught sight of the patient, dejected animals, unheeded and unheeding, then first they spoke, whispering in the awful stillness of the world, and resolved to try to take them back to the hotel they had left in the morning. They judged reasonably that, as the way was mostly down-hill, and they would be going home, there would not be much difficulty in managing them.

At the worst, short and stout as they were, they were not bad walkers, and felt themselves equal to the journey, even with the child to carry between them. Not a person was in the street as they mounted; all were in the church, at its strange terrible service. Mr. Porson helped his wife, with the sleeping child in her arms, to mount the strongest of the animals, and so they started, he on foot at its head, and the other donkey following. No one saw them pass through the gate and out of the town. They were not sure of the way, for they had been partly asleep as they came, but so long as they went downward, and did not leave the road, they could hardly go wrong: even now roads are not numerous in that quarter. The child slept all the way.

But how shall a man describe what passed in the mind of a childless wife, with a motherless boy in her arms! It is the loveliest provision, doubtless, that every child should have a mother of his own; but there is a mother-love which I had almost called more divine—the love, namely, that a woman bears to a child because he is a child, regardless of whether he be her own, or the child of another. It is that they may learn to love thus that women have children. No conceivable treasure of the world could have entered into comparison with the richness in Mrs. Porson's arms. With hushed voice and fearful irreverence, she told afterward that, as she went down one of the hills, she slept for a moment, and dreamed that she was Mary with the holy thing in her arms, in her flight to Egypt on the ass with Joseph, her husband, walking by her side. For years and years they had been longing for a child—and here lay the divinest-looking little one, with the very marks of the kingdom upon him, whose father and mother lay crushed and dead under the fallen dome of that fearful church! Was it strange he should seem to belong to her more than he could possibly belong to any one else?

But, naturally, the fear arose that there might be some one somewhere in the world with a better claim, possibly—horrible thought!—with even more need of him than she; and with the fear up started a hideous cupidity, a fierce temptation to dishonesty and selfishness, such as she had never even imagined before: we do not know what is in us until the temptation comes that is a temptation; then there is the devil to fight. Happily for Mrs. Porson, she could not help being tired, though she did not

know it, and after a time her trouble ceased for very weariness.

Mr. Porson, though in a milder way, was affected much as his wife. He could not help wishing, nor can we think him wrong in wishing, that, since the child's father and mother were gone, they might be permitted to take their place, and bring up their orphan. They were far from rich, but what was one child? They might surely manage to give him a good education, and set him doing for himself! But although the same thought was working in the mind of each, neither of them dared utter it aloud in the presence of the sleeping child.

As they descended the last slope above the town, with the wide sea-horizon before them, they beheld a glory of after-sunset such as even on that coast was unusual in its splendour. A chord of colour that might have been the broken fragment of a fallen gigantic rainbow, lay along a large arc of the round, including the horizon. The farther portion of the sea was an indigo blue, save for a grayish line that parted it from the dusky red of the immediate sky-horizon. This red faded up through orange and dingy yellow to a pale green, and pale blue, above which came the depth of the blue night, wherein rayed out resplendent the evening star; while below her, and nearer to the west, lay, very thin and very long, the edge-line of the new moon. If death be what it looks to the unthinking soul, and if the heavens declare the glory of God, as they do indeed to the heart that knows Him, then is there discord between heaven and earth such as no argument can reduce to harmony. But death is not what men think it, for "Blessed are they that mourn for the dead."

The sight enhanced the wonder and hope of the two honest good souls in the treasure they carried. How strange it was that, as if out of the bosom of the skeleton Death himself, should have been given, to them, just to them, into their very arms, such a germ of life, such a jewel of heaven! At the thought of what lay up the hill behind them, they felt it almost wicked to rejoice; but if God had taken the child's father and mother, might they not be glad in the hope that He had chosen them to replace them? Were they not, for the moment at least, bound to believe He had?

They travelled slowly on through the dying sunset and the star-bright night that followed, adorned for an hour or so but not illuminated by the quaint

boat of the crescent moon, and, after what seemed the most eventful day of their life, arrived, guided by the donkeys, at their hotel in one of the towns on the coast at which English sojourners do most congregate.

All were talking of the earthquake. A great part of the English had fled in a panic-terror, like sheep that had no shepherd—hunted by their own fears, and betrayed by their imagined faith. The steadiest church-goer fled like the infidel he reviled. The fool said in his heart, "There is no God," and fled. The Christian said with his mouth, "Verily there is a God that ruleth in the earth!" and fled—far as he could from the place which, as he fancied, showed special sign of His presence.

After the Porsons were in the house, there came two or three small shocks. Every time, out with a cry rushed the inhabitants into the streets; every time, out into the garden of the hotel swarmed such as were left in it of Germans and English. But our little couple, in their chamber at the top of the house where the swaying was worst, were too much absorbed in watching and tending their lovely boy to heed the earthquake, though they had seen so much more of its terrors than any one else in the town. Perhaps their hearts said within them, "Can that which has given us such a treasure be unfriendly?"

"If his father and mother," said Mrs. Porson, as they stood regarding him, "are permitted to see their child, they shall see also how we love him, and will be willing he should love us!"

The child continued much the same. He still seemed dazed. When first he woke, and, glancing up, saw another face than his mother's, something like a spiritual shudder seemed to cross the heaven of his eyes, but he closed them again, and did not speak. The first of the smaller shocks came as they were putting him to bed; he turned very white, and looked up fixedly, as if waiting for the ceiling to fall, but he sat motionless on his new mother's lap. The moment the vibration and rocking ceased, he drank from the cup of milk she offered him, as if but a distant thunder had rolled away. When she laid him in her bed, he looked at her with such a strange indescribable expression of bewildered loss, that she burst into tears. But the child did not cry. He had not cried once since they had him. Her heart was like to break for him, but she managed to say,

"God has taken her, my darling. He is keeping her for you, and I am going to keep you for her ;" and with that she kissed him.

The same instant came the second small shock.

It is wonderful how need awakes prophecy: the need of the child made of the parson a child-prophet.

"It is God that is doing the shaking," he said. "It's all right. Nobody will be any the worse—not much, at least!"

"Not at all," rejoined the boy, and turned his face away.

From the lips of such a tiny child the words seemed almost awful.

He fell fast asleep, and never woke till the morning. Mrs. Porson lay beside him, and, stout as she was, gave him a good half of the little Italian bed. She scarcely slept for excitement and fear of smothering him.

The Porsons, whatever their temptations, were honest people, and for all their desire to possess the child, made no secret of how and where they had found him. But they heard of no inquiry after him. On board the gunboat they knew no plans of the commander when he went on shore, and waited days for him at Genoa before it seemed necessary to institute a search, and did not know where to seek him. By the time the news of it reached the hotel, the Porsons had been weeks in England; and of the few then in the place who had heard of how they found the child, none remembered their name. Not a rumour of it reached their ears.

IV.

WHERE THEY TOOK THE BOY.

THE place to which the good people bore the gift of the earthquake—bore him with much anxiety, but with more exultation—was without any very distinctive features. It had many fields in grass, many in crop, and some ploughed, all softly undulating. There were few trees, and everywhere hedges dividing the fields, whose strange shapes witnessed to a complicated history. But who among the children of men could tell that history—or indeed can tell the true history of anything! In the hollows between the motionless earth-billows here and there, flowed, but did not seem to flow, what was called a brook, but was little like what

the word suggests to some; the brooks were like deep, soundless pools, without beginning or end—no life, no gaiety, no song in them, only a sullen consent to exist; that at least is how they impress one who has been accustomed to lark-like brooks, always on the quiver, always on the move, always babbling and gabbling, always gambols at their games and always tossing their pebbles about, and calling to them to talk. A man used to the silent ones might insist that there was less in the noise of the mountain rivulets than in the stillness of those he loved; but at least they declare their delight that they are, that they were, and that they are to be for ages to come. The others may be full of solemn fish, dull and silent as themselves, deaf with secrets; but blessed is he that lets the light of his joy shine!

But dull as the country must seem in this my description of it, it was the very country for the boy. He would come into more contact with its modest beauty in a day, than some of us would in a year. Nobody knows the beauty of a country, especially of a quiet country, except one who has been born in it, with babyhood and childhood, and boyhood and youth, to open for him door after door into the hidden phases of its life. What a thought that there is no square yard on the face of the earth, but some one can in part understand what God meant in making the kind of it! The same changeful skies canopy the most picturesque and the dullest landscapes; the same winds wake and blow over desert and pasture land, making the bosoms of youth and age swell with the delight of their blowing. They are not all so full as some of delicious odours, the presents made them, as they pass, by the gardens, fields, and hill-sides, which they delight, revive, and strengthen with their visiting; but all have some share. Those that blew upon little Clare were oftener filled with the smell of farmyards, and burning weeds, and cottage-fires, than flowers; but never to the end of his earthly days would one of these odours revisit him, without bringing fresh delight to his heart. The very memorial suggestion of one of them when he was far out on the great sea, would wake the old child in the ever-renewing man. The pollards along the brooks grew lovely to his heart, and were not the less lovely when he came to understand that they were not so lovely as God had meant them to be. He was one of those who, by regarding what a

thing *is*, not judging it as compared with other things, come to see the thought of God in it, and so cannot help loving it; for whoever sees the thought of God, must love it because it is beautiful; and to love what is beautiful is as natural as to love our mothers. And in this dull place there were a great many things fit to be loved by Clare.

The parsonage to which his new father and mother took him was, like the landscape, humble. It was humble even for a parsonage—which has no occasion to be fine. For men and women who are there to teach their fellows to be true and fair, and not covet fine things, are but hypocrites, or at best intruders and humbugs, if they mind not having fine things themselves. Jesus Christ did not care about fine things. He loved every lovely thing that ever His Father made. If you do not know the difference between fine things and lovely things, you do not know much, if you have the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* at your finger-ends. One good thing about it was, that it was an old house, and the swallows had loved it for centuries. That way Clare learned to love the swallows—and they are worth loving. Then it had a very old garden, nearly as old-fashioned as it was old, and many flowers that have almost ceased to be known grew in it, and did not enjoy their lives a bit the less that they were out of fashion. All the furniture in it was old, and mostly shabby—so it was possible to love it a little; for who on earth could be such a fool as to love a new piece of furniture! You might prize it; you might admire it; you might like it, because it was pretty, or because it was comfortable; but only a silly woman whose soul went to bed on her new sideboard could say she loved it—and then it would not be true. It is impossible that any but an *old* piece of furniture should be loved.

His father and mother had a charming little room made fit for him in the garret, right up among the swallows, who soon admitted him a member of their society—an honorary member, that is, who did not need to fly with them to Africa, except he liked. They had seen that, when he could not be with them, he preferred being by himself; and moods would come upon him in which he would steal away even from them, seized with a longing after loneliness, and then he always sought refuge in his own room. But in general, next to being with his mother anywhere, he liked to be with his father in

the study, or even in the study alone, if his father could not take him out with him. The study was a very untidy room, crowded with books, mostly old and dingy and in torn bindings. Many of them their owner never opened, and they suffered in consequence; a few of them were constantly in his hands, and also suffered in consequence. All smelt strong of stale tobacco, which perhaps accounts for the fact that Clare never took to smoking. But then Clare was always too much of a man to want to look like a man by imitating men. There is nothing manly in that. A boy who wants to look like a man is not a manly boy, and men do not care for his company. A true boy is always welcome to a true man, but a sham-man is better on the other side of the wall.

His mother oftenest sat in a tiny little drawing-room, which smelt of withered rose-leaves, and must smell of them still. I believe it smelt of them a hundred years before she saw the place. Clare loved the smell of the rose-leaves and disliked the smell of the tobacco; yet he liked the study with its dingy books better than the pretty drawing-room.

There was a village, a very small one, and a good many farm-houses in the parish.

Such was the place in which Clare spent the next few years of his life. Thither they brought him straight home, and there Mrs. Porson set to loving him heartily. The only thing that troubled her, besides the fear of losing him, was, that she could not draw the tiniest smile out upon his sweet moonlight face.

V.

WHAT BROUGHT OUT HIS FIRST SMILE.

MR. PORSON was a man about five and forty; his wife was a few years younger. He was not a learned man, nor were his theories of religion large or lofty; he took those that were handed down to him, and did not trouble himself about them. He did what was better: he tried constantly to obey the law of God, whether he found it in the Bible or in his own heart, and thus was greater in the kingdom of heaven than thousands that knew more, had better theories about God, and could talk much more fluently concerning religion than he. The man by obeying God let God teach him, and so his heart was always growing; and where the

heart grows there is no fear of the intellect ; it also will grow in the best possible fashion. He was very good to his people—not foolishly kind, but one who tried his best to make them what they ought to be, and help them bear their troubles, and be true to one another. He was like a father to them—though for some he could do but little, because they were locked boxes with next to nothing in them. Perhaps it was because he was so good to his people, that God gave him little Clare to bring up for Him ; and perhaps it was because they were so good to Clare, that by and by a very wonderful thing took place.

About three years after the earthquake—after it they always counted time by it—Mrs. Porson had a baby-girl given her for her very own ; and the father and mother thought themselves the happiest couple on the face of the earth—and who knows but they were ! If they were not, so much the better ! for then, happy as they were, there were happier yet than they ; and who, in his greatest happiness, would not be happier still to know that there were in the earth happier than he !

When Clare first saw the baby, he stood looking down on her with solemn, unmoved countenance. He gazed changeless for a whole minute. He thought there had been another earthquake, and another church dome had fallen. Then light began to grow somewhere under his face. His mother, full as was her heart of her new child, watched his countenance anxiously. The light under his face grew and grew, shone till his face was radiant ; then out of the midst of the shining broke the heavenliest smile she had ever seen on human countenance—a smile that was a clearer revelation of God than ten thousand books about Him. What must not that God be who had made the boy that smiled such a smile, and never knew it ! After this he smiled, but seldom ; and never, at this time of his life, laughed. On the other hand, neither did he ever look sullen. A quiet peace, like the stillness of a long summer-twilight in the north, dwelt upon his countenance, pervaded his every motion. Part of him seemed away, and he waiting for it to come back, when he would be merry.

He was never in a hurry, yet always doing something—always, that is, when he was not in his own room ; there his mother would sometimes find him sitting absolutely still, with his hands on his knees. Nor was she sorry to surprise him thus, for then

she was sure of one of his rare smiles. She thought he must then be dreaming of his own mother, and a pang would go through her at the thought that he would one day love her more than herself : “ He will laugh then ! ” she said. She did not think how the gratitude of that mother would one day overwhelm her with gladness.

He never sought to be caressed, but always snuggled to one that drew him close. Never once did he push any one away.

He learned what lessons were set him—not very fast, but with persistent endeavour to understand. He was greatly given to reading, but not particularly clever at it. He thus escaped much fancying that he knew when he did not know—a quicksand into which fall so many clever boys and girls. Give me a slow, steady boy, who knows when he does not know a thing. To know that you do not know, is to be a kind of prophet. Such a boy always has the glimmer of the something he does not know, or at least of the place where it is ; while the boy who easily grasps the words that stand for a thing, is apt to think he knows the thing itself when he sees but the wrapper of it—thinks he knows the church when he never saw more than the weather-cock of it. Clare’s mother could see the understanding of a thing gradually burst into blossom on his face—just the way that smile did, only it was something quite different from a smile. It was light only ; it needs love to change light into a smile. But both Mr. and Mrs. Porson felt there was that in the boy they could hardly hope to understand : something made them long to know what was going on in him ; his face made them doubt if ever they would in this life. He was not concealing anything from them. He did not know that he had anything to tell, or that they wanted to know anything. He never doubted that everybody saw him just as he felt himself ; his soul seemed bare to all the world. But himself he knew little of what was passing in him : man or child never knows more than a small part of that.

When first he was allowed to take the little one in his arms, he sitting on a stool at his mother’s feet, it was almost a new start in his existence. A new confidence was born in his spirit. Mrs. Porson could read, as if reflected in his countenance, the pride and tenderness that composed so much of her own conscious motherhood. A certain staidness, almost sternness, took possession of his face, as he

bent over the helpless creature half on his knees, half in his arms—the sternness of a protecting divinity that knew danger not afar. He had taken a step upward in existence; he was aware in himself, without knowing it, of the dignity of fatherhood. He already knew what so many seemed never to have learned, that a man is his sister's keeper. She belonged to him, therefore he was hers in the slavery of love—which alone is freedom. So reverential and so careful did he show himself, that soon his mother trusted him, to the extent of his possible, more than any nurse.

By and by she made another delightful discovery—that when he was alone with the baby, the silent boy could talk. Where was no need or hope of his being understood, his words began to flow. They poured out with a rhythmical cadence that made them seem ever on the verge of being fashioned into verse. When his mother heard the sweet murmur of his voice, she would listen. Then first she learned what a force the terrible thing that had given him into her arms had had upon him. For, the second time she listened, she heard him half singing, half saying:

"Baby, baby, do not grow. Keep small, and lie on my lap, and dream of walking, but never go; for when you walk you will run, and when you run, you will go away with father and mother—away to a big place where the ground goes up to the sky; and you will go up the ground that goes up to the sky, and you will come to a big church, and you will go into the church; and then the ground and the church and the sky will go *hurr, hurr, hurr*; and the sky, full of angels, will come down with a great roar; and all the yards will drop out of the sky, and tumble down father and mother, and hold them down that they cannot get up again; and then you will have nobody but me. I will do all I can, but I am only brother Clare, and you will want, want, want mother and father, mother and father, and they will be always coming, and never

be come—not for ever so long! Don't grow a big girl, Mary; leave it to me to be your big brother, and you will have three to take care of you!"

The mother went to hear him, but could not think what to say. She could only go in and take the baby in the hope of turning his thoughts aside. But she made haste to consult her husband.

"We must leave it," said Mr. Porson. "Experience will soon correct what mistake is in his notion. It is not so very far wrong! You and I must go from them one day; what is that but that the sky falls down on us, and our bodies can get up no more? He thinks it nearer at hand than I hope it is for their sakes, but nobody can tell."

Clare never associated the church where the awful thing took place with the church to which he went on Sundays. The time for it, he imagined, came to everybody: to Clare nothing ever *happened*. The way out of the world was a church in a city set on a hill, and there an earthquake was always ready.

The heart of his adoptive mother had grown yet more tender toward him since the coming of her own child. She was not quite sure that she did not love him more than Mary. She could not help the feeling that he was a child of heaven sent out to nurse on the earth: and that it was in reward for doing her duty by him that her own darling was sent her. That their taking of the boy had something to do with the coming of the girl, I believe myself, though what that something was I do not precisely understand.

After this, she left him less often with the child, for she would not have his thoughts turn often to that church; neither would she have the mournfulness of his sweet voice much in the ears of her baby. She often gave him the baby, but did not often leave him with her. And it was curious that Clare—that much of his name he had been able to tell them—never sang in the minor mode when his father or mother were near, but always and solely when the baby and he were alone together.

(*To be continued.*)

Walker & Boutall, sc.

Clara Montalba, R. W. S., pins.

A PROCESSION.

FESTIVAL OF ST. JOHN—VENICE.

RECOLLECTIONS OF VENICE.

BY LADY LINDSAY.

OF Venice, Queen of the Seas, so much has been written and sung that it seems almost superfluous to say more. Yet, to those who love her, there are ever-new and changing beauties in the city that lies like an opal set in silvery lagoons.

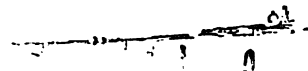
Amongst the strangers and foreigners who visit Venice, many are drawn back thither by a feeling akin to homesickness. In truth this Aphrodite, rising from the Adriatic, is not unlike the Frau Hölle or Venus of northern tradition, whose glamour can never be quite torn from the hearts of those who have once followed her; ever after they must needs obey her magic bidding.

The far-famed city of water-palaces is perhaps the least disappointing place in the world. As men and women grow older, they mostly become satisfied with the beauty of this world; it is only to the very young that ideal realms of wonder are so vivid that nothing tangible is comparable. Venice, scarcely spoilt as yet—though there are sad tales of steamboats in the Grand Canal, and other disastrous “improvements”—Venice well-nigh realizes the dream-land of those grown-up and even gray-haired children who still treasure a storehouse of visions and fancies within their poetic minds.

It was doubtless more impressive to the travellers of former generations to near the lovely city from the sea, beholding first its towers rise from the horizon of water, then the lower architecture appearing by slow degrees. Nevertheless, to us who, leaving Mestre and terra-firma behind, glide along what seems an invisible line of railway, crossing a wide lagoon, water and only water to be seen on all sides, the approach to Venice is still weird and beautiful. Occasionally, across the silent shallow sea floats a broad-bottomed boat (almost a punt) with tawny sails that are a flash of colour; or possibly a jet-black gondola—our first gondola—goes skimming past like a swallow. Presently, before we can realize that we have arrived anywhere except in mid-ocean, we have rattled and bumped into the railway-station; still dazed, we jump out of the carriage to be hustled through an open door and find ourselves standing on a quay, the Grand Canal at our feet, a row of massive palaces opposite,

just across the broad street of water, whilst innumerable voices at our ears and elbows are shouting:

“Barca, signor, barca, gondola, signora, gondola, barca, gondola, gondola, barca, gondola,” and so on, *da capo*, without mercy.



The moment we have selected a gondolier (or, still better, two) we find ourselves protected from all the rest, who make way for us respectfully; whilst an aged man, who looks like one of the minor saints in an old picture, armed with a long stick that ends in an iron hook, brings the brass nose of our gondola alongside the quay, doffs his hat, and begs for coppers, all at one and the same time. Hastily we and the portmanteaus are handed into our places, and the gondola shoots off like an arrow, propelled by our men, who seem desperately anxious to prove that no one can vie with them for swiftmess and dexterity.

We shoot onward thus for a short space only; suddenly we spin silently and marvellously round a sharp corner, and then in and out amongst a maze of narrow canals, where, if it be low water, the smells are truly Venetian. Fast, fast we glide, close to time-worn walls, under little bridges. . . . Every now and then our gondoliers utter their warning cries of “Stali!” or “Premi!” which, as we slither round the angle of some great marble palace, or slide within half an inch of another craft, seem to have miraculously saved us from utter destruction.

If we chance to arrive in fine weather, and the water, like the sky, is shining azure, all seems beautiful and pleasant; if, however, as was the case on my own first visit to Venice, rain pours heavily

THE SALUTE FROM THE PIAZZETTA.

down from the gray cloud-laden sky into the green and threatening water, whilst we sit damp and cowering beneath the black *felze* or hood, and the whistling wind blows the ripples of the Grand Canal into miniature waves that make the gondola dance and lurch—then we are conscious of a distinct shade of disappointment. It is almost impossible to judge of the wider canals seen through the misty little glass panes of the *felze*; as for the smaller canals, the less said about them the better—they appear to us nothing more nor less than ditches of desolation! Where the turbid water is stirred into eddies, a piece of old cabbage floats forlornly towards us; over the narrow bridges above our heads some women, slatternly and draggle-tailed, go slipshod, the tapping of the heels of their loose low shoes plainly audible through the dank and silent atmosphere. Can this be Venice? Ah! it had been better to cherish our illusions, without risking the painful knowledge of reality.

But next morning? Sunshine heralds in the true Venice, who was but hiding behind a bank of clouds to burst upon us all the more triumphantly in her glorious beauty!

It seems now as though we had penetrated into the inner life of some luminous precious stone. There is colour, translucence, and brightness every-

where. Is it any wonder that the Venetians could paint? How indeed could any one not paint in this ideal place, where the buildings, lovely in themselves and stained by age, seem scarce less marvellous in outline and variety of tone than the cloud-pictures above or the watery reflections below?

And when day is past the evening is not called "Venetian" for nothing. As the summer sun sets, people flock out—the smart folk to the Piazzetta if the band plays. There idlers eat ices and gaze at the still water, whereon the red flush is fading into gray tints. The fine ladies, mostly bareheaded or wearing a veil upon their sparsely-powdered fair hair, walk to and fro fanning themselves, and talking to officers clad in uniforms of sky-blue and silver. Yonder, along the Riva dei Schiavoni, the populace meets and passes in picturesque throng. There are booths for the sale of lemonade, decked with green and yellow lemons and clean brass pots. There is the vendor of the peculiar soft Venetian pumpkin cake. This substance—dark outside, brilliant yellow within—is cut into slices, and much appreciated by little brown bare-legged boys, though to our eyes it closely resembles that which we have often seen applied to the wheels of railway-carriages. Along the Riva, too, in the midst of the crowd, a

Walker & Bonelli, sc.

Clara Montalba, R. W. S., pinx.

RIVA DEI SCHIAVONI.

SAN GIORGIO IN THE DISTANCE.

G

guitarist and a mandolinist are playing, whilst a soft southern voice sings out between the pauses of the stringed music. Then comes a water seller, offering simple "acqua, acqua" for sale from the large heavy pots that he carries, and the blue linen of his dress greets the eye in pleasant contrast to the pale pink of a girl's cotton gown, or the green shawl of another, or the turquoise beads round the neck of a third, for the Venetians dearly

love colour, and are very painter's-models in general appearance, though there is no special national garb noticeable amongst them. Only perhaps in the dress of the water girls are there traces of actual costume; these, short-skirted, their bodices enfolded in bright kerchiefs, their broad white sleeves tucked up above their elbows, and their feet bare, are often seen wending their way under the arches to the beautiful stone wells by the giant's staircase.¹ They carry yokes like those of milkmaids, with brightly burnished pails of lovely form balanced thereon; only their curious felt wide-awake hats spoil their picturesque appearance.

Meanwhile, as the short southern twilight deepens and night falls, it is pleasantest to turn into the Piazza, walking heedlessly between the two columns of St. Mark, as no true Venetian would do because of the ill-luck descending on that spot from the many executions which took place there in olden times. Thus we find ourselves in what is surely one of the most beautiful "squares" in the world. At one end the mosque-like aspect of San Marco itself is startling with its green bronze horses and Eastern cupolas. Close beside rises the majestic brown Campanile, from the top of which there is for the strong-kneed and enterprising the reward of a magnificent view. All round the Piazza, within

the arches of the colonnades, the twinkling lights of the shops—jewellers' shops for the most part—are flickering out like fireflies. At the rival *cafés* people are sitting—indeed they sit more or less all day—on rush-bottomed wooden chairs, smoking and drinking coffee.

In the centre of the Piazza the greedy sacred pigeons waddle about, and folks stroll. It is no trifling addition to every one's happiness that there is never a possibility of being run over, that beyond and above the blessed silence of the place (a silence broken only by the sound of church-bells or merry voices and laughter) no horse's hoof profanes the clean and quiet ground. We, like our neighbours, take some chairs; a dark form that has been lurking behind one of the pillars darts out and demands payment forthwith; an obsequious waiter at our desire brings "sirop," or "cocktail" garnished with straws; a couple of small boys, with faces like the angels of Bellini, wearing tattered and suspicious clothing (suspicious in that we don't want it too near our own), flit about, tormenting all smokers to *buy* matches and *give* ends of cigars or cigarettes, which the ragged recipients absurdly flaunt before their less fortunate fellows. Presently up comes the most insidious person of all: the seller of caramels, or fresh fruit clothed in barley-sugar, skewered on tiny pieces of wood, presented upon diminutive snow-white sheets of paper—a temptation absolutely irresistible to the feminine mind.

When the band plays in the Piazza, crowds of people of course follow it thither, but the silent evenings are much the pleasantest. The night grows dark, the stars come out. Many strollers tramp up and down under the brightly-lighted arcades, flattening their noses against the glass panes which protect the diamonds and pearls and corals, the Venetian beads and gaily-coloured chandeliers and other fascinating wares, whilst others turn into Naya's or Perini's, where countless photographs are on view, or wander into the book-shops.²

The cupolas of St. Mark's grow less distinct in detail as we sit watching. On the clock-tower of the gateway opposite quaint iron figures clang the

¹ These wells have been quite lately shut for public use.

² Some enterprising tourists buy lace, as I did once, to my cost. I bargained for an hour with the shopman, and only when I reached the hotel, having paid my money and carried off the spoil, did I realize that I had actually insisted on giving several francs more than had been asked me at first! I never went near that man's shop again, and indeed used to cross the Piazza to avoid it. But the dealer, standing spider-like in his doorway, always managed to see me, and never omitted to raise his hat and make me a low and deferential bow!

Walker & Bentall, sc.

Clara Montalbo, R. W. S., pinx.

PIGEONS—ST. MARK'S PLACE, VENICE.

G 2

passing hours. It is too dark, and Venetian streets too badly-lit for us to wander through that noble gateway into the Merceria, which, true to its name, is still the best quarter for haberdasher's wares, though no longer gorgeous as of old, when from windows and balconies hung silken stuffs and cloths of gold and silver. We cross the Piazza nevertheless, interrupted by a little humpbacked shoeblack, who hands us with a wan smile a set of comic verses, himself the subject of them. Probably it is too late to penetrate into San Marco, unless indeed it be a *festa*, and then we gladly wend our way over the wavy inlaid floor, dimly lighted by a hanging cross of coloured lamps. It is pleasant to sit on a porphyry seat away in some quiet corner, to listen to the solemn chaunting, and watch the flickering half-light that creeps across the mosaic domes overhead, or that gleams on the priests' vestments and on the silver incense-burners that the chorister boys swing to and fro. Yet, methinks, this marvellous church is most beautiful at hot midday. Then, whoso lifts the dark and heavy curtain of the porch must be strongly impressed by the sudden contrast of religious stillness within to the glare and stir of life he has just quitted. It is as though the

world (not only that of Venice, but the anxious busy throbbings of all human hearts) had been left outside, whilst the cool silence and mellow richness of colour that enthrall the mind bestow upon it also an instantaneous blessing of restful calm and peace.

The streets of Venice are better by day than by night. Some of the *calli* are scarce a yard in breadth, and never lighted. Even in the daytime it is difficult to find the right way; and should a hapless traveller, worn and weary, ask it of one small boy after another, he finds himself the object of much unpleasant interest. Volunteer pilots presently swarm around him, and he reaches home with a vagabond train which he has been unable to shake off.

What can be said of the expeditions to be made from Venice? They are so many, so beautiful. Nowadays steamboats ply, freighted with fashionable bathers, to the Lido and back; but only a few years ago this favourite resort was still delightfully unsophisticated. Even the public gardens of the town were quiet and retired, although one horse—the horse—trotted and cantered around those gardens at all hours of the day, sometimes bestridden by a gentleman, sometimes mounted by a lady. The poor beast had, in truth, no leisure to be tired; there was not another such a quadruped in Venice.

Many Venetians have lived and died without the slightest knowledge of horses. Beckford, writing from Italy more than eighty years ago, tells an amusing story of a noble Venetian "who left Venice for the first time, arrived at Padua by water, and ordered a post-horse, but desired 'it might be a long one, as they were five of them.'"

A few years ago not even a bathing-machine could be seen on the Lido. Delightful was it to pace up and down the desolate links (for links they were, as much as though the low sandy hills and spare long grass formed part of a Scottish coast), whilst the real sea rolled in with long gentle breakers. Here lay shells on the sand, left by a slight line of tide; no land broke the horizon—it was a true northern picture; yet, at a stone's throw, just across the narrow strip of earth, lay the still, southern-looking lagoon, with curious contrast of purple shadows and reflections, sunlit islands and rising towers, from which came echoes of church-bells wafted like perfume over the poetic scene.

It seemed not out of place on the desolate Lido sandhills to come suddenly upon the Jewish cemetery, with its hoary grave-stones marked in Hebrew characters and equally strongly seared by time and neglect. Mysterious very, seemed the ancient tombs in the stillness and the long grass, close to and yet away from the city, nigh to the open sea though peacefully harboured from its rough inbreak.

One late afternoon on this Lido, or coast, I witnessed a haul of fishes. A couple of boats rocked in the surf; nets were hurriedly drawn in; the fishermen — bronzed figures nearly naked — ran actively through a mist of water and sand; the fish were piled in glittering silver heaps. The whole scene so resembled Raphael's depiction of the marvellous draught of fishes that I stood still and fairly held my breath. A rift of

gold broke the gray sky overhead; sunset tints lay rosy above the pale distant Euganean hills. . . I could hear the voices of the men, but not their words; it might have been thus eighteen centuries ago. . . .

The Armenian convent is a favourite short excursion from Venice. It is pleasant to disembark on the island where the convent stands lonely, and (whilst the gondoliers moor the boat) to gaze up at the reddish walls, the dark cypresses and open gateway. That Byron chose to dwell for a while in this charming retreat is no wonder. The cool white-washed cloisters, the busy printing-press, the deep-windowed library, above all the small centre garden—it was full of single-flowered roses when I

saw it, and sweet-scented plants, whilst a couple of studious black-robed Armenians, book in hand, were pacing to and fro—all this leaves an indelible picture on the mind. A lay brother took us over

the water-girt domain, I remember, to see some mild-eyed cows in the sheds, and to chatter happily of his life and simple pleasures. Before leaving I purchased a small book printed in the convent; a collection of Turkish proverbs rendered into English. One of those shrewd sayings, a piece of useful philosophy, teaches how “it is always the biggest fish that escape from the net.”

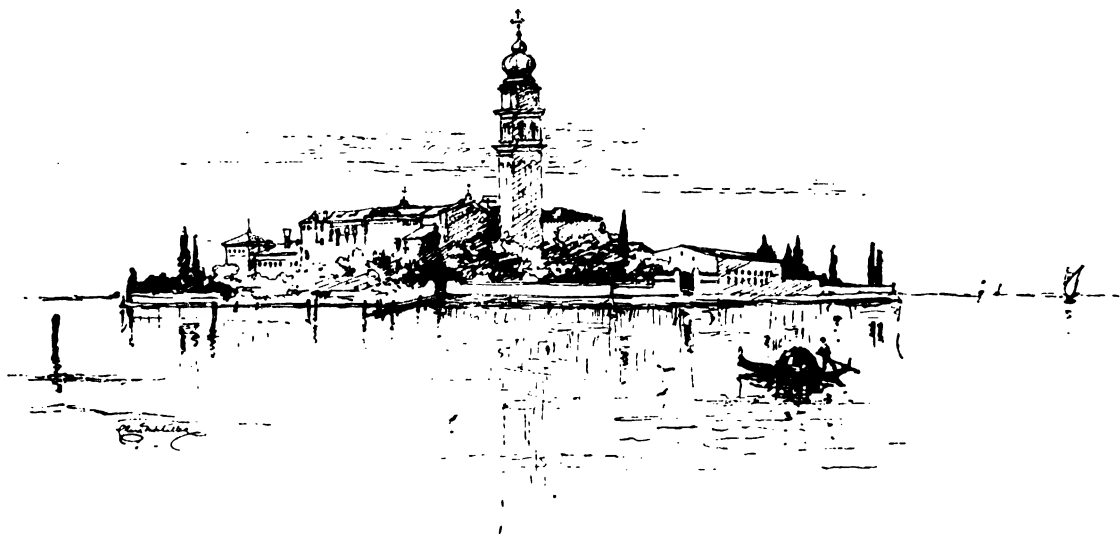
Despite the beauty of the Venetian lagoons, I shall never forget the chill that struck my heart one day on the way to the Armenian convent. We passed close to the mad-house. From a high tower, through grated bars, a poor lunatic

Clara Montalba, R. W. S., pinx.

FORTIFICATIONS ON THE LIDO.

stretched forth both arms. In one hand he held a volume from which he was declaiming in sonorous and intensely melancholy accents. What the words signified I know not. But, as I recall the scene, I shiver again, and seem to hear that deep weird voice still sounding across a waste of desolate waters, in ominous and terrible perorations, like the warning of some disregarded prophet.

To Murano every one goes to visit the glass manufactory, where sticks of pretty-coloured glass, that look like barley-sugar, are by skilled workmen blown gradually into bottles of graceful shape and size. To Torcello fewer tourists wend their way. Indeed, for that voyage four rowers are required. Torcello is a lovely island, in an artist's sense



THE ARMENIAN CONVENT.

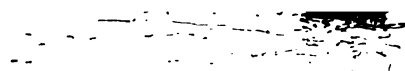
especially, its loneliness and mournful picturesqueness being great. On a hot June day I went there; the sirocco, that sighed warm gusts into our faces, seemed to add a nervous impression to the languor of the scene. We lunched in a corner of a straggling garden that apparently belonged to nobody, and where we disembarked at leisure; we ate our fruit and drank our *Chianti* under the shade of a pomegranate-tree in flower. Presently an old priest strolled towards us, and smiled at us with amiable surprise.

In the cool afternoon we were slowly wafted home again. The gondoliers sang, keeping time with the stroke of their oars. Then we started some English melodies in return, and the echoes of "Home, sweet Home" floated across the Venetian waters. "Is it really English music?" asked the men, deeply interested.

There are several kinds of boats at Venice besides the gondolas: punts, omnibus-boats—above all, the great Dutch-looking barges, with golden, orange, or reddish sails, that come floating in like autumn leaves on a stream, sometimes laden with fruit, chiefly pumpkins, gourds, etc. Along the

taffrail of these boats, to propel them in the shallow water, creep the bare-footed sailors, deftly punting with long poles. Sometimes these

beautiful barges congregate together in the lagoons, like a flock of golden orioles.



A GONDOLA RACE.

Presently dances by the little venturesome *sandolo*, a tiny cockle-shell in which the owner stands and rows himself gondolier fashion. And it was perhaps only an excess of interest in the ancient Doges of Venice that caused us irreverently to rhyme as follows:

"There was an old person called Dandolo,
Who went out to sea in a sandolo;
But the water was rough,
So he soon had enough,
That foolish old person called Dandolo."

To be more serious. All lovers of poetic sights and sounds are strongly attracted by those processions of gondolas which take place occasionally at



night; the boats start from the Piazza, gathering in numbers as they float slowly to the Rialto whilst following the two or three pioneers, which are gaily lit with Chinese lanterns and freighted with musicians. Guitars and mandolines tinkle; a couple of fiddles and a 'cello, a flute, nay, even a harp, all help to form the orchestra, and *Santa Lucia*, or *Andiam, andiam*, rise and fall with the echoes

the Rialto bridge. Surely we have the best gondolier in the town—we cleave our way between the dark shades of other crafts, which miraculously drift away. Now we are close to one of the music boats. Some laughing girls are sitting at the prow, their arms round each other's necks, inevitable carnations in their hair. Beyond them are other singers, then a few non-performers; a tired-looking woman, a

Walker & Boutall, sc.

A CROWDED CANAL, VENICE.

Clara Montalba, R. W. S., pinx.

of sweet boys' voices, or women's, answered (for part-songs are favourites) by the baritones and basses from some other boat. The long trailing notes are like the reflections of the coloured lights which are placed, here and there: growing fainter and fainter, yet clinging fondly to the rippling water. The shortening touch of dialect seems to add zest to the language:

"Ah Venezia, benedetta!
Non ti voglio più lasar."

Finally, all the gondolas, gently bumping and jarring, huddle closely together in a black mass under

ragged urchin, a couple of babies, and the philosophic house dog—all brought out for the evening's holiday.

Our dear old friend Mr. Rawdon Brown disapproved of such jaunts; we never could persuade him even to sit in the Piazza. He considered that, after the departure of the Austrians, Venice had fallen a prey to vulgarity. There are two rival *cafés* in the Piazza—Florian's and Quadri's. At one time no Austrian went to the one, no Italian patronized the other. Since then, he averred, all had grown mixed and common. It was very de-

lightful to me to go and see him. He had come to Venice in his youth, intending to stay a week—he remained for forty years or more. The archives of Venice had taken possession of him; he used to tell quaint jokes of the Venetians of the thirteenth century, which, narrated in his courteous, old-world manner, did not seem so very distant after all. Signor Broon, as he was called, was quite a character at Venice. He went daily in a sandolo to the Lido till nearly the end of his life; indeed, he spoke most scathingly of our English style of rowing, which he stigmatized as the rude action of “savages on a log.”

He used to send his servant Toni to invite me to come and take coffee in the afternoon. Having made my way up the staircase painted by Longhi with startling life-size figures of dames and cavaliers in black masks and dominos, up to the cosy English-looking library, high overlooking the Grand Canal, I was welcomed by the dear old host. Then came Toni, smiling, bringing a tray of coffee and biscuits, and presently I went back to the hotel, laden with books of ancient history and travel.

At one Venetian hotel, now shut up, the food was bad (even for Venice), and very limited; and, moreover, the furniture was as scanty as the food. Occasionally we missed an arm-chair or a cabinet. At last the curious fact was elicited that the landlord, an inveterate but impoverished gambler, used his household goods to pay his debts of honour.

Another time we had a large bleak apartment at the bend of the Grand Canal, rooms now considerably smartened up, and turned into a curiosity shop. My bedroom was forty-five feet square, and proportionately high; the dining-room was seventy feet in length. This banquet hall was only lighted by a couple of slender candles. When dinner was ready, the servant's steps could be heard for a considerable time gradually approaching through the darkness to announce that soup was served in the very room where we were sitting.

On the *entresol* lived the countess, owner of this palace. She took a great fancy to me, and used to lie in wait to pounce upon me as I went up or down the mouldy stone staircase, and would then drag me into her untidy little sanctum, where clothes lay on every available chair and table, and plates full of eatables often strewed the floor. Then she poured forth to me in rapid language the history of her troubles. I gathered that they were troubles, and

so, I presume, looked sympathetic, and she was satisfied. But at that time I understood no word of Italian. How well I remember the countess on the day when we left Venice! I was already sitting in the gondola, ready to start, my lap full of roses bestowed upon me by the servants at parting. I looked up for a last farewell; she, half crying, dressed in a garish blue silk gown, her untidy head in full sunlight, waved a pocket-handkerchief energetically as she looked out from the window. Then we slid round a corner of building out of the sunshine into a dark and small canal, leaving an episode of life behind, cutting it off sharply as such chapters of existence so often end, far more abruptly even than the novelist's pen can close a chapter in his book.

Good-bye, good-bye to the lovely quiet world of Venice—good-bye to the lofty towers, which seem to be ringing peals of farewell, to the narrow shady streets and the indolent people, to our own gondolier, who sadly kisses our hands at parting! Back we steam to the world of noise and dust, where folks who know no better drive in uncomfortable carriages over stony pavements, and horses clatter as they run, and beat the ground with iron hoofs!

I have scarce left myself space to mention the pictures at Venice—the delightful Accademia, where, even amidst the glories of the Venetian school, Carpaccio's touch still glows and conquers. His name is often unfamiliar to strangers, as he has always been an appreciated prophet in his own city, where his works have not been displaced for four centuries: witness the lovely set of pictures forming a frieze in the church of San Giorgio dei Schiavoni. It were impossible, nay, 'twould be almost sacrilege, in a few hurried words to treat of a gallery like the Accademia (wherein I have spent many pleasant stilly hours copying), or of the Doge's palace, or of the fine churches in which Venice is singularly rich, with their treasures of painting, their Bellinis and Tintoretos, and Bonifacios specially, shrined above altars or in sacristies. I am not writing of Venice historical, nor of Venice artistic, and these short pages pretend to be nothing more than a slight record of my own memories. Other and far worthier pens have ably written of Venice as she now is. As for her past splendour, the origin and history of the sea-born city herself, the marriage of the Doge to the Adriatic, the mystery of the Lion's mouth, the Council of Ten, the sad romance of the Bridge of Sighs, with prison gratings hard by the scenes of

reckless carnival—all the poetry of bygone Venetian days has been studied and learned by most of us, because it appeals so strongly to the imagination. This short paper must end as it began—a mere reflex of the writer's own impression. It is an impression that has not lessened with passing years; never will lessen, probably. I can close my eyes and evoke, if I will, the entire panorama; each detail, each tone of colour, stands out as though in truth there lay before me a tangible vision of water-palaces and wide water-ways. Yet some things change even at slowly-changing Venice. My last day there was spent on the then beautiful island of Sant' Elena, a little paradise which now, I am told, is anything but paradisaical, being dug up, left bare, and given over wholly to the manufacture of railway carriages!

I rejoice that I cannot behold the painful transformation. In former days, around the beautiful ruined cloisters grew tall trees, sheltering shades more precious at Venice than elsewhere, whilst flowering shrubs dotted the green lawns and calm solitudes. The day that my memory calls back was in early summer; roses bloomed upon the fairy-like island; the sky was soft and clear. On the morrow we were to start for England. Looking out towards the Lido, I watched the yellow-sailed boats go drifting on their way to Chioggia, or, leaning over the low wall, I gazed down into the transparent water of the lagoon, and listened to the lapping of tiny waves. Well for me was the sweetness of the scene, for thus, in her beauty and stillness, her summer-time and her poetry, thus only would I remember Venice!

VERY YOUNG.

JEAN INGELow.

II.

DAISY THE SECOND.

THE Squire's Christian name was Andrew. He did not like his name, partly because his brothers had generally called him And. They now frequently called him "Squire," and he liked this still less. He had four brothers, and no sisters at all. He was himself a handsome and very well-proportioned youth, slightly below the middle height. He had fine eyes of bluish-gray, very dark hair, thick black eyebrows, good teeth, a clear rather pale complexion, and a very agreeable expression. He had as yet a slightly hesitating, somewhat doubtful manner, as if he did not feel sure of himself, and did not always remember that the days of discipline in his case were over. This was not his fault.

The description given above of his person and manners would do just as well for all his brothers but one. They were remarkably alike. The youngest was seven years old, one was fourteen, and one was sixteen. The one who was not like was only eleven months younger than the Squire. He was nearly a head taller, a great deal stronger, rougher, darker, and vastly more clever. He was plain. He naturally and inevitably led when he cared to do so. He had a voice already deep and decided. To be sure it creaked, and had a crack in it still now and then. But oh! how he could shout when he chose.

His mother, Mrs. Andrew Capper, was decidedly afraid of him, for he almost always knew what she was thinking of. It seemed a fine dispensation of Providence that she had one of her more manageable sons as the heir, but then she knew she could have done a great deal more with him but for Fergus her second son. He did not exactly appear to think she was scheming or shamming, or even trying unduly to influence their taste, but when she would say before her sons such things as "I met dear Mrs. Blank to-day; how sweet and distinguished she is," Fergus would exclaim, "Oh, mother, I wonder you think so. I think she is a horrid old screw."

And then Andrew would break in with—

"Well, though she is so rich, she used never to give a fellow a tip, years ago."

"I shall be much annoyed," the mother would add, "if you are not pleasant to her, or if you have any such thought as that she is—parsimonious."

"Ah, well," Fergus would reply; "but it does not matter now whether she is or not. We shall not trouble ourselves; shall we, Martin? *Him big brother can tip him now.*"

Martin, the youngest of the family, having been tipped by Andrew on his birthday, had changed the sovereign into sixty fourpenny pieces, and had not been at all frugal in the spending of them. All the brothers, in fact, perceived with startling readiness that the money in Andrew's pocket was only in a certain insignificant sense more his than theirs. It was to send Fergus to Cambridge, and keep the two next at Winchester. As for the mother, she would have managed to come and live with her son in his house, but that on reflection she had felt that for all her efforts she might not be able to prevent his marrying young. In such a case it would have been bitter to turn out, so she elected to accept the Dower house, which was a pleasant old gabled residence, not a quarter of a mile from his gates. Her husband had died so soon after he inherited the estate, that he had not even been able to make a will, but to this house her son made her most welcome. She came and stayed with him as a matter of course till it was ready.

"And what a delightful thing it is, dears, isn't it?" she remarked, as she sat at the head of his table one day, and dispensed an early dinner to them all. "What a delightful thing that dear Cousin Daisy should propose herself so soon as a visitor. And the girls, the dear girls, how nice it will be for you all to take them about over Andy's own park and woods."

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed Fergus, and said no more.

"Delightful!" persisted Mrs. Capper.

"We shall do it, as we have to do it, I suppose," said Andrew, rather disconsolately; "but as to being delightful, mother—"

"Well," observed Fergus, "but you know, old man, you did say they were not so fat as they used to be. It's a pity they are so re—mark—ably plain."

"In your opinion," the mother put in. "I think, my dear, you are peculiar; other people think they will be charming."

"And Daisy will have ten thousand a year, and Bell two thousand."

"As if that could have anything to do with it!" said Mrs. Capper sharply.

Then Andrew said—

"I suppose, mamma, I am not expected to drag them all over the country, am I?"

"I suppose, my dear, you understand the duties of hospitality?"

"Ye—es."

"Cousin Daisy was most hospitable to you."

"Ye—es. But what put it into her head to come so soon for, I can't think."

"I know," said Fergus. "They have been yachting with those friends of theirs, both the girls were sick, and hated it; so she let them land her and them at Folkestone. Well, I was at Fraser's, her sick gardener's, this morning, and he said his folks had written to him that scarlatina had broken out at her very lodge. She knows this before now. Such a coward as Cousin Daisy is would never take them there; so as this place is not fifty miles from Folkestone, I believe she thought she would take a look at it on her way to wherever she will have to go with them."

The mother, who had felt surprised, accepted this solution of her difficulty.

"Well," she said with suavity, "as Daisy was always such a favourite of yours, and none of the younger ones ride well enough yet to go about with her (how well she always looks on her pony, dear girl), perhaps you might take her for her rides instead of And, as he does not care about it."

Fergus appeared struck with astonishment, but only for a moment, then his dark countenance cleared.

"Her mother would not let me, mamma," he said pointedly; "I think you forget that." Then he added in a cogitative tone, "But she might not mind Andy so much."

Mrs. Capper's fine blue eyes flashed angrily, but Fergus was not looking at her. The faces of all

his brothers, excepting the little one, took on an air of intelligence; this last was deep in a large quantity of strawberries with which Andrew had heaped his plate.

"Is it Daisy or Bell whose gloves fit you, And?" Fergus went on.

"Daisy put on mine when I was up there, and they were only a little too long in the fingers. But remember, you fellows," he replied, looking round the table, "I think I shall like having visitors. I mean to be very hospitable, and all that." His little brother now looked up. "As for you, Martin," he continued, "if ever you let out a single word" ("Or even a wink," put in Tom, the next boy) "as to my having said Bell was a shocking muff, or that I did not want to ride with girls that were not grown up, you'll catch it, that's all."

"Won't you," added Fergus; "I wouldn't be you."

A few moments after this Mrs. Capper withdrew to see a tradesman in the library, and the brothers began to *chaff* and torment each other—good-naturedly enough, but in a provoking style to Andrew, who came in for most of their jokes. Tom had got Cousin's Daisy's letter, in which she proposed to come and partake of his hospitality; he was reading it aloud, with certain portions interpolated.

"Shut up!" shouted Andrew, springing from his chair and making after him.

Tom darted under the table, the letter still in his keeping; the cloth swung wildly from side to side.

"Go it, And! go it, Tom!" shouted the others.

Then Andrew, not able to catch the delinquent, who jumped on to a chair and spouted the rest of the letter, while the others held *him* back, suddenly seized a sofa cushion and flung it at Tom with all his might. But Tom was even with him; he ducked his head just in time, and the cushion went straight at the chimney-piece. There was a tremendous crash, a great china vase toppled over against the clock glass, broke it, and rolled over on to the hearth, the clock after it, and the vase went into twenty pieces.

For an instant there was dead silence; the boys looked at one another; then the younger ones, hearing as they thought a step in the hall, kicked the whole of the *débris* under a quantity of ornamental shavings that were lying on the hearth,

shook them out, and pulled a companion vase into the centre of the chimney-piece, so that all would have been concealed but that the clock gasped and actually began to strike under the shavings.

In the meantime Andrew stood for a few seconds almost aghast, till Fergus, coming up to him, looked him hard in the eyes and whispered,

"You great gowk! what do you mean? It's YOUR OWN CLOCK, ISN'T IT? IT'S YOUR OWN VASE."

With a flash Andrew took in the situation. The step drew near; not Mrs. Capper, but the stately old butler entered.

"Saunders," said Andrew, suavely, pointing to the hearth, "I rather think there's something queer under those shavings."

"Indeed, sir," exclaimed Saunders, "there's no doubt of it!"

"If you'll believe me," he said, some hours after, when describing this scene to Mr. Callender, "I never was so truly taken aback in my life. I lifted up the shavings, for underneath them I heard the clock running down like mad! And there it was with one hand off, all its china face cracked, and the great Worcester vase smashed to flinders. All the younger ones were as 'twere sitting in judgment round. I reckon they had been having some sort of a *shindy*, for sofa cushions were lying about. 'What's the vally of a chimney ornament that won't even stand a cushion so soft as that,' says the young master, 'it passes my wits to eventuate. When we are all gone out, and not before, you'll have this mess cleared away, Saunders, and I never wish to hear any more about it.' 'Very good, sir,' said I. I knew well enough he meant that whichever of them had done it the missis was not to know."

"She's rather hard on those boys," said Mr. Callender, shaking his head; "but take my word for it, Mr. Saunders, sir, it's a mistake; it's not the woman's place to keep such a tight hand over the other sort after childhood."

"So I say," quoth Mr. Saunders, in full assent. "When they find out that the world was made a sight more for them than for their ma, it will be the worse for her, and a more lamentuous thing for them than if they'd been allowed an earlier terminology of their schooling."

"Ah," said the gardener with a sigh, meant to express still more fervent assent.

"And so," continued Mr. Saunders, "the time-

piece with the Flora sitting atop of it all over wreaths and garlands is gone for ever. I've wound it up every Wednesday morning this twenty years, and this is about the biggest piece of it that's left, except the works." He drew from one of his pockets a china head broken short off at the neck. It had a somewhat smirking expression, and was crowned with roses. "The young master took no more care upon the loss of that clock than if it had been a common cuckoo one bought at a fair for six shillings."

"Mr. Saunders, sir," replied the gardener, "let well alone. I'm content. We've had enough, ay, and by your leave a great deal too much, o' the opposite style."

"We have, Mr. Callender; and now the old Squire has affectuated his exeunt, I'm agreeable to admit it, though I was not while I took his money and his meat."

With this praiseworthy sentiment the conversation ended, and, so far as is known, Mrs. Capper never heard a word about that clock and that vase to the end of her days.

And Cousin Daisy in due time made her appearance, being met at the station and brought on, as well as her girls, with all possible cordiality. The young Squire was now to play the host for the very first time. It would have been odd, though not a specially thoughtful fellow, if he had not thought then on the changes in his lot. Not three months since, his father being desperately ill, and scarcely able to give an opinion as to what should be done for him, Andrew had helped his mother to sell a good deal of what plate she possessed; then she had taken all his sons down with him to Brighton, leaving, as she thought for a time, the modest house in Bloomsbury where they had been brought up. He had been a long time an invalid; at Brighton he died, just a week after the cousin to whom he was heir.

What straits Andrew and his mother had gone through together; how brave she had been! And all on a sudden this was more than over for him. Life almost in a day had been turned the sunny side outwards. Abundance of money, the joy of patronage, a fine house, servants, horses, liberty and everybody, even his mother, smiled on him.

Mrs. E. Smith met the newly-made widow with a few affectionate tears. She was tall and stout, with somewhat blowsy light hair, and a most

amiable expression ; whereas Mrs. Capper was a model of elegant neatness and maternal good looks in her handsome weeds, which just suited her clear-cut features and dark blue eyes.

Perhaps Mrs. E. Smith and Mrs. Capper would both have been equally surprised if they could have heard their girls and boys discoursing together the next day, as they sat on a bank at the outskirts of a little wood. The whole party at first were together, but shortly the three younger contrived to absent themselves—Tom first, the next boy after him, and then the little one.

"Oh, isn't he a sweet fellow!" said Daisy, the elder of the girls, looking after this last. "When he looks up how beautiful his long eyelashes are, and what dark violet eyes."

"Yes," said Andrew, with the strict moderation of a brother ; "he's not a bad lot."

"He never gets in the way," added Fergus, dispassionately. "I like him the best of those young 'uns. Children are so jolly innocent."

"And he's so pretty," said Daisy.

"What does that signify for a boy?"

"I think it signifies for every one. You know very well that we should like to have eyes like those."

"Why, what's the matter with your eyes?" exclaimed Fergus, not knowing very well what else to say.

"They are too light—they are hardly blue at all; it is ugly to have such light eyes and light eyebrows, you know it is."

"It does not follow that other people think so because you do."

"However," remarked Bell, "now we have made up our minds to give up everything, it does not so much signify."

"What do you mean?"

"Why you know very well," said Daisy, "that it would be hateful to be married for one's money."

"Married!" exclaimed Fergus. "Why you are only sixteen and a half yet, and Bell is a year younger. You have no occasion to think about being married for years."

"Ah," said Daisy, significantly. "And you know you used to tell Bell that if she was always crying nobody would marry her; you often said nobody would have her on any account."

"So I did," said Fergus, with an air of conviction.

"If we tell you this you are not to say anything about it," continued Daisy.

"Well," said Andrew, "agreed. Go it then."

"For," continued Daisy, "you are much the most *relationy* of all our cousins; and you know, And, you said when you were in Scotland that we were quite as tall and as big, in fact, as most girls who are really grown up."

"I said that to Bell. I said how ridiculous it was that a girl as big as most women should cry over a sick puppy."

"And you said we looked older for our age than most girls. All the other cousins think so. Why the Mitfords, and the Hitchcocks, and the Deans all make love to us, though they are none of them older than you two. At least they say when the others do not hear that we are sweet creatures——"

"Oh, yes, they've made us offers, both of us," said Bell, nodding, "and Tommy Hitchcock told Daisy his was an *involuntary flame*."

The two brothers shouted with laughter, and the girls joined in.

"Oh, how displeased mother would be if she knew."

"Tom Hitchcock is a mercenary little toad," exclaimed Andrew; "and as regards your mother, Daisy, why doesn't she know?"

"Well," said Daisy, "we could not make up our minds about that at first—we thought it was so silly of them; but other people have done it too, particularly to me."

She paused.

"Poor little girls," exclaimed Andrew, becoming quite manly all on a sudden. "It's a shame."

"For they can't all really love us."

"Of course not," said Fergus, with decision.

"And the more we thought about it, the more we were sure that none of them did, because we are so very plain—besides being so young. And Bell was unhappy that night before we went on board the yacht."

"I thought it would be so affecting," Bell broke in, "if one of us never came back. Boo—oo—oo."

Both brothers sat bolt upright.

"Bell, how dare you?" exclaimed Andrew. "Fifteen and a half, and not left off that *Boo* yet. You are the greatest goose I ever heard of."

Bell sniffed, dried her eyes, and excused herself.

"People do fall overboard sometimes, and I was afraid Daisy might."

"Now, look out ! no doing it again."

"So," said Daisy, "we made a sort of—not exactly vow, but a very serious resolution, that neither of us would ever marry at all."

"You are two geese—goslings I mean. What was the good of that?"

"Why, if we had been married, of course it would have been for our money, and so most likely *they* would have been unkind to us ; but now you see we shall be quite free, and we can be high-minded. We wish to be high-minded, and do good, and be benevolent."

"High-minded and benevolent," said Fergus. "Oh !"

"Don't you want to be high-minded?"

"No, I don't. I want to travel ; I wish to see the world."

"I'm sure Andrew does. Look how kind he was about Evan Fraser ; what pains he took."

"I don't think you will find it half so easy to do real good as you suppose," said Andrew, remembering the little cart.

"Well, we shall see when we come of age."

"Oh, you don't want to be high-minded, whatever that is, till you come of age?"

"No ; we shall have nothing to be high-minded with. Mother sets aside a proportion of our property to be given away, but there is always great consultation as to what will be the best charities, and how it is to be spent ; that sort of thing is not interesting, and then it does not seem to be our giving. But it is true that mother has been a good deal cheated herself, and does not find it easy to do good."

"She told me so."

"And some of the people say clever things. It appears when they talk as if they would have been better off if she had let them alone."

(*To be continued.*)

DE PROFUNDIS.

YOU must be troubled, asthore,
 Because last night you came,
 And stood on the moonlit floor,
 And called again my name.
 In dreams I felt your tears,
 In dreams my cheeks were wet ;
 O, dead for seven long years,
 And can you not forget ?
 Are you not happy yet ?
*The Mass-bell shall be rung,
 The Mass be said and sung ;
 And God will surely hear :
 Go back, and sleep, my dear !*

You went away when you heard
 The red cock's clarion crow.
 You have given my heart a sword,
 You have given my life a woe.
 I, who your sorrows bore,
 On whom your burdens fell :
 You had to travel, asthore,
 Your bitter need to tell :
 And I was faring well !
*The Mass-bell shall be rung,
 The Mass be said and sung ;
 And God will surely hear :
 Go back, and sleep, my dear !*

KATHARINE TYNAN.

HOW AN AMERICAN GIRL BECAME A JOURNALIST.

SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN.

IN this golden age for girls, full of new interests and new opportunities, we all—you, the musical girl; you, the literary girl; you, the artistic girl; you, the practical girl; and I, whose appropriate adjective is of no consequence—want to do something; something more difficult than embroidered sachets, and more important than hand-painted tambourines. The sachets and the tambourines are very charming in their way, but as the chief industrial end of life we have begun to find them unsatisfying.

Girls in America seem to be even more convinced of this than girls in England, judging from the enterprise with which they act upon the conviction. Margery Blunt, for instance, is an American girl, and I fancy what she did by way of replacing the sachets and the tambourines in her life was new to her English friends when they heard of it, and may be new to you.

I knew Margery Blunt well—very well indeed. I knew her before she became a journalist, when she lived largely in a corner attic of her father's house, in the society of three spiders, two mice, the family medicine chest, her grandfather's hat-box, and a Secret Purpose—which is the beginning of this history—and I have known her ever since. So that I think I may give you this account of her experience as strictly and entirely true.

Margery's Secret Purpose was to distinguish herself in literature. She told herself, with a great show of candour, that she knew she was not a genius, but she had privately picked out two or three names of modest fame in the lighter arts of the pen, whose achievements she thought she might reasonably hope to parallel in the course of time. Margery was not altogether without provocation to a purpose of this kind—people very seldom are. At school her essays had a clever facility which interested her teachers, and suggested to numbers of her fellow-pupils that she should inspire theirs also. Besides which, she absorbed the spirit of every artistic thing she read so thoroughly that for the moment she was almost ready to exhale something very like it with all the pride of conscious originality. She had a keen appreciation, too, of

literary lives with the hardship of many rejections in them. These, I think, with an educational *débris* consisting of a fragment of the *Bellum Britannicum*, some geometrical remains, and a few dislocated facts from the *History of England*, by John Richard Green, added to a comprehensive ignorance of all the practical details of literary work, were Miss Blunt's chief qualifications at the age of seventeen for the pursuit of letters.

Naturally our aspirant wrote poems, and stories, and articles upon the seasons of the year. The poems were lugubrious to a degree to be the work of a perfectly able-bodied young person whose appetite was a family notoriety; but perhaps this was natural too. The concluding stanza of one of them, I remember, ran—

“Alas, for the piteous yearning,
For the ever-increasing pain,
For the bitterly hopeless enduring
When the clouds return after the rain!”

Margery sent this one to *Harper's Monthly*. Fortunately she kept a copy, since the original was probably drowned in the tears of the editorial staff. It met with a violent fate of some sort, for she never heard of it again. The stories chiefly concerned young women who wore straight skirts and girdles, and masses of dark hair, and were in doubt as to the true meaning of existence—this was after a course of a certain Modern Novelist—and the stories, when they sought various publications, “accompanied by a stamp,” usually came back to her with a polite little printed form which read, “The editor regrets,” &c. Sometimes the editor did not even regret, he embezzled the stamp and took no notice. Whereupon Margery waxed wroth, and wrote a vigorous phillip upon the “Rights of Authors,” which didn't get published either. I don't quite know how to account for the failure of the essays on the seasons, for Margery never said anything about them that was not entirely respectful and strictly true—unless the editors thought that as there never have been more than four of them, perhaps they were exhaustively discussed in the almanacs, and that especially as we

have one of them almost always with us, public interest in them had rather flagged.

Margery added a few articles embodying views of life faintly reflected from *Sartor Resartus* to her pile of humiliations, wrote some savage reviews of books she did not approve of, for her own private satisfaction, and grew cynical. She still nourished her Secret Purpose, however, nourished it upon the historic rejections of *Sketches by Boz*, and a large number of "snow" apples daily—snow-white inside, rosy outside—you have nothing like them in England, and I don't know at all how disappointed literary aspirants console themselves in this country.

Then something happened. Margery went to Quebec with her brother for a fortnight's summer holiday. On the way she read Mr. Howells' *Chance Acquaintance*, and she made her explorations in the spirit of that delightful little novel. One of them was a *calèche*-drive to the Falls of Lorette, a few miles out of the city; and Margery was so charmed by the novelty of this, and the quaint little *habitant* farms, and the black-eyed French Canadian babies, and the petticoated *curés* and chattering old dames she saw by the way, that she sat down straightway when the *calèche* clattered madly back to her grand-uncle's door, and wrote it all out. Then she read it over critically, and it amused her so much that she put a title on it, sent it off as a matter of habit to an illustrated magazine, and forgot, in the rush of pleasant new experiences, all about it. I suppose it was a month after her return to the cobwebs in the attic that she received a type-written letter of acceptance, signed by the editor of the magazine, asking for sketches or photographs, which she had not got, and enclosing a cheque for ten dollars, which would be equal, in this puzzling currency of yours, to about two pounds. If you happen to possess a file of *Outing*, an American monthly of some vogue in England I believe, you will find Margery's sketch "On Two Wheels to Lorette," without pictures, somewhere back among the Seventies.

It is a curious fact that the success of this venture of Margery's marked the demolition of her Secret Purpose. One would have expected it to be quite otherwise. But after her first whirlwind of surprise and delight was over-past, she sat down with more sense than I dare say you have given her credit for thus far, to ponder the natural causes that lay behind the phenomenon of an

accepted contribution. Her "Lorette," she thought, had not nearly so many of the virtues of style as this or that travelled manuscript she could lay a fond finger on, and she had done it in two hours instead of the two weeks she often devoted to a "subject." It had been an airy nothing, while many of its forerunners had cost her elaborate agonies. Why then—and Margery's brain twisted itself into a large interrogation point.

I have forgotten by what process of reasoning she arrived at the answer, but she did arrive at it, and found it so satisfactory that she wrote a deduction from it up among the cobwebs on the attic wall, where I have often seen it, and where I suppose it remains to this day. This is what she wrote; it lacked all virtues of style whatever—

"Before I say anything I must have something to say."

Her ride to Lorette, unpretending little event though it was, had been something to say, something quaint, novel, interesting of its sort. It had been a thing within her power to write about, and she had written about it gaily, with the spur of fresh impressions. She came to this conclusion with some pleasure. Then she carefully applied her new-found axiom, which so many people discover much later in life, to every one of the flat little bundles she had been saving up for the remorseful appreciation of posterity, with the result, which posterity will doubtless mourn, that they were doomed to summary extinction in the kitchen fire. In her new practical light Margery found them all to be faint echoes or cheap imitations of echoes and imitations that people older and cleverer than she had disguised with a certain show of original treatment, in this way making a hackneyed thing worth hearing over again. But Margery felt that it was not in her to give an old thought a new soul; at least not yet. "Lorette" had taught her that she must have some unworn incident, some fibre of novelty or current interest to give value to her work, or be content to be her own public. And yet, as matters stood, these things were out of her reach.

Margery thought the matter over, and came to a conclusion which led her next day to climb three flights of stairs to the office of the editor of the local evening paper. It was a very local evening paper indeed, with only one editor and only one

reporter, and the editor looked extremely busy as Margery walked in and sat down among his exchanges. Margery saw that he looked busy, so she said immediately that she had come to see if she could be of any use to him. Then she unfolded her plan, which was that she should be allowed to spend a few hours every day at his office, doing such work as he could give her, and that her reward should be the knowledge of journalistic methods she would gain by it. I don't think the editor was overjoyed to accept Margery's offer of assistance; he said he was sure he didn't know what she could do, and that she would find it very uninteresting work, and would probably tire of it in a few days; but in the end he did accept it, and asked her when she would like to begin. "This afternoon," said Margery, taking off her gloves. The editor rang a bell, and there presently appeared from below a small boy with a very black face, whom he instructed to give the young lady a table and chair on the next floor, a bottle of gum, a pair of scissors, paper, and ink. Then he handed Margery a fresh pile of New York papers. "Do you know our column 'All Sorts'?" he said. "Make it up." This was an initiation for Margery, for she had always believed the *Sentinel's* "All Sorts" column of interesting facts and amusing incidents to be directly inspired by the editor; but she went at it with enthusiasm, and as she looked eagerly through the exchanges for the items she wanted, she felt the first thrill of the journalistic spirit to her fingers' ends, in an instinctive appreciation of what people liked to read. I think Margery knew, after she finished clipping and pasting that column, which was at least three times as long as it need have been, that she would succeed in newspaper work, though you will very properly say that one thrill was rather unreliable ground to go upon. She went home that afternoon and read the *Sentinel* all over, picked out several other columns which she thought she could manage in it, got up the characters for proof-reading, and went to bed feeling quite capable of taking the paper off the editor's hands at an hour's notice.

Margery remained as a non-commissioned officer on the staff of the *Sentinel* for two months. During that time she became tolerably expert at proof-reading, wrote columns of magazine reviews which the editor usually cut down, glowing accounts of the "closing exercises" of young ladies' academies that induced each of the graduates to buy ten

copies to send to her dearest friends—which the editor approved of—and was even trusted to "treat" the subject of a new post-office for Pokiton in the editorial columns. The only thing that I remember Margery saying in that article was that the post-office was required, but as that was all there was to say, and she did it very exhaustively in seven paragraphs, the editor must have been satisfied. Other matters, however, which Margery carefully got up from the *Nineteenth Century* or the *Fortnightly*, such as "The Revival of Philosophic Religion in India," and "The Future of Government by the Masses," he pigeon-holed indefinitely with the remark that he thought his public more interested in the future of their own affairs.

Then Margery considered herself qualified for higher things, and there shortly afterwards appeared in her favourite of the New York exchanges, the following advertisement—

A Young Lady of some experience in general journalism desires a position at a moderate salary on the staff of a newspaper of good standing. Specimens of work forwarded, and highest references given.—Address, M. B., *Sentinel* Office, Pokiton.

The advertisement appeared for a week, and at the end of the week not a single newspaper of good standing, or of any standing whatever, had opened negotiations with the young lady of some general experience in journalism who desired a staff appointment. She received instead several circulars offering to place materials for "remunerative employment"—colouring photographs, I think it was—in her hands on receipt of two dollars and a half; and I think Margery would be deeply amused now at the idea of advertising for a position in journalism.

One day about this time, a bundle of coloured lithographs was left on Margery's desk at the *Sentinel*. They were advertisements of the New Orleans Cotton Centennial—a World's Fair that celebrated a few years ago the exportation of the first bale of cotton from the Southern States. The lithographs came just as Margery was absorbed in Cable, the American novelist whom you know in England for the wonderful tenderness with which he has revealed the old-world life of Louisiana, and found her mind very receptive of the idea which they brought. "I will go," said Margery to herself, "to the New Orleans Cotton Centennial as special correspondent."

As a preparatory step she took a morning train

for the nearest large city, called upon the managing editor of the most influential paper there, showed him her sketch in "Outing," and asked him if she could send him some letters about the "Centennial." The editor looked over the article, said he liked its style, but it was rather early to make arrangements, &c. &c., and ended by making an engagement to take six letters from Margery at five dollars a letter, with the option of refusing any that he did not like. I must tell you that this point was not easily gained, and Margery had to talk very sensibly and earnestly indeed to gain it. Then she went home and told her father of the chance she had got; and her father, being a wise man, applauded very heartily, and said he would help her. In the end Margery went southward, with a pleasant party, fifty dollars in her purse, and three or four engagements, all conditional, to write about the great Exhibition.

I should like to take you to New Orleans with Margery, and to show you what she wrote about there—not the wonders of the Exhibition, for they have been many times out-wondered since, but the picturesque old city dreaming over its Spanish memories, its quaint narrow stone banquettes and its gardens of orange-trees and magnolias, its soft-voiced creoles, and its long sunny December days, full of the scent of violets and wild olive; its gay mad week of Carnival too, with all the romance that lies behind a mask, and all the merriment of a little negro dancing in a paper cap. But I can only tell you that she wrote about it all with great acceptance, earned her whole expenses, and came home. Shortly after one of her editors wrote to ask her to give him a weekly article on "any social topic," and Margery did so with great joy, which in some way managed to get into the articles, so that people liked them. By and by there came another letter from the editor, with a hint in it that if Margery could conveniently take up her residence in the city

this paper was published in, he could promise her more regular work of a general nature. The hint developed, when Margery wrote that she was willing, into an offer of the position on the paper which Margery now holds, with certain added duties, responsibilities, and remuneration, and the desk from which she wrote me the other day that she liked newspaper work as well as ever. I must not let you think, though, that she found it pure felicity from the beginning. Her editor, for one thing, was rather an irascible and gouty person, which did not appear in his correspondence, but was perfectly evident when he found that Margery had written, and he had unwittingly published, a rather uncomfortable review of a book by one of his intimate friends. Also when Margery talked about "the great unwashed" in an editorial, and he had to be interviewed by a deputation of the Knights of Labour, and assure them that nothing personal was intended. There were things to do, too, that were not easy; the writing, for instance, of a three-column biographical sketch for next morning's paper, of a certain State Governor she had never heard of before, the evening he inconveniently died, and the reporting of a certain grand Kermesse, in which fashionable society was deeply interested, to meet the emergency of going to press, several hours before it really happened.

But Margery survived all these things, and her growing experience, with certain virtues in the way she writes when she does write well, have thus far enabled the editor to survive them too. Her present work is chiefly book reviewing, in which the instinctive perception of style that once made her think she could write books herself serves her well, and editorial writing upon literary, artistic, and social subjects. She is twenty-three now, and she has a new ambition; it is to write a political leader. When she mentions it, the editor smiles, I believe, and says that perhaps she may—next year.



INTERRUPTED COMMUNICATION.

The princess, full of gentlest thought,
Passed tranquilly on her way,
Where the summer breezes flower-scents brought,
And birds still sang of May,
Where the pine-trees solemn shadows wrought,
And their columned aisles the light winds caught,
And hid the sunbeam's play.

Elizabeth, sweeter brow than thine
The aureole never wore,
The beam-wove aureole, half divine,
Not found on earthly shore,
But angel-wrought in a mystic shrine,
Where the noblest deeds of the noblest shine,
And day by day are more!

Cloud-like her wimple about her fell
As she passed through sun and shade,
Her raiment such that none might tell
Her high degree; afraid
Of her are none who near her dwell,
Or high or low, so sweet a spell
That lady around her made.

Not of the saints and their guerdon rare
She mused, but of poor men's needs;
Her innocent brow was lined with care—
Much corn-land lay in weeds,
Hunger and want lurked everywhere,
By thunder and hail were the lands laid bare,
And by tread of battle-steeds.

“Elizabeth! wilt thou starve us all?”
The Landgrave cried with ire—
“Our serving-folk, our warriors tall,
With dame and knight and squire?”
For bread grew scant, and want must fall
On all who moved in the Wartburg hall,
In the light of its wide hearth-fire.

Elizabeth could not stay her hand
When a brother's need was sore,
Her seemed that else she might not stand
The Face of Christ before;
She dared not heed her lord's command
Before high Heaven's, so over the land
She scattered of her store.

WEDNESDAY THE TENTH:

A Tale of the South Pacific.

Grant Allen.

III.

THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

WE paused for a while, and looked at one another's faces blankly.

"Suppose," Jim suggested at last, "we get out the charts and see if such a place as Tanaki is marked upon them anywhere."

"Right you are," said I. "Overhaul your maps, and when found, make a note of."

Well, we did overhaul them for an hour at a stretch, and searched them thoroughly, inch by inch, Jim taking one sheet of the Admiralty chart for the South Pacific, and I the other; but never a name could we find remotely resembling the sound or look of Tanaki. Tom Blake, too, was positive, as he put it himself, that "there weren't no such name, not in the whole Pacific, nowheres." So after long and patient search we gave up the quest, and determined to wait for further particulars till the boys had recovered enough to tell us their strange story.

Meanwhile, it was clear we must steer *somewhere*. We couldn't go beating wildly up and down the Pacific, on the hunt for a possibly non-existent Tanaki, allowing the *Albatross* to drift at her own sweet will wherever she liked, pending the boys' restoration to speech and health. So the question arose what direction we should steer in. Jim solved that problem as easy as if it had come out of the first book of Euclid (he was always a mathematician, Jim was, while for my part, when I was a little chap at school, the asses' bridge at an early stage effectually blocked *my* further progress. I could never get over it, even with the persuasive aid of what Dr. Slasher used politely to call his *vis a tergo*).

"They're too weak to row far, these lads," Jim said in his didactic way—ought to have been a schoolmaster or a public demonstrator, Jim: such a head for proving things! "Therefore they must mostly have been drifting before the wind ever since they started. Now, wind for the last fortnight's been steadily nor'-east"—the anti-trade was

blowing. "Therefore, they must have come from the nor'-east, I take it; and if we steer clean in the face of the wind, we're bound sooner or later to arrive at Tanaki."

"Jim," said I, admiring him, "you're really a wonderful chap. You do put your finger down so pat on things! Steer to the nor'-east it is, of course. But I wonder how far off Tanaki lies, and what chance we've got of reaching there by Wednesday the 10th?" For though we didn't even know yet who the people were who were threatened with massacre at this supposed Tanaki, we couldn't let them have their throats cut in cold blood without at least an attempt to arrive there in time to prevent it.

Of course we knew with our one brass gun we should be more than a match for any Melanesian islanders we were likely to meet with, if once we could get there; but the trouble was, should we reach in time to forestall the massacre?

By Wednesday the 10th we must reach Tanaki—wherever that might be.

Jim took out a piece of paper and totted up a few figures carelessly on the back. "We've plenty of coal," he said, "and I reckon we can make nine knots an hour, if it comes to a push, even against this head wind. To-day's the sixth; that gives us four clear days still to the good. At nine knots, we can do a run of two hundred and thirty-six knots a day. Four two-hundred-and-thirty-sixes is nine hundred and forty-four, isn't it? Let me see; four sixes is twenty-four; put down four and carry two: four three's is twelve, and two's fourteen: four two's—yes, that's all right: nine hundred and forty-four, you see, ex-actly. Well, then, look here, Julian: unless Tanaki's further off than nine hundred and forty-four nautical miles—which isn't likely—we ought to get there by twelve o'clock on Wednesday at latest. Nine hundred and forty-four miles is an awful long stretch for two boys to come in an open boat. I don't expect these boys can have done as much as that or anything like it."

"Wind and current were with them," I objected, "and she was drifting like one o'clock when we first

sighted her. I shouldn't be surprised if she was making five or six knots an hour before half a gale all through that hard blow. And the poor boys look as if they might have been out a week or more. Still, it isn't likely they would have come nine hundred knots, as you say, or anything like it. If we put on all steam, we ought to arrive in time to save their father and mother. Anyhow we'll try it." And I shouted down the speaking-tube, "Hi, you there, engineer!—pile on the coal hard and make her travel. We want all the speed we can get out of the *Albatross* for the next three days."

"All square, sir," says Jenkins; and he piled on, accordingly.

So we steamed ahead as hard as we could go, in the direction where we expected to find Tanaki.

Half-an-hour later, Nassaline, who had been down below with the Malay cook and one of the men, looking after the patients, came up on deck once more, with a broad grin on his jet-black face from ear to ear, and exclaimed in his very best Kanaka-English, "Boy come round again. Eat plenty arrowroot. Eat allee samee like as if starvee. Call very hard for see Massa Captain."

"What do you think's the matter with them, Nassaline?" I asked, as I walked along by his side towards the companion-ladder.

Nassaline's ideas were exclusively confined to a certain fixed and narrow Polynesian circle. "Tink him fader go sell him for labourer to man a *oui-oui*, or make oven hot for him," he answered grinning; "so him run away, and come put himself aboard Massa Captain ship; so eat plenty,—no beat, no starvee."

It was his own personal history put in brief, and he fitted it at once as the only possible explanation to these other poor fugitives.

"Nonsense!" I said, with a compassionate smile at his innocence. "White people don't sell or eat their children, stupid! It's my belief, Nassaline, we'll never make a civilized Christian creature of you, in a tall hat, and with a glass in your eye. You ain't cut out for it, somehow. How many times have I explained to you, boy, that Christians *never* cook and eat their enemies? . . . They only love them, and blow them up with Gatlings or Armstrongs—a purely fraternal method of expressing slight differences of international opinion. . . . Now, come along down and let's see these lads. It's

some of your heathen relations, I expect, the poor fellows are flying from."

But I omitted to remark to him (as I might have done), that I hadn't seen such a painful sight before, since I saw the inhabitants of a French village in Lorraine—old men, young girls, and mothers with babies pressed against their breasts—flying, pell-mell, before the sudden onslaught of a hundred and fifty Christian Prussian Uhlans. These little peculiarities of our advanced civilization are best not mentioned to the heathen Polynesian.

In the cabin we found both boys now fairly on the high-road to recovery, though still, of course, much too weak to talk; but bursting over, for all that, with eagerness to tell us their whole eventful history. For my own part, I, too, was all eagerness to hear it; but anxiety for their safety made me restrain my impatience. The elder boy, now leaning on his elbow and staring wildly before him with horror—a mere skeleton to look at, with his sunken cheeks and great hollow eyes—began to break forth upon me with his long tale in full; but I soon put a stop to *that*, you may be pretty sure, with most uncompromising promptitude. "My dear Mr. Martin Luther Macglashin," I said severely, giving him the full benefit of all his own various high-sounding names for greater impressiveness, "if you don't lean back this moment upon your pillow, quiet your rolling eye down to everyday proportions, and answer only in the shortest possible words nothing but the plain questions I put to you, see if I don't turn you and John Knox adrift again upon the wild waves, and continue on my course for Levuka in Fiji."

"Why, how did you come to know our names?" he exclaimed, astonished. "You must be as sharp as a lynx, Captain."

"That's not an answer to any question I asked you," I replied with as much sternness as I could put into my voice, looking at the poor fellow's starved white face. "But as a special favour to a deserving fellow-creature, I don't mind telling you. I'm as sharp as a lynx, as you say, and a trifle sharper: for no lynx would have looked for your names on the flap of your shirts. . . . There, that'll do now; don't try to talk; but just answer me quietly. Where do you come from, and where do you want us to go to?"

Martin lifted up his face and answered with becoming brevity, "Tanaki."

"That's better!" I said. "That's the sort of way a fellow *ought* to answer, when he's more than half-starved with a week at sea. But the next thing is, where *is* Tanaki?"

"It's one of the group that used to be called the Duke of Cumberland's Islands," the boy answered faintly, yet overflowing with eagerness. "They lie just beyond the Ellice Archipelago, nearly on the line of a hundred and eighty, as you go towards the Union Group along the parallel of . . ."

"Now, my dear boy," I said, "if you run on like that, as I said before, I shall have to turn you adrift again in your open boat at the mercy of the ocean. *Do* be quiet, won't you, and let me look up your island."

"We *can't* be quiet," Master John Knox put in eagerly, "when we know they're going to murder our father and mother and Calvin and Miriam, on Wednesday morning."

"Just you hold your tongue, sir," I said, pushing him down again on his bunk, "and wait till you're spoken to. Now, not another word, either of you, till I've consulted my chart. Jim, hand down the Admiralty sheets again, there's a good fellow, will you?"

Jim handed them down, and we commenced our scrutiny at once. We soon found the Duke of Cumberland's Islands, and as good luck would have it, found we were steering as straight as an arrow for them. The direction of the wind had not misled us. But no such place as Tanaki could we still find anywhere.

"It used to be called 'The Long Reef,'" Martin said, looking up; "but now we call it by the native name, Tanaki."

"Oh, the Long Reef," I said; "why didn't you say so at first? I know that well enough by sight on the chart; but I never heard it called Tanaki before. That accounts, of course, for the milk in the cocoa-nut. Jim, hand along the callipers here, and let's measure out the course. Two—four—six—eight," I went on, looping along the line of sailing with the callipers. "A trifle short of eight hundred miles. Say seven hundred and eighty. And we've till Wednesday morning. Well, we ought to do it."

"You'll be in time to save them, then!" the elder boy cried, jumping up once more like a Jack-in-the-box. "You'll be in time to save them!"

"Will you be quiet, if you please?" I said,

poking him down again flat, and holding my hand on his mouth. "Oh, yes, I expect we'll be in time to save them. If only you'll let us alone, and not make such a noise. We can do nine knots an hour easy, under all steam; and that ought to bring us up to Tanaki, as you call it, by Wednesday morning in the very small hours. Let's see, we've got four clear days to do it in."

"Five," the boy answered. "Five. To-day's Friday."

"No, no," I replied, curtly. "Will you please shut up? Especially when you only darken counsel with many words. You're out of your reckoning. To-day's Saturday, I tell you." And in point of fact, indeed, it really *was* Saturday.

"No, it's Friday," Martin went on with extraordinary persistence.

"Saturday," I repeated. "Knife; scissors: knife; scissors."

"But we got away from Tanaki eight days ago," the boy declared strongly with a very earnest face; "and it was Thursday when we left. I kept count of the days and nights all that awful time we were tossing about on the ocean alone, and I'm sure I'm right. To-day's Friday."

"Jim," I said, turning to my brother, "what day of the week do you make it?"

"Why, Saturday, of course," Jim answered with confidence.

I went to the bottom of the companion-ladder and called out aloud where the boy could hear me. "Tom Blake, what day of the week and month is it?"

"Saturday the 6th, sir," Tom called out promptly.

"There, my boy," I said turning to him, "you see you're mistaken. You've lost count of the time in this awful journey of yours. I expect you were half unconscious the last day and night. But, good heavens, Jim, just to think of what they've done! They've been out nine days and nights in an open boat, almost without food or drink, and they've come all that incredible distance before the high wind. Except with a ripping good breeze behind them they could never have done it."

"For my part," said Jim, looking up from his chart, "I can hardly understand how they ever did it at all. I declare, I call it nothing short of a miracle!"

And so indeed it was; for it seemed as though the wind had drifted them straight ahead from the

moment they started in the exact direction where the *Albatross* was to meet them.

I'm an old seafaring hand by this time, and I may be superstitious, but I see the finger of fate in such a coincidence as that one.

IV.

MARTIN LUTHER'S STORY.

FOR the next two days we went steaming ahead as hard as we could go in a bee-line to the north-eastward, in the direction of the Duke of Cumberland's Islands; and it was two days clear before those unfortunate boys, Jack and Martin—for that was what they called one another for short, in spite of their severely theological second names—were in a condition to tell us exactly what had happened, without danger to their shattered nerves and impaired digestions.

When they did manage to speak—both at once, for choice, in their eagerness to get their story out—here's about what their history came to, as we pieced it together, bit by bit, from the things they told us at different times. If I were one of those writing-chaps, now, that know how to tell a whole ten years' history, end on end, exactly as it happened, without missing a detail, I'd get it all out for you just as Martin told us; or better still, I'd give it to you in a single connected piece, between inverted commas, as his own words, beginning, "I was born," said he, "in the city of Edinburgh," and so forth, after the regular high-and-dry literary fashion. But how on earth those clever book-making fellows can ever remember a whole long speech, word for word, from beginning to end, I never could make out, and never shall, neither. What memories they must have, to do it, to be sure! It's my own belief they make it up more than half out of their own heads as they go along, and are perfectly happy if it only just sounds plausible. But anyhow, Martin Luther Macglashin didn't tell us all his story at a single time, or in a connected way; he gave us a bit now and a bit again, with additions from Jack, according as he was able. So being, as I say, no more than a free-and-easy master mariner myself, without skill in literature, I'm not going to try to repeat it all, word for word, to you precisely as it came, but shall just take the liberty of spinning my yarn my own way, and letting you have in short the gist and

substance of what we gradually got out of our two fugitives.

Well, it seems that Jack and Martin's father was, just as I suspected, a Scotch missionary on the island of Tanaki. He lived there with another family of missionaries of the same sect, in peace and quiet, as well as with an English merchant of the name of Williams, who traded with the natives for calico, knives, glass beads, and tobacco. For a long time things had gone on pretty comfortably in the little settlement; though to be sure the natives did sometimes steal Mr. Macglashin's fowls, or threaten to tie Mr. Williams to a cocoa-nut palm, and take cock-shots at him with a Snider, out of pure lightness of heart, unless he gave them rum, square gin, or brandy. Still, in spite of these playful little eccentricities of the good-humoured Kanakas, who *will* have their joke, murder or no murder, all went as merrily as a wedding bell (as they say in novels), till suddenly one morning a French labour-vessel—I suspect the very one we had intercepted in the act of trying to carry off Nassaline—put into the harbour in search of "apprentices."

She was a very bad lot, from what the boys told us; a genuine slaver of the worst type; and she stirred up a deal of mischief at Makilolo.

On the shore, the Chief of Tanaki was drawn up to receive them with all his warriors, tastefully but inexpensively rigged out in a string of blue beads round the neck, an anklet of shells, and a head-dress of a single large yellow feather.

"Who are you?" shouts the Chief at the top of his voice. "You man a *oui-oui*?"

"Yes," the Frenchman shouts back, in his pigeon English. "Me de commander of dis French ship. Want to buy boys. Must sell them to us. Tanaki French island. Discovered by Bougainville."

"No, no," says the Chief in pigeon English again. "Tanaki no belong a man a *oui-oui*. Tanaki belong a Queenie England. Capitaney Cook find him long time back. My father little fellow then; him see Capitaney, him tell me often. Capitaney Cook no man a *oui-oui*: him fellow English."

The other natives joined in at once with their loud cry, "Chief speak true. Tanaki belong a Queenie England. Tanaki no belong a man a *oui-oui*. If man a *oui-oui* want to take Tanaki, man a Tanaki come out and fight him." And they threw themselves at once into a threatening attitude.

"Have you got any Englishmen here?" the French skipper called out, to make sure of his ground.

"Yes," says the missionary—our boys' father—standing out from the crowd. "Three English families here. Settled on the island. And we deny that this group belongs to the French Republic."

At that the Frenchman pulled back a bit. When he saw there was likely to be opposition, and that his proceedings were watched by three English families, he drew in his horns a little. He knew if he interfered too openly with the missionaries' proceedings, an English gunboat might come along, sooner or later, and overhaul him for fomenting discord on an island known to be under the British protectorate. So he only answered in French, "Well, we're peaceable traders, monsieur. We don't want to interfere with the British Government. Consider us friends. All we desire is to hire labourers." And he landed his boat's crew before the very face of Macglashin and the Tanaki warriors.

At first, as often happens in these islands, the natives were very little disposed to do trade with the strangers in boys or women, for they were afraid of the Frenchmen; and Macglashin and the other missionary did all they knew to prevent the new-comers from carrying off any of the islanders into practical slavery. But after awhile the Frenchmen produced their regulation bottles of square gin (that's what they call Hollands in the South Pacific), and began to treat the Chief and the other savages to drinks all round, as much as you liked, with nothing to pay for it. In a very short time the Chief had taken so much that he began to reel about like a perfect madman. Most of the other full-grown men natives followed suit before long, and lay down on the beach half dead. Perhaps the liquor was drugged; perhaps it wasn't; but anyhow, in spite of all the missionaries could do, the shore before nightfall was in a condition of the wildest confusion. The men, in what the newspapers call "a high state of exhilaration," were ready to sell their boys and girls, or anything else on earth, for a little more gin; and as the missionaries were naturally helpless to prevent it, the Frenchman was soon driving a roaring trade in flesh and blood against the drunken savages.

The business-like way they went to work, Jack and Martin told us, was truly horrible. The

women, indeed, they tried to wheedle and cajole—"You like go along a New Caledonia along a me? Only three yam times; then ship bring you back again. Very good feed; plenty nyam-nyam. Pay very good. Pay money. Lots of shop. You buy what you like: you buy red dress, red handkerchief, beads like-a-chiefie. No fight; no beat; no swear at you. You good girl; I good fellow master." But if they couldn't induce them, by fair words and promises and little presents of cheap French finery, to put their mark to their sham indentures, then they just knocked them down with a blow on the head, dragged them by their hair to the boats hard by, and got their fathers or husbands to put their marks, and receive a few dollars and some red cloth in payment.

As for the boys, they handled them like so many animals in a market. "Turn round, *cochon*! Show me your paces! Let me see how you can run!" They examined them as a veterinary would examine a horse. "Why, there was our little fellow, Nangaree," Jack said to us with deep concern—"Nangaree, that used to clean up things for mother at the mission-house: his father sold him for twenty dollars. The captain looked at his legs, and at the glands in his throat, to see if he'd had the chicken-pox and the measles. Then he said to his mate, 'This lot's cheap enough. He's a first-rate lad, and can speak English. He'll do for the hold. Bundle him along!' And the mate caught him up by the scruff of his neck and hauled him to the boats, kicking and screaming; and that was the last we saw of poor Nangaree!"

For three days and nights, it seems, this horrible inhuman market or slave-fair went on upon the beach, the Frenchmen taking care to keep the natives well primed with spirits all the time, till they'd got their hold full, and were prepared to sail away again with their living cargo. Then at last they upped anchor, and out of the harbour. But before they went, the skipper, it appears, who was angry at the missionaries for having interfered with him, and was afraid they might report his proceedings to the British Government when next the mission ship came that way on her provisioning rounds, took aside the Chief in a confidential chat, and tried to inflame his mind against the English residents. Apparently he had made so good a three days' work of it with his horrible trade, and found it so convenient to draw his supplies from this remote

and almost unvisited island, that he thought it would be nice if before his next visit he could get rid altogether of these meddlesome strangers. He didn't want European witnesses to crop up against him in future; so he told the Chief, with a great show of confidence, that Macglashin and his friends were not English at all, but Scotch; and he pointed out that it was uncomfortable for the natives to be interfered with in their trading operations by a set of white-livered curs who objected to the selling of boys and girls into temporary slavery. Surely a Chief had a right to do as he would with his own subjects! What else he said, heaven knows; but this is what happened as soon as the French, with their horrid cargo, had got well clear of the unhappy island.

That very afternoon, the Chief, beginning to get sober again, but quarrelsome from headache and the other after-effects of drink, came round to the mission-house in a towering rage, and asked the unsuspecting missionary, "Say, white man; are you a Scotchman?"

"Yes," says Macglashin, not knowing what was coming. "I'm a Scotchman, Chief, certainly. I was born in Scotland."

The Chief laughed loud. "Ha, ha," he said. "Then Queenie England no take care a you. No send gunboat to shoot us all dead, if man a Tanaki come up and kill you."

At that Macglashin grew alarmed, and answered, "Oh, yes. The Queen of England would certainly avenge us." And he tried to explain the exact relation in which Scotchmen stood to the British crown—that they were just as much British subjects as Englishmen, entitled to precisely the same amount of protection. But the Chief couldn't be made to understand. The French skipper had evidently poisoned his mind against them. "Man a Tanaki don't want no Scotchman interfere with Chief when him go to sell him boy and him woman," the savage said angrily. "Tanaki belong a Queenie England. Queenie England no want Scotchman interfere with people in Tanaki. Scotchman better keep quiet in him house. Queenie England no mind Scotchman."

And no amount of reasoning produced any effect upon him.

The missionaries went to bed that evening with many misgivings. They felt that for the first time, so far as the natives were concerned, the powerful

protection of the British flag was now practically withdrawn from them. They were alone, as strangers, among those excited black fellows.

At dead of night, while the two boys slept, a horrible din outside the mission-house awoke them. They looked out, and saw the red glare of torches outside. A frightful horde of Kanakas, naked save for their war-paint, drunk with the Frenchman's rum and armed with his Sniders, surrounded the frail building in a hideous mob of savagery. As Martin put his head out of the lattice, a bullet came whizzing past. He withdrew it for a moment, terrified, and then looked out again. As he did so the other Scotch missionary appeared upon the verandah, half dressed, and holding up his hand in dignified remonstrance, began in Kanaka with his gentle mild voice, "My friends, my dear friends . . ." Before he could get any further, the Chief stepped forward, and aiming a blow at his gray locks with a sacred native tomahawk, felled the peaceful old teacher senseless to the ground. Martin shuddered with horror. The old man lay unconscious, while the savages danced in triumph over his prostrate body.

"Come on!" the Chief cried in Kanaka. "Kill all! Kill every one! They're taboo to our gods. Don't fear their gunboats. Queenie England won't trouble to protect a Scotchman!"

Then began a hideous orgy of wild slaughter. The savages rushed on, and dragged out the wife and children of the other missionary, whom they killed upon the spot, before the terrified eyes of the trembling Macglashins. The trader Williams ran up just then, with his revolver in his hand, followed by two faithful black servants from a neighbouring island; but the French skipper had been cunning enough there too. "Him a Welshman!" the savages cried. "Queenie England no care for him!" For indeed he happened to be born in Wales. And they shot him down as he came, before he could open fire upon them. Then they turned to massacre the Macglashins, the only remaining Europeans in the island.

But just at that moment a sudden idea seemed to strike the Chief. He cried out, "Stop!" The savages fell back and listened with eagerness to what was coming. Then the Chief shouted out again in Kanaka—"I have a thought. The gods have sent it to me. This is my thought. We have killed enough for to-night. Let us catch them

alive and bind them. Next moon is the great feast of my father Taranaka. I have an idea—a divine idea. Let us keep them till that day, and then, in honour of the gods, let us roast them and eat them.”

The whole assembly answered with a wild shout of delighted assent—“Taranaka! Taranaka! Our great dead Chief! In honour of Taranaka, let us roast them and eat them.”

So they rushed wildly on upon the defenceless white family, bound them in rude cords of native make, and carried them off in triumph to Taranaka’s temple tomb in the palm-grove.

And that was as much as we could allow the boys to tell us at a time of their strange adventures. We were afraid of overtaxing their strength at first, and tried to confine their attention as much as possible to tinned meats and sea-biscuit soaked in condensed milk; though I’m bound to admit that as soon as they began to recover appetite a bit, they addressed themselves steadily and seriously to their food, with true British pluck and perseverance. In spite of the terrors from which they had just escaped, they did the fullest justice to Serang-Palo’s cookery.

(To be continued.)

LOVE.

AN angel stood at the gate of heav’n—
 “Let me in, I am Love,” he cried;
 “I master’d Strife, I have vanquish’d Death.”
 “No room,” said The Voice, “you are Pride.”

Again he stood at the gate of heav’n—
 “I have martyr’d my heart from choice,
 My will is slain, and the wrongs I’ve borne”—
 “No room, you are Self,” said The Voice.

Once more he knocked: “I am only come
 To lead here a foe now forgiv’n.”
 Before he turn’d—“Come,” The Voice replied,
 “Come in, you are Love—yours is heav’n.”

A. R. WILLIAMS.

OLD-FASHIONED GIRLS.

Stories from the Old Tales and Novels.

EDITED BY L. T. MEADE.

OLIVIA AND SOPHIA PRIMROSE.

(Vicar of Wakefield.)

"Sperate miseri, cavete felices."

I.

By my wife as
and her wedding-
, not for a fine
surface, but
qualities as
I wear well. To
er justice, she
a good-natured,
le woman; and,
breeding, there
few country
who could
more. She
read any Eng-
book without
ch spelling; but
pickling, pre-
ring, and cook-
ery none could
excel her. She
prided her-
self also on
being an ex-
cellent con-
triver in
house keep-
ing; though
I could never
find that we
grew richer
with all her
contrivances.

Our eldest
son was named
George, after

his uncle, who left us ten thousand pounds. Our
second child, a girl, I intended to call after her Aunt
Grizel, but my wife insisted upon her being called
Olivia. Our other daughter was, by her godmother's
directions, called Sophia; so that we had two romantic
names in the family; but I solemnly protest I had no
hand in it. Moses was our next, and after an interval
of twelve years we had two sons more.

It would be fruitless to deny my exultation when I
saw my little ones about me; but the vanity and satis-
faction of my wife were even greater than mine.

When our visitors would say—"Well, upon my word,
Mrs. Primrose, you have the finest children in the
whole country," she would answer—"They are as
heaven made them, handsome enough if they be good
enough; for handsome is that handsome does." And
then she would bid the girls hold up their heads; who,
to conceal nothing, were certainly very handsome.

Mere outside is a very trifling circumstance with
me, that I should scarce have remembered to mention
it had it not been a general topic of conversation in the
country. Olivia, now about eighteen, had that luxuri-
ancy of beauty with which painters generally armed
Hebe; open, sprightly, and commanding. Sophia's
features were not so striking at first, but often did
more certain execution; for they were soft, modest,
and alluring. The one vanquished by a single blow,
the other by efforts successively repeated.

The temper of a woman is generally formed from
the turn of her features; at least it was so with my
daughters. Olivia wished for many lovers; Sophia to
secure one. Olivia was often affected, from too great
a desire to please; Sophia even repressed excellence,
from her fears to offend. The one entertained me
with her vivacity when I was gay, the other with her
sense when I was serious. But these qualities were
never carried to excess in either; and I have often
seen them exchange characters for a whole day to-
gether. A suit of mourning has transformed my coquette
into a prude, and a new set of ribbons given her
younger sister more than natural vivacity.

The temporal concerns of our family were chiefly
committed to my wife's management; as to the spiri-
tual, I took them entirely under my own direction.
The profits of my living, which amounted but to thirty-
five pounds a year, I made over to the orphans and
widows of the clergy of our diocese; for, having a
sufficient fortune of my own, I was careless of tem-
poralities, and felt a secret pleasure in doing my duty
without reward. I also set a resolution of keeping no
curate, and of being acquainted with every man in
the parish, exhorting the married men to temperance,
and the bachelors to matrimony: so that, in a few
years, it was a common saying, that there were three
strange wants at Wakefield, a parson wanting pride,
young men wanting wives, and alehouses wanting
customers.

Matrimony was always one of my favourite topics,
and I wrote several sermons to prove its happiness:
but there was a peculiar tenet which I made a point of
supporting; for I maintained with Whiston, that it was
unlawful for a priest of the Church of England, after
the death of his first wife to take a second; or, to ex-
press it in one word, I valued myself upon being a
strict monogamist.

I was early initiated into this important dispute, on

which so many laborious volumes have been written. I published some tracts upon the subject myself, which, as they never sold, I have the consolation of thinking are only read by the happy *few*. Some of my friends called this my weak side; but, alas! they had not, like me, made it the subject of long contemplation. The more I reflected upon it, the more important it appeared. I even went a step beyond Whiston in displaying my principles: as he had engraven upon his wife's tomb, that she was the *only* wife of William Whiston; so I wrote a similar epitaph for my wife, though still living, in which I extolled her prudence, economy, and obedience till death; and having got it copied fair, with an elegant frame, it was placed over the chimney-piece, where it answered several very useful purposes. It admonished my wife of her duty to me, and my fidelity to her; it inspired her with a passion for fame, and constantly put her in mind of her end.

My first great trouble came when my family, with the exception of the two younger, were just grown up.

A merchant in town, in whose hands my money was lodged, went off to avoid a statute of bankruptcy, and was thought not to have left a shilling in the pound.

The loss of fortune to myself alone would have been trifling; the only uneasiness I felt was for my family, who were to be humble without an education to render them callous to contempt.

During this trying time I was offered a small cure of fifteen pounds a year, in a distant neighbourhood. With this proposal I joyfully closed, having determined to increase my salary by managing a little farm.

The leaving a neighbourhood in which we had enjoyed so many hours of tranquillity was not without a tear, which scarce fortitude itself could suppress.

Our little habitation was situated at the foot of a sloping hill. My new house consisted of but one storey, and was covered with thatch, which gave it an air of great snugness; the walls on the inside were nicely whitewashed, and my daughters undertook to adorn them with pictures of their own designing. Though the same room served us for a parlour and kitchen, that only made it the warmer. Besides, as it was kept in the utmost neatness, the dishes, plates, and coppers being well scoured, and all disposed in bright rows on the shelves, the eye was agreeably relieved, and did not want rich furniture. There were three other apartments, one for my wife and me, another for our two daughters within our own, and the third, with two beds, for the rest of the children.

The little republic to which I gave laws was regulated in the following manner—By sunrise, we all assembled in our common apartment, the fire being previously kindled by the servant. After we had saluted each other with proper ceremony, for I always thought fit to keep up some mechanical forms of good breeding, without which freedom ever destroys friendship, we all bent in gratitude to that Being who gave us another day. This duty being performed, my son and I went to pursue our usual industry abroad, while my wife and daughters employed themselves in providing breakfast, which was always ready at a certain time. I allowed half an hour for this meal, and an hour for dinner; which time was taken up in innocent mirth between my wife and daughters, and in philosophical arguments between my son and me.

As we arose with the sun, so we never pursued our labours after it was gone down, but returned home to the expecting family, where smiling looks, a neat

hearth and pleasant fire, were prepared for our reception. Nor were we without guests: sometimes Farmer Flamborough, our talkative neighbour, and often the blind piper, would pay us a visit, and taste our gooseberry wine, for the making of which we had lost neither the receipt nor the reputation. These harmless people had several ways of being good company: while one played the other would sing some soothing ballad, 'Johnny Armstrong's Last Good Night,' or the 'Cruelty of Barbara Allen.' The night was concluded in the manner we began the morning, my youngest boys being appointed to read the lessons of the day; and he that read loudest, distinctest, and best was to have a half-penny on Sunday, to put in the poor's box.

When Sunday came, it was indeed a day of finery, which all my sumptuary edicts could not restrain. How well soever I fancied my lectures against pride had conquered the vanity of my daughters, yet I still found them secretly attached to all their former finery: they still loved laces, ribbons, bugles, and catgut; my wife herself retained a passion for her crimson paduasoy, because I formerly happened to say it became her.

The first Sunday, in particular, their behaviour served to mortify me. I had desired my girls, the preceding night, to be dressed early the next day; for I always loved to be at church a good while before the rest of the congregation. They punctually obeyed my directions. But when we were to assemble in the morning at breakfast, down came my wife and daughters, dressed out in all their former splendour; their hair plastered up with pomatum, their faces patched to taste, their trains bundled up into a heap behind, and rustling at every motion. I could not help smiling at their vanity, particularly that of my wife, from whom I expected more discretion; in this exigence, therefore, my only resource was to order my son, with an important air, to call our coach. The girls were amazed at the command; but I repeated it with more solemnity than before. "Surely, my dear, you jest," cried my wife; "we can walk it perfectly well: we want no coach to carry us now." "You mistake, child," returned I, "we do want a coach; for if we walk to church in this trim, the very children in the parish will hoot after us." "Indeed," replied my wife, "I always imagined that my Charles was fond of seeing his children neat and handsome about him." "You may be as neat as you please," interrupted I, "and I shall love you the better for it; but all this is not neatness, but frippery. These ruffings, and pinkings, and patchings will only make us hated by all the wives of all our neighbours. No, my children," continued I, more gravely, "these gowns may be altered into something of a plainer cut; for finery is very unbecoming in us, who want the means of living. I do not know whether such flouncing and shredding is becoming even in the rich, if we consider, upon a moderate calculation, that the nakedness of the indigent world may be clothed from the trimmings of the vain."

This remonstrance had the proper effect: they went with great composure, that very instant, to change their dress; and the next day I had the satisfaction of finding my daughters, at their own request, employed in cutting up their trains into Sunday waistcoats for Dick and Bill, the two little ones; and, what was still more satisfactory, the gowns seemed improved by this curtailing.

At a small distance from the house my predecessor had made a seat, overshadowed by a hedge of hawthorn and honeysuckle. Here, when the weather was fine, and

our labour soon finished, we usually sat together, to enjoy an extensive landscape, in the calm of the evening. Here too we drank tea, which now was become an occasional banquet; and, as we had it but seldom, it diffused a new joy, the preparations for it being made with no small share of bustle and ceremony. On these occasions, our two little ones always read for us, and they were regularly served after we had done. Sometimes, to give a variety to our amusements, the girls sung to the guitar; and, while they thus formed a little concert, my wife and I would stroll down the sloping field, that was embellished with blue-bells and centaury, talk of our children with rapture, and enjoy the breeze that wafted both health and harmony.

In this manner we began to find that every situation in life may bring its own peculiar pleasures: every morning waked us to a repetition of toil; but the evening repaid it with vacant hilarity.

It was about the beginning of autumn, on a holiday, for I kept such, as intervals of relaxation from labour, that I had drawn out my family to our usual place of amusement, and our young musicians began their usual concert. As we were thus engaged, we saw a stag bound nimbly by, within about twenty paces of where we were sitting, and, by its panting, it seemed pressed by the hunters.

We had not much time to reflect upon the poor animal's distress, when we perceived the dogs and horsemen come sweeping along at some distance behind, and making the very path it had taken.

I was instantly for returning in with my family; but either curiosity or surprise, or some more hidden motive, held my wife and daughters to their seats. The huntsman who rode foremost passed us with great swiftness, followed by four or five persons more, who seemed in equal haste. At last a young gentleman, of a more genteel appearance than the rest, came forward, and for a while regarding us, instead of pursuing the chase, stopped short, and giving his horse to a servant who attended, approached us with a careless superior air. He seemed to want no introduction, and was going to salute my daughters as one certain of a kind reception; but they had early learned the lesson of looking presumption out of countenance. Upon which he let us know that his name was Thornhill, and that he was owner of the estate that lay for some extent round us. He again, therefore, offered to salute the female part of the family, and, such was the power of fortune and fine clothes, that he found no second repulse. As his address, though confident, was easy, we soon became more familiar; and perceiving musical instruments lying near, he begged to be favoured with a song. As I did not approve of such disproportioned acquaintances, I winked upon my daughters in order to prevent their compliance; but my hint was counteracted by one from their mother; so that, with a cheerful air, they gave us a favourite song of Dryden's. Mr. Thornhill seemed highly delighted with their performance and choice, and then took up the guitar himself. He played but very indifferently: however, my eldest daughter repaid his former applause with interest, and assured him that his tones were louder than even those of her master. At this compliment he bowed, which she returned with a curtsy. He praised her taste, and she commended his understanding: an age could not have made them better acquainted; while the fond mother too, equally happy, insisted upon her landlord's stepping in and taking a glass of her gooseberry. The whole family seemed earnest to please him; my girls

attempted to entertain him with topics they thought most modern; while Moses, on the contrary, gave him a question or two from the ancients, for which he had the satisfaction of being laughed at. At the approach of evening he took leave; but not till he had requested permission to renew his visit, which, as he was our landlord, was most readily agreed to.

II.

TWO LADIES OF GREAT DISTINCTION INTRODUCED.
SUPERIOR FINERY EVER SEEMS TO CONFER
SUPERIOR BREEDING.

A FEW days later my little ones came running out to tell us that the Squire was come with a crowd of company. Upon our return, we found our landlord, with a couple of under-gentlemen, and two young ladies, richly dressed, whom he introduced as women of very great distinction and fashion from town. We happened not to have chairs enough for the whole company; Moses was therefore despatched to borrow a couple, and as we were in want of ladies to make up a set at country dances, the two gentlemen went with him in quest of a couple of partners. Chairs and partners were soon provided. The gentlemen returned with my neighbour Flamborough's rosy daughters, flaunting with red top-knots. But an unlucky circumstance was not adverted to; though the Miss Flamboroughs were reckoned the very best dancers in the parish, and understood the jig and the round about to perfection, yet they were totally unacquainted with country dances. This at first discomposed us: however, after a little shoving and dragging, they at last went merrily on. Our music consisted of two fiddles with a pipe and tabor. The moon shone bright. Mr. Thornhill and my eldest daughter led up the ball, to the great delight of the spectators; for the neighbours, hearing what was going forward, came flocking about us. My girl moved with so much grace and vivacity, that my wife could not avoid discovering the pride of her heart, by assuring me, that though the little chit did it so cleverly, all the steps were stolen from herself. The ladies of the town strove hard to be equally easy, but without success. They swam, sprawled, languished, and frisked; but all would not do: the gazers indeed owned that it was fine; but neighbour Flamborough observed, that Miss Livy's feet seemed as pat to the music as its echo. After the dance had continued about an hour, the two ladies, who were apprehensive of catching cold, moved to break up the ball. Upon our return to the house, we found a very elegant cold supper, which Mr. Thornhill had ordered to be brought with him. The conversation at this time was more reserved than before. The two ladies threw my girls quite into the shade; for they would talk of nothing but high life, and high-lived company, with other fashionable topics, such as pictures, taste, Shakespeare, and the musical glasses. My daughters seemed to regard their superior accomplishments with envy; and what appeared amiss was ascribed to tiptop quality breeding. But the condescension of the ladies was still superior to their other accomplishments. One of them observed, that had Miss Olivia seen a little more of the world, it would greatly improve her. To which the other added, that a single winter in town would make her little Sophia quite another thing. My wife warmly assented to both, adding, that there was nothing she more ardently

"The horses had at first refused to move from the door."—p. 108.

wished than to give her girls a single winter's polishing. To this I could not help replying, that their breeding was already superior to their fortune; and that greater refinement would only serve to make their poverty ridiculous, and give them a taste for pleasures they had no right to possess. "And what pleasures," cried Mr. Thornhill, "do they not deserve to possess, who have so much in their power to bestow?"

III.

THE FAMILY ENDEAVOUR TO COPE WITH THEIR BETTERS. THE MISERIES OF THE POOR WHEN THEY ATTEMPT TO APPEAR ABOVE THEIR CIRCUMSTANCES.

I NOW began to find, that all my long and painful lectures upon temperance, simplicity, and contentment were entirely disregarded. The distinctions lately paid us by our betters, awaked that pride which I had laid asleep, but not removed. Our windows now again, as formerly, were filled with washes for the neck and face. The sun was dreaded as an enemy to the skin without-doors, and the fire as a spoiler of the complexion within. My wife observed, that rising too early would hurt her daughters' eyes; that working after dinner would redder their noses; and she convinced me that the hands never looked so white as when they did nothing. Instead, therefore, of finishing George's shirts, we now had them new-modelling their old gauzes, or flourishing upon catgut. The poor Miss Flamboroughs, their former gay companions, were cast off as mean acquaintance, and the whole conversation ran upon high life, and high-lived company, with pictures, taste, Shakespeare, and the musical glasses.

Towards the end of the week, we received a card from the town ladies; in which, with their compliments, they hoped to see all our family at church the Sunday following. All Saturday morning, I could perceive, in consequence of this, my wife and daughters in close conference together, and now and then glancing at me, with looks that betrayed a latent plot. To be sincere, I had strong suspicions that some absurd proposal was preparing for appearing with splendour the next day. In the evening they began their operations in a very regular manner, and my wife undertook to conduct the siege. After tea, when I seemed in spirits, she began thus—"I fancy, Charles, my dear, we shall have a great deal of good company at our church to-morrow." "Perhaps we may, my dear," returned I; "though you need be under no uneasiness about that: you shall have a sermon, whether there be or not." "That is what I expect," returned she; "but I think, my dear, we ought to appear there as decently as possible; for who knows what may happen?" "Your precautions," replied I, "are highly commendable. A decent behaviour and appearance in church is what charms me. We should be devout and humble, cheerful and serene." "Yes," cried she, "I know that; but I mean we should go there in as proper a manner as possible; not altogether like the scrubs about us." "You are quite right, my dear," returned I, "and I was going to make the very same proposal. The proper manner of going, is to go there as early as possible, to have time for meditation before the service begins."—"Phoo, Charles," interrupted she, "all that is very true; but not what I would be at. I mean we should go there genteelly. You know the church is two miles

off; and I protest I don't like to see my daughters trudging up to their pew all blowzed and red with walking, and looking for all the world as if they had been winners at a smock-race. Now, my dear, my proposal is this: there are our two plough-horses, the colt that has been in our family these nine years, and his companion Blackberry, that has scarce done an earthly thing for this month past. They are both grown fat and lazy. Why should they not do something as well as we? And let me tell you, when Moses has trimmed them a little, they will cut a very tolerable figure."

To this proposal I objected, that walking would be twenty times more genteel than such a paltry conveyance, as Blackberry was wall-eyed, and the colt wanted a tail; that they had never been broke to the rein, but had a hundred vicious tricks: and that we had but one saddle and pillion in the whole house. All these objections, however, were over-ruled; so that I was obliged to comply. The next morning I perceived them not a little busy in collecting such materials as might be necessary for the expedition: but as I found it would be a business of time, I walked on to the church before, and they promised speedily to follow. I waited near an hour in the reading-desk for their arrival; but not finding them come as expected, I was obliged to begin, and went through the service, not without some uneasiness at finding them absent. This was increased when all was finished, and no appearance of the family. I therefore walked back by the horse-way, which was five miles round, though the foot-way was but two; and when got about half-way home, perceived the procession marching slowly forward towards the church; my son, my wife, and the two little ones exalted upon one horse, and my two daughters upon the other. I demanded the cause of their delay; but I soon found by their looks they had met with a thousand misfortunes on the road. The horses had at first refused to move from the door, till Mr. Burchell, a most good-natured neighbour, was kind enough to beat them forward for about two hundred yards with his cudgel. Next, the straps of my wife's pillion broke down, and they were obliged to stop to repair them before they could proceed. After that, one of the horses took it into his head to stand still, and neither blows nor entreaties could prevail with him to proceed. It was just recovering from this dismal situation that I found them: but perceiving everything safe, I own their present mortification did not much displease me, as it would give me many opportunities of future triumph, and teach my daughters more humility.

Michaelmas-Eve happening on the next day, we were invited to burn nuts and play tricks at neighbour Flamborough's. Our late mortifications had humbled us a little, or it is probable we might have rejected such an invitation with contempt: however, we suffered ourselves to be happy. Our honest neighbour's goose and dumplings were fine, and the lamb's wool, even in the opinion of my wife, who was a connoisseur, was excellent. It is true, his manner of telling stories was not quite so well. They were very long, and very dull, and all about himself, and we had laughed at them ten times before: however, we were kind enough to laugh at them once more.

Mr. Burchell, who was of the party, was always fond of seeing some innocent amusement going forward, and set the boys and girls to blind-man's buff. My wife, too, was persuaded to join in the diversion, and

it gave me pleasure to think she was not yet too old. In the meantime, my neighbour and I looked on, laughed at every feat, and praised our own dexterity when we were young. Hot cockles succeeded next; questions and commands followed that, and, last of all, they sat down to hunt the slipper. As every person may not be acquainted with this primeval pastime, it may be necessary to observe, that the company at this play plant themselves in a ring upon the ground, all except one, who stands in the middle, whose business it is to catch a shoe, which the company shove about from one to another, something like a weaver's shuttle. As it is impossible, in this case, for the lady who is up to face all the company at once, the great beauty of the play lies in hitting her a thump with the heel of the shoe on that side least capable of making a defence. It was in this manner my eldest daughter was hemmed in, and thumped about, all in spirits, and crying for "Fair play, fair play," with a voice that might deafen a ballad-singer, when, confusion on confusion, who should enter the room but our two great acquaintances from town, Lady Blarney and Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs! Description would but beggar, therefore it is unnecessary to describe this new mortification. To be seen by ladies of such high breeding in such vulgar attitudes! Nothing better could ensue from such a vulgar play of Mr. Flamborough's proposing. We seemed struck to the ground for some time, as if actually petrified with amazement.

The two ladies had been at our house to see us, and finding us from home, came after us hither, as they were uneasy to know what accident could have kept us from church the day before. Olivia undertook to be our prolocutor, and delivered the whole in a summary way, only saying, "We were thrown from our horses." At which account the ladies were greatly concerned; but being told the family received no hurt, they were extremely glad; and being informed that we were almost killed by the fright, they were vastly sorry; but hearing that we had a very good night, they were extremely glad again. Nothing could exceed their complaisance to my daughters; their professions the last evening were warm, but now they were ardent. They protested a desire of having a more lasting acquaintance. Lady Blarney was particularly attached to Olivia; Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs (I love to give the whole name) took a greater fancy to her sister. They supported the conversation between themselves, while my daughters sat silent, admiring their exalted beeding. But as every reader, however beggarly himself, is fond of high-lived dialogues, with anecdotes of lords, ladies, and knights of the garter, I must beg leave to give him the concluding part of the present conversation.

"All that I know of the matter," cried Miss Skeggs, "is this, that it may be true or it may not be true; but this I can assure your Ladyship, that the whole rout was in amaze; his Lordship turned all manner of colours, my lady fell into a swoon; but Sir Tomkyn, drawing his sword, swore he was hers to the last drop of his blood."

"Well," replied our Peeress, "this I can say, that the Duchess never told me a syllable of the matter, and I believe her Grace would keep nothing a secret from me. This you may depend on as a fact, that the next morning my Lord Duke cried out three times to his valet-de-chambre, 'Jernigan, Jernigan, Jernigan, bring me my garters.'"

But previously I should have mentioned the very

unpolite behaviour of Mr. Burchell, who during this discourse sat with his face turned to the fire, and at the conclusion of every sentence would cry out *fudge*, an expression which displeased us all, and in some measure damped the rising spirit of the conversation.

"Besides, my dear Skeggs," continued our Peeress, "there is nothing of this in the copy of verses that Dr. Burdock made upon the occasion." *Fudge!*

"I am surprised at that," cried Miss Skeggs; "for he seldom leaves anything out, as he writes only for his own amusement. But can your Ladyship favour me with a sight of them?" *Fudge!*

"My dear creature," replied our Peeress, "do you think I carry such things about me? Though they are very fine to be sure, and I think myself something of a judge; at least I know what pleases myself. Indeed, I was ever an admirer of all Dr. Burdock's little pieces; for, except what he does, and our dear Countess at Hanover Square, there's nothing comes out but the most lowest stuff in nature; not a bit of high life among them." *Fudge!*

"Your Ladyship should except," says t'other, "your own things in the *Lady's Magazine*. I hope you'll say there's nothing low-lived there? But I suppose we are to have no more from that quarter?" *Fudge!*

"Why, my dear," says the Lady, "you know my reader and companion has left me, to be married to Captain Roach, and as my poor eyes won't suffer me to write myself, I have been for some time looking out for another. A proper person is no easy matter to find; and, to be sure, thirty pounds a year is a small stipend for a well-bred girl of character, that can read, write, and behave in company; as for the chits about town, there is no bearing them about one." *Fudge!*

"That I know," cried Miss Skeggs, "by experience. For, of three companions I had this last half-year, one of them refused to do plain work an hour in the day; another thought twenty-five guineas a year too small a salary; and I was obliged to send away the third, because I suspected an intrigue with the chaplain. Virtue, my dear Lady Blarney, virtue is worth any price; but where is that to be found?" *Fudge!*

My wife had been for a long time all attention to this discourse; but was particularly struck with the latter part of it. Thirty pounds and twenty-five guineas a year made fifty-six pounds five shillings, English money: all which was in a manner going a-begging, and might easily be secured in the family. She, for a moment, studied my looks for approbation: and, to own a truth, I was of opinion, that two such places would fit our two daughters exactly. Besides, if the Squire had any real affection for my eldest daughter, this would be the way to make her every way qualified for her fortune. My wife, therefore, was resolved that we should not be deprived of such advantages for want of assurance, and undertook to harangue for the family. "I hope," cried she, "your Ladyships will pardon my present presumption. It is true, we have no right to pretend to such favours; but yet it is natural for me to wish putting my children forward in the world: and I will be bold to say my two girls have had a pretty good education, and capacity, at least, the country can't show better. They can read, write, and cast accounts; they understand their needle, broadstitch, cross and change, and all manner of plain work; they can pink, point, and frill, and know something of music; they can do up small clothes, work upon catgut; my eldest can cut

paper, and my youngest has a very pretty manner of telling fortunes upon the cards." *Fudge!*

When she had delivered this pretty piece of eloquence, the two ladies looked at each other a few minutes in silence, with an air of doubt and importance. At last Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs condescended to observe, that the young ladies, from the opinion she could form of them from so slight an acquaintance, seemed very fit for such employments: "But a thing of this kind, Madam," cried she, addressing my spouse, "requires a thorough examination into characters, and a more perfect knowledge of each other. Not, Madam," continued she, "that I in the least suspect the young ladies' virtue, prudence, and discretion; but there is a form in these things, Madam, there is a form."

My wife approved her suspicions very much, observing that she was very apt to be suspicious herself; but referred her to all the neighbours for a character; but this our Peeress declined as unnecessary, alleging that her cousin Thornhill's recommendation would be sufficient; and upon this we rested our petition.

When we were returned home, the night was dedicated to schemes of future conquest. Deborah exerted much sagacity in conjecturing which of the two girls was likely to have the best place, and most opportunities of seeing good company. The only obstacle to our preferment was in obtaining the Squire's recommendation; but he had already shown us too many instances of his friendship to doubt of it now. "Well, faith, my dear Charles," said my wife, "between ourselves, I think we have made an excellent day's work of it."—"Pretty well," cried I, not knowing what to say.—"What! only pretty well!" returned she: "I think it is very well. Suppose the girls should come to make acquaintances of taste in town! This I am assured of, that London is the only place in the world for all manner of husbands. Besides, my dear, stranger things happen every day; and as ladies of quality are so taken with my daughters, what will not men of quality be? *Entre nous*, I protest I like my Lady Blarney vastly, so very obliging. However, Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Skeggs has my warm heart. But yet, when they came to talk of places in town, you saw at once how I nailed them. Tell me, my dear, don't you think I did for my children there?" "Ay," returned I, not knowing well what to think of the matter, "Heaven grant they may be both the better for it this day three months!" This was one of those observations I usually made to impress my wife with an opinion of my sagacity; for if the girls succeeded, then it was a pious wish fulfilled; but if anything unfortunate ensued, then it might be looked upon as a prophecy. All this conversation, however, was only preparatory to another scheme, and indeed I dreaded as much. This was nothing less than that, as we were now to hold up our heads a little higher in the world, it would be proper to sell the colt, which was grown old, at a neighbouring fair, and buy us a horse that would carry single or double upon an occasion, and make a pretty appearance at church, or upon a visit. This, at first, I opposed stoutly; but it was as stoutly defended. However, as I weakened, my antagonists gained strength, till at last it was resolved to part with him.

As the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself; but my wife persuaded me that I had got a cold, and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home. "No, my dear," said

she, "our son Moses is a discreet boy, and can buy and sell to very good advantage; you know all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands out and biggles, and actually tires them till he gets a bargain."

As I had some opinion of my son's prudence, I was willing enough to intrust him with this commission; and the next morning I perceived his sisters mighty busy in fitting out Moses for the fair, trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins. The business of the toilet being over, we had at last the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a deal box before him, to bring home groceries in. He had on a coat made of that cloth which they call thunder-and-lightning, which, though grown too short, was much too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat was of gosling green, and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad black ribbon. We all followed him several paces from the door, bawling after him, "Good luck! good luck!" till we could see him no longer.

He was scarcely gone, when Mr. Thornhill's butler came to congratulate us upon our good fortune, saying that he overheard his young master mention our names with great commendation.

Good fortune seemed resolved not to come alone. Another footman from the same family followed with a card for my daughters, importing that the two ladies had received such pleasing accounts from Mr. Thornhill of us all, that after a few previous inquiries they hoped to be perfectly satisfied. "Ay," cried my wife, "I now see it is no easy matter to get into the families of the great; but when once one gets in, then, as Moses says, one may go to sleep." To this piece of humour, for she intended it for wit, my daughters assented with a loud laugh of pleasure. In short such was her satisfaction at this message, that she actually put her hand in her pocket, and gave the messenger sevenpence halfpenny.

This was to be our visiting day. The next that came was Mr. Burchell, who had been at the fair. He brought my little ones a pennyworth of gingerbread each, which my wife undertook to keep for them, and give them by letters at a time. He brought my daughters also a couple of boxes, in which they might keep wafers, snuff, patches, or even money when they got it. My wife was usually fond of a weasel-skin purse, as being the most lucky; but this by the bye. We had still a regard for Mr. Burchell, though his late rude behaviour was in some measure displeasing; nor could we now avoid communicating our happiness to him, and asking his advice; although we seldom followed advice, we were all ready enough to ask it. When he read the note from the two ladies, he shook his head, and observed that an affair of this sort demanded the utmost circumspection. This air of diffidence highly displeased my wife. "I never doubted, Sir," cried she, "your readiness to be against my daughters and me. You have more circumspection than is wanted. However, I fancy, when we come to ask advice, we will apply to persons who seem to have made use of it themselves."—"Whatever my own conduct may have been, Madam," replied he, "is not the present question; though, as I have made no use of advice myself, I should in conscience give to those that will."—As I was apprehensive this answer might draw on a repartee, making up by abuse what it wanted in wit, I changed the subject, by seeming to wonder what could keep our son so long at the fair, as it was

now almost night-fall. "Never mind our son," cried my wife, "depend upon it, he knows what he is about. I'll warrant we'll never see him sell his hen of a rainy day. I have seen him buy such bargains as would amaze one. I'll tell you a good story about that, that will make you split your sides with laughing—But, as I live, yonder comes Moses, without a horse, and the box at his back."

As she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal box, which he had strapped round his shoulders like a pedlar. "Welcome, welcome, Moses; well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair?" "I have brought you myself," cried Moses, with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser. "Ay, Moses," cried my wife, "that we know; but where is the horse?" "I have sold him," cried Moses, "for three pounds five shillings and twopence." "Well done, my good boy," returned she, "I knew you would touch them off. Between ourselves, three pounds five shillings and twopence is no bad day's work. Come, let us have it then." "I have brought no money," cried Moses again. "I have laid it all out in a bargain, and here it is," pulling out a bundle from his breast; "here they are; a gross of green spectacles, with silver rims, and shagreen cases." "A gross of green spectacles!" repeated my wife in a faint voice. "And you have parted with the colt, and brought us back nothing but a gross of green paltry spectacles!" "Dear mother," cried the boy, "why won't you listen to reason? I had them a dead bargain, or I should not have bought them. The silver rims alone will sell for double the money." "A fig for the silver rims," cried my wife in a passion; "I dare swear they won't sell for above half the money, at the rate of broken silver, five shillings an ounce." "You need be under

no uneasiness," cried I, "about selling the rims; for they are not worth sixpence, for I perceive they are only copper varnished over." "What!" cried my wife, "not silver, the rims not silver!" "No," cried I, "no more silver than your sauce-pan." "And so," returned she, "we have parted with the colt, and have only got a gross of green spectacles, with copper rims, and shagreen cases! A murrain take such trumpery. The blockhead has been imposed upon, and should have known his company better." "There, my dear," cried I, "you are wrong; he should not have known them at all." "Marry, hang the idiot," returned she again, "to bring me such stuff! If I had them, I would throw them in the fire."—"There again you are wrong, my dear," cried I; "for though they be copper, we will keep them by us, as copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing."

By this time the unfortunate Moses was undeceived. He now saw that he had indeed been imposed upon by a prowling sharper, who, observing his figure, had marked him for an easy prey. I therefore asked the circumstances of his deception. He sold the horse, it seems, and walked the fair in search of another. A reverend-looking man brought him to a tent, under pretence of having one to sell. "Here," continued Moses, "we met another man, very well dressed, who desired to borrow twenty pounds upon these, saying, that he wanted money, and would dispose of them for a third of the value.—The first gentleman, who pretended to be my friend, whispered me to buy them, and cautioned me not to let so good an offer pass. I sent for Mr. Flamborough, and they talked him up as finely as they did me, and so at last we were persuaded to buy the two gross between us."

Kaulbach, pint.

THE CLOWN'S SUPPER.

The Brown

Owl

*"All common things, each day's events,
That with the hour begin and end,
Our pleasures and our discontents,
Are rounds by which we may ascend."*
—The Ladder of St. Augustine.

REGULAR occupation of some kind is the backbone of the day's routine. We can only do without the backbone when the routine is set aside for the moment, and there is no call on us to do more than rest and enjoy ourselves. Indeed, it is one of the foremost and most exquisite charms of a real holiday to have all our usual arrangements overthrown, to live in a kind of innocently lawless world, and to do just what we like for the hour.

School-girls used to anticipate ardently the end of their school-life as the beginning of such a holiday—to be one long unbroken holiday in many bright, sanguine, inexperienced eyes. What did it not promise? Emancipation from set tasks, precise rules, and all-pervading discipline,—specially irksome to restless youth,—a return, or a full unqualified admission to, all the privileges of home; each girl to be invested with the coveted dignity of a grown-up woman, a young lady who is "come out," and is in a large measure her own mistress, personally responsible for her doings.

Our schools and school-rooms have changed greatly of recent years. Their world in miniature is more, as it ought to be, a world of young scholars to whom learning is dear for its own sake, than of mere pupils. But girls will be girls to the end of time, while school-life continues tutelage in preparation for independent action. Therefore a holiday is still very welcome, and the termination of the 'prentice work of school eagerly looked forward to.

The question is, how long ought such a holiday—well earned, let us hope, and keenly relished at the outset—to continue, after the important turning-point in life implied in a girl's leaving school, or bidding farewell to her school-room at home? How

soon or how late is the date at which the *dolce far niente* will begin to pall, the satisfaction be succeeded by satiety, the contentment by disgust?

The limit must vary in accordance with different natures, different circumstances, and different judges. All we would say is, that the wisest and hardest workers in their maturity are often those who would grant the most liberal allowance of play-time to their young sisters. A competent authority in the matter, inasmuch as she had devoted an honourable and busy life to works of usefulness and benevolence,¹ gave it as her opinion, that at least a year of rest and recreation ought to be allowed to girls on leaving school. Of course these were girls with no special claim on their time and talents, the daughters of men in good positions and independent circumstances—girls to whom it came fitly and naturally that they should enter into society and have a first season, with all its agreeable novelties and joyous gaieties to fresh, unjaded natures. A year was the girls' due, their not too lengthened instalment of youthful pleasure (which, at the same time, if they were good, reverent, sympathetic girls, they would take modestly and considerately), their opportunity of seeing their world with disengaged, unbiased eyes, and determining for themselves what it was worth, before they were asked to put their hands to any serious undertaking, to renounce aught, or to pledge themselves to aught, in the promotion of the general good, or in the pursuit of any branch of science or art.

There comes a time in many girls' lives when, having done with schools and school-rooms, in the common sense of the phrase, having exulted, for a space, in their liberty, tried their wings and made

¹ The author of *My Life, and What I did With It*.

the best of them, a gradual dis-illusion and a grievous, well-nigh appalling vacuum appear in the young lives. The ordinary exceptions to this experience are when girls marry very early, or when they happen to have been made the mistresses of widowed fathers' households, and thus are elevated at once to the rank and responsibilities of matrons; or when there is only one unmarried daughter in a family, and numerous deputed duties fall to her share.

"I do not know what to do with myself. I am sick of having nothing else to do save amuse myself. I would give anything for something to fill up my time and occupy my thoughts. I begin to understand how readily foolish girls get into mischief. It is the old story of 'Satan' and 'idle hands,' which Dr. Isaac Watts insisted upon. Our great-grandmothers learned the moral betimes as they lisped—

'How doth the little busy bee.'

"I could almost wish myself back at school, taking notes of lectures, and studying thorough bass. These tasks were dry enough sometimes, since I am not very clever, but they were tangible things to do, and, after all, there was some comfort in doing them honestly."

So think and say scores of frank, impulsive girls, though fewer think and say it now than did formerly, for the good reason that we women have just completed a transitional stage in our strange, eventful history. Our grandmothers and great-grandmothers did not complain of having nothing to do after they left school. They had no occasion. The careful readers of *Jane Austen*—of her life no less than her novels—will find that many of the domestic duties which are now handed over to housekeepers, nursery governesses, and sewing-maids were then discharged, in all save the most aristocratic and wealthy households, by the mother of the family, assisted by her young daughters. Every girl, including the daughters of squires, was expected, at least, to make and keep in order her underclothing, and the frocks which were not her best. She had to help her mother to keep accounts, and to hear her younger brothers and sisters repeat their lessons. She had to take her share in the family sewing, hem the men's ruffles, cut out the children's pinafores, and darn, with the perfection of darning, the finest table-cloths. She achieved far more notable

feats in needlework, but these were more voluntary and supererogatory exercises of her abilities. We changed all that when we were not sufficiently educated to profit by the change; we had no studies worthy of the name with which to fill up our leisure. Now it rests with ourselves whether, if we have the original capacity, we may not seek knowledge at its inexhaustible springs, crown ourselves with the laurels of the schools, be trained artists or accomplished musicians, as well as useful members of our generation. Girls have a hundred honourable outlets for their energies to-day compared with what they had even thirty years ago.

The nature of one's occupation must always depend mainly on the individual taste, not to say on the surroundings. The great thing is to have an occupation—real, not make-believe—if possible a dear and cherished occupation, to which we can turn daily with renewed zest. We may be frequently foiled in it,—we are likely to be if it is a pursuit worth having,—but we are always ready to come back to it, with renewed hope and zeal, whether it is reading Greek or carving wood.

Most girls have a peculiar taste for one pursuit, a special faculty in one direction, just as they have a besetting sin. Boys have the same individuality, and wise parents and guardians make a point of consulting each lad's inclinations in making choice of his profession. Girls have but to do the same for themselves in deciding what their occupation—apart, it may be, from their social and family obligations—shall be, and how they are to cultivate it.

One advantage of the infinitely wider and more thorough education given to girls nowadays is, that it teaches them the value of every art and craft, and forbids them to call any common or unclean. Such departments as those of nursing, cooking, and needlework, which not many years ago—in the interregnum between the homely performances of our grandmothers and the somewhat hollow pretensions which succeeded them—were held beneath the notice of an educated woman, are now viewed in the light in which they should be seen, as veritable fine arts, gentle sciences of vital consequences to the human race. Yet so unrestricted is the field of occupation for women to-day, that we can number in it, among the dead and the living of the century, the names of women who have distinguished themselves—not merely as poets or artists,

but by their attainments in the outlying regions of astronomy, geology, entomology.

A single recommendation with regard to occupation is offered in conclusion. Let girls be in earnest about it, whatever it is. Let them not consent to put it aside for every passing distraction. They must cause pleasure to wait on work, instead of making work wait on pleasure, otherwise little will come of the graver pursuits which ought to dignify their lives.¹

Sarah Tytler.

* * *

AN amusing book which has already attracted public attention is the *Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow*, Jerome K. Jerome. (Field and Tuer.) The author speaks of this volume as a book for an idle holiday.

If to be amused is the aim and object of holiday-making, the *Idle Thoughts* abundantly fulfil their mission. Not one laugh, but many, do they raise. A hearty laugh is good and healthful; it acts as a fresh and invigorating wind to blow away many mental fogs and clouds. *Pickwick* has done more to help men bear the ills of life than many sermons. In its way, then, *Idle Thoughts* will also sustain, help, and enliven. Its author is witty, cheery, brimful of humour. His situations are always possible. The scenes he evokes come into the lives of every one.

It is a great secret to go amongst the common things, and from there raise a laugh or a tear. What everybody knows everybody will read about. Be sufficiently clever to put the old, old story into a new dress, and the attention of the multitude is gained.

The Idle Fellow knew this when he made up his volume, and wrote again about "Being Hard Up," "Being in the Blues," "Being Idle," "Being in Love," about "Getting on in the World," about "The Weather," about "Dress and Deportment." How he spoke of these things, how he took our thoughts, and made use of our words, those unspoken words which we are always struggling to get into language, and failing to give the least audible expression to, we must go to the volume to find out. Here is an extract from the chapter on "Vanity and Vanities."

¹ This paper invites discussion. All letters or remarks must reach the Editor not later than November 20, and must have the words "Brown Owl" on the cover.

I DO like cats. They are so unconsciously amusing. There is such a comic dignity about them, such an 'How dare you!' 'Go away, don't touch me!' sort of air. Now there is nothing haughty about a dog. They are 'Hail, fellow, well met,' with every Tom, Dick, or Harry that they come across. When I meet a dog of my acquaintance I slap his head, call him opprobrious epithets, and roll him over on his back; and there he lies gaping at me, and doesn't mind it a bit.

"Fancy carrying on like that with a cat! Why, she would never speak to you again as long as you lived. No, when you want to win the approbation of a cat, you must mind what you are about, and work your way carefully. If you don't know the cat, you had best begin by saying, 'Poor pussy,' after which add, 'Did 'ums,' in a tone of soothing sympathy. You don't know what you mean any more than the cat does, but the sentiment seems to imply a proper spirit on your part, and generally touches her feelings to such an extent that, if you are of good manners and passable appearance, she will stick her back up, and rub her nose against you. Matters having reached this stage, you may venture to chuck her under the chin, and tickle the side of her head, and the intelligent creature will then stick her claws into your legs; and all is friendship and affection, as so sweetly expressed in the beautiful lines—

'I love little Pussy, her coat is so warm,
And if I don't tease her she'll do me no harm;
So I'll stroke her, and pat her, and give her some food,
And Pussy will love me because I am good.'

The last two lines of the stanza give us a pretty true insight into pussy's notions of human goodness. It is evident that in her opinion goodness consists of stroking her, and patting her, and feeding her with food. I fear this narrow-minded view of virtue, though, is not confined to pussies."

* * *

THE *Reproach of Annesley*, Maxwell Gray (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.), is on the whole a dull book. Its plot is laboured, and many of its situations unpleasant. It is disappointing because its author has already attained to so much, because her language is so terse and vigorous, and the story she has to tell so little worth telling.

Maxwell Gray has so much genius, that with a

great theme she may become inspired. Give her real drama, and she is dramatic. Every word falls in the right place on the sensitive and expectant ear; each touch heightens the effect of the picture.

But in the *Reproach of Annesley* there is no particular picture to light up with splendid colour, nor any real drama to intensify.

From this point of view the book must be regarded as a failure, but it is not without its good things. There are many gems scattered through its pages to reward those who patiently explore. Who in his way, for instance, could be more perfect than Raysh Squire, the village sexton?

* * *

"'BURYEN' of mankind," continued Raysh, 'is a ongrateful traäde. Vur why? Volk never thanks anybody fur putting of 'em underground. . . I've putt a power o' quality underground, let alone the common zart. Wuld passon, I buried he, and the Lard knows where I be to putt this here one, the ground's that vull. Eln Gale, she's a gwine up under tree, there. I showed her the plaäce: "And I'll do ee up comfortable, Eln," I zays. "Thankee kindly, Master Squire," zes she; "you allays stood my vriend," she zes. "Ay, and I allays ool, Eln," zays I, "and I'll do ee up proper and comfortable, and won't putt nobody along zide of ee this twenty year to come." "Thankee kindly, Master Squire," she zes, "'tis pleasant and heartsome up under tree where the primroses blow, and you allays stood my vriend." There ain't a many like Eln. A ongrateful traäde is buryen' and a dryin' traäde.'

"Raysh, whose 'chrisom' name was Horatio, had rung out George III., his two sons, and rung in the latter and Queen Victoria; and evidently thought that neither of those sovereigns could have quitted this mortal scene without his aid.

* * *

"'RYALTY,' he observed, 'takes a power o' hringen, and well wuth it they be. I don't hold with these yer publicans as wants to do away wi' Queen Victoria. They med zo well leave she alone, a lone, lorn ooman, what have rared nine children. Wants to make everything so vlat as the back o' my hand, they publicans doos. Ah, you med take my word vor 't, when you begins zetting

down what the Lard have made high, you never knows where 'twill end. They begin wi' clerks. Thirty-vour year I stood under passun, and eddicated the volk with Amens, and give out the Psalms what was zung to dree viddles, a clarinet, and a bugle, as you med mind when a buoy. And now they've a zet me down long wi' the lay volk as though I wasn't nar a bit better than they. Ay, that's how they began, zure enough, and the Lard only knows where they med end. We can't all on us be queens, and we cain't all on us be clerks, as stands to rayson. Zo those yer Radical chaps they ups and zes, "We wun't hae no clerks, nor no queens, nor no nothink," zes they. Ay, that's how 't es, zure enough.'

* * *

REJECTED Contributors might take heart from the following lines. They were received by the Editors, who, fulfilling one of the painful duties of their office, had been obliged to deliver the unwelcome verdict referred to.

TO "ATALANTA."

"QUITE FULL FOR TWO YEARS."

"Quite full for two years," was the answer that came

To a struggling young scribbler, all burning for fame.

She flung down her manuscript, heaved a deep sigh,

And laid herself down on the hearthrug to die.

Whilst dying she happened to look at the fire,
And noticed the flame was about to expire;
She jumped to her feet and she gave it a poke,
And put in a stick and two pieces of coke.

It acted like magic on fire and on maid,—
She went to her desk and a long while she stayed,

She rattled off manuscripts many yards long,
And felt that her genius was burning quite strong.

She posted the documents off to the "Row,"
And answers came back with scarce ever a
"No."

She ordered more coals, and she smiled through her tears,

That young scribbler's hands are "quite full for two years."—BUSY-BODY.

L. T. Meade.

ENGLISH MEN AND WOMEN OF LETTERS.

II.

FRANCIS BACON.

—
AGNES M. CLERKE.

FRANCIS BACON was a man with a conscious mission. He believed himself to be "born for the service of mankind," and to be "fitted for nothing so well as for the study of truth." He held it to be the appointed object of his life to teach a new "art of discovery," by which all the sciences should at once be raised to a high level, and human existence should be ennobled, decorated, and made easy by inventions springing from the patient pursuit of real knowledge. But he was not loyal to his calling. He knowingly mis-spent his gifts "in things for which he was least fit;" made himself a sycophant and a time-server instead of a student; turned aside from philosophy to fawn on kings and their favourites, climb to power by devious paths, and maintain himself there by servile compliance. He tried to serve two masters, and failed. His official career closed in ignominy; his great work for the "relief of man's estate"

remained a colossal fragment; his name and memory he could only bequeath to "men's charitable speeches."

The future Lord Verulam was born at York House in the Strand, January 22nd, 1561. His father, Sir Nicholas Bacon, was Lord-Keeper of the Great Seal under Queen Elizabeth; his mother, Ann Cooke, was one of the most learned ladies of her time. He was educated at Cambridge, travelled abroad, and was called to the Bar in 1582. Two years later he entered Parliament, where his commanding talents soon made him a name. But he sought office, and office was denied him. The very breadth and superiority of his views inspired the Queen with distrust, and she left him to languish in debt and disappointment as long as she lived. Nor did he mend his fortunes by helping on the catastrophe of the Earl of Essex's death. Bacon's conduct in the matter was as despicable as that of his former friend was reckless and criminal; and it is a satisfaction to find that it brought him discredit instead of promotion. At last, in 1607, after he had practised the odious arts of the place-hunter for upwards of a score of years, he was appointed Solicitor-General by James I.; and a

continuance of the same course brought him in 1618 the dignity of the Chancellorship, with the title of Baron Verulam of Verulam, exchanged shortly afterwards for that of Viscount St. Alban's.

He had now reached the height of his worldly ambition. His life was full of pomp and the refined luxury that he loved. Flowers covered his table; his philosophical meditations were inspired by strains of subdued music. He beautified the grounds of Gorhambury House in Hertfordshire at an expense of ten thousand pounds. He was lavish of donations. Several of his retainers were said to keep carriages and race-horses. One bought land in Somersetshire worth a thousand a year. Ben Jonson celebrated his pre-eminent good fortune in his lines on

"England's high Chancellor, the destined heir,
In his soft cradle, of his father's chair,
Whose even thread the fates spin round and full
Out of their choicest and their whitest wool."

But a headlong fall was at hand. In 1621 charges of bribery were brought against him; he was tried by the House of Lords, found guilty, and banished in disgrace from London. Lawyers have disputed over the degree of Bacon's criminality; and it is likely that he had no deliberate intention of selling justice, for he was by no means a bad, only an easy man, having blunted his conscience by a long struggle for power. He possessed, besides, the dangerous faculty of persuading himself that what was convenient was also right to do; so he took the gifts that came in his way with a magnificent disregard for the details of morality. "Look around you," some one said to him, with reference to the notorious corruption of his household. "I look above me," replied the reformer of philosophy. Sanguine, brilliant, versatile, of irrepressible energy to the last, he died of a chill, April 9th, 1626, at Arundel House, Highgate, at the age of sixty-five.

The most widely known of all Bacon's writings are his *Essays*, first published in 1597, but afterwards much enlarged. This little book, as Mr. Hallam observes, "leads the van of our prose literature." The earliest unmetrical production in English which no educated person can afford to neglect, it consists of "counsels, civil and moral," set down with pregnant abruptness from his personal experience by one of the keenest observers of human nature who have ever lived. They "come home," as he said, "to men's business and bosoms." Their

maxims have become current coin. Flashes of their quaint wisdom and piercing insight light up many stray corners of literature and daily life. Who has not heard that "revenge is a kind of wild justice," that "it is as natural to die as to be born," and that "he that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune"? The whole book, indeed, is a repertory of wise, witty, profound, or cynical sayings. The wisdom, it is true, is often of the serpentine sort, as of one who had penetrated into the "inwards of things," and looked chiefly on the 'seamy side' of social life. No man knew better than Bacon that "the rising to great place is by a winding stair," or that "the faculties by which the foolish part of men's minds is taken are most potent, the greatest part" being "those that are either shallow in judgment or weak in courage." Equally sad and searching is his inquiry into the cause "that doth bring lies into favour." "This same truth," he says, "is a naked and open daylight, that doth not show the masques, and mummeries, and triumphs of the world, half so stately and daintily as candle-light." "A mixture of a lie," he goes on, "doth ever add pleasure. Doth any man doubt that if there were taken out of men's minds vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, imaginations as one would, and the like, but it would leave the minds of a number of men poor shrunken things, full of melancholy and indisposition, and unpleasing to themselves?"

A kind of sublimated shrewdness makes up the substance of these little discourses; yet not to the exclusion of higher views. By the very greatness of his stature, the author meets here and there illuminations that do not fall upon the common herd, as when he says—"They that deny a God destroy man's nobility; for certainly man is of kin to the beasts by his body, and if he be not of kin to God by his spirit, he is a base and ignoble creature." And again—"A crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love." Nor does the maxim, "Be so true to thyself as thou be not false to others," savour of the jostling ante-chambers of Whitehall. But as in other things, so here; we find what we bring. The true Midas-touch is that of a nature which discerns and appropriates the best in everything.

With the *Essays* were published *The Colours of Good and Evil*, setting forth reasons for and

against certain abstract propositions after the impartial fashion of Sir Roger de Coverley when he decided the dispute between Tom Touchy and Will Wimble by asserting that "much might be said on both sides."

But these were trifles—mere jottings by the way pursued by Bacon towards his twofold aim of promoting his own fortunes, and amending the destiny of the human race. From his early youth he conceived a dissatisfaction with the mental attitude of man towards nature. He found in books a vast deal taken for granted, and next to nothing proved, about the "great common world" of physical existence; while philosophers pretended to be legislators instead of submitting to be learners. All this, he rightly thought, ought to be changed; and upon him, with his splendid and comprehensive talents, his profundity, eloquence, and sagacity, devolved the task of effecting the change. His brain kindled with the "intoxicating and seductive dream," as M. de Rémusat calls it, of an intellectual revolution.

For thirty-five years he brooded over it in the secret chambers of his mind, while the halls and vestibules of his life echoed to more clamorous cares. Only when leisure permitted, some fringes of his thought came to be seen. After the accession of James I., in an interval (too brief) of disgust with vain suing, he resolved to "put all his ambition upon his pen," whereby he did not doubt to "maintain merit and memory of the time succeeding;" and a little later he sent to the press his treatise on *The Advancement of Learning*. This may be described as a survey of the knowledge of the time, with notes of its deficiencies, and hints how to supply them. In it was laid down the now familiar division of learning into History, Poetry, and Philosophy, corresponding to the three faculties of the mind—Memory, Imagination, and Reason. Dean Church calls it "one of the landmarks of what high thought and rich imagination have made of the English language;" and its author wrote of it as "a book that will live, and be a citizen of the world, as English books are not." For he distrusted modern tongues, convinced that they would "at one time or another play the bankrupt with books;" and for this reason he had *The Advancement of Learning* translated, with large additions, in 1623, into "the general language of the learned." In its Latin dress, with the title *De Augmentis*

Scientiarum, it made the first part of what he termed the "Great Instauration," or restoration of learning, of which the *Novum Organum* formed the second part.

This memorable work was begun in 1608, twelve years before it was published, and it was written and re-written (always in Latin) twelve times before the author was satisfied with it. Its name of the *New Engine* (of discovery) was significant of the long-meditated reform, the principles of which were unfolded in it with a stately, picturesque, and solemn earnestness profoundly impressive to all readers. It was a completely new start in natural inquiries that Bacon insisted upon. He spoke as the herald of a new empire, the bearer of a new light—"a light which should in its very rising touch and illuminate all the border-regions that confine upon the circle of our present knowledge; and so spreading further and further, should presently disclose and bring into sight all that is most hidden and secret in the world," with results of such incalculable benefit to humanity as his ardent imagination conceived, and his eloquent pen declared.

But how far has this magnificent prevision been realized? The experimental method, which, although it had already been practised by such men as Galileo, Gilbert, and Harvey, Bacon was the first to preach abroad in a voice that every one was bound to hear, has since become universal in science. It has given us railways, telegraphs, electric lights, the phonograph, the telephone, and a host of useful or curious inventions besides; but it has left the miseries of human life just as it found them.

Knowledge has indeed been increased, and very much in the way that Bacon forecasted. Though the letter of his rules for "interpreting nature" has not been followed, their spirit has inspired all modern research. His assurance of their validity rested upon his implicit acceptance of the divine order of the universe. "I had rather believe," he says, "all the fables in the Legend, and the Talmud, and the Alcoran, than that this universal frame is without a mind." From this faith in the *reasonableness* of nature he derived the conviction that the labyrinth of facts she presented to the senses could be securely threaded by the reason of man. The clue to the labyrinth was what he offered to provide. He showed how men must obey that they may conquer; how, laying precon-

ceptions aside, they must sit at the feet of nature, listening patiently to what she has to tell *them*, instead of trying to impose their doctrines upon *her*; how storehouses of facts should be collected and sifted; how experiments should be made, not at random, but by a method planned to get at the heart of things; until at last, for "that fair-weather learning which blossoms under reward and praise, and is liable to be abused by tricks and quackery," that knowledge should be substituted "whose dignity is maintained by works of utility and power."

It was the fashion in those days to invent undiscovered islands for the accommodation of schemes of social improvement too visionary to thrive on any known continent. Such were Sir Thomas More's *Utopia*, Campanella's *City of the Sun*, Harrington's *Oceana*, and Bacon's *New Atlantis*. In this last fable, some mariners cast away in the South Seas reach an unknown shore, are hospitably received by the inhabitants, and made acquainted with the details of their institutions. Chief among these was the college of "Solomon's House." Here the Baconian method flourished in perfection; the division of scientific labour it recommended was carried into practice; all the aids, instruments, and appliances its inventor had himself felt the need of were lavishly supplied; and the fruit of discovery he had anticipated was copiously gathered. The results, being made to order, were all that could be desired. We know how proverbially faultless are "bachelors' wives" and "old maids' children." The Royal Society was indeed founded, thirty-five years after Bacon's death, somewhat on the lines of "Solomon's House," but with variations from the original which would scarcely have contented the "Lord Chancellor of England and of Nature." Still, his was undoubtedly the informing spirit of the establishment. All that exists of the *New Atlantis* was written in 1624. Other schemes diverted the author from working out in it, as he had intended, the political side of his model scientific republic, and the further fortunes

of the visitors to the island of Bensalem remained untold.

Bacon's *History of Henry the Seventh* was composed immediately after his fall, and sent as a peace-offering to James I. That he should have written such a book at such a time is an astonishing proof, not merely of the extent of his powers, but of the extent of his command over them. All subsequent portraits of the first Tudor king may be said to be reproductions of Bacon's. He limned it with such force and truth that we cannot, if we would, find a different stamp from which to derive our impressions. His insight into the drift of events during that reign is no less sure, and has been confirmed by documents since brought to light. So that the current conception of Henry the Fifth is hardly more Shakespearian than that of Henry the Seventh is Baconian.

By common consent, Bacon's was one of the greatest of human intellects; yet he made many mistakes. He never could believe that the earth went round the sun; he clung to many antiquated notions and prejudices; and he was ignorant of many discoveries made while he was cogitating how they ought to be made. But his fame has grown steadily during the last two and a half centuries, and shows no sign of declining. For on all that he touched he left the imprint of a commanding intelligence. Nothing trivial or commonplace fell from his pen; his utterances were at all times weighty, and instinct with fresh thought; they often rose to majestic eloquence, inspired with the solemn enthusiasm which possessed him for the imperial task of his life. "I have taken all knowledge to be my province," he wrote when he was thirty-one to his uncle, Lord Burleigh; and his mind, as Macaulay remarks in his celebrated *Essay*, "was capable of taking in the whole world of knowledge. His understanding resembled the tent which the fairy Paribanon gave to Prince Ahmed. Fold it; and it seemed a toy for the hand of a lady. Spread it; and the armies of powerful Sultans might repose beneath its shade."

SCHOLARSHIP COMPETITION QUESTIONS.

I. What charges of discredit have been brought against Learning? What errors of judgment serve to bring Learning into contempt? What should be the chief end of Knowledge?

II. Give an abstract, in your own words, of Bacon's views respecting *Truth, Friendship, and Studies*.

WORK SELECTED.—The First Book of the *Advancement of Learning*, or Bacon's *Essays*. (George Bell and Sons.)

Only one question need be answered. Papers must be sent in by November 25th, and must not contain more than 500 words.

Scholarship Competition.

Author selected for December—MILTON.

1888—1889.

The following members of the READING UNION having been mentioned five or more times in the Honour List, are invited to send in Essays to compete for the ATALANTA Scholarship and Prizes.

N. F. W. Atkins, E. Ancrum, I. Ashby, M. K. Ashe, A. H. Beal, A. Birley, F. Blackett, E. W. Blackwell, P. C. Bowker, M. G. Boycott, M. A. Brackenbury, M. M. Brett, Hon. M. C. Brodrick, I. C. Brown, M. E. Burke, E. M. Wilnot-Buxton, M. E. Cadogan, C. J. Cameron, E. Candler, B. Lardner-Clarke, B. G. Clayton, G. M. Clayton, C. A. M. Coates, E. Courtney, M. Lindsay-Cox, E. M. S. Cunliffe, S. H. Cunliffe, H. M. Cunliffe, E. Cunliffe, F. C. Curtis, T. E. C. Dashwood, E. E. R. Davies, A. Debac, A. Debenham, L. H. Debenham, A. G. Doudney, A. M. C. Edwards, H. R. Erskine, H. M. M. Evans, T. Fetherstonhaugh, H. M. Fox, H. C. Foxcroft, M. Fuller, A. Gibton, H. J. Gordon, E. C. Gordon, M. E. Graham, B. Greenaway, B. Griffith, E. Griffiths, M. Halford (Mrs. Davis), A. B. Hall, E. S. Heckford, A. Heelis, M. N. Henderson, K. Herringham, E. A. J. Higginbotham, M. E. Hills, J. M. J. Hindley, E. Hoare, G. Holt, S. Hooper, D. L. Howard, E. M. Howard, F. Howard (Mrs. Somervell), S. E. Howard, J. K. Howard, V. Brooke-Hunt, A. W. Huntingford, A. E. Hutchings, M. F. Jamieson, M. Jervois, M. Kemp, M. Kennard, E. M. Kettlewell, E. M. Leaf, Lady M. Leveson-Gower, P. Littlewood, E. C. Lodge, F. E. Iyall, A. M. Lloyd, M. E. Lloyd, F. M. A. Mackinnon, K. Macpherson, D. Madeley, Lady K. Manners, I. L. Marley, M. K. Marsland, E. F. C. Mayne, G. Meyrick, J. Miller, A. Miller, M. Miller, B. Milne, A. H. Morton, R. M. Moore-Lane, B. C. Mulliner, E. Murch, H. D. Oakeley, V. Oakley, K. Oswald, W. Parnell, A. Pascoe, A. Peel, M. Pemberton, A. E. Perkins, G. Piggot, E. H. Polehampton, A. M. Price, E. M. Prowde, M. E. Rae, T. E. Rankin, F. Rankin, M. A. Rice, G. E. Robinson, G. Roper, M. G. Sayers, E. Sharp, M. Sharpin, M. I. Shaw, G. Shaw, A. C. Shipton, H. M. Slee, A. C. Slee, H. Smetham, E. F. Bosworth-Smith, M. Stiff, E. Stoker, C. Swire, C. E. Symonds, H. M. M. Tapp, E. J. Temple, M. Tomlinson, Hon. E. H. Tracy (Mrs. Anstruther), M. P. Vaughan, E. Waddington, M. R. Wade, Hon. V. White, M. Wilkinson, M. H. Wilkinson, F. M. Evans Williams, C. J. Evans Williams, G. Wylde.

SUBJECT FOR SCHOLARSHIP ESSAY.

"Humour and Pathos are closely akin." Illustrate this from the books recommended for the year's reading.

Examiner :

Alfred J. Church, M.A., Author of *Stories from Homer, &c.*, lately Professor of Latin in University College, London.

Papers must be sent in by December 1st, and must contain not more than 2000 words. They should be directed to SUPERINTENDENT R. U., and have the words "Scholarship Essay" on the cover. Name and address of writer must be on first page of Essay.

Upon the receipt of the examiner's report the following awards will be made :—

- (a) A Scholarship of the value of £30 per annum, tenable for three years.
- (b) A Prize of £15.
- (c) Books to the value of £5.

SEARCH QUESTIONS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

I.

Give the Authors of the following works—*The Mirror for Magistrates*, *Hesperides*, *London Lyckpeny*, *Every Man in his Humour*, *Tales of the Hall*, *The Thistle and the Rose*, *Ralph Roister Doister*.

II.

Of whom are we told that she spoke French "after the school of Stratford-atte-Bowe"?

III.

Name the characters referred to in Tennyson's *Dream of Fair Women*.

IV.

Of whom is it said that he was "passing rich on forty pounds a year"?

V.

What was at the other side of Shiny Wall?

VI.

Mention the speakers of the following quotations—

(1) "To be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature."

(2) "I do now remember a saying, 'The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.'"

(3) "There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so."

(4) "In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness; some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them."

(5) "Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content;
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy."

(6) "If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions. I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than to be one of the twenty to follow my own teachings."

(7) "Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance."

(8) "The life which is, and that which is to come,
Suspended hang in such nice equipoise,
A breath disturbs the balance; and that scale
In which we throw our hearts preponderates,
And the other, like an empty one, flies up
And is accounted vanity and air!"

(9) "What then remains but well our pow'r to use,
And keep good-humour still whate'er we lose?
And trust me, dear! good-humour can prevail,
When air and flights, and screams, and scolding fail.
Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul."

(10) "He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit i' the centre, and enjoy bright day;
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;
Himself is his own dungeon."

(11) "'Glory to God—to God!' he saith,
'Knowledge by suffering entereth,
And Life is perfected by Death.'"

All readers of *Atalanta* may send in Answers to the above. Reply papers should be addressed to the SUPERINTENDENT R. U., and must be received not later than November 15th. Prizes of Two Guineas and One Guinea are awarded half-yearly to competitors gaining the highest number of marks.

ANSWERS TO SEARCH QUESTIONS (OCTOBER).

I.

"Thin, but not too thin" (*Emma*).

II.

The Bertrams (*Guy Mannering*); Shirley; Sir Leicester Dedlock (*Bleak House*); the Tullivers (*Mill on the Floss*); Jackanapes; Sir Richard Grenville (*Westward Ho!*).

III.

Brillig = the time for broiling, four o'clock in the afternoon; *slithy* = lithe and slimy; *gyre* = to go round like a gyroscope; *gimble* = to make holes like a gimlet; *mimsy* = flimsy and miserable; *mome* = from home; *outgrabe*, *outgribing* is something between bellowing and whistling, with a kind of sneeze in the middle (*Through the Looking-glass*).

IV.

"Ethelbert Stanhope was dressed in light blue from

head to foot. He had on the loosest possible blue coat, cut square like a shooting coat, and very short. It was lined with silk of azure blue. He had on a blue satin waistcoat, a blue neck-handkerchief which was fastened beneath his throat with a coral ring, and very loose blue trousers, which almost concealed his feet."—*Barchester Towers*.

V.

The Golden Butterfly; *Last Days of Pompeii*; *David Copperfield*; *The Newcomes*; *The Fair Maid of Perth*; *Cranford*; *Our Mutual Friend*.

VI.

(1) Lenore = the Letter L (*Jean Ingelow*). (2) The Highland Girl of Inversnaid (*Wordsworth*). (3) La Belle Dame sans Merci (*Keats*). (4) Bonny Lesley. (5) Shakespeare (*T. Gray*). (6) The Blessed Damozel (*Rosselli*). (7) Sir Lancelot (*Tennyson*).

OLAF THE SEA-KING.

ATLANTA

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No. 27.

But Olaf the Viking laughed loud and long
 As he smote his hand on his mail-clad breast :
 "Will the young bird sing us as bold a song
 As the parent cuckoo that stole the nest?
 Now, by the faith of my kingly crest,
 I will know, of us twain, which arm is stronger !
 For Hakon or I
 By the sword shall die,
 Or ever his life be a twelvemonth longer !"

He sailed by day, and he sailed by night,
 Till he struck his keel on the drifted sand,
 Far under the shifting Northern-Light,
 The shore of his long-lost fatherland.
 And Hakon came down with a chosen band
 Through the storm of the surge and the wild sea-weather,
 And the tide grew great
 In the narrow strait
 Where the plunging war-ships rushed together.



'Thick was the air with the arrow-hail,
 And loud the clang of the battle roared !
 And the deck ran red as the purple sail
 That strained in the blast of the windy fiord.
 Oh ! snapped was many a Northern sword,
 And fallen many a Northern rover,
 When spear and shield
 From the conflict reeled,
 And the fierce sea-fight was fought and over.

Into the hold of his captor's ship
 They led young Hakon, the alien heir.
 He had bitten the blood to his angry lip,
 And flung the crest from his forehead fair.
 The sunlight lay on his long gold hair,
 And the links of steel in his armour riven,
 While, unafraid,
 With his broken blade,
 He waited the word by the victor given.

A ROUGH SHAKING.

George MacDonald.

VI.

CLARE AND HIS BROTHERS.

AFTER a year or two, Mr. Porson became anxious lest the boy should grow up too unlike other boys—lest he should not be manly, but of a too gently sad behaviour. Bethinking himself, therefore, he began to take him with him about the parish, and was delighted to find that he showed extraordinary endurance. He would walk many miles, and come home less fatigued than his companion. To be sure, he had not much weight to carry; but it seemed to Mr. Porson that his utter freedom from thought about himself had a large share in his immunity from weariness. He continued slight and thin, which was natural, for he was growing fast; but the muscles of his little bird-like legs seemed of steel. The spindle-shanks went striding, striding along the roughest roads, with the pale face shining atop of them like a sweet calm moon. For the moon, stooping, as she sometimes seems to do, downward from the sky, always looked like him to Mr. Porson. The child woke something new in the heart and mind of every one that loved him, but himself remained unconscious of influence. His company was no check to his father, when, as was his habit, he meditated, walking along, what he should say to his people the next Sunday. For the good man never wrote or read a sermon, but always talked to his people as one who knew what was in them, and met it with what was in him; so that they believed "the parson meant it." He never said anything clever, and never said anything unwise; never amused them, and never made them feel scornful, either of him or any one else. Instead of feeling the presence of Clare distract his thoughts, he had at times a curious sense that the boy was teaching him, that his sermon was running before, or walking sedately on this side of him or that. For Clare could run like the wind; and did run after butterflies, dragon-flies, or anything that offered a chance of seeing it nearer; but he never killed, and seldom

tried to catch anything, if but for a moment's examination. The swiftest run would scarcely heighten the colour of his pale cheeks.

He soon came to be known in the farm-houses of the parish. The farmer-families were a little shy of him at first, fancying him too fine a little gentleman for them; but as they got to know him, they grew fond of him. They called him "the parson's man," which pleased Clare. But one old woman called him "the parson's cherubim."

One day Mr. Porson was calling at the house of the largest farm in the parish, which was the nearest house to the Parsonage. The farmer's wife was ill, and having to go to her room to see her, he said to the boy:

"Clare, you run into the yard, and give my compliments to any one you meet, and ask him to let you stay with him."

When the time came for their departure, Mr. Porson went to find him. He did not call him; he wanted to see what he was about. Unable to discover him, and coming upon no one of whom he might inquire, for it was hay-time and everybody in the fields, he was at last driven to use his voice. He had not to call twice. Out of the covered part of the pig-sty, not far from where the parson stood, the boy came creeping on all fours, followed by a litter of half-grown, grunting, gambolling pigs.

"Here I am, papa!" he cried.

"Clare," exclaimed his father, "what a mess you have made of yourself!"

"I gave them your compliments," answered the boy, as he scrambled out with his father's assistance; "and asked them if I might stay with them till you were ready. They said yes, and asked me to go in. I went in; and we've been having such games! They were very kind to me."

His father turned involuntarily and looked into the sty. There stood all the pigs in a row, gazing after the boy, and looking as sorry as their thick skins and bony snouts would let them! Their

mother rose in a ridge behind them, gazing too. Mr. Skymer always spoke of pigs as about the most intelligent animals in the world.

I do not know when or where or how his love for animals began, for he could not tell me. If it began with the pigs, it was far from ending with them.

The next day he asked his father if he might go and call upon the pigs.

"Have you forgotten, Clare," said his mother, "what a job Susan and I had with your clothes? I wonder still how you could have done such a thing! They were dreadfully dirty. When I saw you, I had half a mind to put you in a bath, clothes and all. I doubt if they are clean yet!"

"Oh, yes, they are, indeed, mamma!" returned Clare; "and you know I shall be careful after this! I shall not go into their house, but get the farmer to let them out. I've thought of a new game with them!"

The mother consented; the farmer did let them out; and Clare and the pigs had a right good game together among the ricks in the yard.

His growing nature showed itself in a swiftly widening circle of friendship for live things. The spreading ripples of his affection took in the cows and the horses, the hens and the geese, and every living thing about the place, till at length it had to pull up at the moles, because he could not get at them. I doubt if he would have liked them if he had seen one eat a frog! He called the pigs little brothers, and the horses and cows big brothers, and was perfectly at home with them before people knew he cared for their company. I cannot tell how the sympathy woke in him, except it was that his absolute simplicity brought him near to the fountain of life, or rather, prevented him from straying from it. This kept him so alive himself, that he was delicately sensitive to all life. He felt himself pledged to all other life as being one with it. All its forms were therefore so open to him as to seem familiar from the first. He knew instinctively what went on in the regions of life about him, knew, without knowing how, what the animals were thinking and feeling; so was able to interpret their motions, even the sudden changes of their behaviour. As mother and daughter think and speak of the same thing at once, Clare knew what the creatures about him meant.

There was one dangerous animal on the place—

a bull, of which the farmer had often said he must part with him, or he would be the death of somebody. One morning he was struck with terror to see Clare in the stall with Nimrod. He was chained up pretty short, but free enough for terrible mischief: Clare was stroking his nose, and the beast was standing as still as if he were but bronze, with one of his sharp, forward-set, wicked-looking horns in perilous proximity to the angelic face. The farmer stood in dismay, still as the bull, afraid to move. Clare looked up and smiled, but his delicate little hand went on caressing the huge head. It was one of God's small high creatures visiting with good news of hope one of his big low ones—a little brother of Jesus Christ bringing a taste of his Father's kingdom to his great dull bull of a brother. The farmer called him. The boy came at once. Mr. Goodenough told him he must not go near the bull; he was fierce and dangerous. Clare informed him that he and the bull had been friends for a long time; and to prove it he ran back, and before the farmer could lay hold of him was perched on the animal's shoulders. The bull went on eating the grass in the manger before him, and took as little heed of the boy as if it were but a fly that had alighted on him, and neither tickled nor stung him.

By degrees he became familiar with all the goings on at the farm, and drew nearer to a true relation with the earth that nourishes all. Where the soil was not too heavy, the ploughman would set him on the back of the near horse, and there he would ride in triumph to the music of the ploughman's whistle behind. His was not the pomp of the destroyer, who so often rides trampling in triumph, but of the saviour drawing forth life from the earth. In the summer the hayfield knew him, and in the autumn the harvest-field, busy gathering what the earth gave, and for himself strength, a sense of wide life and large relations. The very mould, not to say the grass-blades and the daisies, was dear to him. He was more sympathetic with the daisies ploughed down than ever was Burns, for he had an overpowering sense that they went somewhere, and were the better for going: this was the way their sky fell upon them.

All the people on the farm, all the people of the village, every one in the parish knew the boy and his story. From his gentleness and lovingkindness to live things, there were who said he was half-

witted ; others said he saw ghosts. The boys of the village despised, and some hated him, he was so unlike them. They called him a girl because he caressed where they tormented. He would smile, and they dared not lay hands on him.

The days are long in boyhood, and Clare could do a many things in one forenoon, with the long afternoon and evening to follow. He could help on the farm ; he could play with ever so many animals ; he could learn his lessons, which happily were not heavy ; he could read any book he pleased in his father's library, where *Paradise Lost* was his favourite ; he could nurse little *Maly*. He had the more time for all these that he had no companion of his own sex and age, no one he wanted to go about with after school-hours. His father was still his chief human companion, and neither of them grew tired of the other.

The most remarkable thing in the child was the calm and gentle greatness of his heart. You often find children very fond of one or two people, who, perhaps, in evil return, want to keep them all to themselves, and reproach them for loving other people, instead of teaching them to love all that come near them. Silly persons count it a sign of depth in a child that he loves only one or two. I doubt it greatly. I think that only the child who loves all life, can love right well, can love deeply and strongly and tenderly the lives that come nearest him. Low nurses and small-hearted mothers dwarf and pervert their children, doing their worst to keep them from having big hearts like God. Clare had other teaching than this. He had lost his father and mother, but many good things were given him to help him wait till he found them again. For God was keeping them for him somewhere, and keeping him for them here. The only good in being born into this world is that we learn to love. I think Clare the most enviable of boys, because he loved more than any one of his age I have heard of. There are people—oh, such silly people they are ! though they may sometimes be pleasing—who are always wanting people to love them. They think so much of themselves, that they want to think more, and that makes them able. They even think, because they are fond of being loved, therefore they are loving ! You might as soon say because a man loves money, he is generous ; because he loves to gather, therefore he loves to scatter ; because he likes to read a

story, therefore he can write one. Such lovers are only selfish in a deeper way, and are more to blame ; for, loving to be loved, they ought the better to know what an evil thing it is not to love ; what a mean thing to accept what they are not willing to give. They are far better people who love those that love them ; and even that, as the Lord has taught us, is a pinched and sneaking way of loving. Clare never thought about being loved. He was too busy loving, with so many about him to love, to think of himself. He was not the contemptible little wretch to say, "What a fine boy I am, to make everybody love me !" If he had been capable of that, not many would have loved him ; and those that did would most of them have got tired of loving a thing that did not love again. Only great lovers like God are able to do that, and they help God to make love grow. But there is little truth in love where there is no wisdom in it. Clare's father and mother were wise, and did what they could to keep Clare wise.

Also the animals, though they did not know it, did much to save him from being spoiled by the foolishness of the humans whom the boy loved more than them ; for charity begins at home. Those who do not love their own people will not love other people ; they who do not love children will never love animals right, but will do them harm by their love.

Before I go farther with his story, I must here set down a strange incident that befell Clare, and caused him a sore heart, making him feel for a time a traitor to the whole animal race, and influencing his life for ever. I am puzzled to account for the thing in any way but by attributing more imagination to the animals—or some of them—than I was prepared to do before hearing the story.

He had seen men go out shooting, but had never been tempted to join the ranks of any killers ; yet one day the mere, all but involuntary, imitation of them, apart from the least thought of hurting by it, brought him much grief. Knowing the man, and so what the boy must have been, I do not quite understand how he came even to imitate the slightest motion that went for killing : there was nothing in him of the killer or his ways ; and that is more than I could say for myself, or any other man I know, except Clare Skymer.

He was at the bottom of the garden one afternoon, where nothing but a low hedge came between

him and the meadow. He had in his hand a longish bit of stick, which, boylike, he had picked up without a notion of doing anything with it. Suddenly he saw a half-grown rabbit, rushing at full speed across the meadow in a line parallel with the hedge, and not many yards away. From sheer unconscious imitation, I believe, for he had that very morning seen a man take aim at something, though he did not fire, he raised the stick to his shoulder as if it had been a gun. I do not remember whether he gave any shout, but I think not. The rabbit tumbled heels over head, and lay motionless. With far other feelings than those of a sportsman, Clare ran, got through the hedge, and approached the rabbit trembling. Yet he could not but think the creature was playing him a trick. How could he have been hurt?

"I dare say the little one knows me," he said to himself, "and wanted to give me a start! He couldn't have known what a start it would be, or he wouldn't have done it!"

When he drew near, however, the little one, as he called it, did not, as he had hoped and expected, jump up and run again. It did not move. With a sinking heart, Clare went close up, and stood looking down on it. It did not stir, but lay stretched out, apparently incapable of any more motion. With death in his bosom he stooped and tenderly lifted it. The rabbit was stone-dead! The poor boy gazed at it, pressed it tenderly to his heart, the tears pouring down his face, but uttered no cry till he found his mother. Then a low groaning howl burst from him; he laid the dead thing in her lap, and threw himself on the floor at her feet, in an utter abandonment of self-accusation and despair.

It was long before he was able to give her an intelligible account of what had taken place. She thought at first he had found it dead. For negative he could only shake his head; but that head-shake had a whole tragedy of sorrow in it. When she learned at length how the case was, she tried to comfort him, insisting he was not to blame—that he did not mean to kill the little one; but he would not hearken to her loving sophistry.

"No, mother," he said through his sobs, "I wouldn't have blamed myself, though I should have been very sorry, if I had killed him by accident—if I had stepped upon him, or anything of that kind; but I meant to frighten him! I looked bad at him! I made him think I was an enemy, and

was going to kill him! I shammed bad—and so was real bad."

He stopped, and uttered again the most wailful howl.

"Perhaps he knew me," he resumed, "and couldn't understand it. It was much worse than if I had shot him. He wouldn't have known then till he was dead. But to die of terror was too horrible! Oh, why didn't I think what I was doing!"

"Nobody could have thought of such a thing happening!"

"No; but I ought to have thought, mother, of what I was doing. I was trying to frighten him. I must have been in a cruel mood! Why didn't I think love to the little one when I saw him, instead of thinking death to him! I shall never look a rabbit in the face again!"

"I don't believe another rabbit in England would have died from such a cause!" persisted his mother thoughtfully.

"Then what a superior rabbit he must have been!" said Clare. "To think that I pulled down the roof of his church upon him!"

He burst into a torrent of tears, and ran to his own room. There his mother thought it better to leave him undisturbed. She wisely thought that a mind of such sensibility was alone capable of finding the comfort to fit its need.

Such comfort he doubtless did find; for by the time his mother called him to tea, calmness had taken the place of the agony on his countenance. His mother asked him no questions, for both she and her husband feared for him any possible encouragement to self-consciousness. I imagine he had reflected that things could not go so wrong that nothing would set them right. I imagine he thought, if he had done the rabbit a wrong, as he never for a moment to the end of his life doubted he had, He who is at the head of all heads, and the heart of all hearts, would contrive to let him tell the rabbit he was sorry, and would give him something to do for the rabbit, to make up for his cruelty. He did once say to his mother, and neither of them again alluded to the matter, that he was sure the rabbit had forgiven him.

"Little ones are so forgiving, you know, mother!" he added.

Is it any wonder, after this experience, coming upon his hearty love to all the creatures, that my friend Clare Skymer should be no sportsman?

VII.

CLARE AND HIS HUMAN BROTHERS.

ANOTHER anecdote of him that has no furtherance of the story in it, I must yet tell.

Upon a cold day in a stormy March, the wind blowing wildly broken clouds across the heavens, and driving now rain now sleet over the shivering blades of the young corn, whose tender green was just tinging the dark brown earth, and the fields looking now dark and wintry, heartless and cold, now sunny, and shining all over as with repentant tears—like the face of a child, haunted with passion, weeping for loss, refusing to be comforted, and the next moment reviving with hope and a new sense of life—on such a day he spied from a mound in the field where he was hovering about the plough, a little procession passing along the highway. Those in front carried something heavy on their shoulders: he knew it was heavy because it took six of them to carry it. One man was walking behind, close to it. He knew it was a coffin, for, his father being a clergyman, and their home by the churchyard, a funeral was not an unfamiliar sight to him. For a moment he watched the man, walking with bowed head and heavy pace, knew that he was a peasant, and noted that he walked alone. His heart filled from its own perennial fount of pity, which was God Himself in him. He ran down the hill, and across the next field, making for a spot some distance ahead of the procession, and reached the road as it was passing. He came behind it, went by the few in the rear, and got up with the chief mourner, plodding on with his arms hanging by his sides. He crept close to him, without a word put his little soft hand into the great horny hand of the peasant, and walked along by his side. Instinctively the big hand closed upon the little one, and the weather-beaten face of a man of fifty looked down upon the boy. Not a word was said on either side; they went walking on hand-in-hand. Neither had ever seen the other. The man was following his wife and his one child to the grave. "Nothing almost sees miracles but misery," says Kent in *King Lear*. Because this man was miserable, he saw a miracle where was no miracle, only something as good. The thing could not have been more true or precious had it been a miracle. Those deep, upturned, silent eyes, the profound,

divine sympathy that gleamed out of them, the grasp of the tiny hand upon his large fingers, made the heart of the man, who happened to be a Roman Catholic, imagine, and for a few moments believe, that he held the hand of the infant Saviour. The cloud lifted from his heart and brain; and did not return when he came to understand that this was not the Lamb of God, only another lamb from the same fold. When they had walked about two miles, the boy began to fear he might be intruding, and would have taken his hand from the other, but the man held it tight, and stooping whispered that it was not far now. The child, who, without knowing it, had taken the man under the protection of his love, yielded at once, went with him to the grave, joined in the service, saw the grave filled, and went again as he had come. Scarce a word was spoken on the way back. The man wept a little now and then, drew the back of his brown hand across his eyes, and pressed the hand he held a little closer. At the gate of the parsonage the boy took his leave. He said they would be wondering what had become of him, or he would have gone farther. The man released him without a word.

His mother had been uneasy about him, but when he told her how it was, she said he had done right.

"Yes," returned the boy; "I belong there myself."

The mother knew he was not thinking of the grave.

One more anecdote to introduce the narrative of the following chapter, and help to reveal the character of the boy! He was so unlike most boys, that we need to know all we can about him in order to understand him; and in this story appears, if not a new element in him, at least a new phase of him.

Never yet, strange as the assertion must seem, had the boy shown any anger. His father was a little troubled at the fact, fearing such absence of resentment might indicate moral indifference, or if not, might yet render him incapable of coping with the world. He had himself been brought up at a public school, and not yet, with all his experience of life, had come to see, any more than most of the readers of this story now see, or for a long time will see, that there lies no nobility, no dignity in evil retort of any kind; that evil is evil when returned, as much as when given; that the only shining thing is good—and the most shining, good for evil.

One day a rude boy in the village gave him a sharp blow on the face. The blow forced water from his eyes and blood from his nose. In perfect quietness he was wiping away both at once with his handkerchief, when a kindly girl who was passing, stopped and said to him :

"Never mind ; don't cry."

"Oh, no !" answered Clare ; "it's only water ; it's not crying. It would be cowardly to cry. I don't want to look as if I minded it, when I don't."

"That's a brave boy ! You'll give it him back one of these days !"

"No," he returned, "I shall not. I couldn't."

"Why ?"

"Because it hurts so ! My nose feels as if it were broken ! I know it's not broken, but it feels like it."

The girl, as well as the boys who stood around him, burst into laughter. They saw no logic in his reasoning. Clare's was the divine reasoning that comes of loving your neighbour ; theirs was the earthly reasoning that came of loving themselves. They did not see that to Clare another boy was another of himself ; that he was carrying out the design of the Father of men, that His creatures should come together into one, not push each other away.

The next time he met the boy who struck him, so far was he both from resentment and from the fear of being misunderstood, that he offered him a rosy-cheeked apple his mother had given him as he left for school. The boy was sneak and tyrant combined—such as one sees sometimes in a working man set over his fellows, or in a rich man grown poor, and ready to do *anything* to make money again. The boy took the apple, never doubted Clare gave it him to curry favour, ate it up grinning, and threw the core in his face. Clare had recourse to his handkerchief again, and turned away with a sigh. The boy burst into a guffaw of hideous laughter. It was one of the few visions of hell that Clare had in his childhood. He had more of them by and by.

VIII.

CLARE THE DEFENDER.

THIS same boy was a trouble, more or less, to every decent person in the neighbourhood. It was well his mother was a widow, for where she was

only powerless to restrain, the father would have encouraged. He was a big, idle, sneering, insolent lad—such, that had there been two more of the sort, they would have made the village uninhabitable. It was all the peaceable vicar could do to keep his hands off him.

One day, little Mary being then about five years old, Clare had her out for a walk. They were alone in a narrow lane, not far from the farm where Clare was so much at home. To his consternation, for he had his sister in charge, down the lane, meeting them, came the village tyrant. He strolled up with his hands in his pockets, and barred their way. But while, his eye chiefly on Clare, he "straddled" like Apollyon, but not "quite over the whole breadth of the way," Mary drew up her small self, and slipped past him. The young brute darted upon the child. But Clare put down his head, as he had seen the rams do, and as Simpson was on the point of laying hold of her, caught him in the flank, butted him into a ditch, and fell on the top of him.

"Run, Maly," he cried ; "I'll be after you in a moment !"

"Will you, you little devil !" cried the bully, and taking him by the throat, so that he could not utter even a gurgle, got up, and began to beat him unmercifully. But the sound of their voices had reached the ears of Clare's friend, the bull Nimrod, who was feeding within the hedge. Whether he recognized the voice of his friend, or knew from it that he was in trouble, I cannot tell. I am inclined to think it was pure bull-love of a row that sent him tearing to the quarter whence the sounds came. There, looking over the hedge, he saw his friend in the clutches of an enemy of his own, for Simpson never lost a chance of teasing Nimrod when he could do so with safety. Over he came with a short roar and a crash. Looking up, the bully saw a bigger bully than himself, with his head down, and sharp horns level, retreating a step or two in preparation for running at him. Simpson shoved the helpless Clare toward the enemy, and fled. Clare fell. Nimrod jumped over his prostrate friend, and tore after Simpson. Clare got up, and would at once have followed to protect his enemy, but that he must first see his sister safe. He ran with her to a cottage close by, handed her to the woman at the door of it, who had come out to see, and turning pursued Simpson and the bull.

Nimrod overtook his enemy just as he lifted his leg to scramble over a five-barred gate. Looking round he saw the head of the bull was coming down upon him like the bows of a Dutchman upon a fishing-boat, and paralyzed with terror, he could not move an inch farther. Crash against the gate came the head of Nimrod, with all the weight and speed of his body behind it. Away went the gate into the field, and away went Simpson and the bull with it, the latter nearly breaking his neck, for his horns were entangled by the diagonal bar. Simpson's legs and body were jammed betwixt the gate and the head and horns of the bull. Simpson roared, and his roars maddened the bull, already furious that he could not get his horns clear. Shake and pull as he might, the gate stuck to them; and Simpson fared little the better that the bull's quarrel was for the moment with the gate and not with the legs between him and it.

Clare had not seen the catastrophe, and did not know what had become of pursuer or pursued until he reached the gap where the gate had been. He saw then the odd struggle going on, and ran to the aid of his enemy, in terror of what might already have befallen him. The moment he laid hold on one of the animal's horns, mad as he was with the sense of his helplessness, he seemed at once to know who it was, and was quiet; for Clare always took him by the horn when first he went up to him. Without a moment's demur he yielded to the small hands as they pushed and pulled his head this way and that till they got it clear of the gate—nor then let him go, but proceeded to take him home, to which Nimrod made not the least objection. Simpson lay groaning.

When Clare returned, his enemy was lying there still. He had indeed got clear of the prostrate gate, but seemed in much pain, tearing up the grass and sod in handfuls. When Clare stooped to ask what he could do for him, he struck him a backhanded blow on the face that knocked him over. Clare got up and ran.

"Coward!" cried Simpson, "to leave a man with a broken leg to get home by himself!"

"I'm going to find some one strong enough to help you," said Clare.

But Simpson, after his own evil nature, imagined he was going to let the bull into the field again, and fell to praying him not to go. But Clare knew that, if his leg was broken, he could not get home by

himself, and made haste to tell the people at the farm. Simpson lay in terror of the bull till help came.

From that hour he hated Clare, attributing to him all the ill he had brought on himself. But he was safe out of mischief for a while. The trouble fell on his mother—who deserved it, for she would believe no ill of him, because he was *hers*. One good thing of the affair was, that he came out of it a cripple for life, and could do less harm than before.

It was a great joy to Mr. Porson to learn how Clare had defended his sister. Clergyman as he was, and knowing that Jesus Christ would never have returned a blow, and that this spirit of the Lord was what saved the world, he had been uneasy that his adopted child behaved just like Jesus. That a man should be so made as not to care to return a blow, never entered among the possibilities in Mr. Porson's world. It was therefore an immeasurable relief to his feelings as an Englishman, to find that the boy was so far from being destitute of pluck, that in defence of his sister he had attacked a fellow twice his size.

"Weren't you afraid of what such a rascally fellow might do to you?" he asked.

"No, papa," answered the boy. "Ought I to have been? I don't know exactly!"

He put his hand to his forehead, as if trying to understand. His father found he had himself something to think about.

There was in general a certain quiescence about the boy, ill to describe or understand, but very manifest. Like an infant, he never showed surprise at anything. Whatever came to him he received, questioning nothing, marvelling at nothing, disputing nothing. What he was told to do he went to do, without even momentary show of disinclination, leaving book or game with readiness but no eagerness. He would do deftly what was required of him, then return to his place, with a countenance calm and sweet as the moon in highest heaven. He seldom offered a caress except to the little one; yet would choose, before any other, a place by his mother's knee. The moment she, or his father in her absence, entered the room and sat down, he would rise, take his stool, and set it as near as he thought he might. When caressed he never turned away, or looked as if he would rather be let alone; at the same time he received the caress so quietly,

and with so little response, that often, when his heavenly look had drawn the heart of some mother, or spinster with motherly heart, he left an ache in the spirit he would have gone to the world's end to comfort. He never sought love—otherwise than by getting near the loved. When anything was given him, he would always look up and smile, but he seldom showed much pleasure, or said more than the regulation thanks. But at such a moment he had a curious way of catching up little Mary, if she was at hand, and presenting her to the giver. Whether this was the shape his thanks took, as if Mary were an incorporate gratitude, or whether he meant to imply that she was the fitter on whom to shower favour, it were hard to say. His mother observed, and in her mind put the two things together, that he did not seem to prize much any mere possession. He looked pleased with a new suit of clothes, but if any one remarked on his care of them, he would answer, "I musn't spoil what's papa and mamma's!" He made no hoard of any kind. He did once hoard marbles till he had about a hundred; then it was discovered that they were for a certain boy in the village who was counted half-witted—as indeed was Clare himself by many. When he learned that the boy had first been accused of stealing them, for no one would believe that another boy had given them to him; and after that robbed of them by the other boys, on the ground that he did not know how to play with them, Clare saw that it was as foolish to hoard for another as for himself.

He was a favourite with few beyond those that knew him well. Many who saw him only at church, or about the village, did not take to him. His still regard repelled them. In Naples they would have said he had the evil eye. I think they had a vague sense of rebuke in his presence. Even his mother, passionately loving her foundling, was aware of a film between them through which she could not quite see him, beyond which there was something she could not get at. Clare himself knew nothing of such separation. He seemed to himself quite close to his mother, felt nothing between them. The cause of the difference was, that Clare was not yet in flower. His soul was a white half-blown bud, not knowing that it was but half-blown. It basked in the glory of the warm sun, but only with the underside of its flower-leaves; it had not opened its heart, the sun-side of its petals, to the love in

which it was immersed. He received the love as a matter of course, and loved it as a matter of course. But for the cruel Simpson he would not have known there could be any other way of things. He did not yet know that one must not only love but mean to love, must not only bask in the warmth of love, but know it as love, and where it comes from, and love again the fountain whence it flows.

IX.

CLARE DOUBLY AN ORPHAN.

CLARE was yet in his tenth year when an unhealthy summer came. The sun was bright and warm as in other summers, and the flowers in field and garden appeared as usual, when the hour arrived for them to wake and look abroad; but the children of men did not fare so well as the children of the earth. A peculiar form of fever showed itself in the village. It was not very fatal, yet many were so affected as to be long unable to work. There was consequently much distress beyond the suffering of the fever itself. The parson and his wife went about from morning to night among the cottagers, helping everybody that needed help. They had no private fortune, but the small blanket of the benefice they spread freely over as many as it could be stretched to cover, depriving themselves in part of the food to which they had been accustomed, and of several degrees of necessary warmth. When at last the strength of the parson gave way, and the fever laid hold of him, his wife had to do without many comforts she would gladly have got for him. They were both of rather humble origin, and had but one well-to-do relative, a sister of Mrs. Porson, who had married a rich but very common man. From her they could not ask help. She had never sent them any little present, and had been fiercely indignant with them for adopting Clare.

Neither of them for a moment complained, though Mrs. Porson, whose strength also was much spent, could not help weeping sometimes when she was alone and free to weep. They knew their Lord did not live in luxury, and a secret gladness nestled in their hearts that they were allowed to suffer with Him a little for the sake of the flock. He had given into their charge.

On the children of course fell the shadow of the

general gloom, but it did not trouble them much. For Clare, he was not easily troubled about anything. Always ready to help, he did not much realize what suffering was; and he had Mary to look after, which was labour and pleasure, work and play and pay all in one. His mother was at ease concerning her child when she knew her in Clare's charge. She often said that if ever any one was paid for a good deed, she and her husband were vastly overpaid for receiving the little one from the shuddering arms of the earthquake.

With Clare, she was free to attend to her husband, but his hour was come. He must leave wife and children and parish, and go to Him who had sent him. If any one think it hard he should so fare in doing his duty, let him be silent till he learns what the parson himself thought of the matter when he got home. People talk about death as the gosling might about the world before it chips its egg. Take up their way of lamentation, and we shall find it an endless injustice to have to get up every morning and go to bed every night. While Mrs. Porson wept, she never thought him or herself ill-used. Had she been low enough to indulge in self-pity, it would have been thrown away, for before she had time to wonder how she was to live and rear her children, she too was sent for. And if in this world she was not one of those mothers of little faith who trust God for themselves, but not for their children, she would not, when she had rejoined her husband, trust God less.

Clare was in the garden when Sarah told him she was dead. He stood still for a moment, then looked up, up into the blue. Why he looked up, he could not have told; but ever since that terrible morning of which the vague burning memory had never passed, when the great dome into which he was gazing, burst and fell, he had a way every now and then of standing still and looking up. His face was white. Two tears gathered slowly, rolled over, and dried upon his face. He turned to Mary, lifted her in his arms, and, carrying her about the garden, once more told her his strange wild version of what had happened in his childhood. Then he told her that her papa and mamma had gone to look for his papa and mamma—"somewhere up in the dome," he said.

When they wanted to take the child to see what was left of her mother, the boy contrived to keep

her away. From morning till night he scarcely lost sight of her.

One cold noon in October, when the clouds were miles deep in front of the sun, when the rain was falling thick on the yellow leaves, and all the paths were miry, the two children sat by the kitchen fire. Sarah was cooking their mid-day meal, which had come from her own pocket. She was the only servant either of them had known in the house, and would not leave it until some one took charge of the children. The neighbours, dreading infection, did not come near them. Clare sat on a little stool with Mary on his knees, nestling in his bosom; but he felt dreary, for he saw no love-firmament over him; the cloud of death hid it.

With a sudden jingle and rattle, up drove a rickety post-chaise to the door of the parsonage. Out of it, and into the kitchen, came stalking a tall middle-aged woman, in a long black cloak, black bonnet, and black gloves, with a face at once stern and peevish.

"I am the late Mrs. Porson's sister," she said, and stood.

Sarah courtesied and waited. Clare rose, with Mary in his arms.

"This is little Maly, ma'am," he said, offering her the child.

"Set her down, and let me see her," she answered.

Clare obeyed. Mary put her finger in her mouth, and began to cry. She did not like the look of the black aunt, and was not used to a harsh voice.

"Tut! tut!" said the black aunt. "Crying already! that will never do. Show me her things."

Sarah felt stunned. This was worse than Death! "If only the mistress had taken them with her!" she said to herself.

Mary's things—they were not many—were soon packed, and within an hour she was borne off, shrieking, struggling, and calling Clay. The black aunt, however—that was the name by which Clare always thought of her—cared nothing for her resistance; and Clare, who at her first cry was rushing to the rescue, ready once more to do battle for her, was seized and held back by Farmer Good-enough; Sarah had sent him news of what was passing, and he had come over just in time to witness poor Mary's departure.

No sooner was the carriage out of sight than Farmer Goodenough began to repent that he had come: his presence was an acknowledgment, however slight, of responsibility. Something must be done with the foundling! There was nobody to claim him, and nobody wanted him! He had always liked the boy, but he did not want him! His wife was not fond of the boy, nor of any boy, and did not want him! What was to be done with him? Nobody knew any more than Clare himself. But which of us knows what is going to be done with him?

Clare was nobody's business. English farmers no more than French are proverbial for generosity; but Farmer Goodenough, no bad type of his class, had a wife in whose thoughts not the pence but the farthings dominated. She was one who at once recoiled and repelled—one of those whose skin shrinks from the skin of their kind, and who are specially apt to take unaccountable dislikes—a pitiable human animal of the leprous sort. She "never took to the foundling," she said. To have neither father nor mother she counted disreputable. But I believe her dislike was mainly founded on a sense of undefined reproof in the very presence of the boy, his nature was so different from hers. What urged him toward his fellow-creatures, made her draw back from him. In truth she hated the child. The very look of him made her sick, she said. It was only a certain respect for the parson, and a certain fear of her husband, who, seldom angry, was yet capable of fury, that had prevented her from driving the child, "with his dish-clout face," from the premises, when she saw him from door or window. It is no wonder then that the farmer should be at his wits' end to know what, as churchwarden, guardian of the poor, and friend of the late vicar, he was bound to do.

"Where are you going yourself?" he asked Sarah.

"Where the Lord wills," answered the old woman. Her ark had gone to pieces, and she hardly cared what became of her.

"We've got to look after ourselves!" said the farmer.

"Parson used to say there was One as took that off our hands!" replied Sarah.

"Yes, yes," assented Mr. Goodenough, fidgeting a little; "but the Almighty helps them that help themselves, Sarah; that's sound doctrine! You

must really do something Sarah! We can't have you on the parish, you know!"

"I beg your pardon, sir, but until the child here is provided for, or they turn us out of the parsonage, I will not leave the place."

"The furniture is advertised for sale. You'll have nothing but the bare walls!"

"We'll manage to keep each other warm!—Shan't we, Clare?"

"I will try to keep you warm, Sarah," responded the boy sadly.

"But the new parson will soon be here. Human souls must be cared for!"

"Is the Lord's child that came from heaven in an earthquake to be turned out into the cold for fear the souls of big men should perish?"

"Something must be done!" said the farmer. "What it's to be I can't tell! It's no business o' mine any way!"

"That's what the priest, and the Levite, and the farmer says!" returned Sarah.

"Won't you ask Mr. Goodenough to stay to dinner?" said the boy, as he had so often heard his father say to his mother.

He went up to the farmer, who in his perplexity had seated himself, and laid his arm on his shoulder.

"No, I can't, Clare. He would eat all we have, and not have enough!"

"Now Maly is gone," returned Clare, "I would rather not have any dinner."

The farmer's old feeling for the boy, which the dread of having him left on his hands if he once let him get footing on the farm, had for the time dulled, came back upon him.

"Get his dinner," he said. "I'll step down to the village, and by the time I come back, he'll be ready to go with me."

"God bless you, sir!" cried Sarah. "You meant it all the time, and here I been behavin' like a brute!"

The farmer did not like being taken up so sharply. He had promised nothing! But he had nearly made up his mind that, as the friend of the late parson, he could scarcely do less than give shelter to the child he loved so well, at least until he found another refuge. By making the boy useful, he would shut, or partly shut his wife's mouth! There were many things Clare could do about the place!

X.

CLARE BECOMES A FARMER'S BOY.

WHEN Mr. Goodenough appeared at the house-door with the boy, his wife's face expressed what her tongue dared not utter without some heating of the furnace behind it. But Clare never saw that he was not welcome. He had not begun to note outward and visible signs in regard to his own kind, as he did with the animals, to whose every motion and look he gave heed. But he was hardly aware of watching them : his love made it so natural to watch, and so easy to understand them ! He was not drawn to watch Mrs. Goodenough, or to read her signs ; he was content to hear what she said. It would have been immediately better for Clare if the farmer had left him where he was, and let Sarah bestir herself for him ; but it would have been a bad thing for the farmer.

True to her nature, Mrs. Goodenough, seeing she could not at once get rid of the boy, did what she could to make him pay for his keep. Nominally he continued to attend the village school, where the old schoolmaster was capable of teaching him many things, and was doing his best for him ; but, oftener than not, she interposed to prevent his going : she could turn him to many uses about the house, the dairy, and the poultry-yard.

It must not be imagined that his new mode of life occasioned any sense of hardship. I do not mean because of his patient acceptance of everything that came ; but because he had been so long accustomed to the ways of a farm, to all the phases of life and work in yard and field, that nothing came strange to him—except having to stick to what he was at, and having next to no time to read. There are many boys who, although they have found much amusement in doing this or that, the moment it is required of them, find it irksome : Clare was not of that mean sort ; he was too much of a gentleman for that, even if he had been tempted from some covert in his nature where he did not know a snake had its nest. Happily he was put to no work beyond his strength.

At first, and for some time, he had to do only with the creatures more immediately under the care of "the mistress," whence his acquaintance with the poultry and the pigs, the pigeons and the calves—and specially with such as were delicate or hurt—

with their ways of thinking and their carriage and conduct, rapidly increased.

By and by, however, when he had almost ceased to attend school, though as often as he went to the village, he never failed to look in upon his old friend, the schoolmaster, Mr. Goodenough, requiring some help a boy could give, took him from his wife—not without complaint on her part, and not without some sense of relief.

The farmer would not part with him again. He was so quick in doing what was required, so intelligent to catch the meaning not always thoroughly expressed, so cheerful, and so willing, that he was a pleasure to Mr. Goodenough—and no less a pleasure to the farmer that dwelt in Mr. Goodenough, and seemed to most men to be all there was of him. For, instead of being an expense, he was a saving—which, if all tales be true of farmers, must have been in his eyes the first of recommendations. Of course there are all sorts of farmers, as well as of lawyers and clergymen, but Mr. Goodenough was not better than the most of farmers.

It was much more pleasant for Clare to be with his master than with his mistress, but he fared the worse for it in the house. The woman's dislike of the boy must find outlet ; and as, instead of flowing all day long, it was now pent up the greater part of it, the stronger it issued when he came home to his meals. I will not defile my page with much record of the ways in which she vented her spite. It sought at times such minuteness of indulgence, that it was next to impossible for any one to perceive the working of it but the boy himself.

Clare came more into contact now with the larger animals about the place ; and the comfort he derived from them was more than many people would readily or perhaps willingly believe. He had kept up his relations with Nimrod, the bull, and there was never a breach of the friendship between them. The people about the farm not unfrequently sought his influence with the animal : at times they dared hardly approach him themselves. Clare even made him useful—got a little work out of him now and then. But his main interest lay in the horses. He had up to this time known rather less of them than of the other creatures on the place ; now he had to give his chief attention to them, laying in love the foundation of that knowledge which afterwards stood him in such stead when he came to dwell for a time among certain

Eastern tribes whose horses are their chief gladness and care. He used, when alone with them, to talk to this one or that about the friends he had lost—his father and mother and Maly and Sarah—and did not mind if they all listened. He would even tell them sometimes about his own father and mother—how the whole sky full of angels fell down upon them and took them away. But he said most about his sister. For her he mourned more than for any of the rest. Her screams as the black aunt carried her away, would sometimes haunt him so that again and again he would start to run to her. He felt somehow that it was well with the others, though he did not know what the *well* was; but Maly had always needed him, and more than ever in the last days of their companionship. He wept for nobody but Maly. Sometimes in the night he would wake up suddenly, thinking he heard her crying out for him. Then he would get out of bed, creep to the stable, go to Jonathan in his stall, and to him pour out his low-voiced complaint. Jonathan was the biggest and oldest horse on the farm.

How much he thought they understood of what he told them, I cannot say. He was never silly about anything. In many matters we can be sure of nothing, and yet have good reason to hope and believe much. He believed they knew when he was in trouble, and sympathized with him, and would gladly have relieved him of his pain. I suspect most animals know something of the significance of tears. More animals shed tears themselves than most people think.

For dogs, bless them, they are everywhere, and he had known them from time immemorial.

In the village, some who had admired the boy began to remark that he no longer "looked the little gentleman." This was owing chiefly to the state of his clothes. They were not fit for the work to which he was put, and within a few weeks were all very shabby. Besides, he was growing rapidly, so that he and his garments were in too evident process of parting company. Accustomed to a mother's care, he never thought of his clothes except to take care of them for her sake. He tried to mend them himself, but soon found that was of little use. He had no wages to buy new with. His clothes or his health or his education were nothing to Mrs. Goodenough. It was no concern of hers whether he looked decent or not. What right had such as he to look decent? It was more than

enough that she had to feed him! The shabbiness of the beggarly creature was a consolation to her.

But beyond the mere clothes, it is possible enough that Clare's toil in the open air, his constant and willing association with the animals, may by this time have begun to give him a bucolic appearance. He was probably a trifle browner, and showed here and there a freckle. His health was splendid. Nothing seemed to hurt him. Hardship was wholesome to him. To the eyes that hated him, and grudged the poor hire of the mere food by which he grew, he seemed every day to enlarge visibly. He gave promise of being one day a man of more than ordinary strength and vigour. Possibly the animals gave him something.

What may have been the outlook and hope of the boy all this time, who shall tell! He never grumbled, never showed sign of pain or unwillingness, gave his mistress no reason for fault-finding. She found it hard even to discover a pretext. She seemed always ready to strike him, but was probably afraid to do so without provocation her husband would count sufficient. Clare never showed sign of discomfort, never even sighed until he was alone. Chequered as his life had been, if ever he looked forward to a fresh change, it was but as a far possibility in the slow current of events. But he was constantly possessed with a large dim sense of something that lay beyond, waiting for him; something toward which the tide of things was with certainty drifting him, but with which he had nothing more to do than wait for it. He did not see that to do the things given him to do was the only preparation for whatever, in the dim underworld of the future, might be waiting him; but he did feel, while he waited, that he must do his work. He did not then think much about duty. He was actively inclined, had a strong feeling for doing a thing as it ought to be done; and was thoroughly loyal to any one that seemed to have a right over him. In this blind, enduring, vaguely hopeful way he went on—sustained, and none the less certainly that he did not know it, from the fountain of his life. When the winter came, his sufferings, cared for as he had been, and accustomed to warmth and softness, must at times have been considerable. In the day his work was a protection, but at night the house was cold. He had, however, plenty to eat, had no ailment, and so was not to be greatly pitied.

(*To be continued.*)

THE BABOUSHKA.¹

A BALLAD OF CHRISTMAS.

ONCE, beneath the guidance of a star,
Went three wise and stately kings of old ;
Through the dusk they journeyed fast and far,
Bearing gifts of frankincense and gold :
And they paused a moment on their way,
In the lamp-light from an open door,
Saw an aged house-wife, bent and gray,
Sweeping busily her earthen floor.

"Hail ! and hearken ! glad the news we bring,
Happy tidings, dear and glorious.
Kings are we, and go to greet our King.
Woman, leave thy task and follow us :
To the world a Heavenly Child is born ;
Great and golden gleams His guiding star,
Bright it beckons from the Gates of Morn
To His smile where Peace and Pardon are."

"Nay, I may not follow ye till all
Garnished be and orderly within ;
Sweeping hearth and house-place, byre and stall,
Ere I seek the Child of Holy Kin."
Thus she spake—but when her task was done
Blank and empty lay the desert-space ;
All the sky was rosy with the sun,
And the Star had vanished from its place.

"Woe is me ! and are the strangers gone ?
Gone the star whereto their steps were bent !—
Eastward, yonder, sure its glory shone,
There my feet shall find the way they went."

* * * * *

Still she seeks the long-lost path to trace,
Still her heart is heavy with regret ;
Wistfully she scans each baby-face,
For she seeks the Christ-Child's dwelling yet.

Aye, through all the years she wanders still,
Up and down the world, and to and fro ;
Hastes the hanging stocking-feet to fill,
Over steppes and mountains white with snow :
Over icy field and frozen lake
Still her Christmas love-gifts beareth she ;
Gladdens all the children for the sake
Of that Holy Child she longs to see.

GRAHAM R. TOMSON.

¹ Adapted from a Russian *conte populaire*.

WONDERFUL CHRISTMASSES OF OLD.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

IT had been a day of Rome in her glory—the Saturnalia. Through the imperial streets had passed grand pageants. Aurelian had returned from his conquests. The Temple of Janus was closed; banners of peace filled the air. Aurelian

flamed on the damp walls, revealing the rude inscriptions on many a martyr's tomb. After the Feast of Charity, an old man rose in their midst—the venerable Alexander. His name was on the list of the condemned for whom the Roman officers

IN THE CATACOMBS, A.D. 176.

feasted in the Capitol. At the tables sat nobles and peasants; all were equal on that one day.

In the gloomy quarries under the Campagna a very different scene was enacting. Along the Appian Way of monuments and palaces, in removing the stone for building, there had been created countless caverns where from early periods criminals had taken refuge. Latterly these cells had been secretly used as chapels by the persecuted Christians; and here to-night, hard by the blazing and drunken city, these proscribed men and women were gathering to celebrate the birth of the Lord. Torches

were seeking. He pointed upward: "The roof of stone hides the stars, but they shine; and they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars of heaven. I know that when the Saturnalia passes, I shall be given to the beasts. But the hosts of the righteous shall increase, shining in their beauty, and Bethlehem's Star shall never set."

Even so. When the Saturnalia came again, and the Christians gathered again in the stone chambers to celebrate the birth of Jesus, on the martyrs' record along the smoky walls were new names—among them the aged Alexander's.

ROME has suffered mighty changes. It is no longer the Rome of Aurelian, no longer the temple-place of heathen gods.

But the Bethlehem Star still shines.

More than three hundred years have now passed away since its mysterious ray led the Magi to the Redeemer's cradle. Constantine, Rome's emperor now, has seen the failure of the gods of Rome and Athens. He has been forced to ponder, forced to believe that the faith of the persecuted Christians in a God, one and invisible, and in His Crucified Son, may be the true faith of the world.

The emperor was amazed. The cross and sign blazed before the eyes of the whole army.

Early the next morning, Constantine informed his officers that Christ had appeared to him in the night, with the cross in His hand, and commanded him to make the cross the royal standard. The officers were ordered to construct a cross, and a standard. The standard was made thus :

A long spear, plated with gold, with a transverse piece at the top, in the form of a cross, to which was fastened a four-square purple banner, embroidered with gold, and beset with precious stones which reflected the highest lustre ; above the cross was a crown overlaid with gold and jewels, within which was placed the sacred symbol, the two first letters of the name of Christ in Greek.

THE VISION OF CONSTANTINE, A.D. 312.

In this year, 312, he had seen the Vision which was to change the state of the world. That ancient historian who received the narrative from Constantine's own declaration, thus describes this most wonderful event of Christian History :

"The army arriving near Rome, the emperor was employed in devout ejaculations. It was the twenty-seventh of October, about three o'clock in the afternoon, the sun was declining, when there suddenly appeared a pillar of light in the heavens in the form of a cross, with this plain inscription :

IN HOC SIGNO VINCES. [In this sign thou shalt conquer.]

Under this standard, October 29th, 312, Constantine defeated the Roman Emperor, Maxentius, on the banks of the Tiber. He entered Rome in triumph, bearing aloft the cross. The Christians hailed it with acclamations, and a joyful public Christmas followed.

The Saturnalia became the Festival of the Nativity.

The ancient pagan shrines vanished, or they glowed with the holy lights of the new and triumphant faith—the beautiful Bethlehem Star shining over all.

NEW temples have arisen in Rome. They uplift the cross. The golden season of the Saturnalia comes and goes, but the Festival of Christ is celebrated instead. Rome is filled with holy rejoicing, the Roman children sing of the Star of Bethlehem, masses are chanted—the heathen festival has become Christmas.

The Church, mighty in its faith, is praying for the conversion of the world. Missionaries go forth into all the provinces of the vast Roman Empire.

About the year 432, St. Patrick made a holy

Irish people still recall his mission with love, and speak of him with reverence.

The scene of his greatest triumph was Tara. There he instituted the wonderful Christmas festivals of Rome. There his grand missionary anthems were inspired. According to tradition, he first sang his memorable hymn, *Christ be with me*, on one of the religious Christmases in the royal halls of Tara. It is a rapture of devotion and consecration :

To Tara to-day may the strength of God pilot me,
May the power of God preserve me ;
May the wisdom of God instruct me ;

ST. PATRICK AT TARA, A.D. 432.

journey. He came to Ireland. He found the people idolaters, worshipping under the oaks, their bards and poets ignorant of the true God ; and as St. Patrick was a singing prophet and teacher, the simple folks of Ireland, ever deeply stirred by song and eloquence, listened to him. They were moved by the beautiful story of Christ, and the hope of an eternal life. Thousands were baptized into the new faith. Churches sprung up over the green land as if by magic. St. Patrick preached in Ireland for some thirty years, and the

May the eye of God view me ;
May the ear of God hear me ;
May the word of God make me eloquent ;
May the hand of God protect me ;
May the way of God direct me ;
May the shield of God defend me ;
Christ be with me,
Christ on my right hand,
Christ on my left hand,
Christ in the heart of all to whom I speak,
Christ in the mouth of all who speak to me,
Christ in the eye of all who see me,
Christ in the ear of all who hear me.

THERE lived in Geneva, near the close of the fifth century, a most beautiful Christian girl. She was called the loveliest woman in the world. She was also beautiful in character, and spent her time in works of charity.

Clovis, King of the Franks, heard of the beauty of Clotilde. According to the old story, he sent a noble Roman, Aurelian, commissioning him, if he found her loveliness as great as her fame, to woo her for him, and bring her to Rheims, the Frankish capital. Aurelian went to Geneva clothed in rags. He appeared before the fair Clotilde as a

were in much peril. Clovis called upon his gods. But the danger of defeat grew—the Franks were hard pressed. Then Aurelian, who had won for Clovis his beautiful wife, cried: “Call on the God whom the queen preacheth, my lord king!”

Clovis lifted his face toward the sky. “Christ Jesus, thou whom my queen calleth the Son of the Living God, if thou wilt help, I will proclaim thy name, and be baptized!” prayed this king.

The Germans were beaten, their king slain.

That was a grand Christmas in Rheims, 496. It celebrated the conversion of the Franks. The

THE BAPTISM OF CLOVIS, RHEIMS, A.D. 496.

beggar. She received him with pity. Kneeling, she began to wash his feet.

“Lady,” said Aurelian, “I would speak to thee. I am no mendicant,” said he. “I am a king’s ambassador. King Clovis desires to make thee his queen. Wilt thou take and wear this ring?”

Clotilde put upon her finger the jewel of Clovis; and by the act she made the France of the future one of the Christian empires of the world.

In 496, a German army crossed the Rhine, warring upon Clovis. The great battle of Cologne was fought. At a point of the battle, the Franks

way from the palace to the baptistery was hung in silk and gold. The clergy led the way with crosses and standards, reading the gospels and chanting psalms. Then came the bishop leading the king by the hand and followed by the meek and beautiful queen. The king and royal household were baptized, and an army of three thousand Franks, and a multitude of women and children. The stars beamed brightly that night over Gaul and the Rhine. The Star of Bethlehem shone in its holy place. The kingdoms of earth were becoming the kingdoms of Christ.

IN the ancient cathedral of Aix-la-Chapelle, France, there is a tomb of wonderful historic interest. The traveller thinks of it as he enters the solemn edifice, and beholds in the dim distance the chancel oriel burning with mysterious splendours.

"CARLO-MAGNO," reads the inscription. It is the tomb of an emperor, one of the greatest who ever wore the crown of the Cæsars—Charlemagne!

He was King of the Franks, of the peoples of Middle Europe and the nations of the North; he conquered the Saxons, and in tremendous struggles defeated all foes, until at last the Alps and the

powerful Defender of the Faith with a grand Christmas gift—the crown of the Roman world."

The Pope and clergy prepared for Christmas ceremonies of the most joyous and imposing character. It was arranged that though Charlemagne should reach Rome before Christmas, he should have no knowledge of the coronation that awaited him. The clergy, nobles, and people were to assemble. When he should come into the church to attend mass, and should bow his head to receive the wafer—then he should be suddenly crowned and hailed Emperor of the World.

THE CHRISTMAS CROWNING OF CHARLEMAGNE, A.D. 800.

Baltic, the Rhine and the Rhone, were alike parts of his splendid empire. He conquered the Saracens of the South; he added crown to crown, kingdom to kingdom, until Europe lay at his feet.

At the Easter Festival in 774, he visited Rome in splendour. A great procession came out to meet him, headed by the Pope. The people hailed him with hallelujahs, the children waved green branches, the clergy in princely vestments sang: "*Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!*"

In the year 800, he was summoned to Rome. The cardinals said: "Let us honour this most

It was one of the most poetic events of history. The Christmas day came, a beautiful day out of the skies of Italy. The Emperor entered the church in humility, and bowed before the altar. Suddenly, Pope Leo uplifted the crown of the Roman world, and set it upon his head. There arose then a great shout of joy. Clergy and nobles exclaimed in unison: "Long live Charles Augustus, Crowned of God, Emperor of the Romans!"

Christianity possessed Europe now. The Bethlehem Star, shining its eight centuries, lighted all the lands.

CHRISTMAS has been an eventful day in English history.

English life and literature are alike full of reference to William of Normandy; to-day proud English nobles boast that their ancestors came over with the Conqueror. The conquest of England by William reads like romance. He left the fair-skied duchy of Normandy in September, 1066. His fleet, gay with pennants and gonfalons, numbered a thousand sails. His own ship had silken sails of many colours made by his duchess and her Norman maidens. On its prow a golden boy pointed towards

The fight began early on that golden October day. William's beautiful horse was killed. His soldiers, supposing their king wounded, wavered. "I am living," cried Duke William, "and I will conquer!" And that night the standard of the Three Norman Lions waved over the field. Young Harold was found dead. His body was identified by one who loved him, the swan-necked Edith. "*Infelix Harold*," they inscribed on his tomb.

William hastened to Westminster to be crowned while the conquered people were helpless through fear. It was a Christmas Day. The English in

THE CORONATION OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR, A.D. 1066.

England. Its banner was three Norman lions.

Young Harold, the English king, prepared to resist the invasion. William landed his army and marched to Hastings. Here the two armies met. The English forces, all-confident, passed the night before the battle in feasting, young Harold little dreaming that this revel under the October moon would be his last banquet. In the morning Duke William rode forth from the Norman camp on a beautiful Barbary horse. The standard of the Three Norman Lions was borne after him. His army advanced, singing the great war-song of Roland.

London had expected to celebrate the festival in the Abbey, but the Conqueror demanded the church for his coronation. He surrounded it with battalions of Normans. He entered it with his barons, and the coronation rites began. The ceremony was interrupted by a tumult outside that ended in a slaughter of his new English subjects.

But the Christmas crown of England did not bring joy to the Conqueror. He is said to have been a most unhappy and remorseful man.

Dark were those days; but the Star of Peace and Good Will was still shining.

THROUGH the darkness the Christmas Star still breaks its way onward. For England there was a long, gloomy period. King John—that Herod who doomed Prince Arthur, that English Innocent, to be murdered because the boy had the right to the throne—was ever an oppressive and bloody man; and at last the English barons agreed to compel him to give a promise that their rights should be recognized and protected. This revolt of the barons against their king was the beginning of English liberty. They met on November 20, 1213. They placed their hands upon an altar and

the halls of the tyrant king. He read his impending fate in the silence and gloom. He fled to London. He shut himself up in the fortress of the Templars. But the barons followed him there. On the day of Epiphany, they haughtily presented themselves—not with allegiance, but with demands for the Charter. “Give me until Easter to consider this,” the king said at last with paling face.

At Easter the barons again appeared before him. “Why do they not ask for my crown?” he said. “I will not grant them liberties that would make me a slave,” he added angrily.

AT RUNNYMEDE, A.D. 1214.

solemnly swore, one after another, that should King John refuse to grant a Charter of Rights, they would not only withdraw their allegiance, but they would wage war against him. This act was the English Declaration of Independence.

The king was soon shown a sign of their feeling. Christmas Day came. King John waited in vain at his royal hall in Worcester for the barons to come and pay him the customary Christmas homage. It was a day of dark moment to him. At night glad Christmas lights blazed in many an old baronial castle, but the glory had departed from

The barons summoned their knights. The king found himself deserted alike by his nobles and his people. After gloomy delay, “I will grant the Charter,” he said sullenly; and he grudgingly named time and place, Runnymede, June 15.

That day became famous in English history, for King John, however grudgingly, kept his word.

Four centuries later, on another Christmas Day, 1688, the English Parliament called the wise and good William, Prince of Orange, to accept the English crown. So, through the years, light and gladness were growing for the people.

THE first "Still Christmas" in England occurred in 1525. Henry the Eighth was king, and he had not yet forfeited the respect of his subjects; but great political events were at hand.

In December the king was sick. The nation was filled with anxiety. It was decided that the Christmas should be a silent one; there were no carols, bells, or merry-makings.

Silent Christmases were proclaimed in the Protectorate of Cromwell. The festival was altogether abolished, and the display of the emblems of the Nativity was held to be seditious.

ing from street to street and smiting the air and crying out:

"No Christmas! No Christmas!"

Heads filled the windows and figures the doors. Crowds stopped on the corners of the streets and in the squares. The cry went on:

"No Christmas! No Christmas!"

It smote the hearts of those who loved the old ways and customs. But the spirit of the time was not lost. In the silence of the long procession of English festivals, the law of Christ was not the less obeyed. It was a period of great morality

"NO CHRISTMAS! NO CHRISTMAS!"—IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

The change was most notable in London. There was silence on the Strand. The church bells were still. St. Paul lifted its white roofs over the Thames, and Westminster Abbey its towers, but the tides of happy people in holiday attire no more poured in and out of those ancient fanes. The holly and ivy no more appeared in the windows of the rich and the poor. The Yule fires were not kindled, nor the carols sung.

Bells indeed rung out on the frosty air, but how different from the chimes of old! They were the hand-bells of the heralds in simple garb pass-

and fruitful piety; a period when the nation was conscientious and strong.

A great change followed the Restoration. The Christmas bells rang out once more. The waits again sang their carols at the gates of the old feudal halls. There were merry-makings under the evergreens. It was at one of the Court Christmases of these years that Charles knighted a loin of beef, and gave it the name of "Sir Loin." The festival in the days of this "merrie monarch" became a revel, after the Puritan silence.

A GENOESE mariner believed himself born to carry the gospel of Christ to an unknown people and an undiscovered world, a world lying in the mysterious waters of the West. He travelled from city to city seeking a powerful patron, until at Santa Fé in the south of Europe took place the memorable meeting with the king and queen of Spain.

With an equipment of three ships he left Palos and sailed to the mysterious waters whose secret shores no eye had seen. Golden days came and went; nights of calm, and new stars. Near

in the great West. Coronado visited the region in search of the Seven Cities of Gold almost one hundred years before the *Mayflower* sailed into the Christmas-tide storm of Provincetown Bay. The Franciscan missionaries soon followed Coronado.

How poetic must have been the first Christmases in the new-born town! The mission church is surrounded with mountains whose summits are covered with eternal snow. The sun of the fitful December day goes down leaving every peak a colossal monument of light and splendour. Evening's curtains fall. It is vespers. Down the light ladders of the

CHRISTMAS EVE AT SANTA FÉ.—IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

midnight on the eleventh of October, 1492, he saw a light in the far horizon, knew his destiny was accomplished, and that God had fulfilled the prophetic meaning of his name—*Columbus*, the seeking dove. Morning came; the New World stood revealed; he leapt on shore, unfurled the banner and cross of Castile, and sang *Te Deums*.

The missionary mariner sailed away again. He discovered Hispaniola, and here he and his followers offered the first Christmas devotions in the New World.

Santa Fé, on the Rio Grande, was probably the place where the first Christmas anthem was sung

pueblos come the descendants of a race unknown, and make their way to the church. Music tells the tale of the Virgin and the Child. Then arises the *Gloria*, and it floats out, like a breath from the Bethlehem angels over the mighty solitudes that are to become the habitations of the dominant race of the world. The moon rises over the mountains and turns into whiteness pueblos and chapel. In the bright air stands the mystic sign of the cross like a shadow, and there ascends heavenward in the silence the sweet words, in the Latin tongue, "*On earth, peace.*" The Star that shone over Bethlehem and the nations of the East, has risen upon the West.

SO the Christmas Days of the New World begin. Champlain died in the Castle of St. Louis, Quebec, on Christmas Day. The French Christians celebrated the day at Port Royal, Canada, and in all the settlements of New France.

The Christmas of the *Mayflower* was a doubtful and dreary day—a day of toil and hardship. Christmas night brought a storm of high wind and rain, the vessel tossed, and although Puritans in sentiment and life, the Pilgrims must at the evening Bible-reading have thought of the sweet chimes of Lincoln, the white-crowned towers of the brightly-

the rocking ship, with the wind beating against, and the rain freezing upon the masts, the Master of the ship, his heart warming with the memory of the Merry Christmases of Old England, proffered to his stern and sorrowful passengers the best cheer he had at command. To this, it would seem, Carver, Bradford, Winslow, and Standish did not object, although they would not allow their men to pass the Christmas in idleness and ease, when some of the men asked for a rest on the ancient holiday.

We may imagine the scene under the swing-

IN THE CABIN OF THE 'MAYFLOWER,' A.D. 1620.

lighted English fanes, and the glad household festivities of the home-country.

In the *Chronicles of the Pilgrims* may be found the following extract :

Munday the 25th day we went on shore to fell some timber, some to rive (hew), and some to carry. So no man rested all that day.

Munday the 25th, being Christmas Day, we began to drink water aboard, but at night the Master caused us to have some Beere, and so on board we had diverse times now and then some Beere, but on shore none at all.

The Pilgrims were severely temperate, but on

ing ship-lamp of that tempestuous night, and we must feel a thrill of friendliness and gratitude towards the Master of the vessel in whose heart stirred the Christmas sentiment, even if it could find no other expression than a draught of "beere."

There were dark and silent Christmases in the times of the Puritans. But the natural joy and glad observance of the gladdest event in the annals of earth soon began to grow; and now under the light of the Bethlehem Star which rose eighteen centuries ago, we all keep Christmas.

The time draws near the birth of Christ ;
The moon is hid, the night is still ;
A single church below the hill
Is pealing, folded in the mist.

TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*

MR. GREGORY'S MISADVENTURE.

W. S. Harris

"MY dear Emily," said Mr. Gregory, standing with his back to the fire and pointing a blunt forefinger at his wife, "I have learnt by experience that if there is any course which seems natural, reasonable, or desirable, that course you will consistently and persistently oppose. The doctor says that you require a change, and that you had better go somewhere abroad for a time. Very well; I am ready to take you somewhere abroad until Parliament meets, much as I hate foreign railways and foreign hotels. Naturally therefore you say you don't want to leave England, and you suggest Bournemouth. Good heavens! Bournemouth!"

"Only because I thought you would prefer it, Julius," answered the pretty little middle-aged lady in the armchair. "I don't wish to make you do what you hate; and although personally I should like very well to go to Rome——"

"Rome," interrupted Mr. Gregory, "is out of the question. I'm not going to have you laid up with typhoid or typhus, and I have no particular desire to catch either of those diseases myself. Now I know what you're going to say next; you're going to propose Cannes. As if the very thought of an earthquake wasn't enough to scare you out of your senses!"

"There is so little choice," sighed Mrs. Gregory. "The doctor only mentioned Rome, the Riviera, and the Engadine. And of course, as you said yesterday, no one but a lunatic would think of climbing up six thousand feet above the sea in the depth of winter."

"You have a talent for misquotation which would be invaluable to you if you were a statesman out of office, Emily," retorted Mr. Gregory snappishly. "I may have said that no one but a lunatic would do such a thing for pleasure; but as it cer-

tainly will not be a pleasure to me to leave home just now, I suppose I shall hardly lay myself open to a charge of lunacy if I take you to a climate which your doctor specified as being the most suitable for you."

Mrs. Gregory raised many objections. She dreaded extreme cold; the journey would be dreadfully fatiguing, perhaps even impracticable in the month of January; the amusements by means of which young people managed to while away the time in the high Alps would be quite unfit for a sexagenarian and an invalid. But the more she protested the more her husband became resolved to act upon the doctor's advice.

"You are very fond of reminding me of my age," he observed, "but I am not quite decrepit yet, notwithstanding my sixty years; and really, Emily, you must pardon my saying that most invalids would be glad to have half your complaint. You want bracing, I am told; and it may be so. Well, you shall be braced. It is absurd to pretend that the air of Italy or the Riviera can be bracing."

And so Mrs. Gregory ended by yielding a reluctant assent.

An astute observer might have surmised that her assent was not so reluctant as it appeared, and that if she had really wished to go to Bournemouth or Rome, or any other place, she would, in dealing with so cantankerous an individual as Julius Gregory, M.P., have begun by decrying that place. But Mr. Gregory, though a man of weight at Quarter Sessions, and a politician who was listened to with no little attention and respect on both sides of the House, was not quite astute enough to have discovered that he owed all his success in life to his cantankerousness; and so, a few days after the above conversation, he started for Switzerland with

a pleasing conviction that he had taken his own way, in spite of factious opposition.

If he did not always get his own way, he certainly always thought that he did, which proves Mrs. Gregory to have been a woman of tact. But for all her tact, there were ends which Mrs. Gregory had been unable to accomplish, and calamities which she had been powerless to avert. Chief among these last was the deadly quarrel which had taken place, nearly two years before, between her husband and her only son—a quarrel which was the less likely to be patched up because neither party to it would make a single step towards reconciliation.

"Don't talk to me about Bob!" Mr. Gregory had shouted angrily, some months back, when news had reached the anxious mother that her boy, who was with his regiment in Burmah, had had a sharp attack of fever. "Well or ill, alive or dead, I've done with him. He gets a handsome allowance, and that's all he cares about, I imagine. I thought I had forbidden you to mention his name in my presence, Emily."

On the other hand, Bob had written from his sick-bed: "As for my father, I think you make a little mistake when you talk about his being willing to forgive me. He must have changed very much if he is willing to forgive anybody, and as in the present instance there is nothing for him to forgive, I don't feel much inclined to beg his pardon."

The fact was that the father and son had always been at loggerheads. Their final breach, which had been brought about by Bob's not unreasonable refusal to give up his profession and espouse a plain-featured heiress whose property adjoined that which would eventually be his, might have been healed, as previous ones had been, if in the course of discussion they had not interchanged words which each of them felt to be utterly inexcusable in the other. And so, when Mrs. Gregory, by dint of much *finesse* , induced her husband to take her to Maloja in the Engadine, her hope was not so much that she might be able to bring these two obstinate persons together again, as that she might contrive a surreptitious meeting with her beloved Bob, who had been sent on sick-leave to recruit himself in the clear, dry air of St. Moritz.

The journey was a sufficiently cold and miserable one, and Mr. Gregory did not allow himself to be deterred from swearing at everybody and every-

thing between Calais and Coire by the circumstance that it had been undertaken at his express wish. Coire, white and silent under its winter mantle, had not the good fortune to please him. "Fancy leaving one's comfortable home in England to come to such a forlorn country as this!" he exclaimed. "And the higher one goes the worse it will be, I suppose. Well, I only hope the day will come when one of these scoundrelly doctors will be put upon his trial for manslaughter!"

The excellent cooking of the Hôtel Steinbock did not satisfy Mr. Gregory, who pronounced it heathenish. Then he declared that the heat of those vile German stoves was enough to give a man an apoplectic fit, and so flung out of the room to order the sledges which would be required on the morrow, leaving his wife to doze and meditate over certain not very practicable schemes.

On his return, about an hour later, he surprised her by bringing with him a stranger, whom he introduced as Count Schalkenburg of the Austrian diplomatic service. "I find," added Mr. Gregory, "that the Count was for some years attached to the Austrian Embassy in London and knows many friends of ours. He is going to Maloja to-morrow, which is most fortunate, as he is well acquainted with the country, and is kind enough to say that he will give us some hints for our guidance."

From Mrs. Gregory's point of view, the appearance of this friend in need was indeed most fortunate; for the very thing that had been puzzling her was how she was to contrive to provide her husband with a companion who would take him away for a day, or even for a few hours, after their arrival at Maloja. Mr. Gregory, unluckily, was not given to making friends with his travelling compatriots, whom he regarded with suspicion, and whose advances he always repelled roughly, unless they could produce undeniable vouchers for their respectability.

As for Count Schalkenburg, he was a thick-set, red-bearded man with blue spectacles, whose Teutonic accent had not been removed by his long residence in London. He did not look particularly distinguished; but he was very polite, and he mentioned several well-known persons as being among his English intimates, while he was loud in his praises of the attractions of Maloja.

"The skating, ach! magnificent!" he declared. "And the tobogganing—you have never seen a

toboggan, no? They are all tobogganing in Maloja—the laties too. It is quite easy; I will undertake to teach Mr. Krekori in one day."

A momentary smile flitted across Mrs. Gregory's face as she pictured to herself her ponderous Julius flying down a snow-slope; but, encountering a stern glance of inquiry from that gentleman, she instantly became serious again, and remarked mildly that it was, no doubt, an invigorating form of exercise. "Although," she added, "I think I shall be satisfied with looking on. I am not very strong just now."

"Nonsense!" growled Mr. Gregory, "what you want is rousing, Emily. A little healthy exertion would do you all the good in the world."

Mrs. Gregory said no more; but in her heart she wondered whether tobogganing is the kind of healthy exertion which would be likely to keep an elderly gentleman busy for a couple of consecutive hours or so at a safe distance from the house. Later in the evening she elicited from Count Schalkenburg the information that it was.

"Near the hotel they have wass they call the 'run,'" he explained; "but that is too steep. It is difficult and even dancherous for beginners. It would be better that I should take you and Mr. Krekori for an excursion down the Maloja Pass, where is plenty of sufficiently rapid descents."

"Or perhaps you might take Mr. Gregory without me," this diplomatic lady ventured to suggest in a low voice; "I am hardly fit for excursions."

Count Schalkenburg grinned. "I will arranche it," he replied, nodding confidentially.

Well, at any rate, he appeared to understand what was required of him, and that was something gained; but Mrs. Gregory felt a little ashamed of having displayed such eagerness to get rid of her husband, and would gladly have explained to this stranger her reasons for doing so, had not that seemed rather too risky a plan to adopt.

On the following day Count Schalkenburg's sledge started in the wake of those which contained Mr. and Mrs. Gregory, the latter's maid, and their luggage. It is a two days' drive from Coire to Maloja, and in bad weather the passage of the Julier is sometimes attended with difficulty. Fortunately, the travellers were favoured with brilliant sunshine; and this, combined with a mode of progression which was novel to him, and a conviction that his wife was in constant fear of

being overwhelmed by an avalanche, sufficed to keep Mr. Gregory in a pretty good humour. At Mühlen, where they halted for the night, Count Schalkenburg made himself both useful and agreeable, putting into requisition all the resources of the little inn, and succeeding, by means of an interview with the cook, in providing Mr. Gregory with a dinner which that fastidious critic was pleased to call eatable. All indeed promised so well that, before setting out again, Mrs. Gregory seized an opportunity of telegraphing to St. Moritz and begging her son to come over to Maloja the next day about eleven o'clock. She had made her calculations, and thought herself justified in taking this bold step.

But calculations based upon the continuance of any mood of Mr. Gregory's were always precarious. Perhaps he found a second day of jogging along in an open sledge, behind a heavy post-horse, rather wearisome; perhaps a passing snow-shower which the travellers encountered near Silvaplana chilled him; perhaps (worst hypothesis of all to his trembling wife) he was going to have a fit of gout. At all events, when he stepped into the hall of the huge hotel which has been built near the summit of the Maloja Pass, he was ready to quarrel with the first person whom he met; which first person being naturally the manager of the establishment, he proceeded to vent his ill-humour upon him in a vehement, if somewhat incoherent fashion, to the amazement of that amiable functionary.

Everything was wrong. The sitting-room was draughty; the bedrooms were too small; he was convinced that half of his letters had been stupidly mislaid. "*Table-d'hôte*? Certainly not. God bless my soul, sir! do you suppose I can eat my dinner like a child at a school-feast, jammed in between two people whom I never saw in my life before, and don't want to see again?"

During this little scene Count Schalkenburg stood in the background, slowly passing one hand over the other and smiling pleasantly. The *table-d'hôte* was good enough for him; he was quite satisfied with his modest little bedroom on the third floor. Presently he found an opportunity of soothing the ruffled feelings of the manager, to whom he mentioned that Mr. Gregory was a man of high social position and great wealth. Englishmen of that class, he explained, are often a little overbearing; but, on the other hand, they are

usually willing to pay long prices. Then he skipped back to the sitting-room.

"A thousand pardons!" he exclaimed, popping his head in at the door. "I wanted only to tell you that there is a very good orchestra in the house, was playing every evening down stairs. If you would care to come down when you shall have finished your dinner, you would not be obliged to speak to anybody, and you would hear the music."

"Thank you. I think my wife had better go to bed early," answered Mr. Gregory gruffly. And then, in a slightly more civil tone, "Shall I find you later on in the smoking-room?"

The Count said he would make a point of being there, and so withdrew. He must have been a man of quick perceptions and keen vision, notwithstanding his blue spectacles; for during that brief colloquy he had had time to catch a half-timid, half-imploring glance from Mrs. Gregory, upon which he had unhesitatingly placed the correct interpretation. There could be no doubt but that, for some reason or other, the lady wished to speak with him in private. Well, that could be easily managed. When the *table-d'hôte* was over, Count Schalkenburg stationed himself behind a folding-screen in the hall, and there waited patiently until he saw Mr. Gregory stump down-stairs, looking neither to right nor to left, and make for the smoking-room. Then he rose and ran nimbly up the broad staircase. He had not however reached the first floor when he encountered Mrs. Gregory in the act of effecting a cautious and noiseless descent.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "I am so glad I have met you! I was hoping to see you that I might ask you to do me a very great kindness."

"Madam," replied the affable Count, bowing low, "you have but to command me."

The fact was that Mrs. Gregory had made up her mind to do an audacious thing. She had thought at first of telegraphing to Bob to postpone his visit; but upon further consideration she had perceived that no better opportunity of getting rid of her husband for a few hours was likely to be secured by waiting. On the morrow she might reasonably plead fatigue as an excuse for remaining within doors. This excuse would not perhaps be admitted later; moreover, Count Schalkenburg might, for aught she knew, be leaving shortly.

Therefore she had resolved to take that useful personage into her confidence and to appeal to him for aid.

Her appeal was not made in vain, nor was she called upon to enter into any long explanations. Count Schalkenburg realized the position of affairs at once, and expressed himself with regard to it in a tone of respectful sympathy.

"Be at ease, my dear lady," said he. "To-morrow morning at ten o'clock I start for the Maloja Pass with Mr. Krekori. We go down in a sledge to Vico Soprano; we lunch there; we do not return until late in the afternoon. I trust that so you will be having a sufficient time for your interview with your son."

Mrs. Gregory, who knew that her husband was not much given to letting anybody form his plans for him, smiled a little doubtfully at this concise programme; yet Count Schalkenburg proved as good as his word. When Mr. Gregory came up to bed he announced that he had persuaded his Austrian friend to cross the Pass with him the next morning, that he intended to take a first lesson in tobogganing, and that the Count would drive behind him in a sledge and give him such instruction as might be necessary.

"Now, I know what you are going to say, Emily, but I won't hear of it. You will scarcely assert that I don't consult your wishes as a rule; but you are in no state to undertake long excursions yet. To-morrow you will oblige me by remaining quietly in the house."

The Machiavelian Mrs. Gregory received her orders, sighing resignedly; and on the ensuing morning her husband, equipped in shooting boots and gaiters, marched down-stairs with the consciousness, which was always pleasant to him, of having once more asserted the force of his indomitable will. His self-complacency was further increased by a little dispute with the manager, who wanted to give him Swiss paper in exchange for five ten-pound circular notes.

"No, no!" said Mr. Gregory; "none of that rubbish for me, thank you. You'll be good enough to pay me in gold, at the current rate of exchange."

"But it is the same thing. When you pay your bill we accept these notes just as willingly as coin," the manager protested.

"Dare say you do; but I don't accept 'em,"

returned Mr. Gregory. And, after some further discussion, he received his sixty-two and a half Napoleons, and stowed them away triumphantly in his waistcoat-pocket.

"You carry so much money with you?" asked Count Schalkenburg, who had listened to the argument with his usual tolerant smile. "That is not very safe."

"I don't know a much safer place than my waistcoat-pocket," replied Mr. Gregory. "We are not likely to be attacked by highway robbers, I presume."

"Oh, for robbers!—no. But when one is for the first time in a toboggan one must expect to have some upsets; and suppose your money tumble out into the deep snow? Then you not see him any more. But no matter, I shall take charge of him for you, if you will."

Mr. Gregory grunted and clambered into the sledge; the Count, gathering up the reins, cracked his whip, and away they went, trailing the little toboggan behind them like a dingey.

It was a bright, still morning; the snow was hard and in excellent condition; very soon they had reached the point from which the road begins to fall in long sweeping curves towards Chiavenna and Italy. Here the Count pulled up and set about making preparations for the descent. He told Mr. Gregory how to seat himself upon the toboggan, with his legs straight out before him, and explained the use of the pegs which he was to hold, one in each hand, and by means of which he was to steer his course.

"It is quite simple," said he. "It may happen that in beginning you will turn too quickly and upset yourself; but that is nothing, you will not be hurt at all. That is," he added, after a moment of reflection, "unless you should roll over the edge. There are places in which that might be possible."

He stroked his beard meditatively, and then, as if struck by a bright idea, drew a strap from his pocket and deftly secured his pupil's legs to the toboggan.

"There!" said he; "so it is better! Now you can come to no harm."

"Hullo! but I say, you know," objected Mr. Gregory, who did not quite relish this arrangement, "what if I turn over upon my face?"

"Oh, as for that," answered the Count, "I shall not be far behind you; you will not be left long

upon your face. Now, will you give me your money? And perhaps it would be well that I should take your watch too, and any other loose things that you have in your pockets."

Mr. Gregory did as he was advised. Then he received a gentle push, and immediately found himself descending the incline at a pace which rather astonished him. However he negotiated the first curve successfully, and was cheered on by a loud "Bravo!" from above.

Having uttered that encouraging shout, Count Schalkenburg added, in a lower voice, and without any trace of German accent, "Good-bye, my fat friend, and a pleasant journey to you! You and I are not likely to meet again. Fifty pounds, a gold watch, an old knife, and an aluminium pencil-case—h'm! It isn't much; but the temptation was irresistible, and I dare say if I had stuck to you longer I might have got less out of you in the end. I only hope Gregory junior hasn't had the unfortunate inspiration of taking his mother out for a walk. An encounter with them would be just a shade awkward." So saying, he turned his horse's head and trotted quietly back along the track which he had just traversed.

Meanwhile, Mr. Gregory was passing through some exciting experiences. Tobogganing is always exciting; but no doubt it may be rendered additionally so in the case of those who are willing to be deprived of the use of their lower limbs. Mr. Gregory did not realize this immediately. He enjoyed the keen air and the swift, exhilarating motion; although no great admirer of scenery, he nodded approvingly at the deep ravines and the sombre pine-forests, with their powdering of snow; he bestowed a gracious smile upon the little snow-buntings which kept circling round him as he sped onwards. Also he was much pleased with his skill, and shouted out, "Ain't I getting on splendidly?" To which echo answered "Splendidly!" although, for excellent reasons, Count Schalkenburg failed to respond. Then he thought he would pull up and wait for his friend; and then he made a startling discovery. Under ordinary conditions, any one can bring a toboggan to a standstill by digging in his heels; but to do this by means of the pegs alone is not so easy when the snow is hard, and Mr. Gregory found it to be impossible. Here was a pretty state of things! He was rushing down the Alps at the rate of

goodness only knows how many miles an hour; he couldn't stop himself, and the only man who could tell him what to do was out of sight. His mental balance was naturally upset, and, just as naturally, his bodily balance followed. There was a shock, a wild plunge, and the next thing of which Mr. Gregory was fully conscious was that he was half buried in a snowdrift, into which every wriggle that he made imbedded him more deeply.

Obviously there was nothing for it but to lie still and wait; and it speaks well for Mr. Gregory's faith in human nature, that he waited fully twenty minutes in that disagreeable situation before the awful truth began to dawn upon him. When it did dawn upon him, he made use of language so unbecoming a Member of Parliament and a Justice of the Peace that it shall not be recorded here.

If Mrs. Gregory could have known the tragic result of her little stratagem she would doubtless have been properly remorseful; but since she was in happy ignorance of it, there was nothing to mar her joy at being re-united with her son, who arrived from St. Moritz at the appointed hour, and whose health appeared to be in a satisfactory condition. This handsome, strapping young soldier resembled his father only in so far as that he had a somewhat obstinate cast of countenance. His temper was by no means a bad one, as tempers go, and he was very fond of his mother, for whose sake he was prepared to do anything that a man could reasonably be expected to do. Under this head however the begging of his father's pardon did not seem to him to come.

"My dear mother," said he, "you know as well as I do that if I gave in to him he would only trample upon me. Besides, I can't give in to him, because I don't mean to leave the service, and I don't mean to marry Miss Butterfield."

"But things can't go on like this," remonstrated Mrs. Gregory. "One or other of you must make the first step; and at least you will allow that you spoke disrespectfully to him, Bob."

"If you come to that," observed Bob, "he called me every bad name that the dictionary contains, as well as a few others that no decent dictionary would print. I'll withdraw what I said if he'll withdraw what he said. But he won't, you know. And, after all, I don't see why things shouldn't go on as they are. It seems to me that

you have more chance of leading a peaceful life now that I can't spend my leave at home."

"Only then I shall never see you, Bob," pleaded Mrs. Gregory tearfully.

"Well," answered her son, "you see me now, at all events, and we had better not make ourselves miserable during the little time that we can have together. How long will it be safe for me to stay, do you suppose?"

"I can't tell. Count Schalkenburg said they would not be back till late; but your father is never to be counted upon. If he doesn't like tobogganing—and really it seems most improbable that he will—he may insist upon returning before they have gone half way. Still I should hope that there would be no necessity for you to leave before you have had your luncheon, Bob."

Scarcely however had Mrs. Gregory committed herself to this sanguine view, when she had a terrible fright. For, looking out of the window, she descried a sledge approaching from the Pass, and, as it drew nearer, she was almost sure that its sole occupant was no other than Count Schalkenburg. If this were so, Mr. Gregory and his toboggan might be expected to heave in sight at any moment. But Bob, whom in her panic she despatched at once to the front door, with instructions to effect his escape, should that appear needful, presently brought back the reassuring intelligence that the sledge had not stopped at the hotel.

"Did you see the man in it?" inquired Mrs. Gregory anxiously.

"Not very well; he had his collar turned up. But it couldn't have been your Count, for he drove on without so much as looking at the house."

"Then," said his mother, drawing a long breath of relief, "ring the bell and order luncheon, and we will try to forget that we are on the brink of a volcano."

Bob did as he was requested, and subsequently displayed an excellent appetite. He did not feel himself to be upon the brink of any volcano, and indeed would not have cared very much if his father, of whom he was not afraid, had come in and found him. But Mrs. Gregory was nervous and fidgety. The most earnest desire of her heart was to pave the way for a termination of the family feud; and she well knew that nothing would make her husband more furiously implacable than to discover that he

had been ingeniously entrapped into the Engadine for such a purpose. Therefore she seized the earliest opportunity of proposing that Bob should take her out for a walk.

"I am sure you want to smoke," she said, "and of course it would never do for you to smoke in our sitting-room."

Now it is impossible for those who are not provided with snow-shoes to walk in any direction from the hotel at Maloja, except along the narrow track which is kept clear for the sledges. Consequently, when Mrs. Gregory and her son emerged into the sunshine, they were bound to bend their steps either towards St. Moritz or towards the Pass; and they chose the latter alternative, because by doing so they could pause for a while to admire the performances of the skaters on the rink, and, by proceeding a little farther, could watch the swift descent of the adventurous persons who were disporting themselves on the toboggan-run.

There is a great fascination, as everybody knows, in seeing a fellow-creature risk his life or his limbs; and although, as a matter of fact, tobogganing is not a perilous amusement, it seemed exceedingly so to Mrs. Gregory, who, in looking on at it, may have forgotten how time was flying.

Mr. Gregory meanwhile had realized that to be stuck fast in a snowdrift is a situation which is not only uncomfortable but may quite possibly become fatal, and that, since nobody had appeared to extricate him from it, it behoved him to extricate himself or perish in the attempt. Using his common sense (of which, to do him justice, he had a fair supply), he soon perceived that the more horizontal he could make his attitude the better would be his chance of escape. Accordingly he got as flat upon his back as he was able, and, by dint of patting down and hardening the snow until he could obtain some purchase for his elbow, drew himself slowly backwards. It was a long process, because he was terribly hampered by the toboggan to which he was attached; but it proved successful at length, and he rolled down upon the frozen track in the midst of a miniature avalanche, none the worse, save for a few bruises and some exhaustion.

So far so good: the next thing was to free his legs. Alas! this was not to be done. Either by accident or by design, the wicked Schalkenburg had so contrived the arrangement of his straps that they could not be loosed by a man who, like Mr. Gregory,

had short arms and a finely-developed waist. When the victim found that out he was seized by another access of wrath which had at least the good effect of keeping him warm. But this did not last long. He was tired, he was completely helpless, and he was convinced that he could not survive a night spent in those freezing solitudes.

"This is pleasant!" he muttered disconsolately. "Who ever heard of a man dying in such a ridiculous way! Now I would give a good deal to know whether Emily will be glad or sorry to find herself a widow. Perhaps—I'm not sure—I may sometimes have been a little harsh to Emily. As for Bob, I really can't admit that he has had any right at all to complain of me. And yet——"

No doubt Mr. Gregory would have uttered some very weak and foolish sentiment if at this moment his ear had not caught the distant tinkle of a sleigh-bell. He listened intently; the sound drew nearer; yes, heaven be praised! somebody was certainly coming up the Pass. A few minutes later his eyes were gladdened by the sight of a long string of sledges mounting the acclivity. Each was loaded with a wine-cask; and as soon as the wild-looking drivers came within hail, Mr. Gregory broke into a voluble appeal, accompanied by gestures which were probably found more intelligible than his words.

"Here! hi! Are you going—gehen Sic—an date—whatever you like to call it—to Maloja? Prenez moi avec, then. Payer—bezahlen—when we get there, you know. (Hope they won't ask to see the money in advance!) And look here, commencez par undoing these confounded straps, will you!"

Thus it came to pass that, as Mrs. Gregory and her son were strolling slowly away from the toboggan-run, they encountered a strange procession, at the head of which Mr. Gregory, astride upon a wine-cask, like Silenus, stood out boldly against the snowy background. Escape was out of the question; and indeed both Mr. and Mrs. Gregory were, for the moment, too much under the sway of their respective emotions to think about Bob, who stood still, with his hands behind his back, and awaited further developments.

"My dear Julius!" exclaimed Mrs. Gregory, "what in the world has happened to you? And what have you done with Count Schalkenburg?"

"It would be more to the purpose, Emily,"

returned her husband, who had slid off his wine-cask, "if you were to ask what your friend Schalkenburg has done with me."

"My friend, Julius?"

"Well, you will hardly call him mine, I should think, considering that he has robbed me and done his best to murder me. But I'll be even with him yet if there are any police in this ridiculous country. Anyhow, there are no railways within a considerable distance of us, so he can't be very far off yet."

Mr. Gregory then gave a succinct account of the outrage which had been perpetrated upon him; at the end of which he caught sight of his son, who had been listening to him with interest, not unmixed with amusement.

"Oh, *you're* here, are you?" said he. "Capital joke, isn't it? I'm sure you wouldn't have missed it for a thousand pounds. Suppose you were to give yourself a little further diversion by trying to catch up that light-fingered gentleman? You seem to be a pretty good hand at rapid journeys. How long does it take to get from Burmah to Switzerland, if I may ask?"

"Do go, Bob!" exclaimed Mrs. Gregory, who was at once anxious to prevent her son from giving any explanation of his presence, and to induce him, if possible, to establish some claim upon his father's good-will. I am sure that must have been Count Schalkenburg whom we saw, and, as Julius says, he can't be far off yet."

Bob stroked his moustache meditatively. "Well," said he, "it looks to me as if I should probably have to cross the Julier to-night; and with the thermometer at any number of degrees below zero that isn't the most cheerful of prospects. If I go in for this chase, I think I may fairly ask in return that nothing more shall be said to me about marrying Miss Butterfield."

"We all know by this time that you wouldn't marry a princess of the blood unless you thought you could vex me by doing it," growled Mr. Gregory. "Now I'll tell you what it is, Bob: if you bring that rascal to justice I'll overlook all you've said and done in the past and try to be friends with you in the future, so far as a peaceable man can be

friends with such a quarrelsome fellow. There! I hope you'll consider that a fair offer."

Very likely neither of the antagonists was altogether sorry to be provided with a decent excuse for burying their differences. At any rate, Bob expressed his willingness to undertake the quest upon the terms suggested, and shortly afterwards he departed on Count Schalkenburg's track, every assistance having been afforded to him by the manager of the hotel, who immediately telegraphed instructions in all directions for the arrest of the fugitive (for it appeared that the Count had omitted to pay his bill, though he had not forgotten to take his travelling-bag with him).

That the search proved unsuccessful was at least not owing to any lack of energy on the part of Bob, who was absent for more than a week, during which time he visited many localities, far and near. For nothing more was ever heard of any individual resembling Count Schalkenburg. The sledge in which he had departed from the Maloja Pass was indeed discovered at Silvaplana; but it had been driven thither, according to the testimony of several witnesses, by an Englishman, with a smooth-shaven face and dark hair, who had at once left for Coire: and at Coire no such Englishman had been seen. The Count's red beard, it must be assumed, had disappeared beneath the snow. Thus, after hotly pursuing various innocent persons, and having to offer a humble apology to some of them, Bob was compelled to acknowledge himself beaten. However he did his best, and, as Mr. Gregory was generously pleased to say, he earned his reward.

The truth is that, upon cooler reflection, that gentleman was not quite so anxious for the capture of Count Schalkenburg as he had been at first. It is annoying to lose fifty pounds and your watch; it is very annoying to have been made a dupe; but what is even more annoying than either of these things is that all your friends should hear of your having been duped. That is why Bob can always reduce his father to silence and submission by a casual allusion to tobogganing; perhaps also that is why Mr. Gregory has tacitly accepted his son's sudden appearance in the Engadine as an undesigned coincidence.

OUR GRANDMOTHER'S EDUCATION.

BY C. M. YONGE.

THERE is a typical grandmother in people's minds, who worked furniture, made pickles and preserves, studied nothing but her receipt-book, and spelt that wonderfully. If the species was ever numerous in the ranks of gentlewomen, two or three "greats" ought to be applied to that foremother.

In point of fact, the instruction of women has a tide, as well as the affairs of men. It was at its highest under the Tudors, and reached its lowest ebb about the beginning of the Hanoverian reigns, though all the time there were a number of highly-educated, well-informed, and accomplished women in existence.

Locke (1632—1704) seems to have been the first person to awaken to the sense that education might be a study; then followed Rousseau, who really stirred alike French, Germans, and English into eagerness as to the physical as well as the mental training of children, though sometimes in very comical fashions. One German prince used to write once a fortnight to Rousseau for instructions on the development of his little daughter—to the man "who sent his poor babes to the foundling, my dear!" An English father and mother used once a week to toss their little girl in a blanket, to accustom her to physical hardships. Mr. Edgeworth tried to bring up his eldest son altogether on the system, and at seven years old took him to Paris to show to the great master. Rousseau took the boy out walking to judge of him, and returned, saying the only flaw was that he was too national, for whenever he saw a fine horse or a grand carriage he said, "That must be English." The boy turned out intolerable, and had to be sent off to sea. Another family in Scotland brought up their daughter as a child of nature, but she was simply eccentric. Madame de Genlis in her *Adèle et Théodore*, Mr. Edgeworth in his better senses, assisted by his daughter Maria, both adapted the ideas of Rousseau to common sense; and Hannah More and Mrs. Trimmer worked and wrote on the religious side of the question.

Much attention began to be paid to training, and a standard was established to which young ladies ought to be brought. We may see it in Miss Austen's, Miss Ferrier's, and Miss Edgeworth's novels, where the girls are all cultivated so far as to have a reasonable knowledge of history and

geography, together with French and music, drawing and dancing, according to opportunity and taste. The intelligent ones read a good deal, and have a strong taste for poetry.

How was this effected? Something was done by schools. There was a very grand school in Queen's Square, where, in addition to more solid branches, there were dancing-masters to teach deportment, not only the minuet and dancing proper, courtseying and "bridling," but how to enter and leave the room, and how to get in and out of a carriage gracefully! The elder sisters of Hannah More had an excellent school at Bristol, and there was another at Reading, where Mrs. Sherwood and Miss Mitford spent some years. Nothing can be more amusing than Miss Mitford's sketches of the French teacher, and of the getting up of the pastoral drama of Hannah More, *The Search after Happiness*—all female characters.

Every one, however, did not go to school, and governesses were only for the few. Indeed, people were not educated for governesses as a profession, except here and there a "half-boarder" at a school. They were generally either reduced ladies or else French emigrants. Nor was the school-room a recognized part of the establishment, even in the days of our *real* grandmothers, the daughters of the ladies of Miss Austen's tales; Elizabeth, as Mrs. Darcy, may have kept one, but probably neither Fanny nor Catherine, as clergymen's wives, nor Anne with her naval captain.

The dining-room was the usual place for lessons. Mamma (she was always mamma then, and was treated most respectfully) brought her work-basket there, as soon as household cares were dispatched, and heard the lessons. There was no questioning whether she liked teaching or had a talent for it, the thing had to be done, and she was the person who had to do it; so whether she enjoyed it, or felt fagged and wearied by it, she did it.

Generally the beginning was reading, either the Psalms and Lessons, or Mrs. Trimmer's *Abridgement of Scripture*, with "annotations and reflections" at the end of each division. Then the tasks were repeated. They had been learnt by heart either the evening before, or in the early morning hours, and a pile of thumbled books bound in stout yellow calf, open at the places, was due from each child, varied according to the time-table of the days

of the week. There were columns of spelling, with meanings; rules of English grammar in Lindley Murray, to be illustrated by marking the defects in phrases constructed for the purpose in another volume, a most beneficial exercise for the cure of slip-slop. Geography was in a book called Pinnock—it was chiefly political, and required exact repetition of names, which duty called on the child to find in the map—only, unfortunately, the atlas was often much behind the date, and had never been rectified to suit the past revolution times. Dates had to be learnt, likewise French grammar and French phrases. Pieces of poetry were likewise learnt by heart and carefully repeated, copies were written, sums worked out. Sometimes a writing-master attended to this part of the study, and in some cases added geography and “the use of the globes.” I had for many years a capital book of elementary astronomy, written by my mother’s writing-master; and though Mrs. Gaskell derides “the use of the globes,” I must say that ladies of that generation knew their stars on a fine night as few people know them now.

The father sometimes took up the arithmetic, and almost always taught the boys their first Latin. Parents had more time then. There were far fewer external calls, either of charity or pleasure, and the mother especially had little interruption to her mornings. She heard the practising, and likewise taught excellent needlework, and listened to the reading aloud of some long solid history—Hume’s *England*, Rollin’s *Ancient History*, Russell’s *Modern Europe*, perhaps alternately with French reading. Her own French probably had been well taught by some emigrant; nor was the race extinct in her daughter’s time. Any way, it was then far more common for a child to be able to read French for her own amusement than it seems to be in these days. However, French, Italian, music and drawing were embellishments imparted by masters according to means or opportunity. Perhaps the eldest or the cleverest girl had a year or two at school, and then came home to teach the younger ones. The elder ones in a large family were taught to look forward to giving such help to their mother.

On the whole less was taught, and much more depended on the child’s own learning. To “commit to memory,” as it was called, was the great effort, and the intelligence was to digest the stores so laid up. There was no system of spoon meat. How did it work? The girls were made to learn for themselves whatever they did learn, not to have

teaching poured upon them, nor to expect to have things made easy. There were no examinations, no essay societies, no competitions—everything was at home and private.

If the young people were intellectual, they read, studied, and learnt fresh languages for the sake of the interest and improvement, and dutiful girls thought it right to keep a solid book in hand without a half-hour society to help them.

Indeed, as dinner was usually at five, there were long evenings, when the young people were expected to employ themselves quietly, and the children with noiseless games—instructive varieties of the game of the goose, puzzles, dissected maps, and the like; the elder boys played at chess, the girls did fancy work or drawing, or gave some music. Often there was reading aloud of one of the carefully chosen books of travels or biography. Perhaps the ideal evening was when the father thus read aloud, and the rest of the family worked or drew at the large round mahogany table that filled up the room. Such a life involved, in an intelligent family, a great deal of culture, not only of information, but of criticism and discussion in conversation.

Stimulus beyond family approval was not wanted to incite industry and perseverance in pursuits. The young ladies were often full of romance, not sentiment,—that had been laughed out in a former generation,—but of chivalry derived from Scott having generally been the first, often the only novelist whose works they well knew. They thus eagerly studied history, read thoroughly the great library books that are now only touched to be cut into mince-meat, and they eagerly compared opinions with their friends in their correspondence. Letters were letters then. When they cost the receiver nothing less than fourpence, often a shilling, it was conscientious to fill the single sheet, which might be of any size. No one can resuscitate the old bundles of letters without seeing how cultivated were their writers. Often there is most interesting discussion and criticism, there are excellent descriptions of scenery, and clever accounts of daily events, all recorded in neat Italian peaked hand, and in faultless language, for any defect in grammar, any word of slang, was regarded as a vulgarity to be ashamed of, even in the most familiar note.

There was generally a common-place book in which favourite passages were entered, whole poems, extracts from books, abstracts of their information, thus making the study thorough.

The young ladies who drew did not often attempt originality, except when they drew flowers and sketched landscapes from nature, but the spirit of steady industry was wonderful. An officer's wife in India has left in her sketch-books a complete record of all the flowers and remarkable buildings that came in her way, one or two faced with blue and white tiles in intricate mathematical patterns, so correctly drawn that they have been expanded for the squares of a chess-board. The copying the whole Hebrew Bible, and covering all the drawing-room furniture with silk patchwork, was an achievement of one diligent worker. Two other ladies have each left copies of *all* the flowers in Curtis's *Botanical Magazine*, so well executed that they can hardly be distinguished from the copy. And there are also four large volumes of Sowerby's *Fossil Conchology*, letter-press, plates, and all duplicated by one careful hand after the age of sixty. Others copied line engravings with the greatest accuracy and neatness. Their grandchildren despise this work as wasted, but it gave a most intimate knowledge of the forms and expressions of the figures, and greatly enhanced the pleasure, when attained, of seeing the original pictures.

Needlework was likewise a great art. It was held to be a worthy thing to have made an entire shirt, if not a set of shirts, for father or brother. Gentlemen have overthrown this wholesome occupation by their contempt for home-made linen, and their incapacity to appreciate the beautiful stitchery of the collars and wrist-bands. But when there were no sewing-machines, plain needlework, both domestic and charitable, was a needful art, and gave time for reflection, as well as soothing influence in times of care or anxiety.

Fancy work was the sport, and reserved for either amusement or publicity. The tent or cross-stitch from Berlin patterns was the later development, but the tambour work, white and coloured, was often beautiful. The less intellectual ladies found their pleasure in all manner of varieties of little ingenuities of fancy work. Walking in the country was a great pleasure, and many ladies became good botanists, as far as the Linnean system went.

On the whole, it seems to me that the result of this training was great perseverance and power of application, much intelligence, and thoroughness. There was also much more refinement of word and even of manner than at present is thought needful, together with far more respect to elders.

The love of excitement was discouraged, and it was held that home and its pursuits in quietness should be happiness sufficient; and though the claims of charity were by no means denied, the young girls' share of them did not go beyond Sunday-schooling, making of clothes, and visiting picked cottages.

To make the daughter a gentle, modest, helpful, cultivated, and, above all, a religious woman, shielded from even the knowledge of evil, was the great object of the mother. She was to *be* rather than to *do*. Perhaps this innocence of the knowledge of all evil was maintained at the cost of usefulness to the lower ranks; and yet those who have the happiness to have known a specimen of this generation, with her bright romance, her thorough knowledge, as far as it goes, her great and delicate reticence and pure-mindedness, and the repose felt in her whole nature by all who turn to her, may judge of the system, or rather the no-system.

VERY YOUNG.

JEAN INGELow.

III.

PHILANTHROPY AGAIN.

"BETTER off if Cousin Daisy had done nothing for them," exclaimed Fergus; "well that was hard. They must be clever indeed if they can make her believe that."

"Yes, they are clever; but really some of the

things they said were quite true. Now there was the wearing of shoes and stockings."

"Well, tell us about that."

"Mother has a little school for the more respectable cotters' children, and she promised to get the girls good places, and put out the boys to trades, on consideration that they were to wear shoes and stockings. Their fathers and mothers never did,

and mother said they could not get on in consequence. She could not have these *bairns* running about in our house with bare feet. First the parents said everybody would laugh at them if they did it. However, that was got over. Mother said she would give the stockings and shoes, and let them all practise their singing in our corridor, where the great organ is, and look at the great maps and pictures and things. And the girls, she said, should see what a gentleman's house is like (as they were to go to service), and learn what carpets and china and glass are. They did not even know the names of such things. And the boys were, besides, to see the stables and the greenhouses."

"I know," observed Andrew; "and how the servants snubbed them."

"Yes. So they put the boots and stockings on, but when mother was away they did not wear them. She found it out, and the parents said the nasty foot-gear cramped their feet, and made them so cold that they could not bear it. They were often obliged to take all off and give their feet a rub. So then if it was only a few miles from home, it was not worth the *flash* of putting them on again, and they just carried them and ran home barefoot and comfortable. But after that," continued Daisy, "there came a time when dear mother was very unhappy. Five of the children died—three girls and two boys."

"Not in consequence of wearing shoes and stockings!" exclaimed Andrew, "that is impossible."

"But I'm afraid it was. As they grew used to wearing them, they did not take them off, and so in the winter, when they went over the burns, *through* them I mean, or over the mosses, their feet were almost always wet, sometimes wet the whole day, and they got awful coughs and colds. They never used to have colds when they went barefoot, for as soon as they were out of the water their feet got dry and warm; now the wet stockings turned cold, and did not dry. Two died of inflammation, and those others died the next summer of consumption, but their fathers and mothers always said it was the shoes and stockings, and perhaps it was."

"*Perhaps*! But why is Cousin Daisy so anxious to take them away from their native glen?" said Fergus. "The cotters are happy enough; why must they needs be raised and civilized?"

"Oh, because of the land," replied Daisy. "The land all about there will only grow such miserable crops of corn, and so few potatoes, that more people than there are now cannot possibly live on it."

"They must emigrate then."

"But they don't wish. And mother does not believe much in emigration," said the dutiful daughter, as if this opinion of her mother's quite settled the question. "The proper people to help are not those," she went on thoughtfully, and colouring a little as she spoke; "I wish to help the rather rich poor when I come of age."

"All right; do if you can" said Fergus.

But the next day, he and Daisy chancing to be alone together out of doors for a few minutes, he was rather surprised when she repeated her speech and his remark upon it.

"When you said, *Do if you can*, perhaps you did not mean that you would be willing to help me."

"Help you," exclaimed Fergus, with genuine astonishment, "why, Daisy, I have hardly a shilling to help myself with, and when I am of age I shall have for my patrimony eight hundred pounds, and no more."

"Oh! And yet you mean to travel, you said so."

"Yes, I said so. That is how I mean to spend it. That sounds foolish, but see the world I must and will. After that I can settle down. I must see and climb mountains, and I must and will see some of the best volcanoes."

"Nobody wants to prevent you, and nobody can. I think it would be wise. But then there is the sea-sickness," observed Daisy.

"What do I care? One of my longest voyages would be to see 'The Chinese Widow,' the grandest volcano in the world. Only fancy—about fifteen thousand feet high! Black, and with a great white vapoury hood. I could not die in peace if I had not heard it groan and splutter and blow; and seen it cover the sea for miles and miles with that floating spongy pumice stuff."

Daisy and Fergus were walking up and down in the little flower-garden close to the house; when they came to the end of it, they turned and retraced their steps, not at all aware that the two people to whom they were dearest were looking on.

Mrs. E. Smith from her dressing-room window looked with disapproval.

"Those two together again," she thought. "That boy seems to be always talking to Daisy. I have been so careful that, at her tender age, her simplicity should not be taken away by attentions, but really if her boy cousins are to begin them!—I'll get a parasol and go out and join them."

Mrs. Capper, in the meantime, was looking on from the drawing-room.

"This is more than I could have hoped," she thought; "but Daisy brought the girls here of her own free-will, so what could she expect? To be sure she did not know that any one was here but Andrew."

Here they turned. "But you could help me if you would," Daisy was saying, "though it is about money. Oh, Fergus, I have got into such a scrape. Bell does not know. I did not mean to do anything wrong," she faltered, when she saw his look of surprise.

"Is it anything *very* high-minded?" said Fergus, with a laugh.

"Yes," answered Daisy, colouring, "and if I cannot borrow some money to do it with—"

Fergus stopped short in the path and gazed at her.

"You want money!" he exclaimed. "You, Daisy?"

"Yes, I do, really; and where can I get it? I want it to-morrow, and I thought perhaps Andrew would lend it to me till I came of age. But then I shall very likely not see him alone in time, for he said he should not be at home till the late dinner. So I thought I would tell you all about it, and get you to ask him for me."

"Daisy," said Fergus, "tell your mother instead."

"Oh, I can't, because I promised—Miss Lancaster made me promise."

"Promise what?"

"To respect her confidence. She told me many affecting things about her family."

"And you were not to divulge them?"

"No. They are most respectable people; one of her relations is a poet."

"Oh! A male poet or a female poet?"

"How can you make game of me? I hoped you would be sorry."

"So I am; and I need not ask, for I know perfectly well that the poet is a man—or a boy, and that he writes verses to you."

"Extraordinary! How could you find out?"

"Only," continued Fergus, considering, "how can he send them to you without its being found out?"

"Oh," said Daisy, naïvely, "they do not come in a letter; they are printed in the *Blankshire Herald*."

"Ah, and begin 'To the flower of day,' or 'The fair Margaret,' or simply to 'Daisy.'"

Daisy was silent, and looked ashamed.

"He only did it twice," she said, after a pause.

"If I could catch that poet," continued Fergus, "he should not soon forget it! What sort of a fellow is he, Daisy, for of course you know? Is he as old as I am? Is he as big?"

"Then you think I am very silly," said Daisy in a low voice, without answering him.

"I think that at any rate Miss Lancaster has behaved disgracefully. She is the governess, is she not, whom Cousin Daisy dismissed so suddenly some time before Andrew went into Scotland—six months before, wasn't it?"

"I don't know what to do," said Daisy, with a crestfallen air. "I made such a very earnest promise to her that I would never tell anything she said about her family. That was before mother was displeased with her, so that I did not think it was wrong to promise."

"But how can you know that she wants money?" inquired Fergus; "the poet cannot put in such lines as—"

"O thou heiress, thou,
With 'fivers' me endow,
Or else—"

"Fivers!" interrupted Daisy, vehemently; "if it was only small sums such as those I should not mind. I used to be so fond of Miss Lancaster, and it does make me so unhappy to have to conceal all this."

"Are you allowed to correspond with her?"

"Yes; but that is not how I know anything."

Fergus began now to feel some curiosity on his own account, and when Daisy looked very much out of countenance, he said—

"Well, I cannot tell And, unless *you* tell me."

"She asked me before she went away to look in the correspondence page of a sort of magazine for dressmakers which mother's maid takes, and she said, 'If you ever see letters there signed "Dolores" you will know they are from your heart-broken governess.' She really was very fond of us, particularly of me."

"Indeed!"

"And she said, 'I shall never see you more,' but she cried so much when she went away, and so did we, that mother said she should write to us once a quarter, and we might answer. Mother sees the letters of course."

"Yes, of course."

"There is nothing in Miss Lancaster's but talk and twaddle about our birds, and our lessons, and

the poor people. But when I found what kind of things she put into her 'Dolores' letters, I felt that she was not a good person, and I wanted to have done with it. But then there is the promise; and besides, she hints at such terrible things which are going to happen to her *unless I respond to her appeal.*"

Here Daisy paused.

"Unless you respond," repeated Fergus. "Those are the very words she wrote, I am sure. Well, did you respond?"

Daisy hesitated.

"Andrew may think it was very wrong of me," she faltered.

"Yes; but what did you do?"

"Why 'Dolores' entreated me to stand between her family and utter ruin, and I had only my allowance. We sometimes send her, as she lives in London, a box of cut flowers,—mother does not object,—and I put in a bracelet that I have. I am not old enough to wear such handsome things yet, and I took it out of the case, and pushed it down under the primroses. Since then I have never had any peace. There were some diamonds in it. I wish I hadn't done it, Fergus, for mother is so good, so kind."

Two or three tears fell down Daisy's cheek; she took out her handkerchief and quietly wiped them away.

"The woman is a downright sharper and impostor," exclaimed Fergus.

It was not till this moment that Mrs. E. Smith came up to the two young people; a morning visitor, whose call had been especially on her, had detained her.

Daisy began to talk of one of the flower-beds, which just then was in fine bloom. Fergus walked beside them perfectly silent, and her pony presently coming round, Daisy ran away to be equipped for a ride.

Fergus came sauntering up to her after she was mounted, and Daisy went on with her communication as if it had never been interrupted.

"But all this will be over nearly at once if I can get money enough. She and this brother, as I understand, but certainly the brother who is the poet, want to sail for New York; but they want thirty-seven pounds more, or it cannot be done. If they have it by to-morrow they can go. And if not, she says in her 'Dolores' letter, *everything will come out.* What can that mean? Will she tell mother?"

"Oh, no."

"If I could give it then I should be free of her for always."

"Well, I will tell all this to And, and see what he thinks."

"Oh, do; he is so kind and *relationy.*"

Now Andrew, having heard from Daisy of the behaviour of her other cousins, particularly of Tom Hitchcock, was not at all willing to be seen having any kind of private conversation with her; it was therefore Fergus who again met her as she came in from her ride, and whispered,

"I have told him! He wants you to go to your mother's maid, and get any numbers of that *dress-making thing* that she has, and we'll look for those letters."

"Do you think he will lend the thirty-seven pounds?"

"Well!—*I wouldn't if I was asked*; but that's nothing to the purpose."

Fergus and Andrew shortly after took these papers into the smoking-room. The letters of 'Dolores' were very cautiously worded, but the appeals to the poor ex-pupil's charity were urgent.

"I don't think these were written by an educated woman," exclaimed Fergus.

"I have a great mind to go to London myself and meet this 'Dolores,'" said Andrew, without noticing his brother's speech; "she seems to be in great distress. And, as Daisy said, if she and her brother could get away there would be no more trouble from them."

"But how do you know that there is any truth in the whole story?"

"Oh, as to that, *I don't know.*"

"I think it would be unfair to help Daisy to cheat her mother. '*If you are in London send, oh! send some one whom you can trust to meet me on that bench in Kensington Gardens.*'" Here a particular bench was carefully indicated, and Fergus declaimed the description in his deep and yet cracked voice, and added, "You will not do it."

"I don't see what else would do any good."

"What else! I should make Daisy tell her mother if I were you."

"But there is the bracelet. I am sure her mother would find it hard to forgive that, and all this deceit; whereas if the poor little fool——"

"Little!" interrupted Fergus.

"Big," then. If she can be got out of this scrape she will take good care never to put her neck under such a yoke again."

With this sophistry he deceived himself, and the thought of the adventure he meant to have rather amused him.

There was a pause.

"And she has appealed to me."

A second pause.

"And I don't want the thirty-seven pounds, as you know very well."

A third pause.

"And I do rather want to go up to town and see my tailor."

Fergus then condescended to speak.

"Oh, very well," he said. "You are older than I am; I suppose you know best."

While they talked and made various mistakes about the matter in hand, it was in course of being discussed in a different fashion by some whom it more nearly concerned.

The scene was a very tiny cottage not far from Streatham Common. In a neat and extremely small parlour a fragile girl, very small and thin, was lying on a couch, while an elderly gentlewoman sat knitting diligently near her. The girl had been shedding tears, and had a hard, dry cough.

"You don't know how difficult it all is, mother," she sighed.

"Yes, my dear, I do; was not I a governess myself, Celia?"

"And I was and am so fond of Tracy."

"This is but nature. Twins always are much attached to one another. But let that pass, it had nothing to do with your losing your situation. Celia, have not I always tried to be a good step-mother to you?"

"Yes, dear, and taught me. I could never have got that situation but for you."

"There, don't cry, it makes you cough so. I am quite aware, Celia, that you have something on your mind."

"Yes. Oh, a great deal. But, mother, it *was* Tracy made me lose my situation."

"What?"

"The eldest girl is an heiress. I knew that nobody whatever was to make acquaintance with her through me. Oh! I was happy; Mrs. Smith was so kind."

"Yes; I know she was."

"But when Tracy knew, I had no more peace. He said he felt so poetical about her; I don't know what he did not think he could do. He wrote some verses to her, but I would not give them."

"Base fellow," exclaimed the step-mother, indignantly.

"He thought it was hard that I would not help him to make himself interesting."

"His head was always turned through his vanity about himself," said the step-mother, bitterly.

The poor invalid sobbed.

"At last I did let him know—yes, I did tell him where we were going to walk in Kensington Gardens (when they were in their town house), and then he met us two or three times. He was so handsomely dressed, mother, and looked so handsome."

"Oh, I have no patience with it all!"

"But he did look handsome, with his light gloves too, and his eye-glass. And Mrs. Smith found it out, and I was dismissed almost at a day's notice. She said I had betrayed her trust."

"Oh, my poor foolish dear."

"I feel sometimes as if my heart would break about—about him."

"And about what you did too, I hope, Celia. Surely you feel that it was very wrong?"

"I feel more that it was very hard."

"Yes, Celia; my precious child, you must not cry, or you will make yourself worse. And what could you expect—the ways of transgressors almost always are hard, even at the beginning, and what else can they be in the end?"

"But that was not the worst thing I did, dear. I may as well tell it all. I feel as if I could have no peace unless I told."

"Yes, tell it to me, Celia; but it is the Heavenly Father you must confess it to if you hope to have peace."

"I know it was wrong, but I could not bear to lose sight of those girls, who had liked me. I had made a plan from the first, that I would keep with them always. To be with rich people who have no cares seems next best to being rich oneself."

"True."

"I might write to them every three months, but Mrs. Smith was to see the letters; so I asked the eldest to look in a paper that I told her of, and I should sometimes write to her there, and sign the letter 'Dolores.'"

"Did you?" said the mother, very seriously.

"I only meant to say pretty things to her, indeed, dear, because, as I told you, I could not bear to lose sight of such good friends."

"But what about Tracy. When you were

dismissed you went to live with him in his lodgings. Did you tell him?"

"Oh, mother, you think of everything. Yes; he was so sorry for having been the cause of my losing my situation, that I told him of this to comfort him, but I little thought what would follow."

"He made you ask for money?"

"I never wrote at all, dear, never once; but he did. And what was I to do? First he let Daisy Smith know that there would be songs written to her in the *Blankshire Herald*. This he signed 'Dolores,' as I had agreed on with her. I felt so shocked and so put to shame. But when he got himself into that terrible scrape that you know of, I saw his letter that he had written, after it was in print. It begged for money. If I had betrayed him he would have been taken up. What could I do?"

"I don't know; I hardly know."

"Mother, there came the day after that a box of primroses, addressed of course to me, and in it Daisy had put a bracelet. He was out when it came. I took and pawned it, and he was saved. I would not tell him how I got the money, and I burnt the flowers and the box. But the time had come when I was allowed to write to the girls, so I wrote that I was leaving my present home, and I gave the address of the situation I had just got. I said I should have no other address than that. Tracy was angry when I told him what I had done. But before I went away I begged him so solemnly not to write any more that he declared he would not. He meant, he said, to turn over a new leaf."

"But the pawn-tickets—have you got them? are they safe?"

"Oh, yes, mother; but it will be years before I can save enough out of my earnings to get that bracelet back."

"You are sure he knows nothing about it?"

"As sure as I can be. But, mother, I know he is not going on well, for he never writes to me. That is a sure sign."

"He is a great disgrace to us all."

"But what else could I have done?"

"How can you know that after all he did not write to your pupil again? He is cunning enough

to have devised some plan, and his promise to you would not bind him. But there, you are quite exhausted; let us hope he did not."

"And what else could I have done?" repeated Celia.

"My dear, you knew he had got what was the same thing as money on false pretences, and that you were now making yourself his accomplice."

"But if he had not been able to put the sum back which he had taken he must have been found out, and he might have been transported."

"Too true."

"Mother, I felt as I came back from the pawnshop as if it was almost——"

"Almost what?"

"It chokes me to say it. *Almost a providence* that I had got the money; and, mother, as I walked I said, without thinking, 'Thank God!' Then in an instant something seemed to rise up within me and cry out 'HOW DARE YOU?' It was almost as if I heard the words. I did not think before that our conscience could be a terrible thing. I often lie awake in the night, particularly since I have been so ill, and you fetched me here to you. You are not to think I am not sorry for all the wrong things I have done, and when I get well I do hope I shall never act a double part again."

"I hope so too, my precious child. And now, as poor Tracy will have a fresh start in America——"

"And oh, how good you have been to help him there out of your slender means."

"The temptation to screen him and help him will be removed."

"But, mother, God is very forgiving."

"Yes, indeed, my dear."

"I can never feel as if it was wicked even to lie or cheat to help Tracy. Anything else seems impossible; but I hope He will forgive me that I thanked Him because I had been able to do so."

She turned her face on the pillow and began to slumber from weakness. As the soft light fell on her wasted features the stepmother put down her knitting and looked at her.

"*When you get better*, my poor dear," she mentally repeated. "Ah! but is that ever likely to be?"

(To be continued.)

OLD-FASHIONED GIRLS.

Stories from the Old Tales and Novels.

EDITED BY L. T. MEADE.

LIZZY; AND THE TOUCHY LADY.

(Miss Mitford's *Our Village*.)

LIZZY is thus described by her biographer. She is the plaything and queen of the village, a child three years old according to the register, but six in size and strength and intellect, in power and in self-will. She manages everybody in the place, her school-mistress included; turns the wheeler's children out of their own little cart, and makes them draw her; seduces cakes and lollypops from the very shop-window; makes the lazy carry her, the silent talk to her, the grave romp with her; does anything she pleases; is absolutely irresistible. Her chief attraction lies in her exceeding power of loving, and her firm reliance on the love and indulgence of others. How impossible it would be to disappoint the dear little girl when she runs to meet you, slides her pretty hand into yours, looks up gladly in your face, and says, "Come!" You must go: you cannot help it. Another part of her charm is her singular beauty. Together with a good deal of the character of Napoleon, she has something of his square, sturdy, upright form, with the finest limbs in the world, a complexion purely English, a round laughing face, sunburnt and rosy, large merry blue eyes, curling brown hair, and a wonderful play of countenance. She

has the imperial attitudes too, and loves to stand with her hands behind her, or folded over her bosom; and sometimes, when she has a little touch of shyness, she clasps them together on the top of her head, pressing down her shining curls, and looking so exquisitely pretty! Yes, Lizzy is queen of the village! She has but one rival in her dominions, a certain white greyhound called Mayflower, much her friend, who resembles her in beauty and strength, in playfulness, and almost in sagacity, and reigns over the animal world as she over the human.

At noon to-day I and my white greyhound, Mayflower, set out for a walk into a very beautiful world—a sort of silent fairy-land—a creation of that matchless magician the hoar-frost. There had been just snow enough to cover the earth and all its colours with one sheet of pure and uniform white, and just time enough since the snow had fallen to allow the hedges to be freed of their fleecy load, and clothed with a delicate coating of rime. The atmosphere was deliciously calm; soft, even mild, in spite of the thermometer; no perceptible air, but a stillness that might almost be felt; the sky, rather gray than blue, throwing out in bold relief the snow-covered roofs of our village, and the rimy trees that rise above them, and the sun shining dimly as through a veil, giving a pale fair light,

"A SORT OF SILENT FAIRY-LAND."

like the moon, only brighter. There was a silence, too, that might become the moon, as we stood at our little gate looking up the quiet street; a sabbath-like pause of work and play, rare on a work-day; nothing was audible but the pleasant hum of frost, that low monotonous sound, which is perhaps the nearest approach that life and nature can make to absolute silence. The very waggons as they come down the hill along the beaten track of crisp yellowish frost-dust, glide along like shadows; even May's bounding footsteps, at her height of glee and of speed, fall like snow upon snow.

But we shall have noise enough presently: May has stopped at Lizzy's door; and Lizzy, as she sat on the window-sill with her bright rosy face laughing through the casement, has seen her and disappeared. She is

coming. No! The key is turning in the door, and sounds of evil omen issue through the key-hole—sturdy "let me outs," and "I will goes," mixed with shrill cries on May and on me from Lizzy, piercing through a low continuous harangue, of which the prominent parts are apologies, chilblains, sliding, broken bones, lollypops, rods, and gingerbread, from Lizzy's careful mother. "Don't scratch the door, May! Don't roar so, my Lizzy! We'll call for you when we come back."—"I'll go now! Let me out! I will go!" are the last words of Miss Lizzy. Mem. Not to spoil that child—if I can help it. But I do think her mother might have let the poor little soul walk with us to-day. Nothing worse for children than coddling. Nothing better for chilblains than exercise. Besides, I don't believe she has any—and as to breaking her bones in sliding, I don't suppose there's a slide on the common. These murmuring cogitations have brought us up the hill, and half way across the light and airy common, with its bright expanse of snow and its clusters of cottages, whose turf fires send such wreaths of smoke sailing up the air, and diffuse such aromatic fragrance around. And now comes the delightful sound of childish voices, ringing with glee and merriment almost from beneath our feet. Ah, Lizzy, your mother was right!—They are shouting from that deep irregular pool, all glass now, where, on two long, smooth, liny slides, half a dozen ragged urchins are slipping along in tottering triumph. Half a dozen steps bring us to the bank right above them. May can hardly resist the temptation of joining her friends, for most of the

varlets are of her acquaintance, especially the rogue who leads the slide—he with the brimless hat, whose bronze complexion and white flaxen hair, reversing the usual lights and shadows of the human countenance, gives so strange and foreign a look to his flat and comic features. This hobgoblin, Jack Rapley by name, is May's great crony; and she stands on the brink of the steep, irregular descent, her black eyes fixed full upon him, as if she intended him the favour of jumping on his head. She does: she is down, and upon him: but Jack Rapley is not easily to be knocked off his feet. He saw her coming, and in the moment of her leap sprung dexterously off the slide on the rough ice, steadying himself by the shoulder of the next in the file, which unlucky follower, thus unexpectedly checked in his career, fell plump backwards

Krakow. sc.

E. Wilson, delt.

A WOODLAND PATH IN WINTER.

"NOW WE HAVE REACHED THE TREES."

knocking down the rest of the line like a nest of card-houses. There is no harm done ; but there they lie, roaring, kicking, sprawling, in every attitude of comic distress, whilst Jack Rapley and Mayflower, sole authors of this calamity, stand apart from the throng, fondling, and coquetting, and complimenting each other, and very visibly laughing, May in her black eyes, Jack in his wide, close-shut mouth, and his whole monkey-face, at their comrades' mischances. I think, Miss May, you may as well come up again, and leave Master Rapley to fight your battles. He'll get out of the scrape. He is a rustic wit—a sort of Robin Goodfellow—the sauciest, idlest, cleverest, best-natured boy in the parish ; always foremost in mischief, and always ready to do a good turn. The sages of our village predict sad things of Jack Rapley, so that I am sometimes a little ashamed to confess, before wise people, that I have a lurking predilection for him (in common with other naughty ones), and that I like to hear him talk to May almost as well as she does. "Come, May !" and up she springs, as light as a bird. The road is gay now ; carts and post-chaises, and girls in red cloaks, and, afar off, looking almost like a toy, the coach. It meets us fast and soon. How much happier the walkers look than the riders—especially the frost-bitten gentleman, and the shivering lady with the invisible face, sole passengers of that commodious machine ! Hooded, veiled, and bonneted as she is, one sees from her attitude how miserable she would look uncovered.

Now we have reached the trees,—the beautiful trees ! never so beautiful as to-day. Imagine the effect of a straight and regular double avenue of oaks, nearly a mile long, arching overhead, and closing into perspective like the roof and columns of a cathedral, every tree and branch incrusting with the bright and delicate congelation of hoar-frost, white and pure as snow, delicate and defined as carved ivory. How beautiful it is, how uniform, how various, how filling, how satiating to the eye and to the mind—above all, how melancholy ! There is a thrilling awfulness, an intense feeling of simple power in that naked and colourless beauty, which falls on the earth like the thoughts of death—death, pure and glorious and smiling—but still death. Sculpture has always the same effect on my imagination, and painting never. Colour is life.—We are now at the end of this magnificent avenue, and at the top of a steep eminence commanding a wide view over four counties—a landscape of snow. A deep lane leads abruptly down the hill ; a mere narrow cart-track, sinking between high banks clothed with fern and furze and low broom, crowned with luxuriant hedgerows, and famous for their summer smell of thyme. How lovely these banks are now—the tall weeds and the gorse fixed and stiffened in the hoar-frost, which fringes round the bright prickly holly, the pendent foliage of the bramble, and the deep orange leaves of the pollard oaks ! Oh, this is rime in its loveliest form ! And there is still a berry here and there on the holly, "blushing in its

natural coral" through the delicate tracery, still a stray hip or haw for the birds, who abound here always. The poor birds, how tame they are, how sadly tame! There is the beautiful and rare crested wren, "that shadow of a bird," as White of Selborne calls it, perched in the middle of the hedge, nestling as it were amongst the cold bare boughs, seeking, poor pretty thing, for the warmth it could not find. And there, farther on, just under the bank, by the slender runlet, which still trickles between its transparent fantastic margin of thin ice, as if it were a thing of life,—there, with a swift, scudding motion, flits, in short low flights, the gorgeous kingfisher, its magnificent plumage of scarlet and blue flashing in the sun, like the glories of some tropical bird. He is come for water to this little spring by the hill-side, —water which even his long bill and slender head can hardly reach, so nearly do the fantastic forms of those garland-like icy margins meet over the tiny stream beneath. It is rarely that one sees the shy beauty so close or so long: and it is pleasant to see him in the grace and beauty of his natural liberty, the only way to look at a bird. "May! May! naughty May!" She has frightened away the kingfisher; and now, in her coaxing penitence, she is covering me with snow. "Come, pretty May! it is time to go home."

I am sorry we have had our walk without Lizzy, but never mind, my pet, your joyous face shall accompany me another time. Now, shall we go indoors, May, or pay a visit to the Touchy Lady? She is a great contrast to Lizzy, for in spite of being healthy, wealthy and of good repute, she is one of the most unhappy persons whom it has been my fortune to encounter. A solitary calamity renders all her blessings of no avail—the gentlewoman is touchy.

The first person who, long before she could speak, had the misfortune to offend the young lady, was her nurse; then in quick succession four nursery maids, who were turned away, poor things! because Miss Anne could not abide them; then her brother Harry, by being born, and diminishing her importance; then three governesses; then two writing-masters; then one music-mistress; then a whole school. On leaving school, affronts multiplied of course; and she has been in a constant miff with servants, tradespeople, relations, and friends ever since; so that although really

pretty (at least she would be so were it not for a standing frown and a certain watchful defying look in her eyes), decidedly clever and accomplished, and particularly charitable, as far as giving money goes (your ill-tempered woman has often that redeeming grace), she is known only by her one absorbing quality of touchiness, and is dreaded and hated accordingly by every one who has the honour of her acquaintance.

Paying her a visit is one of the most formidable things that can be imagined, one of the trials which in a small way demand the greatest resolution. It is so difficult to find what to say. You must make up your mind to the affair as you do when going into a shower bath. Differing from her is so obviously pulling the string: and agreeing with her too often or too

pointedly is nearly as bad; she then suspects you of suspecting her infirmity, of which she has herself a glimmering consciousness, and treats you with a sharp touch of it accordingly. But what is there that she will not suspect? Admire the colours of a new carpet, and she thinks you are looking at some invisible hole; praise the pattern of a morning cap, and she accuses you of thinking it too gay. She has an ingenuity of perverseness which brings all subjects nearly to a level. The mention of her neighbours is evidently *taboo*, since it is at least twenty to one but she is in a state of affront with nine-tenths of them; her own family are also *taboo* for the same reason. Books are particularly unsafe. She stands vibrating on the pinnacle where two fears meet, ready to be suspected of blue-stockingism on the one hand, or of ignorance and frivolity on the other, just as the work you may chance to

THE TOUCHY LADY.

name happens to be recondite or popular; nay, sometimes the same production shall excite both feelings. "Have you read Hajji Baba," said I to her one day last winter, "Hajji Baba the Persian?"—"Really, Ma'am, I am no Orientalist."—"Hajji Baba the clever Persian tale?" continued I, determined not to be daunted. "I believe, Miss M.," rejoined she, "that you think I have nothing better to do than to read novels." And so she snip-snaps to the end of the visit. Even the Scotch novels, which she does own to reading, are no resource in her desperate case. There we are shipwrecked on the rocks of taste. A difference there is fatal. She takes to those delicious books

Smiths who cumber the world. She never heard that "word of fear," especially when introduced to a new acquaintance, without looking as if she longed to spell it. Anne was bad enough; people had housemaids of that name, as if to make a confusion; and her grandmamma insisted on omitting the final *e*, in which important vowel was seated all it could boast of elegance or dignity; and once a brother of fifteen, the identical brother Harry, an Etonian, a Pickle, one of that order of clever boys who seem born for the torment of their female relatives, "foredoomed their *sister's* soul to cross," actually went so far as to call her Nancy! She did not box his ears, although how near her tingling fingers' ends approached to that consummation it is not my business to tell. Having suffered so much from the perplexity of her equivocal maiden name, she thought herself most lucky in pitching on the thoroughly well-looking and well-sounding appellation of Morley for the rest of her life. Mrs. Morley—nothing could be better. For once there was a word that did not affront her. The first alloy to this satisfaction was her perceiving on the bridal cards, Mr. and Mrs. B. Morley, and hearing that close to their future residence lived a rich bachelor uncle, till whose death that fearful diminution of her consequence, the Mrs. B., must be endured. Mrs. B.! The brow began to wrinkle—but it was the night before the wedding, the uncle had made some compensation for the crime of being born thirty years before his nephew in the shape of a superb set of emeralds, and, by a fortunate mistake, she had taken it into her head that B., in the present

"A DEEP LANE LEADS ABRUPTLY DOWN THE HILL."

as personal property, and spreads over them the prickly shield of her protection in the same spirit with which she appropriates her husband and her children; is huffy if you prefer Guy Mannering to the Antiquary, and quite jealous if you presume to praise Jeanie Deans; thus cutting off his Majesty's lieges from the most approved topic of discussion among civilized people, a neutral ground as open and various as the weather, and far more delightful. But what did I say? The very weather is with her no prudent word. She pretends to skill in that science of guesses commonly called weather-wisdom, and a fog, or a shower, or a thunderstorm, or the blessed sun himself, may have been rash enough to contradict her bodements, and to put her out of humour for the day.

Her own name has all her life long been a fertile source of misery to this unfortunate lady. Her maiden name was Smythe, Anne Smythe. Now Smythe, although perfectly genteel and unexceptionable to look at, a pattern appellation on paper, was in speaking no way distinguished from the thousands of common

case, stood for Basil, so that the loss of dignity being compensated by an increase of elegance, she bore the shock pretty well. It was not till the next morning, during the ceremony, that the full extent of her misery burst upon her, and she found that B. stood not for Basil, but for Benjamin. Then the veil fell off; then the full horror of her situation, the affront of being a Mrs. Benjamin, stared her full in the face; and certainly but for the accident of her being struck dumb by indignation, she never would have married a man so ignobly christened. Her fate has been even worse than then appeared probable; for her husband, an exceedingly popular and convivial person, was known all over his own county by the familiar diminutive of his ill-omened appellation; so that she found herself not merely a Mrs. Benjamin, but a Mrs. Ben, the wife of a Ben Morley, junior, Esq. (for the peccant uncle was also godfather and namesake), the future mother of a Ben Morley the third.—Oh, the Miss Smith, the Ann, even the Nancy, shrunk into nothing when compared with that short word.

Next after her visitors, her correspondents are to be pitied ; they had need look to their P's and Q's, their spelling and their stationery. If you write a note to her, be sure that the paper is the best double post, hot-pressed and gilt-edged ; that your pen is in good order ; that your "dear Madams" have a proper mixture of regard and respect ; and that your foldings and sealings are unexceptionable. She is of a sort to faint at the absence of an envelope, and to die of a wafer. Note, above all, that your address be perfect : that your *to* be not forgotten ; that the offending *Benjamin* be omitted ; and that the style and title of her mansion, SHAWFORD MANOR HOUSE, be set forth in full glory. And when this is achieved, make up your mind to her taking some inexplicable affront after all. Thrice fortunate would he be who could put twenty words together without affronting her. Besides, she is great at a scornful reply, and shall keep up a quarrelling correspondence with any lady in Great Britain. Her letters are like challenges ; and, but for the protection of the petticoat, she would have fought fifty

duels, and have been either killed or quieted years ago. If her husband had been of her temper, she would have brought him into twenty scrapes, but he is as unlike her as possible. To the popularity of this universal favourite, for the restless sociability of his temper is invaluable in a dull country neighbourhood, his wife certainly owes the toleration which bids fair to render her incorrigible. She is fast approaching to the melancholy condition of a privileged person, one put out of the pale of civilized society. People have left off being angry with her, and begin to shrug up their shoulders and say it is her way, a species of placability which only provokes her the more. For my part, I have too great a desire to obtain her good opinion to think of treating her in so shabby a manner ; but on the whole I think I will not visit her this morning, or at all, for some time to time. When we have ceased to speak or to courtesy, and fairly sent each other to Coventry, there can be no reason why we should not be on as civil terms as if one lived at Calcutta, and the other at New York.

TO LYNETTE, BORN ON INNOCENTS' DAY.

IT has taken twenty year
To bring this maid's perfection near.
Maiden such as heretofore
Realm of Britain never bore :
Cradled on a wintry day,
When the snowflakes, weary of play,
Slept on ground, and winds did fall,
And white beauty conquered all !

Young life, writ in letters quaint,
Fairly bound in colour faint,—
Rare edition, where a few
Misprints would not anger you,
But only seem like teardrops dript
From an angel's eye on the manuscript ;
If you con these young years o'er
You will pray for twenty more.

Pictures round her mind are hung.
Of sunny days whose songs are sung :
Some 'neath Syrian cedars hid,
Some by antique pyramid,
Some, where marble, white as she,
Taught her grace and symmetry,
And to furnish modern days
With an ancient's pretty ways !

She has all save everything.
That need make a singer sing.
If, poor lad, he grow too grave,
Rippling laughter he shall have,
But and if he change to gay,
Her tiny ear is his away.
And she'll tolerate the song,—
An he doth not sing too long.

When the twilight, robed in snow,
Rosy-fingered Dawn shall know ;—
When this lady's sparkling frost
In Love's morning light is lost,
And the Dayspring, rising higher,
Quickens Innocence with fire,—
Then she shall have everything
That may make a singer sing !

MOSSE MACDONALD.

WEDNESDAY THE TENTH:

A Tale of the South Pacific.

Grant Allen.

V.

A BREAK-DOWN.

TIME went on, and the boys began to grow visibly fatter. It was Tuesday evening, and we hoped, putting on all steam as we were doing, to reach Tanaki by the small hours of Wednesday morning, in good season to relieve the four unhappy souls still, as we believed, detained there in captivity. We were strained on the very rack of excitement, indeed, with our efforts to arrive before the savages could take any further step; and the boys' anxiety for their parents' and their sister's safety had naturally communicated itself to us, as we listened to their story. Why, it was that very evening that Martin had told us the rest of his strange tale—how his father and mother, with his younger brother Calvin and his sister Miriam, had been confined by the savages in the grass-hut temple, while he and Jack were put to lie in an open out-house hard by, guarded only by a single half-intoxicated Kanaka. Well, in the middle of the night, those two brave boys had silently gnawed their ropes asunder, and creeping past their guard had stolen away to the beach in the desperate effort to escape in search of assistance. There, they luckily found the mission boat hauled down on the shore; and waiting only to take a can of water from the spring close by, and a bunch of half-ripe bananas from a garden on the harbour, they had put forth alone on their wild and adventurous voyage across the lone Pacific. I can tell you, it brought the tears to our eyes more than once, rough sailors as we were, to hear the strange story of their hopeless sail, and it made our blood boil to learn how these ungrateful savages had repaid the earnest and devoted life-labour of the unhappy missionaries.

"No wonder him hungry," that young monkey Nassaline said, with profound condolence, "if him don't hab nuffin to eat for ten day long but unripe banana." Anything that concerned the appetite always touched a most tender and responsive chord in Nassaline's sympathies.

At eight bells, when my watch was up, I went off

for a quiet snooze to my cabin. I knew I should be wanted for hot work about three in the morning, for I didn't expect to effect the rescue without a hard fight for it; so I thought it best to get what sleep I could before arriving at the islands. So I lay in my berth, with my eyes shut, and a thin sheet spread over me (for it was broiling hot tropical weather), and I was just beginning to doze off in comfort, when suddenly I felt something move under me like a young earthquake. Next minute I was jolted clean out of my bed, with such a jerk that I thought at first we were all going to sleep on the bed of the ocean.

"Hullo," I cried out to Jim up atop, rushing out of my cabin. "What's up? Anything wrong? What's happened?"

"Grazed a reef, I guess," Jim shouted back, calmly. "No land in sight, but shoal water and breakers ahead. We seem to be in danger."

Cool chap, Jim, under no matter what circumstances. But this looked serious. In a second I was up, and peering out over the bows into the dark black water. The *Albatross* had slowed, and was reversing engines. All round us we could see great heaving breakers.

"No land hereabouts," Jim sung out, consulting the chart once more. "We ought to be at least five miles to southward of the Great Caycos Band Reef."

As he spoke, I saw Martin's white face appearing suddenly at the top of the companion-ladder. He flung up his hands in an agony of despair. "Oh, how terrible!" the poor lad blurted out in his misery. "I ought to have remembered! I ought to have told you! Father says the charts hereabouts are all many miles wrong in their bearings. The Caycos Reef lies six or seven knots south by west of the point it's marked at."

In a ferment of anxiety I turned up our other Sydney charts at once to test his statement. Sure enough there was a discrepancy, a considerable discrepancy, both in latitude and longitude, between the two maps. At the margin of one I read this vague and uncomfortable note—"These islands

are reported by certain navigators to lie further south and west than here laid down, and have never been accurately surveyed by good authorities. Careful navigation by day alone is recommended to master mariners."

Jim looked at me, and I looked at Jim. What on earth could we do in such a fix as this? To go on in the dark, with unknown reefs before us, was to imperil the *Albatross* and all on board; to cast anchor where we stood and hold back till daylight was to risk not arriving in time to rescue the unfortunate missionary with his wife and family. I glanced at the boy's white face as he stood by the companion-ladder, and made up my mind at once. Come what might, I *must* push forward and save them.

"Slow engines," I called down the pipe, "and proceed half-speed till further orders. Jim, go for'ard, and keep a sharp eye on the breakers. As soon as we're clear, we'll steam ahead full pelt again, and risk going ashore sooner than leave these poor folks on the island to be cruelly massacred."

"Thank you," the boy said, with an ashy face, and lay down upon the deck, unmanned and trembling. His lips were as white, I give you my word, as this sheet of paper I'm this moment writing upon.

For a hundred yards or so we slowed, and went ahead without coming to any further stop; then suddenly, a sharp thud—a dull sound of grating—a thrill through the ship; and Jim, looking up from in front, with a cool face as usual, called out at the top of his voice, but with considerable annoyance, "By Jove, we're aground again!"

And so we were, this time with a vengeance.

"Back her," I called out, "back her hard, Jenkins!" and they backed her as hard as the engines could spurt; but nothing came of it. We were jammed on the reef about as tight as a ship could stick, and no power on earth could ever have got us off till the tide rose again.

Well, we tried our very hardest, reversing engines first, and then putting them forward again to see if we could run through it by main force; but it was all in vain. Aground we were, and aground we must remain till there was depth of water enough on the reef to float us.

Fortunately the tide was rising fast, and three hours more would see us out of our difficulties. Three hours was a very serious delay; but I calculated, if

we got off the reef by two in the morning, we should still have time to reach Tanaki pretty comfortably before seven. We must enter the harbour by daylight, no doubt, which would perhaps be dangerous; because when the savages saw us arrive, they might make haste to cut the white people's throats before we could get up to rescue them. But I thought it more likely they would try to save them, to prevent our opening fire upon them by way of punishment; so with what comfort we could, we stuck on upon the reef, and waited for the inevitable tide to come and float us.

Waiting for the tide is always slow business.

At about half-past one, however, the water began to deepen under the ship, and we could feel her rise and fall,—bump, bump, bump,—with each onslaught of the breakers. Now, bumping on a reef isn't exactly wholesome for a ship's bottom, so I gave the word to Jenkins for the engines to go to work again; and presently, after two or three unsuccessful attempts, we got her safe off, by energetic reversing, and found to our great delight that the *Albatross*, like a tight little craft that she was, had sprung no leak, and was making no water. Her sound old timbers had just grazed the surface of that flat-topped reef without suffering any serious internal injury.

As soon as we were free, and had examined our hold, I shouted down once more, "Now forward, boys, as hard as you can go, and mind, Jenkins, you make her travel!"

To my immense surprise, instead of obeying my orders, the *Albatross* suddenly stood stock-still in the trough of a wave, drifting helplessly about like a log on the ocean.

"Now then," I shouted down once more, half angry and half alarmed. "What are you doing there, Jenkins? Didn't you hear what I said? Stir your stumps, my friend! Double time, and forward!"

Imagine my horror when the engineer shouted back in a voice of blank dismay, "I can't, sir. She won't work. Don't answer to the valve. We've injured something in backing her off the reef there."

This was an awkward job. And at such a crisis, too! In a minute I was down in the engine-room myself, inspecting all the valves and bearings with lamp in hand, and with the closest scrutiny. Before long we had ascertained the extent of the injury. A piece of the engine was broken that would

certainly take us six or eight hours to repair. And it was already two o'clock on the Wednesday morning!

But that wasn't all, either. Another serious difficulty beset us in our work. We were beating about in the angry sea off the Caycos Reef, with the breakers dashing in, and the surf running high. If we tried to mend the broken engine where we stood, we should infallibly be dashed to pieces on the dangerous shallows. You can't do work like that on a lee shore, with no engine to fall back upon, and the wind blowing half a gale. The only thing possible for us was to hoist sail and make for the open sea to southward under all canvas. That was taking us further away from Tanaki, of course; but it was our one chance of getting our engine repaired in peace and quiet.

So we hoisted sail and stood out to sea once more, leaving the dim long line of surf gradually behind us on the lee, and beating by constant tacks against the wind, which had now veered to the south-east, and was blowing us straight on to the Caycos shallows.

By four o'clock we'd got so far out that we thought we might lie to a bit and take a few hands off navigating duty to assist the engineer in repairing his engine.

But it proved a much more difficult and lengthy task to retrieve the mischief than we had at first sight at all anticipated. The minutes went by with appalling rapidity. Five o'clock came, and the smith was only just getting his iron well hammered into shape. Six o'clock, and the engineer was still fitting the piece to the place it came from. Seven o'clock—something wrong, surely, with the ship's time! Before this hour I had hoped to be anchored off the harbour of Tanaki.

Seven o'clock on Wednesday morning; and by twelve at noon, so the boys assured us, the ovens would be made hot at Taranaka's tomb for those unfortunate prisoners on the remote island!

Oh, how frantically we worked for the next two hours! and how remorselessly everything seemed to turn against us! How is it that whenever one's in the greatest hurry all nature seems to conspire to defeat one's purpose? I won't attempt to explain to you all the petty mishaps and unfortunate failures that attended our efforts. It seemed as if iron, wood, and coal—all inanimate matter itself—was banded together to make our further approach to

Tanaki impossible. By nine o'clock I knew the worst myself. The breakdown to the engine was far more serious than we had at first imagined. I felt sure that before noon at earliest, with all our skill and toil, we couldn't possibly repair it.

But I shrank from telling those two poor trembling lads that there was no hope now left of saving their parents.

Gradually, however, as the day wore on, they discovered it themselves—they saw that the golden opportunity had been lost for us. As each hour passed by they told us with ever-redoubled horror what they knew must that moment be passing on the island. Now the savages would be bringing their father out before the prison hut, and sacrificing him with their tomahawks by the hideous blood-stained altar of their great dead chieftain. Now their poor mother would be crouching on the ground, trying in vain to protect their helpless little brother. Now Miriam herself, little golden-haired, three-year-old, innocent Miriam—but at that last horror they broke down in tears, and could say no more. They could only sob and hide their faces in their hands with speechless agony at that unspeakable picture.

By noon we knew the worst must be over. They were at rest now, poor souls, from their month-long misery. The afternoon dragged on, and we worked hard still on the mere chance of some respite which might enable us to rescue them. But we felt sure the end had come for all that. We worked away by the mere force of pure aimless energy. It distracted us from thinking of the awful events which we nevertheless in our hearts felt certain must have happened.

It was eight at night before we got the *Albatross* fairly under weigh again; and even then she lumbered slowly, slowly on, the engine being only somehow repaired, in the most clumsy fashion, till we could reach harbour once more, and quietly overhaul her.

So we steamed ahead, feebly and cautiously, all night long, keeping a sharp look-out for land across our bows, and with Martin on deck almost all the time, to aid us by his close personal knowledge of the island approaches.

Wednesday the 10th was over now. The terrible day had come and gone. We didn't doubt that the massacre was completed long before the clock struck one on THURSDAY MORNING.

VI.

ON THE ISLAND.

AT Tanaki meanwhile, as we afterwards learned by inquiry among the islanders, things had been going on with the unhappy missionary very much as our worst fears had led us to expect. Though I wasn't there at the time to see for myself, I got to know what happened a little later almost as well as if I'd been on the spot; so I shall take the liberty once more—not being one of these book-making chaps—of telling my story my own way, and explaining how matters went in rough sailor fashion, without trying to let you know in detail how we found it all out till I come to explain the upshot of our present adventures.

Well, on the night when Martin and Jack stole away from the hut and got clear off on their venturesome journey in the mission boat, their father and mother, with little Calvin, who was eight years old, and Miriam, who was a pretty wee lassie of three, were heavily guarded by half a dozen desperate and drunken savages in the temple-tomb of the deceased Taranaka. It was a thatched native grass-house, with a bare mud floor, and a rough altar-slab raised high on the threshold, which covered the remains of the bloodthirsty old chieftain—the man who in his early youth had seen “Capitane Cook” when he discovered the islands. The Melanesian natives, I ought to tell you, regard their dead ancestors as a sort of gods or guardian spirits, and frequently offer up food and drink at their graves as presents to appease them. Every morning gifts of taro, bread-fruit, and plantain were laid on the altar by Taranaka's tomb; and once every ten days a little square gin, mixed with cocoa-milk, was poured out upon the rude slab of unsculptured stone, that the dead chief's ghost might come to drink of it and be satisfied. Wednesday the roth was the anniversary of Taranaka's death (he had been killed in a fight with some neighbouring islanders, who fell out with him over the wreck of an American whaling vessel), and it was on that festival day that the Chief proposed offering up the blood of our fellow-countrymen as an expiation to the shades of his departed relative.

Macglashin and his wife never even knew that the boys had escaped. If they had, those long days of suspense might have been even worse for them. They might have been looking forward with mad hope to some miracle of rescue such as that which the *Albatross* had so boldly planned, and which had been so cruelly interfered with by the breakdown of our machinery. As it was, the savages carefully kept from them all knowledge of their boys' escape. They never even breathed a hint of that desperate voyage. Every day, on the contrary, when they brought the unhappy missionary and his wife their daily rations of yam and banana, they taunted them with threats of what tortures the Chief had still in store for Jack and Martin. They were fattening them up, they said, for Taranaka to feed upon. On Taranaka's day they would be offered up as victims on the cannibal altar.

But the most terrible part of all the poor father and mother's sufferings was the fact that they couldn't keep the knowledge of that awful fate in store for them even from Calvin and pretty little Miriam. Macglashin's diary, which I read later on, was just heartrending about the children. Those helpless mites cowered all day long on the bare mud floor of that hideous temple, awaiting the horrible doom that the savages held out before them with the painful resignation of innocent childhood. They were too frightened to cry over it; too frightened to talk of it; they only crouched pale and terrified by their mother's side, and dragged out the long day in horrible apprehensions. They knew they must die, and they sat there watching for that inevitable sentence to be carried out with the stoical fortitude of utter childish helplessness. Well, there—I'm an old hand on the sea, you know, and I don't mind the dangers of the wind and waves for grown men and boys that can look after themselves, any more than most of you land-folks mind dodging about in the Strand at Charing Cross on a crowded afternoon in the London season; but I can't bear to talk or even to think of what those poor children suffered all those terrible days in the heathen tomb-house. There are things that make a man's blood run cold to speak about. That makes mine run cold: I can't dwell on it any longer; it's too ghastly to realize.

So there—the days went by, one after another; and Monday the 8th came, and Tuesday the 9th,

and still no chance of escape or rescue. Up to the last moment, Macglashin hoped (as he says in the diary) that some miracle might occur to set them free, some interposition of Providence on their behalf to prevent the last misfortune from overtaking his poor pallid little Miriam. Perhaps the mission ship, that went her rounds twice a year, might happen to put in, out of due season, with some special message or under stress of weather; or perhaps some whaling vessel or some English gunboat might arrive in the nick of time in the little harbour of Tanaki. But when Tuesday evening came, and no help had arrived, the unhappy man's heart sank within him. He gave up that last wild hope of a rescue at the eleventh hour, and addressed himself to die with what courage he could muster.

Ah yes, to die one's self is all easy enough; nobody worth his salt minds that; but to see one's wife and children murdered before one's eyes—there, I'm a rough sort of sailor-body, as I said before, but you must excuse my breaking off. I haven't got the strength to hold my pen and write about it. Why, I've a boy of my own at school at Sydney, and my Mary's in England, bless her little heart! at a lady's college they call it nowadays: and I know what it means. I know what it means, gentlemen. I'd no more expose those two dear children in the places I've been among the islands myself, than—well, than I'd send them to sea alone in a cock-boat. And my heart just bleeds for that poor father at Tanaki, when I read his diary over again, though I haven't got the skill to put it all down in words at full length as one of those fellows would do that write for the newspapers.

However, on Tuesday night, neither Macglashin himself nor Mrs. Macglashin could get a wink of sleep, as you may easily imagine. They sat up in the temple, with their backs against the wall, and relays of black fellows, armed with Sniders, and smeared with red paint, watching them closely all the while, to see they didn't escape or try to do away with themselves. But Calvin fell asleep out of pure fatigue on his mother's lap, and Miriam, poor little soul, lay against her father's shoulder, dozing as peacefully as ever she'd dozed in her own small cot at the mission-house, where she was born. Once the thought came into her father's mind, oughtn't he to twist his handkerchief round her soft little throat, as she lay there all unconscious in his

circling arms, to save her from the tender mercies of those cruel black savages? How could he tell what torments they might inflict upon her? Wasn't it better she should be spared all that horror of fear? Wasn't it better she should just sleep away her dear little life without ever knowing it, till she woke next morning in a happier and a brighter country? But in another minute his heart recoiled from the terrible thought. While there was still one chance of safety he must let things take their course. Perhaps even those black monsters might have pity at the last on that one ewe lamb. Perhaps they might spare his Miriam's life, and make her over to the mission ship when it next arrived on its rounds at the island.

All that night long the savages, for their part, were holding a *sing-sing*, as they call it, close by, and the hideous noise of their heathenish revels could be distinctly heard by the watchers in the temple. They danced to the music of their hollow drums, while the shells upon their ankles resounded in unison. At times the echo of horrible laughter fell harsh upon the ear. The natives, covered with red feathers, were keeping high festival, as is their horrid custom. And as the long hours wore away, the din of their revelry became more and more wild in their orgies each moment.

Morning dawned at last—the morning of Wednesday the 10th, when that awful deed of bloodshed was to be done before the open eye of heaven; and with the first streak of light the poor children awoke, and gazed around them blankly at their temple prison. The black watchers brought them yam and mammee-apples once more, but they couldn't eat; they sat bewildered and mute, with their hands clasped in their parents' palms, waiting for the end, and too dazed and terrified almost to know what was passing.

About six o'clock the Chief came down to the temple, with bloodshot eyes and tottering feet, attended by half a dozen naked black followers. They had all been drinking the greater part of the night at the *sing-sing*, for the Frenchmen had left plenty of square gin behind; and they rollicked in the cruel good-humour of the born savage.

"How do, Macglashin?" the Chief inquired with a hateful leer. "How do, white woman? Taranaka day come at last. How you like him this morning? What for you no tell man a Tanaki sooner you don't no Englishman? Ha! ha! dat

true ; so him seem. Queenie England no care for Scotchmen."

"If you dare to touch a hair of our heads," Macglashin cried in his despair, rising up and facing the savage angrily, "sooner or later, I tell you, the Queen of England will hear of it, and she'll send a gunboat to punish you for our death, and her sailors 'll shoot you all down for your part in this murder."

The Chief laughed—a wild, horrible, barbaric laugh.

"Ha! ha!" he answered. "Dat all very fine for try frighten me. But man a *oui-oui* tell me you no true Englishman. You speakee English, but you Scotchman born. All samee American. Queenie England no care for American, no care for Scotch; no send her gunboat for look after Scotchman. Man a Tanaki go for eat you to-day, for do honour to ghost a Taranaka."

Macglashin saw that words would produce no effect upon the tipsy and excited wretch; he must make up his mind for the worst. There was no help for it.

"At least," he cried, "Chief, you'll let us say good-bye to our boys before we die. You'll bring them in for their mother and me to take our last farewell of them."

The Chief shook his head and made a hideous grimace.

"No say good-bye to boys," he answered, with horrible glee. "Man a Tanaki kill pig all night; kill Scotchman in morning. Kill baby first; then boy; then mother. Last of all, kill you yourself, Macglashin. Taranaka very much love white man's blood. Great day to-day for feast for Taranaka." And he went off again, grinning in his hideous buffoonery, while Macglashin's soul seethed within him in speechless indignation.

For half an hour more they were left undisturbed. Then the Chief appeared at the door once more, and beckoning with his long black forefinger, called to the missionary—

"Come out, Macglashin!"

The unhappy man strode out with little Miriam half fainting in his arms.

"Come out, white woman!" the savage cried once more.

The pale mother, almost unable to totter with terror, made her way to the door, with Calvin's fingers intertwined in her own.

"Now, white people, we going to shoot you," the savage continued, unabashed. "You make too much trouble for man a Tanaki. Interfere too much with man who sell him boy or him woman. Me don't going to kill you with axe, like Taranaka kill first missionary that come a Tanaki. Man a *oui-oui* sell me plenty new Snider. Man a Tanaki want to try him shooting-irons. Set you up to run, and then go fire at you."

At the word he nodded, and four stalwart savages caught Macglashin in their arms and held him to a line drawn lightly in the dust by the Chief's stick. At the same moment, four others caught his unhappy wife, and dragged her, half senseless, to the self-same line. The two children were ranged by their sides, pale and white with terror. Then the Chief walked forward, and drew another line some forty yards in front of them with his stick again. "When Chief call 'go,'" he called out, "man a Tanaki let go missionary, and boy, and white woman. Missionary run till him reach dis line. Man a Tanaki no shoot till missionary pass dis line. Den man a Tanaki fire; missionary run; man a Tanaki un after missionary to kill him. Whoever shoot missionary or white woman first, give him body up in temple to Taranaka."

As he spoke, the savages ranged themselves behind, Sniders in hand. The Chief placed himself in order at their head on the right. Then he called out in Kanaka, "When I give the word—'one, two, three'—loose them! When I give the word, *Fire!* off with your rifles at them."

There was a deadly pause. All was still as death. Then the Chief cried aloud, "One—two—three—loose them!" and the savages loosed the poor terrified Europeans.

Even in that supreme moment of agony and doubt, however, one thought kept rising ever in the father's and mother's heart. What had become of Jack and Martin?

(To be continued.)



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A LATTER DAY YOUNG LADY:

CHARADE IN ACTION; IN THREE ACTS.

PROFESSOR F. T. PALGRAVE.

ACT I.

JOHN, *Earl Heavystone of Old Court.*
SUSAN, *Countess Heavystone.*
LADY DULCINA GOSLING, *their Daughter.*
BETSY PIPPIN, *her Maid.*
HON. ROBERT GOSLING, *Son.*
SIR THORLEY HOGG, *M.D.*

ACT II.

GHOST (*acted by whoever takes SIR T. HOGG.*)

ACT III.

HAMLET.

OPHELIA.

SCENE.

ACTS I. AND II. DRAWING-ROOM IN BELGRAVIA.

ACT II. DITTO, AND LODGING IN SUGAR-CANDY STREET, CAMBRIDGE.

These can be easily managed without any painted scenery. In the last act a couple of tall screens are required, and a few boards laid on boxes to make the Lyceum stage.

ACT I. SCENE I.

DULCINA. BETSY. LORD AND LADY HEAVYSTONE. ROBERT.

DULCINA [*calling*]. Bettina! Bettina!

Enter Betsy.

BETSY. Here I am, my Lady; but—

DUL. *But* I know what you are going to say. Sh!—get my sage-green hat and sunflower. I am dying to go to the dear New Gallery, the darling New Gallery! Make haste, I say, Bettina! [*Drawlingly*] Bettina mia!

BETSY. Betsy Pippin I was christened, my Lady, in the parish church [*Dulcina begins to move out, Betsy following*] by the Parson himself! Betsy I ham, and Betsy I'll die!

[*Exeunt Dulcina and Betsy.*]

Enter Lord and Lady Heavystone.

LORD HEAVYSTONE [*sitting down*]. It is not worth while being an Earl at all in these days, if one is to have such a daughter as this!

[*Strikes hand on table.*]

LADY HEAVYSTONE [*coaxingly*]. Don't think so much of it, John; it is only Dulsy's way. Just fancy yourself a girl!

LORD H. Myself a girl! The very last thing I could or should wish to fancy! One of them seems

to me quite enough in the family! But you always back the child in her absurdities, dear.

LADY H. Not I, John. But the fit will pass—the fit will pass.

LORD H. Fit! Unfit, I call it! that my daughter, the flower of the Heavystones, as soon as she comes to town should bolt off to South Kensington. and spend day after day staring at plaster gods and goddesses, my dear—not a gown or dress-coat among them all!—and she *getting in outlines*, as she calls it, among a pack of young Academicians that-are-to-be! *Such a set!*

Enter Robert, with top hat on. Lady H. runs up to him.

LADY H. Bob, my dear boy! Look, John, here's Bob back from Harrow!

[*Kisses and hugs till his hat flies off.*]

LORD H. [*shakes hands paternally*]. Bob has five times more sense than his sister. We were talking of Dulsy.

ROBERT. Well, what about Dulsy? Is she out yet?

LORD H. [*solemnly*]. Out, indeed! Why, your sister is barely sixteen; the Heavystone Goslings never come out under twenty!

ROBERT. Is she seedy then? Can't you tell me? I want to be off to Lords. It is the match

to-day, and our fellows are going to floor the Lytteltons like lightning!

LADY H. Dulcina has picked up some fancies which naturally try your father's temper, Bob. She is wild about wall-papers, and pictures, and the new colours for her frocks—a little wild, you know.

LORD H. A little wild goose, I call her, lounging about with a lily from the south of France, and sloping her head like this—[*imitates*—]—and boring us all day with High Art, and calls her maid Betsy, Bettina!

LADY H. That *is* a little ridiculous, I own. Then she's grown so pale and thin, poor child; more like a reed than a lily—as white, as white—as snow in the country.

LORD H. Nonsense, Susan! I tell you she was all over different sorts of green this morning, and when I asked why, she said it was so sweet and musical. She is an Andante in green!

ROBERT. Green, of course—a girl's natural colour! In short, she is a young aesthete! Oh, what fun!

LORD H. You seem to know all about it, Bob.

ROBERT. To be sure. You are behind your age, father. Of course we have had it all at school, but it is out of fashion now.

LORD H. Oh! it is out of fashion, is it?

ROBERT. We laughed our fellows out of it. I think I could try the same with Dulcy. There is some fun in her. [*Reflects.*] There's a fine monkey I can borrow from Jack Wombwell: the monkey will do for her.

LORD H. A monkey, indeed! I think you need hardly borrow one.

LADY H. Let him alone, John; one piece of nonsense will drive another out.

LORD H. Homœopathic treatment, as Sir Thorley Hogg calls the sort of thing.

[*Exit Robert. Curtain falls for a minute.*]

SCENE II.

LORD AND LADY HEAVYSTONE. DULCINA.
ROBERT AND BETSY.

LADY H. Bob may have a nonsense-cure, as he thinks; but I am afraid it is beyond him to cure her poor pale face. I do feel so nervous about the child.

LORD H. It is all her absurd dress. Why isn't she bunched out, or whatever you call it, like other

girls? In that straight-down bedgown and girdle she looks like a green caterpillar with a white head. I am under no sort of alarm about her.

LADY H. Men are never anxious at the right moment, I know.

LORD H. The Heavystone Goslings have such splendid constitutions! There was my grandfather, lived to one hundred and seven.

LADY H. Yes, I know. I thought we should never come into the property. But it is about your daughter, not your grandfather, that I am thinking.

LORD H. Well, dear, do what you like. Have all the doctors in Harley Street if you choose.

LADY H. [*ringing the bell*]. Dulcy is lean to a degree. I shall send at once for Sir Thorley Hogg.

Enter Dulcina, carrying a tall lily.

DUL. What is that you are saying, mamma? No Sir Thorley for me, if *you* please!—that coarse, cattle-feeder of a man! I am quite well; but if I must be ill, let it be Dr.—Dr.—that nice man who etches so sweetly, and exhibits at the Black and White.

LORD H. [*puffing*]. Pooh! the Black and White! Don't talk of art galleries to me! Where off to now, Dulcy?

DUL. To the New Gallery, papa—[*courtseys*]—always if you don't object. But I do wish you would remember to call me Dulcina. I do so love those sweet southern diminutives! Bettinella is going with me. I must give her her second lesson in Burne Jones and the Impressionists!

LADY H. Betty Nelly, I suppose you mean. I do wish you would call her Betsy, dear. Maids should be kept to their own places.

DUL. Bettinella, mamma; I insist upon it, it is so artistic; it does go so well with Bott-i-celli. But I do wish she would come.

LADY H. Betsy is a sad dawdle, dear.

DUL. Oh no, mamma. Bettina is no dawdle, only she has to dress in contrast with me—she in dark green and I in light; else we should not be a symphony.

LADY H. I can't follow you there, indeed, my dear. But where is Betsy?

DUL. I think Bob, with his schoolboy ways, has coaxed her off to sew the Harrow rosette for him to go to Lords in. Such a discord in colours you never saw.

Enter Robert with Betsy dressed as an artistic monkey to imitate Dulcinea, who is slowly moving round with her lily. Monkey follows and mimics her. Dulcinea turns and sees monkey; shrieks and runs wildly about; falls into chair and hides head, sobbing hysterically.

BETSY. Oh, my dear young lady! Oh, Lady Dulcinea! Oh, it is only me!—only Betsy!

[Pulls off mask.

DUL. Betsy! Betsy!

[Lady Heavystone comforts her.

BETSY. She must be very bad, I am afraid, not to call me Bettina!

ROBERT [patting Dulcinea]. Come, never mind. By-by. I must be off to Lords now.

[Bolts. Curtain falls for a minute.

SCENE III.

DULSY. LADY HEAVYSTONE. SIR T. HOGG. LORD HEAVYSTONE. *At end* BETSY.

Dulcinea on sofa, Lady Heavystone coddling her. *Enter Sir Thorley; goes up to feel pulse. Dulcinea turns away.*

LADY H. Now, dear, here is Sir Thorley Hogg.

SIR THORLEY. Will your ladyship oblige me?

DUL. It is as much as I can bear to hear his voice! And such a name too—Hogg! Take him away, mamma. There is nothing like it in Italian. Hogg indeed!

[Sir Thorley manages to catch her wrist. Dulcinea makes a grunting noise.

LADY H. Don't make that noise, Dulsy dear.

DUL. I can't help it, mamma; I catch it from him.

LADY H. [to Sir T. H.]. I am so shocked, Sir Thorley. Pray don't mind—pray excuse her.

SIR T. [bowing]. Youthful beauty has her lively whims, Lady Heavystone. "Fantastic, coy, and hard to please," as the poet says, if I have not forgotten all my poetry. [Draws Lady H. away to front. Dulcinea pretends sleep, but lifts herself and listens, dropping down if the others turn.] Our juvenile patient will want a little care. There is evidence of weakness and nervous degeneration. A few pantomimes and children's dances too many, eh?

LADY H. Her brother played a silly schoolboy trick on her this morning. I dare say that gave a shock to her darling nerves.

SIR T. I see the traces of it. But there is some mischief at work underground—pallor, exhaustion, want of due tone. Does she eat well?

LADY H. Whilst she was a quiet young girl at Old Court, nobody better. She was red as a strawberry, round as a cheese. But since she came here, and took up High Art and Liberty fabrics, she has pretty well given up meat altogether. She calls it coarse and inartistic.

SIR T. I thought as much. In my experience, High Art always goes with Low Feeding.

LADY H. It is a real pain, I assure you, to see her at meals. However well I help her to mutton it all goes to the cat! Now and then she plays with an egg; she says [slowly] the colour-contrast is so effective!

SIR T. Fish? Salmon? Lobsters?

LADY H. Nothing so good. A little white boiled fish with parsley occasionally.

SIR T. The wonder is she has kept up so long. Look at her! She must have a fine spirit!

[Dulcinea smiles in spite of herself.

Enter Lord Heavystone.

LORD H. [to Lady H.]. Is he anxious about the girl?

SIR T. [bowing]. No serious cause, my Lord. Nothing, I think, beyond the compass of my art. [Goes to sofa.] Sit up, dear Lady Dulcinea.

[She does, but falls back.

DUL. Oh, papa, I shall be quite well if you will only let me go to the New!

LORD H. Sir Thorley, what do you advise?

SIR T. A constant flesh-forming diet, my Lord. Animal food at breakfast; animal food at eleven; animal food at luncheon. She does not dine downstairs yet? No. Well, then, plenty of meat for supper; a slice or two always by her bedside would be no bad thing.

DUL. You'll be the death of me, you cannibal, you coarse, cruel man.

LORD H. Never mind her, Sir Thorley. Any sort of meat in particular?

SIR T. On the whole, I think, nothing will suit the case so well as a ham—a sound pink York ham. She might have a slice of it now if you like.

LADY H. [shouts]. Betsy! Betsy! bring in a slice of ham for Lady Dulcinea—a large slice!

DUL. [groaning]. My special aversion! Hog's meat! The very food of the classes without culture!

SIR T. No such tonic as ham, dear Lady Dulcinea. Nothing so good as ham!

DUL. [mimicking]. Nothing so good as ham?

Now I call that just praising ^{your} own family, Sir Thorley ; advertising yourself !

LORD H. Sh !—sh !—Dulsy.

Enter Betsy with tray.

LADY H. Now dear—

SIR T. Now, dear Lady—

LORD H. Now, Dulsy, no nonsense.

[She struggles.]

DUL. Oh ! oh ! take it away. There ! *[Throws the slice at Sir Thorley's face and scrambles off. Curtain falls.]*

ACT II. SCENE I.

LORD H. DULCINA. ROBERT.

LORD H. Well, Dulsy, what is it now, pray ? *[Looks at her.]* You who two years ago used to be so dressy—Japanese one day, Algerian the next, Queen Anne the third—why, I should hardly know you again, dingy and dowdy, a perfect brown study. What does it all mean, Bob ? Can your intelligence make it out ?

ROBERT *[turns her round]*. She looks highly satisfied with herself, at any rate !

DUL. How rude you are, Bob ! Let me alone, do. Boys never do understand their sisters.

ROBERT. Especially when their sisters want to be so much more *learned* than they ! Ah, Dulsy dear, have I found it out ? I guessed as much when I found half my first-form school-books messing about in your room. Keep 'em, pray do ; perfectly welcome.

DUL. *[to Lord H., solemnly]*. It is nothing to be ashamed of, papa, or shy about. What I have come to tell you is, that I have quite used up Art ; that chapter in my life is over. I have joined the real march of mind now.

LORD H. Whew ! What is the girl about ? I can't understand her. I never heard any of the Heavystone Goslings talk in this style !

DUL. They had not the advantage of living in an age of culture, papa. Even you must have heard of Evolution, you dear old thing. *[Kisses him.]* Why, we are all going on by leaps and bounds now !

LORD H. Leaps and bounds ! I think I have heard that before. What does she mean, Bob ?

ROBERT. A good run with the Heavystone hounds, I suppose.

DUL. As you like it. *[To Lord H.]* I am going up on Monday to matriculate at the new Ladies'

College ; not the middle-middle-class one, you know, but the select one—Honeysuckle Hall ; always, of course, if you and dear mamma agree.

LORD H. And if dear mamma and I do *not* agree ?

DUL. Why—then—we'll—think about it.

Enter Lady Heavystone.

ROBERT *[to Lady H.]*. Here's a fine to-do, mother. Dulsy is off to college—wants to be a Honeysuckle !

LADY H. A—a—*what* ?

DUL. Those half-educated boys make a joke of everything. I am only going to Honeysuckle Hall, dear mamma, to begin my education.

LADY H. Begin it, my dear Dulsy ? When I was just thinking of the next Drawing-Room ! Begin ! with all the teaching you have had ? I should have thought you had finished it !

DUL. But all my masters and mistresses never taught me a syllable of hydroquadratics !

LORD H. Hydra how much, indeed ?

DUL. Hydroquadratics, dear papa. You *are* ignorant ! Why, they are the last science out—the only one that fathoms the mystery of life, and makes the universe easy !

LORD H. Really ! And who tells you all this ?

DUL. Professor Guessaway, to be sure—the great lecturer on advanced thought. Never heard of him ? Why, he out-Darwinizes Darwin himself !

LORD H. Oh, Dulsy, Dulsy, a little mother-wit like hers *[points to Lady H.]* would be much more to the purpose.

DUL. The only misfortune is, that Honeysuckle Hall is so very fashionable and full already, that the Lady Principaless says I must begin by going into lodgings. She has found me some very nice ones in the same street—Sugar-candy Street.

LADY H. Lodgings, my dear, for a young lady of your age ! Lodgings !

DUL. Kept by a most respectable lady. One who has known better days ; wife of the celebrated Professor of Greek. She is forced to let, now that the classical studies are all abolished, with the antiquated lumber of the Dark Ages.

ROBERT. Pray how many young philosophesses are at work ? Do they all learn your—hydro what ? in Sugar-candy Street ?

DUL. Be serious, Bob, or I shall not be able to recognize you any longer. There are fifty, all

philosophizing all day long. Even the lawn-tennis—

ROBERT. Lawn-tennis! Come, I should not mind that so much!

DUL. Don't be so certain, Bob. Scientific lawn-tennis, I fancy, is not much in your line. Courts separated by mathematics; balls all fly in perfect ellipses; and the whole game is a Binomial Equation!

LORD H. Whew! What a daughter! I shall hardly know you when you are finished!

Enter Betsy with a telegram for Dulcinea.

DUL. [*reads*]. "From the Lady Principaless, Honeysuckle Hall. The Lady Dulcinea Gosling's attendance urgently requested. Hydroquadratic lecture just beginning." [*To Betsy.*] Come along, we must be off in ten minutes!

BETSY. But the packing, my Lady?

DUL. You'll send everything after us, mamma, I know. You are such a darling [*coaxing and kissing her*]. Remember, to Mrs. Bentley Porson's Lodgings, Sugar-candy Street, Cambridge. [*Rushes off.*]

BETSY. Am I to go, my Lady?

LADY H. [*holding up her hands*]. How am I to stop her? [*Exit Betsy.*]

LORD H. [*taking her hand*]. You and I, my dear, are quite out of date now. Papas and mammas are abolished. The best thing we can do is to go back to Old Court, pay the servants, and lock ourselves into the great china closet, with the other—old curiosities!

LADY H. Wait for her first season, dear.

[*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE II.

Sugar-candy Street: a bedroom with arm-chair and dressing-table. Betsy is brushing Dulcinea's hair; she has her dressing-gown on.

DUL. Don't pull my hair so, Lieschen; you'll make me scream—there, Lieschen!

BETSY. Betsy, my Lady, I was born—christened, I mean; Betsy I am, and Betsy I mean to die.

DUL. Nonsense, I don't at all mean you to die. But I must have a proper name for you. You were Bettina in my artistic days; now I am scientific I shall call you Lieschen. The Germans, you know, now take the lead in science, theology, technical education, novels—no, not novels,—and everything else. Betsy—Betsy—is only fit for the stupid dull country.

BETSY. I only know I wish we were at dear Old Court again, my Lady, out of this dreadful house, with all the odd noises and sights, and hairy things so horrid coming close about me almost every night.

DUL. Nonsense, Lieschen, you are so superstitious! If you would just come to the Hydro-quadratic class, as I begged you, along with me, you would know that ghosts are only rats and fancies. [*Scratching heard—screams.*] Betsy! Betsy! What's that?

BETSY. There it is again, that's all, my Lady, I say!

DUL. [*aside*]. I must summon up my philosophy. Don't pull my hair so, I say, Lieschen; you will make me scream again.

BETSY. I can't help it, my Lady; my poor hands do shake and tremble so in this haunted house.

DUL. Haunted house?

[*With an air of indifference.*]

BETSY. Haven't you heard it, my Lady? Mrs. Porson says there is a real old ghost here—comes once a fortnight—into this room, my Lady!

DUL. This very room! How curious are the superstitions of the half-educated! But never fear, Lieschen, it is only physical causes. Professor Guessaway says everything is the result of physical causes. [*Scratching again. Dulcinea screams, jumps up, and upsets table.*]

BETSY. Never mind, dear heart! Beg your Ladyship's pardon. [*Looks around.*] I don't see it this time!

DUL. [*sits down*]. Of course not. Pick up that table now, you clumsy girl. How could you be so awkward?

BETSY. I, my Lady?

DUL. Yes, you, I say.

BETSY. Well, I never did!

[*Exit.*]

DUL. [*alone*]. I don't quite know how it is, but having this silly country girl, with her superstitions about her, just distracts me. It's rubbish, I know; but when the little coward chatters away about her ghosts, I forget the last lecture. That science should be disconcerted by a maid! [*Looks about; scratching heard; runs to peep.*] A mouse! I knew it must be a mouse. Mrs. Bentley Porson could afford to keep a better cat, I do think. [*Takes off undergraduate's gown.*] Oh, how becoming it does look! [*Yawns.*] Dear! how sleepy I feel! [*Leans back and snores. Music, a waltz*]

heard. *Dulcina talks fast in her sleep.*] Sweet—sweet—delicious—do love a dance—love a dance—love a dance—Fitzgerald—Captain Booby—Booby—Booby—nice. [*Muttering; pause.*]

Enter Ghost. Dulcina starts up and stares. Ghost walks slowly towards her. Dulcina shrieks.

DUL. Betsy! Betsy!—save me!—the ghost!—oh! [*Betsy rushes in. Ghost makes a heap of itself between them; they stretch out arms, and look wildly at each other.*]

[*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE III.

ROBERT. LORD AND LADY HEAVYSTONE. DULCINA.
SIR THORLEY. BETSY.

Lady Heavystone reading a letter. Enter Lord Heavystone and Robert.

LORD H. So you have a letter from our learned lady, I hear.

LADY H. Such a nice one. Wouldn't you like to read it?

LORD H. Not I, indeed. She's too mathematical for a plain hereditary legislator like me. Why, the last letter was all rounds and crosses and pothooks, like the bottles in a chemist's shop. One might as well try to read a doctor's prescription.

LADY H. Dulsy is really settled now; so happy in her classes, and her Hy—Hy—. . . Never mind, you know what. She is a dear girl after all. I do so long to see her again. But it was really a vexation to me last night to see Adeliza Fitzgerald out at the Palace Ball with her mother, looking so nice and fresh. And yet, you know, she is nothing to our Dulsy!

ROBERT. Dick Fitz told me in confidence how pleased his mother was that Dulsy did not come out this year!

LADY H. Don't be so disagreeable, Bob.

LORD H. Heigh-ho! what's up now?

[*Dulcina rushes in breathless, with undergraduate's gown on.*]

ROBERT. Dulsy!—I never! Back already! Vacation begins comfortably at your place. The Honey-suckle out of blossom already, eh?

DUL. [*panting*]. Oh, dear—

ROBERT. Let me look at my learned sister. [*Dances round her.*] How about the hydra philosophy, eh?

DUL. [*panting*]. Oh, dear—

LADY H. What is the matter, darling? How cold your hands are! There, sit down, you look as pale as pale, just as if you had seen a ghost.

DUL. Where—where—which—oh!—oh!—[*hysterically*]. Betsy! [*Screams and twists on sofa.*]

Enter Sir Thorley Hogg in a dignified way. Betsy runs in and knocks his cane down.

BETSY. Beg pardon, my Lord, but my young lady there—

LADY H. Oh, dear Sir Thorley, you have indeed come at the right moment.

SIR T. My young patient again—and in what a state! [*Goes up to Dulcina.*] Eyes distorted—teeth clenched—extremities glacial—pulse [*feels*—pulse nowhere—a case of hysterical pressure, my Lady. Have you any salts?

LADY H. Here, here, Sir Thorley.

SIR T. [*giving salts*]. Over-study, of course. I have seen too many such cases lately. All comes of these Atalantas and competitions and lady colleges and female high schools—pampering the mind instead of feeding up the body.

ROBERT. Just as I always said.

SIR T. You don't seem to suffer much that way, sir, anyhow.

DUL. [*faintly looking up*]. Oh! the ghost! Take it away!

SIR T. No, dear Lady Dulcina, I am not a ghost. Rough, unkind people will say we doctors are fond of making them. [*Giggles.*] There! [*Looks at her.*] I think I see a slight amelioration. The nerves coming round—the pulmonary ganglion regaining its functions. Now tell us all about it.

DUL. The ghost in my lodgings—

ALL. The ghost in your lodgings!

BETSY. It was so, indeed, my lady. They say there are heaps of them in Sugar-candy Street. It was a real haunted house! Such noises we did hear, and such smells we did smell!

LADY H. Horrid!

BETSY. And such things as I did see, my Lady! No, never! Why, there came a ghost as big and as tall as you, sir [*to Sir T. H.*].

SIR T. [*gravely*]. Very like me, I dare say!

BETSY. It did come so frightful and ugly, and stood right in front of my Ladyship.

SIR T. [*rather offended*]. Just like me, I suppose.

DUL. [*covering her eyes*]. Oh, Betsy, don't don't! I shall never get over it.

SIR T. [*to Lady H.*]. Let her lie down a bit, and give her a nice glass of hot brandy and water—hot, but not too hot. I will look in on her presently again. [*Exeunt Lady H., Dulcina, and Betsy.*]

LORD H. At any rate, Dulcina does not go back to Honeysuckle Hall. No more philosophy for her.

SIR T. H. A most sensible decision, my Lord, and worthy the wisdom of your ancestors! Send her to the country for a few days—those are the honeysuckles I prescribe! [*Comes forward.*] Mark my words, now. It is the regular girls' course nowadays that she has gone through. Over-study [*stamps with cane after each phrase*—want of exercise—mathematics overdone and mutton underdone—competitions and voting and splendid prizes; then nervous exhaustion—excitement of cerebral ganglia! Lastly, what we have just heard and witnessed!

ROBERT. So this is how a ghost is made! I have seen a fellow make one at school, but never like that!

LORD H. [*aside*]. It was all you, Bob, I know, though you won't confess it. [*Aloud.*] But, Sir Thorley, what a shame it is that the Principaless should recommend my girl to such a lodging!

SIR T. My Lord, one may expect *anything* from Lady Principalesses and Lady Doctors!

ROBERT. And I say, if a woman lets lodgings she should not let the ghost along with them!

[*Curtain falls.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

LORD AND LADY HEAVYSTONE. ROBERT.

LADY H. Now it is my turn to complain of Dulcy. I declare life has no worse trials than a really clever daughter! People quarrel with their dull children, but they do not know what a Dulcy is!

LORD H. So you've made that discovery at last, dear? [*Bows.*]

LADY H. Don't be aggravating, John; Dulcy is aggravation enough. You know how Sir Thorley Hogg ordered her to the country to be cured of mathematics and ghosts. Well, off she went; and I thought she was comfortably disposed of at Hen and Chickens farm, down in Essex, just for one fortnight. But, would you believe it?—

LORD H. I am ready to believe anything of Dulcy!

LADY H. Do be serious, John. The girl will hear of nothing now but taking a cottage and living

all the rest of her life in the country! That's the last thing out! First it was High Art; then High Mathematics; now it's the High Country!

LORD H. The low country, I should say, down in Essex.

Enter Robert.

LADY H. Tiresome you are, John. Where am I to look for sense in my family?

ROBERT. Look at me, mother!

LADY H. Yes, you are a parent's pride, Bob. But you can't help me here!

ROBERT. Dulcy again, of course! Stop a bit now, and let me talk. [*Loudly.*] It was such fun last night at the Lyceum. Such a row as Irving made you never heard!

LORD H. Not more "row" than you, Bob. Don't interrupt your mother so.

LADY H. Bob never interrupts me. But do be serious now. How, in one word, is Dulcy to be—[*slowly*—properly established, if she is not to have her regular seasons? How is anything serious to be arranged at Hen and Chickens farm? Tell me that, papa!

ROBERT [*sententiously*]. Ay, that's the rub, as Irving says, "To be, or not to be, that is the question!" [*All look puzzled at each other in silence.*]

[*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE II.

LORD AND LADY HEAVYSTONE. ROBERT. DULCINA. BETSY.

All are found looking at each other. Enter, in front, Dulcina and Betsy, dressed like shepherdesses.

DUL. [*hums*].

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all—and we will all . . .

How does it go on, Betty dear? Oh, how pretty and milk-maidy it is, that nice old-fashioned *Betty*!

Come live with me, and be my love. . . .

BETSY. Don't talk such nonsense, my Lady. I don't mind to *live* with you, but as to the other matter—

DUL. But—[*sees the others*] Why, here are all my dearly beloved papas and mammas waiting to give their shepherdess a blessing! [*Runs up and kisses*

Lady H.; *tries Bob, who pushes her off.*

ROBERT. There, that's enough, Dulcy!

DUL. You cold, townified, Belgravianized being!

We country maids expect something—something more demonstrative.

ROBERT. Well, then, all right ; here I am.

[*Tries to kiss Betsy, who slaps him.*]

LORD H. [*claps his hands*]. Well done, Betsy !

DUL. [*solemnly*]. I can't allow any more of this nonsense. [*Takes off hat.*] Now, dear parents mine, let your shepherdess kneel before you thus : [*kneels, Betsy behind her, kneeling*], and promise—promise you will do what I beg of you. As you value my happiness, as you value my health, my life—promise !

ROBERT [*gruffly*]. Swear !

LADY H. Don't, Bob ; I don't like it.

ROBERT. It's *Hamlet*, you know.—Swear !

DUL. [*rising*]. You are all too tiresome, when I have just this one prayer to ask of you before I die !

LADY H. Before you die, darling ? Not quite so serious, I hope !

DUL. Yes, indeed, mamma, quite serious this time. It is just this, dearest mamma. I hope you will be patient with me. [*Takes her hands.*] I have thought it well over, and I find that a life in the country is my last chance of happiness. The dreams of my youth are over. Science and art have had their day. "I am now going to climb up myself," as Tennyson says, "to higher things." But to live in the country—to kiss a cow and make a real friend of her—to pat one's own butter—and have one's own chicks about one ! . . . Oh, do let me, papa, do ! That is my proposal.

LORD H. A proposal is beyond my province, dear. Ask mamma.

DUL. But to the country anyhow we must go—so awfully delicious—we are both dying to live in a village, are we not, Betty ? No, a village would be too big—in a hamlet, a dear little tiny hamlet, Betty ?

BETSY. No, indeed, my Lady, I much prefer a town situation.

DUL. Nonsense, nonsense, nonsense ! [*Takes Betsy's hand and dances her out, repeating*]

Come live with me, and be my love !

[*Exeunt.*]

LORD H. What *are* we to do ?

LADY H. Why, let the shepherdess have her way, of course. She will tire of it soon enough. I know her [*nodding sagaciously*]. Live in a hamlet, to be sure !

LORD H. [*tries to sing*].

Always in nonsense is Dulcy my daughter,

Like a fish in the air, like a bird in the water ;
Art, Botticelli, Hydroquadratics,
Girtonville, hay-cocks, rural ecstasies ;
Oh, what a plague is a Latter-day daughter !

ROBERT. You called me a sensible boy, father, once. Now I have a cure, I think, for this fit of Dulcy's. She has never been to the play yet. Suppose we take her to-night to the Lyceum !

LADY H. [*with animation*]. The Lyceum !

ROBERT. Exhibitions and galleries do get rather flat, after all. "The play's the thing," as Irving says, to cure a young lady of her nonsense. After that she will discover—that London is London.

LORD H. Nothing does her any good, so we may as well try this. Shall we, dear ?

LADY H. Capital ! And I shall see Miss Terry too. I have been wishing it ever so long !

LORD H. [*pats her shoulder*]. There's a woman ! Why, dear—why did you never tell me so before ? Just like a woman !

[*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE III.

A Stage seen behind. Curtain draws up. Hamlet comes forward as Ophelia enters. In front, Lord and Lady Heavystone, Dulcina, Robert, as if in stalls, and Betsy behind.

INTERLUDE.

Here play *Hamlet*, Act III. sc. iii.—"Soft you now" . . . to . . . "see what I see."

Curtain of stage falls—applause—calls for Miss Terry. She appears and bows, and stands in front.

ROBERT. Well now, father, is she not charming ?

LORD H. Charming, indeed ! And what do you think of it all, Dulcy ? [*Stage curtain lowered.*]

DUL. [*jumping up*]. That I should like a box of my own, and come here every night of my life. It is too awfully delicious ! Yes, yes ; you may all laugh—I don't mind. A latter-day young lady like me must have her experiences ! I dare say I shall learn to be wise in time !

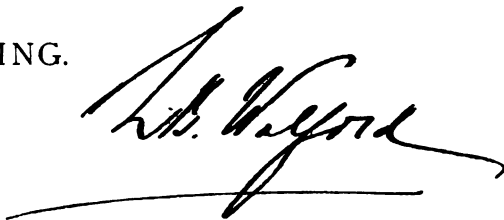
LADY H. And you look as if you had plenty of time too, darling, to learn in !

DUL. I do hope every one here has been enjoying the play as much as me ! After all, there is nothing like *Hamlet* !

[*Curtain falls.*]

THE DIFFICULTY OF A DARLING.

"The big, round tear stands trembling in her eye,
And on her tongue imperfect accents die."—*Odyssey*.



IT was only that she had been forgotten—but that was the hardest part of all.

If it had been explained to the little nine-year-old Josephine, that from any cause soever Grandpapa had been unable to bestow his customary birthday half-sovereign, Josephine, who was a reasonable child, and quite equal to comprehending serious questions when properly set before her, would merely have nodded her curly head, blinked her blue eyes, and acquiesced without a murmur in the dictum of Fate. But when Fate, in the shape of Grandpapa, dealt her such a cruel blow as to make her the victim of a mere lapse of memory, the blue eyes filled with tears, and a terrible sense of desolation and perplexity took possession of the little girl's soul. This half-sovereign was to her the great event of the year. At other times sixpences and shillings—and these at long intervals—were the largest sums of money which found their way to her little wooden money-box; and from Grandpapa's having hitherto been so regular with his golden coin, his small recipient had not unnaturally learned to count upon it, among the presents of the day.

On the birthday with which our story opens, these presents had been exceptionally handsome, for so youthful a personage in so poor a family—for the family was poor, and the home somewhat dingy and threadbare—and Josephine's little heart had bounded with pleasure and gratitude: there had been a cabinet, elaborately carved and carpentered by his own hands, from one brother, and a folding screen—likewise home-made and very carefully made—from another. But what had rejoiced the young queen of the day still more than either, had been a lovely pink-and-white embroidered frock, entirely the work of one pair of fingers, and those the dearest in the world to her. She had absolutely screamed with delight when Nancy had first

unfolded the silver paper in which was wrapped this latest and best of birthday presents.

Nancy was not only Josephine's elder and only sister,—she stood towards her in the place of a mother; for both had been left motherless at the birth of the little one.

Josephine worshipped Nancy: no one was like her pretty, sprightly Nancy; no one could invent, and surprise, and achieve as Nancy could; no one would take the amount of trouble for other people that Nancy would. To think of Nancy's having sat up night after night when she, Josey, had gone to bed, and the boys too, in order to have all that fairy-like edging and trimming done just as finely and evenly as it ought to be, and every little turn and hem as nicely finished off as she would have liked to have had her own dresses if she could. Nancy could not have what *she* liked in that way—it was but seldom she could have a nice new dress at all—but she was resolved that Josey's should be fit for any little princess.

All of this Josey had comprehended to her heart's core; and presently there had come to her the resolution of making Nancy such a return for all those hemmings and stitchings, those pinchings and ruffings, as should not only evince the warmth of her gratitude, but should open her sister's eyes very wide indeed. For once she had meant to spend the whole of Grandpapa's customary donation upon Nancy. The brothers would understand; she would explain it to them; and Nancy should be the delighted recipient of—she knew what. Thereafter she had been on the tip-toe of excitement until Grandpapa should have come and gone.

And now, now as the door closed behind his retreating figure, and Josephine heard the bump, bump of his stick going down the steps outside, a small figure stood stock-still in the place where she

had said "Good-bye," struggling to repress the workings of a rosy mouth that would quiver, and to keep large gathering water-drops from splashing over on to a cheek redder than it should have been. For Josephine, as we have said, had been forgotten.

Never before had such a thing happened. The bright little piece of gold had never once failed to make its appearance along with the "Good-bye" kiss and "God bless you, my dear," as its donor took his departure. Every birthday of the preceding eight had seen the little, old-fashioned, one-horse carriage deposit the old gentleman in time for the mid-day birthday dinner of his youngest grandchild, and as regularly bear him away when the meal was over. Before going, Josephine would help him on with his great-coat, fetch him his hat, stick, and gloves, and then—see him pull out his purse. It was a netted, green, silk purse; and so well did the little girl know what was coming, that from very shyness and consciousness she would have been fain to run away and hide herself at this juncture if she could have done so. But when all the uncomfortable "Thank you!" part of the affair was well over, and the front door shut, who so happy as the little girl left within?

Thenceforth what ponderings and wonderings, what delicious huggings of secret plots and plans, what grand pretence of there being nothing in the wind, nothing whatever to be mysterious, and important, and responsible about! Of course neither her father, nor St. John, nor Edmund, nor yet Nancy could possibly know anything. Of course they were perfectly overwhelmed with joy and amazement when Christmas morning—which was exactly a fortnight after Josephine's birthday—produced four parcels, one for each member of the family "with Josey's love." Only to think that those beautiful, those magnificent gifts had come from little Josey! And to think, moreover, that they should happen to be exactly the very things that everybody wanted, and that nobody was able to get! To be sure, now they thought of it, now that Josey reminded them, St. John did recollect that he had let fall something about a good, strong knife; and Edmund had remarked that a box of paints was a good thing to have; while Nancy had allowed that a certain shop in the village had warm, lined gloves wonderfully cheap, and that the aforementioned shop was to be depended upon. But how *dever* Josephine had been to pick it all up!

And how dear and kind to spend so much on them! And—most wonderful of all!—wherever had she obtained the money? The fiction of ignorance and mystification had been the triumph of the whole.

Now, alas! it was to be poor Josey's bane. Grandpapa had only forgotten her, it is true; but, terrible to reflect upon, she had heard people say that Grandpapa did now forget many things. His memory was failing; so that even the sight of the coin still within the netted purse (should he by chance come presently across it) could not be depended upon to produce any effect upon him. What was to be done? Confide her difficulty and dilemma to any one she could not. She could no more have sought for sympathy or advice than she could have begged for the sum itself. She, who had at no time let fall the veriest hint of a suggestion as to the source of her annual riches, and her munificent benefactions, who firmly believed that not a human being in or about the place had divined it, to whom half its charm had been its mystery—to have now to tear away the veil from the present, and dispel the glamour of the past! She could not do it.

And yet did not such a disclosure stare her in the face when she was left alone within the little hall—(it had always been tacitly understood that Grandpapa and Josey had their parting scene by themselves),—and when the carriage was already driving away from the door? The present for Nancy, too! For bonny Nancy, who—the little chubby fingers clutched themselves over the dimpled palm, as if hoping against hope to feel the accustomed treasure within. She had thought of such a present for Nancy! She had found out (and this time it had really been finding out) that Nancy was as much in trouble as her cheery, buoyant nature permitted her to be about trifles, on the score of—what do you think?—a pair of ball-shoes. Nancy was going to a ball in a fortnight's time, and had shaken her head ruefully over the old pair of white satin slippers which lay in a corner of the large wardrobe drawer of what had been their mother's room. "They must *do*," she had said; "they have just *got* to do, so there is no more to be said about them,—but I wish, I do wish I could have had a nice new pair for once."

Now Josephine knew where there was a "nice new pair" to be had, namely, at the identical shop.

in the village which had on the preceding year furnished the fur-lined gloves; and though some of you smart young ladies who read this may not think that ten shillings would purchase a pair of satin slippers fit for your delicate feet to trip in, I do assure you that down in the out-of-the-way part of the country where Josephine lived, ten shillings was quite a long price for such articles, and Josey would have commanded much respect had she gone in and paid it. This she had made up her mind to do; she would privately borrow the old pair for a pattern size, and she would do violence to the ancient traditions of the family, in so far that the purchase should be presented on the evening of the festivity, namely, Christmas Eve, instead of being treasured up to be laid on the breakfast-plate the next day.

All of this had been carefully thought out; and I beseech you now to reflect upon what must have been the bitterness of the poor little generous-hearted girl's disappointment as her house of cards tumbled to the ground. What could she do? What could she do? All the rest of the day she went about repeating those words to herself, the while she strove with all her might to conceal from every eye that anything was wrong.

And before night the reward had come. She had hit upon an idea.

* * * * *

"The only thing I mind is leaving my dear little birdie behind, and on Christmas Eve too," cried Nancy's bright voice, a fortnight later. It was the evening of the ball, and the sisters were together in Nancy's room, where was a great fire, and candles on the dressing-table, and a scent of sweet, fresh winter flowers, with which Nancy was adorning herself; while festal garments strewed the room, and everything had an air of joyful, unaccustomed confusion. "If we had not to take such a long drive, and if the roads were not so wet and heavy, we need not have started so soon," she went on, "but we shall have to be off in half an hour now, Josey. Well, never mind, Josey. It can't be helped, can it? Things that can't be cured must be endured, mustn't they? We must be a couple of philosophers, you and I,—come along, philosopher," and the speaker, all glowing, and mischievous, and sparkling and brimming over with spirits, suddenly caught up her small companion in her arms, and whirled her round and round the

little apartment till both were out of breath with laughing. Surely it was something more than merely going out to a neighbouring festivity that was making the heart of the one dance in her bosom.

"How you *do* like going to-night, Nancy!" said Josephine, with a child's half reproachful wonder at such frivolity. "I had no idea you would like it so much. And I am rather sorry, because——"

She stopped short.

"Because why, thou naughty one? Because thy poor fond sister, thine own Nancy, who never grudged *thee* a treat, is going to have a treat—oh, such a treat herself to-night——"

"Oh, no: no, it was not that, Nancy."

"Everybody is going to be so good to you, darling," pursued Nancy, more seriously. "You are going to have such a good supper; you don't know what, but it is all ordered, and it is something you like very much indeed. It was ordered on purpose; and Bell has promised to give it you in the nice, bright kitchen—all hung with holly, you know—and she says she and Hannah will play games with you afterwards. And I have allowed Bell to invite her little niece——"

"Sarah Jane?"

"Yes, Sarah Jane; so you can have 'Blindman,' or anything you like, afterwards."

"That will be nice; oh, thank you, Nancy. Oh, I shall be all right, you know, Nancy; and it was not *that* I meant at all; it was only that I had got a little present for you."

Nancy's heart owned an expectant flutter. She had for a moment now and again wondered if it were possible that a certain suggestion which had crossed her own mind could by any possibility have found its way to Josephine's. Most carefully had she abstained from saying a word that might have led up to it—but still——

Josephine stood still pondering. Something was on her mind. Not to hurry her, the other turned again to the glass—perhaps it did not require any very great effort to do that.

"Is not my hair simply *lovely*, Josey? I cannot imagine how I ever did it so beautifully. It is done better than if there had been a hundred thousand hair-dressers all at it at once. And it did not take me half so long as usual, either." (Ah, simple Nancy! She did not know that any hair, dressed in any fashion, must have suited the brilliant lustre

of the eyes beneath, the damask on the cheek, that wonderful evening.)

"No, I never saw you look more beautiful," pronounced an audible voice by her side.

"Beautiful! You sweet little humbug! You don't tell me I am beautiful," cried Nancy, with a glad laugh. "Now, no more time-wasting. Fetch me the silk stockings off the bed yonder, and the slippers—oh, dear me," with a great effort at unconsciousness, and again that flutter of hope within, "I am afraid I forgot the slippers, Josey. They are in poor mamma's bedroom, in the large wardrobe drawer. Get one of the maids to take a candle——"

Solemnly from underneath her little apron Josephine drew forth a brown paper parcel.

"It is—it is—" thought Nancy. "OH!"

"I was just a little tiny wee bit sorry to give them to-night, do you see," said Josephine, shyly advancing, "because I do like giving the Christmas presents on Christmas own day—but it doesn't really matter, does it, Nancy? And so please open them."

"Oh, you darling!" and Nancy caught the little giver to her heart. "I guess, I guess, I cannot help guessing, you know, Josey; and you are the very dearest little thing——" She stopped as if struck by a bomb-shell, and the parcel almost dropped from her hands.

"Look at them!" cried Josey, *her* anxious part of the business over. "Here they are!" And she proudly surveyed—but how shall I describe what?

There they were indeed, the well-known, quaintly-cut, faintly-discoloured pair of many many years old, but now—horror of horrors!—distorted, disfigured, and rendered hideous beyond the dreams of nightmare, by an enormous worsted floral decoration worked into the satin above the toe of each, in the places where rosettes should have been. The rosettes had disappeared. The gaudily-tinted worsted work covered nearly the whole front of either slipper.

For a few seconds poor Nancy stood absolutely frozen to the spot whereon she stood. She hardly knew, when afterwards she tried to think about it, how she had been preserved from giving vent to the rush of anguish and despair which filled her soul at sight of the frightful apparitions. Recollect that others she had none, nor had she the means of obtaining any. And here were the ancient

pair, the pair which at best of times left much to be desired, and which she had hoped, had almost allowed herself to hope were at last to be left behind, here they were once more, and in what a state!

A gigantic thistle, purple and green, surmounted the broad toe of the one, a swelled, unwieldy rose spread itself leisurely over the other: while trails of green in different shades, fondly designed for shamrocks, wandered round the sides, and met at the back of either heel.

Bell, the cook, had presided over the work of art (and had, indeed, unknown to Josey, added considerably to its gorgeousness), and her and the housemaid's admiration had confirmed the little girl in her confidence of having done the right thing. The wools had been supplied by a collection in an old beehive basket, the common property of the sisters.

This, then, had been Josephine's solution of her difficulty.

"Thank you so very much, darling," said Nancy, in rather a strange voice. "Come and kiss me."

And Josey's idea was that her sister's feelings had really almost overpowered her.

* * * * *

"I don't quite know how to tell you, Captain Markham."

"But yet I am sure you will tell me."

Two who should have been dancing at the Westertons' merry dance on Christmas Eve, were sitting-out together in the distant conservatory, quite at the beginning of the evening, when really "sitting-out" time ought hardly to have been begun.

Neither of the two had, I dare say, any positive objection to being there; but all the same, one does not drive five or six miles on a winter night to begin the fun by sitting still in a lamp-lit conservatory—at least when one is young, gay, and bubbling over with elasticity; so perhaps Captain Markham, who had secured pretty Nancy Blake for the first two dances (and had his name down on her card for a number more), was right in supposing that she had some cogent reason for the very obstinate persistence with which she declared that though he might be her partner, it must be in a passive sense. She was not going to dance all the evening.

"You told me you were so fond of dancing," he

said. "Of course I am quite happy to be here—or anywhere—with *you*,"—expressive glance—"but still I cannot help thinking that there is something troubling you which might be put to rights——"

"It cannot be put to rights. But still, I don't see why I should not tell you. There is nothing wrong in it. And after all, it is silly to make a mystery of a trifle. You are so kind——" and her lip trembled.

His head bent down a little closer.

"You know we are not rich people." All at once Nancy felt very brave and resolute. This was a thing she had often wished, but never dared to say. Here was an opportunity. She would not miss it.

"We are not rich people," she said, steadily. "I cannot buy things as other girls do, getting whatever they want without any thought of what it costs. Often I have to go without things I need very much indeed. We all have to do the same. It is no hardship; only sometimes it is a little—inconvenient. When I was coming here to-night, I knew I ought to have had a pair of new ball-shoes—white satin shoes—*you* know."

He nodded. Yes, he knew.

"But I could not buy them; and so I had meant to make do an old pair of—of my mother's,"—with a momentary hesitation. "They fit me very well; and though they are rather old and yellow—I believe they were her wedding pair—no one would have noticed anything particular. But my little sister—she is our darling, Captain Markham——"

"Of course. She would be anybody's darling."

"She would not have done a thing to vex me for the world. She would rather have killed herself. But she thought to make me so smart, and so she—she——"

Words failed; but forth from beneath the folds of Nancy's simple frock there stole first one gorgeous toe, and then the other. Nancy's eye directed that of her companion towards them.

"Did she——?" he said, intently gazing.

"Yes; poor, dear, little, *kind* girl, she did. We suspect that Grandpapa forgot to give her his usual half-sovereign on her birthday, and this is the money she always counts upon for spending on her Christmas gifts. My grandfather is rather feeble, and forgets things now. And so poor little Josey was thrown on her own resources; and she thought if she could ornament these old slippers, they would

make up to me for not getting the new ones she had meant to buy. She told me this, and made me dance in front of her to shew them off; and she thinks that every one who sees me to-night will envy them," and here poor Nancy broke off with a sound that was half a laugh, and yet was not very unlike a sob.

"So that was why you were sitting in the corner when I arrived, and why you would only move to come here?"

"Yes."

"It is a nice place," said he, looking round, "but still I fancy if we remained here *all* the evening——"

"Oh, of course not."

"I only meant to say, others might think they had a right to the conservatory too. No, we'll have a turn of the waltz between whiles. Do you know," suddenly, "where this door behind you leads to?"

"No."

"It leads into a back passage, and from that passage there is a special staircase up to my cousins' rooms. I wonder," slowly, "I wonder whether there might not be some slippers in those rooms."

"Oh!" cried Nancy, with a new spring of hope.

"Probably dozens. They are given to ball slippers. You never thought of it? But Julia is about your size, and she is good-nature itself."

"Of course. Oh, hers would fit me, and I am sure she would lend them. And Josey would never know a single thing. I would put hers on again in the carriage, going home."

"Stop a moment. I don't quite know about that. I fancy you will have to leave Josey's pair behind."

"Why, Captain Markham," and Nancy laughed a gleeful laugh, "why, who would have the gift of them?" she cried, saucily.

But her face changed the next minute.

"I would," said he, in her ear.

* * * * *

"Wake up, wake up, my precious. Open your eyes for a moment, sleepy-head. Josey, dear, look up for just one single minute. I am so happy, Josey, so very happy; I must just tell you. Josey, what do you think? This is Christmas morning, and I have had *such* a Christmas present. Put your arms round my neck, darling, and Nancy will tell you." And Nancy whispered something further.

"Captain Markham a *present*," muttered the

drowsy little night-gowned figure ; " I don't know what that means."

Then all at once her glance flew to her sister's feet.

"What has become of my slippers?" she demanded, wide-awake in the twinkle of an eye. Her one thought was for her slippers.

"Aha! Where indeed?" responded the joyous Nancy. "Listen, Josey, *he* has got them—*he*—Captain Markham, Josey,—as a keepsake, dear. He said he was sure you would not mind, and he is going to keep them for ever and ever; think of that, Josey."

Josey thought—rather ruefully—of it.

"I could not refuse him, could I, darling? If I had, he—I—we might not have understood each

other. And oh, Josey, I have had such a happy, happy evening. And he is coming here to-morrow—I mean to-day, for it is Christmas morning already, dear—and then you will tell him you do not mind his having your Christmas present to me, will you not? I am sure you do not mind, do you? You like him to have them, don't you? For only think of his caring so much for me, Josey, that he says he never valued anything so much in his life as these slippers of mine."

A little smile stole over Josey's innocent face.

"They *were* very beautiful," she murmured serenely, and closed her blue eyes to slumber again.

She never knew, not even in after years, the truth.



THERE once was a metaphysician
Who held that he did not exist;
But when he explained his position,
They said, "Well, you wouldn't be missed!"

Some are wise, and some are otherwise.

*"I give you the end of a golden string,
Only wind it into a ball;
It will lead you in at Heaven's gate,
Built in Jerusalem's wall."*

WM. BLAKE.

ENGLISH MEN AND WOMEN OF LETTERS.

III.

JOHN MILTON.

LUCY TOULMIN SMITH.

IN the days of old, at least in early England, when men dealing with the arts of letters felt that they were striving with another spirit than their own to catch some sparks of light; when sympathy or imagination stirred them to transmit for the good of others some history or heroic deed, they, with true and simple piety, commonly began or ended their labour by an invocation to God for assistance, or to the saints or friends for their prayers. Thus the priest or friar who

wrote the long biblical poem called *Cursor Mundi* prays to Mary—

*"Lady! look to this caitiff clerk,
Forsake thou not this rude work!
For though it rude and stubble be,
It is in worship wrought of thee,
To thy worship I have it wrought,
To thy service."*¹

And the friar Nicholas Bozon, and many another mediæval poet and writer dealing with holy themes, thus consecrated his efforts to the highest service.

This serious dedication of the muse's gifts is a characteristic of many of our English race, and perhaps in no one has it found higher culmination than in the genius of John Milton. Gifted as a youth with imagination, love of music, and mar-

¹ The old English of the original is here put into modern spelling.

vellous powers of study, while yet a young man he formed the resolve to do something great and good, to leave some memorial of himself that should be of value to his fellow-men. What it should be, that he did not yet know; he cultivated his talents, and, like the saints of old, he prayerfully practised simplicity of life in order to attain greater purity of spirit, leaving the issue to God. Although his father, himself with musical gifts, recognized and aided his genius, it was slow in coming to full action, as he was partly conscious. "Yet," says he, in a sonnet written on his twenty-fourth birthday (age twenty-three)—

"Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure even
To that same lot, however mean or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven.
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great Task-Master's eye."

He was at that time still at Cambridge (he left in the following year, 1632), fair and unusually youthful in appearance, independent in his course of study, popular in his college, but as yet unknown to fame.

The works of most great men should be studied in connection with the circumstances of their lives, and perhaps of no one can this be said more emphatically than of Milton. *Paradise Lost* is one of the world's great master-pieces, and has placed its author on a level with Homer, Dante, and Virgil; but to take it detached from his life, and from the age in which it was written—now fast becoming more and more remote from much of modern touch—is to shut out half the doors to comprehension and sympathy with the poem. It is the work of a noble Puritan, imbued with the best spirit, drinking of the special learning, moving in the midst of the notable Puritan period of English history, but freeing himself from the shackles imposed by them. We must not forget this. His grand imagination and soaring melody are for all time and for many races; his rich learning and play of fancy appeal to the cultured mind of whatever zone; it was his theme, and the free devout soul speaking the grave but ardent thought aroused by the hopes and contentions of the civil wars, that enchained the sympathy of Englishmen. For though *Paradise Lost* was published¹ in 1667, when the Restoration was already seven years past, Puritan principles (the outcome of the Reformation),

for which men had been struggling with more or less increasing force during the last century, leading up to liberty of conscience and political freedom—these principles were seething in the nation still, only outwardly suppressed. Men who read their Bibles, and conformed their lives to the austere and rigid standard in vogue among the serious, whether Presbyterian, Independent, or of other sects, though they might not read their Shakespeare, could allow themselves the delight of Milton's majestic verse upon a theme so sacred; while those who were not bound by such restrictions, belonging, maybe, to the king's party, who enjoyed the good things of literature without stint, rose to the appreciation of the wondrous work put out among them in proportion to their culture and earnestness. So it was that within rather more than two years 1300 copies were sold, and English literature was the richer by Milton's greatest gift. It is often said that many people know their history from Shakespeare's plays; *Paradise Lost* (regardless of the fact that its Satan is not found in Scripture) has been to thousands as their Bible. The England of to-day, owing so much as she does to the movements of the seventeenth century, cannot say this of the poem now; but she prizes the unique shrine of lofty soul and splendid workmanship then bequeathed to her with undying reverence and admiration.

Milton's prose is no less remarkable than his poetry. The best known of his pieces now is the *Arcopagitica*, *A Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing* (1644); those which made him famous in his own day are four tracts on Divorce (1643-45), about which nothing more need be said than that they justly irritated both friends and the Presbyterian clergy; and several controversial writings in defence of the people of England for dethroning and beheading their king, Charles I. The chief of these, *Pro Populo Anglicano Defensio*, published in March, 1651, in reply to a book written by a learned Frenchman (living at Leyden) named Salmasius, by order of Charles II. in defence of his father, made all Europe ring with Milton's name; his learning and scholarship, the fine scorn of his opponent, his tremendous use of the weapons of invective and personality (then and long after permitted in politics), gave him a perfect victory over the eminent French scholar.

Undoubtedly Milton's pen thus helped to establish the Commonwealth more firmly; to us now the

¹ It was finished in 1665-6.

human pathos of it lies in the self-sacrificing spirit of Milton's noble patriotism; his sight had long been feeble, one eye gone, he wrote while in ill-health, and he became blind in the cause of the people. By 1652, at the age of only forty-three, he was in darkness. "The choice lay before me," he says in a second defence arising out of Salmasius' book (May, 1654), "between dereliction of a supreme duty and loss of eyesight; in such a case I could not listen to the physician, not if Esculapius himself had spoken from his sanctuary. . . . I concluded to employ the little remaining eyesight I was to enjoy in doing this, the greatest service to the common weal it was in my power to render." Think of this great scholar and student, for whom books contained "a potencie of life" far beyond anything else, whose eyes were probably always injured by his intense application, with a wife apparently unsympathetic, and three girl-children, deliberately undertaking that which would soon cost him his last sight—leaving "wisdom at one entrance quite shut out!" "Being but yet weak in body I am forced to write by piece-meal, and break off almost every hour, though the subject be such as requires an unintermitted study and intenseness of mind." Thus he writes at the beginning of his *Defence* of 1651, and these words may partly explain the length of time which elapsed between the Order of Council, in January, 1650, "that Mr. Milton do prepare something in answer to the book of Salmasius," and its publication in March, 1651. He treated it too as a much more important attempt than his previous pamphlets against the Royalists. *The Defence of the People of England!* "What style," says he, "can be august and magnificent enough? what man has parts sufficient to undertake so great a task? . . . True it is, that from my very youth I have been bent extremely upon such sort of studies as inclined me, if not to do great things myself, at least to celebrate those that did."¹ Here spoke the man whose soul, ever "commercing with the skies," was therefore drawn to the higher things of earth; he believed in the cause of his people, in the great things achieved, and in the greater that should follow.

He did not, however, servilely follow the Parliamentary party, but boldly rebuked or remonstrated with them when the high ideals which he looked for were cast aside. The short poem, *On the New*

Forcers of Conscience under the Long Parliament, expresses his indignation at the then hypocrisy of their conduct in famous and scathing lines. How steadfast was his strife for liberty of conscience is evident in the fine sonnet to Cromwell, written in 1652, some months after the battle of Worcester; even on the victorious hero, with whose lofty aspirations for good Milton must have had keen fellowship, he urges the grand object of all—

"Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast
ploughed,
Yet much remains
To conquer still; Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than War: new foes arise,
Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains.
Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose Gospel is their maw."

Another instance of his independence is the *Areopagitica* (1644), a noble argument for the freedom of the press against an Order set forth by the Long Parliament forbidding any book, pamphlet, or paper to be printed unless it were licensed. Indeed, the range of Milton's thought and pure ideals lifted him above the ordinary ties of party or groups of men; he saw what was good, and deemed it his duty to set it forth. "He was," says Dr. Garnett, "a most free and independent thinker, the vast sweep of whose thought happened to coincide for a while with the narrow orbit of so-called Puritanism." And Mr. E. Myers at once points out the source of this independence and the chief characteristic of his prose in these words—"It is the consciousness of seeing more widely as well as of aiming higher than those about him concerned with the questions of the hour, that gives him his peculiar note of lofty pride." We must not linger over his prose,—in him the poet took the first place, whose sensitive fibre affected all his life and work—but choose the following passage describing books from the *Areopagitica*. Many have spoken on this prolific subject, none more truly or with more piercing apprehension.

"It is of greatest concernment in the Church and Commonwealth, to have a vigilant eye how Bookes demean themselves as well as men; and thereafter to confine, imprison, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors. For bookes are not absolutely dead things, but doe contain a potencie of life in them to be as active as that soule

¹ Quoted from the English translation, published in 1692.

was whose progeny they are ; nay, they do preserve, as in a violl, the purest efficacie and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous Dragon's teeth, and [read which] being sown up and down may chance to spring up armed men. And yet, on the other hand, unlesse warinesse be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book ; who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image ; but hee who destroyes a good booke kills reason itselfe, kills the image of God, as it were in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth ; but a good book is the pretious life-blood of a master-spirit, imbalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."

Milton lived much of his life in London, or in what were then the outskirts. Born in Bread Street (the house descended to him, but was burnt in the Great Fire of 1666), he was sent to college at sixteen ; after seven years spent there he removed with his parents to Horton in Buckinghamshire, in which quiet country place his father allowed him still to pursue his studies. How much does not England owe to this generous appreciation of his son's genius by John Milton the elder ! Five years of leisure and self-training here were followed by a journey to France and Italy, staying longest in Italy, where he had many opportunities of intercourse with men and books. "There it was," he says a few years later, "that I found and visited the famous Galileo grown old, a prisoner to the Inquisition, for thinking in astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licencers thought." Critics trace in some portions of *Paradise Lost* reference to Galileo's discovery ; such a visit left its mark. Milton cut short his travels in Italy on receiving news of serious political trouble at home, and returned to England in July, 1639.

During these early years—Milton was now thirty-one—he seems to have enjoyed the training and the life of a studious gentleman, music and poetry his chief delight. He was fond of music all his life ; his father taught him ; Henry Lawes the musician, to whom he addressed a sonnet, was his friend ; he did not neglect it in Italy, bringing home thence many books of music ; he played the organ before Cromwell at Hampton Court (the very instrument is still in Tewkesbury Abbey Church), and he solaced the years of blindness and old age with the organ and the lute.

Through all there ran a "conscious dedication of his life to noble ends ; and a resolution to preserve unstained the purity of his moral being, as essential to the capacity of truly great work in the world, or truly great endeavour of any kind." The poetry, therefore, written at intervals from his college youth up, bears a high stamp ; many Latin and English pieces were written at Cambridge, of which a fine poem and hymn, *On the Morning of Christ's Nativity*, is one ; but the first verses which appeared in print link his name immortally with Shakespeare, for whose works he wrote the exquisite lines printed in the second folio edition of 1632. During the quiet years at Horton, while yet the spell of youth was on him, he produced on various occasions some minor poems, idylls which for their play of fancy, musical grace, and perfection of language will charm as long as the English tongue may endure. Who does not know the lovely pair of songs, *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, in which he trips and dances with the joys of the man of cheerful heart, and muses in peaceful shades with the soul of graver cast ? Every line of these classic poems lives in the memory, and their music attracting our best song composers, has really brought about that which the cheerful Milton desired—

"And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out.
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running."

Lycidas is a monody or lament on the death by drowning in 1637 of a friend whom he had known at college ; with fitness to their common studies, it is full of allusions to the ancient classics, but closes in the midst of exquisite similes from nature, with a hopeful reference to Christian resurrection. In these days of walks among the fields how loving and true are the final touches—

"Thus sang the uncouth swain to th' oaks and rills,
While the still morn went out with sandals gray :
He touched the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay :
And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the western bay.
At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue ;
To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new."

Two other great monodies—Shelley's *Adonais* written for Keats, and Tennyson's *In Memoriam*,

for Arthur Hallam—have been compared with *Lycidas*; it is observed that Milton alone of the three had no model to work from.

Arcades, a small masque written for a *fête* to a noble lady, and *Comus*, a fanciful masque or play to be performed by the members of the family at Ludlow Castle in 1634, were both intended to be accompanied by music. Full as it is of much beauty and imaginative language, celebrating the praises of virtue and innocence, *Comus*, like other masques, leaves a sense of unreality; it lacks human interest, while it is pervaded by its author's "elevation of sentiment that aims at something far above mortal passion." But were there nothing else in it to take the fancy, the lyrical speech of *Comus*, beginning—

"The star that bids the shepherd fold,"

and the epilogue of the Attendant Spirit ("To the ocean now I fly"), are gems that would illumine the whole poem.

These, and a few others of this period of his life, are remarkable for "the perfection of their literary texture, the taste and finish of their language and versification." This care, this taste Milton carried also to the workmanship of his great epic in after years; but before he could reach the fruition of his high intent, many years of varied experience, of school work, private sorrow, and public labour were to be his lot. His life was changed by the civil war; for the next twenty years (1640—1660) he wrote little poetry, except a few sonnets, but devoted his pen to the service of his country, sacrificing his tastes and high poetic aspirations to his sense of duty. It was a time of pamphleteering, when men's minds, astir with revolution, put forth their ideas in print to an extraordinary degree; and Milton with his sounding prose used the common weapon with great activity. His appointment as Secretary for Foreign Tongues to the Council of State, an honourable post, kept him employed with the Latin letters by which governments then made their communications, and involved him besides, as before related, in the Salmasian controversy. This long period had its many trials, public and private; but the greatest of these was his blindness, to which he makes frequent allusions. Three years after he lost his sight his sonnet to Skinner shows him bearing up manfully, even triumphantly—

"Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer
Right onward,—"

supported by the consciousness that he lost it in "Liberty's defence." And in another, bowing with patience he declares—

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

In the opening passages of *Paradise Lost* the blind poet pours forth his pathetic lament, with grand control turning to invoke

"celestial Light!
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate."

With Cromwell's death in September, 1658, Milton's political life was ended. At the Restoration of Charles II. he was for a time in some danger; but this passed away, and the rest of his days, though poor, old before his time, and suffering from gout, he was free to give way to the poetic fire that still within him burned. The poems of his latter years, *Paradise Lost*, *Paradise Regained*, and *Samson Agonistes*, are the expression of his soul chastened by trial and sorrow, ripened by experience of men and institutions, enriched by reading and learning of every kind. In the first he soars to heavenly beings and climes; in the last he puts many touches of his own past life, of his domestic troubles, of his blindness, of his disappointments with the cause of liberty lost; yet even here the poet's last words, true to his higher spirit, teach that

"All is best, though we oft doubt
What the unsearchable dispose
Of highest wisdom brings about,
And ever best found in the close."

How can we wonder at the grandeur of his flight, at the dignity, force, and beauty of his song who, meaning to pursue

"Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme,"
rises, and calls upon—

"Thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all temples th' upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for Thou know'st: Thou from the first
Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread,
Dove-like satst brooding on the vast abyss,
And mad'st it pregnant; what in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raise and support;
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men."

SCHOLARSHIP COMPETITION QUESTIONS.

I. Contrast the characteristics of *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* (mirth and thoughtfulness), and show some of the pleasures belonging to each.

II. Which do you consider the six finest passages in the First and Third Books of *Paradise Lost*? And give your reasons.

SELECTED BOOKS.—*L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*; the First and Third Books of *Paradise Lost*. (Milton, by Dr. Garnett. Great Writers series.)

Author selected for January.—ADDISON.

SEARCH QUESTIONS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

I.

Who demanded the locks of six princesses to be her "marriage-fee"?

II.

What was Miss Grizzy's opinion about *Crabbe's Tales*?

III.

Of whom are we told that—

"They went to sea in a sieve, they did,
In a sieve they went to sea:
In spite of all their friends could say,
On a winter's morn, on a stormy day,
In a sieve they went to sea!"

IV.

To whom did the following famous horses or dogs belong—Black Auster, Diogenes, Bran, White Surrey, Roland, Mayflower, Pilot, Beau, Flush, Rozinante?

V.

Of whom was it said—

(1) "Among the faithless, faithful only he."

(2) "Her angel's face,
As the great eye of heaven, shined bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place."

(3) "Ay, every inch a king."

(4) "He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale."

VI.

Give the author and the work in which the following songs appear—

(1) "What will you do, love, when I am going,
With white sail flowing,
The seas beyond?"

(2) "Oh, that we two were maying."

(3) "What does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?
'Let me fly,' says little birdie.
'Mother, let me fly away.'"

(4) "Day is dying! Float, O song,
Down the westward river,
Requiem chanting to the day—
Day, the mighty Giver."

(5) "Stars of the summer night!
Far in yon azure deeps,
Hide, hide your golden light!
She sleeps!—My lady sleeps!"

(6) "Ah! County Guy, the hour is nigh,
The sun has left the lea,
The orange flower perfumes the bower,
The breeze is on the sea."

All readers of *Atalanta* may send in Answers to the above. Reply papers should be addressed to the Superintendent R. U., and must be received not later than December 15th. Prizes of Two Guineas and One Guinea are awarded half-yearly to competitors gaining the highest number of marks.

ANSWERS TO SEARCH QUESTIONS (NOVEMBER).

I.

The *Mirror for Magistrates* was started by Thomas Sackville, and was afterwards carried on by other authors. Robert Herrick, John Lydgate, Ben Jonson, George Crabbe, William Dunbar, Nicholas Udall.

II.

The Prioress, in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*.

III.

Helen of Troy, Iphigenia, Cleopatra, Jephtha's Daughter, Fair Rosamond, Margaret More, Joan of Arc, Eleanor, wife of Edward I.

IV.

The Parson, in Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*.

V.

Mother Carey's Peace-pool. (*The Water Babies*.)

VI.

1. Dogberry, *Much Ado About Nothing*. 2. Touchstone, *As You Like It*. 3. Hamlet. 4. Malvolio, *Twelfth Night*. 5. Lady Macbeth. 6. Portia, *Merchant of Venice*. 7. Autolycus, *Winter's Tale*. 8. Prince Henry, Longfellow's *Golden Legend*. 9. Clarissa, Pope's *Rape of the Lock*. 10. Elder Brother, *Comus*. 11. The Child, Mrs. Browning's *Vision of Poets*.

The Brown

Owl

*"Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one
increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened
with the process of the suns."*
'Locksley Hall.'

EDUCATION is a well-worn, even a trite, subject. I am almost ashamed to head my paper with a title which must have been used hundreds of times before, about which more dreary platitudes have been talked and written than about any other topic under the sun. Yet, after all, it never loses its freshness; there is always a new generation growing up to whom the most engrossing question in the world is, What are *we* to learn? How are *we* to be trained for the work of life? And for girls the subject has now a special interest; for this latter half of the nineteenth century is almost for women what the fifteenth century was for men—the age of the Revival of Letters. When I was a boy, some little way back in the earlier half of this same century, any equality of teaching between the brothers and sisters of a family was scarcely so much as mentioned. Some people think it a heresy still; then, if it was thought of at all, it was only in the dreams of one or two enthusiasts. We used to speak of the two or three learned women whose names lived in story—of Lady Jane Grey, who read Plato with Roger Ascham, of Madame Dacier, who commented on Homer—as one might speak of the ichthyosaurus or the deinotherium. But what a wonderful change the last few years have brought! Tennyson's romance of the *Princess*, which seemed, which perhaps was, half mockery, when it was given to the world a generation ago, has become a sober reality. We have

"two plummets dropped for one
To sound the abyss of knowledge."

I envy the glow of triumph with which the young women of to-day must regard these new victories of their sex, with which, for instance, they must have heard of Miss Ramsay's pre-eminence in the

Classical Tripos of her year, or which they will feel when, sooner or later, some girl shall wrest from masculine rivals the yet unshared honour of the Senior Wranglership.

But my purpose in writing now is not congratulation, far less flattery. It is something more serious.

I must confess that I regard with dismay the changes that are going on in our system of education (it must be understood that I am speaking now of the education of boys), the proposals for changes still more radical in the future that are being made by persons of standing and influence. I do not know indeed whether these terms can be applied to those who clamour for one of the so-called wants of the day—commercial education. But there is certainly a large body of middle-class opinion which is strongly bent this way. Get the honest truth from an average uncultured English parent, and he will own that writing commercial letters in French and German and book-keeping are the things that he really wants his boys to learn, and that he endures other things simply because the schools insist on teaching them. Scientific education is a much more formidable enemy. I do not scruple to call it an enemy, because I am sure that if it drives out, as it seems likely to drive out, its literary rival, the result will be simply disastrous to culture in England. The prospect does not concern me personally, for my own career as a teacher is at an end, but I dread the future for my countrymen. Long ago Mr. Matthew Arnold said—I quote from memory, not being able as I write to refer to the passage—"that the study of nature has a tendency to diminish man's conception of his own greatness, the study of man to magnify it." And, indeed, we

see an analogy to the truth, as I cannot but hold it to be, in the fact that where natural forces dominate man, as, for instance, in tropical regions, the race is dwarfed in mental and moral power. But the chief confirmation of this great thinker's maxim is found in the frank confession made by a typical man of science. Charles Darwin tells us that in his youth he was passionately fond of poetry, but that in his old age, after a life devoted to that habit of observation in which he was unsurpassed, he could not endure to read a single verse, and that his taste for art and music had suffered nearly the same eclipse. Imagine a society in which the same pursuits had universally produced the same result ! What could be more appalling ? It is idle to point to men of science who have great general culture. They have been brought up, and they still live in the atmosphere that is the product of another system. The genuine result will be seen when a generation, perhaps two or three generations, shall have grown up without the influences of what have been called, not without reason, the "humanities."

Perhaps you may ask, you whom I am specially addressing, What have we to do with this ? How can we make or mar in this matter ? Briefly then, I look to women to preserve the tradition of this literary education, of these humanities in England. But first for a few words of explanation. I do not wish to shut you out from any kind of learning or research. If a girl feels that she has a vocation to science, be it the science of medicine, with its practical bearing on human life, or any of what I may call the theoretic sciences, let her follow it by all means. Just as I hope that England will continue to have in the future, as she has had in the past, great physicians, physiologists, chemists, botanists, so I believe that some of these great ones will be women, and that each science will be advanced by the special gifts of feminine intelligence ; and I am all for giving women, under such conditions as good sense may dictate, every facility for following their bent. What I mean is this, that if men abandon, as it seems likely that they will, the great humanistic traditions, women will keep them up.

There are reasons, that may be called involuntary reasons, why they should do so. Putting medicine apart, as being outside the question of education the two most interesting and fertile of the

sciences are physiology and chemistry. The wholly scientific education of men which I see in the future will be grounded, I suppose, on these two. But there are obvious reasons why they should not be generally available for women. The processes and methods which belong to them are such that only exceptional women will be found willing, perhaps I may say able, to follow them with the enthusiasm necessary for success.

And then there is the fact that the education of a very large proportion, perhaps the majority, of girls will continue, partly from choice, partly from necessity, to be carried on at home. I do not pronounce any opinion as to whether it is or is not better for them that it should be so. But it is a fact with which we must reckon. That no scientific education can be carried on at home, without laboratories, without any facilities for research, is too obvious to want proof.

You may have noticed that I have said nothing about mathematics. I have the highest respect for the study. As a subsidiary discipline, where the mind is capable of appreciating it—not so universal a condition as mathematicians persist in believing—it is of the highest utility. But no one proposes to make it the staple of an educational system.

I have purposely used the word "literary" rather than classical education. All my prepossessions are in favour of the old classical training ; but a long experience as an examiner has somewhat shaken my faith in its applicability to modern conditions of teaching. The average results of years given to Latin and Greek are so lamentably small that I have almost lost heart. Possibly we may have to make French or German or Italian or our own language the basis of our education if we are to have more substantial results. Of course they must be taught in the old classical method, taking in both the literature and the structure of the language, so as to make scholars into couriers or commercial correspondents. As long as the education is literary, I do not much care what is the vehicle.

And now I am going to say something that may seem paradoxical. If men will leave the better, the strengthening discipline, for that which is worse, for that which enfeebles, there can be but one result. That which is stronger, mentally and morally stronger, will ultimately prevail, and with this superiority will come physical superiority also.

The process will be slow. None that are alive now will live to see it completed; hardly, perhaps, to see it visibly beginning. You will pardon me for saying that as a man I am well pleased that it should be postponed till I am not here to see it. But that it will happen seems to me as certain as that the sun is in the sky.¹

A. J. Church.

THE result of the Fine Art Competition will soon be known. Perhaps some of the girl-students will be interested to hear the views of one of themselves with regard to some of the subjects set for trial. "I wanted papa to 'sit' for the 'Master Prophet,'" she writes; "and he said he would, but when I suggested a large sheet as the most suitable method of drapery, he backed out of the argument." This is a fancy sketch of the M. P. (*alias* Papa) "grasping his full-toned lyre."



RESPECTING the subject for August she writes—"I have taken the meaning of the lines to be a figure of Psyche. Of course I had to hunt up as much information as I could about her. But though I looked and hunted till I was getting almost thinner with the anxiety, nothing rewarded my ardour but the fact that She (I mean Psyche) is generally represented as very beautiful and with butterfly's wings, so I had to retire to bed and muse on the best way of bringing in an effect with these two things—and oh, the nightmares I suffered from that dreadful myth!

was caused by my
close study of
Dannacker's
Ariadne, for
the effect
of light and shade.

The Close Study.

This was another caused by



research
at night,



and this was another,
the cause of which I
do not know.

But I will spare you the recital of my woes.

THE tree in the 'Ruth' picture is from nature, idealized rather. I will here note down (for the benefit of the scoffing public) that it is a beech (*I think*). The 'bulrushes,' as they were derisively termed by an irreverent critic (who ought to have known better), are palpably *not* from nature. But as I could not get to a real live corn-field, I went and studied (with my hands behind me) two or three pictures of corn-fields in the Society of Artists' Autumn Exhibition. . . . I expect all the candidates will wait, consumed by the wildest impatience, to hear about the final competition.



"There will be this sort of effect outside the *Atalanta* office on the day of that publication. I am glad I shall not be in it."—G. M. B.

¹ This paper invites discussion. All letters or remarks must reach the Editor not later than December 20, and must have the words "Brown Owl" on the cover.

From "A STRING OF PEARLS."
See page 217.

THE PARIAH, by the Author of *Vice Versâ* (Smith, Elder, & Co.), is in many respects an uncommon book; but it would be difficult for Mr. Anstey to write anything else. He has to a remarkable extent the gift of originality. This has been shown in the book which has made his name, in the *Fallen Idol*, and in his charming short stories. He resembles Frank Stockton, not in his style, but in his ability to work out an absolutely new idea in a quaintly matter-of-fact manner. *The Pariah* is not fantastic, nor particularly humorous, but it is pathetic after a new fashion. The heroine is more exposed to censure than to praise, and the hero is a unique character to occupy such a position. He is plain, vulgar, illiterate; he is absolutely without tact or spirit; the reader is aroused to a feeling of impatience at his hopeless blunders, and yet it is a long time since a more pathetic figure has appeared in the pages of fiction. He is the victim of a hope-

less love. This love, through a chain of circumstances, ruins his prospects, but is at the end his moral salvation. Mr. Anstey has worked out this novel conception with great power, and the interest aroused by Allen Chadwick eclipses even that felt for the beautiful but hard-hearted Margot. There is an impressive scene where he stands outside the little church and listens to Margot's voice as she sings in the warmth and colour within.

* * *

"**T**HE hymn was familiar, even to Allen. It was 'Abide with me,' and the well-known air and words fell on his ear with a new and pathetic force as he stood under the chancel window—

'When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!'

"Was it fancy that he could hear Margot's voice

clear and full above the rest? He could picture her in there, singing, her eyes unclouded by any thoughts of one whose comfort was fleeing, and whom she had failed to help. Then the hymn ceased, and was followed by the solemn murmur of the benediction; and before any stir broke the silence, he had turned away with a swelling heart through the long grass, and home in the darkness."

* * *

"MARGOT, will you sing?' he asked that evening in the drawing-room.

"With pleasure,' she said. 'What would you like me to sing?'

"He hesitated—he was not religiously inclined, and felt more than a little awkward in making his request.

"There's a hymn,' he said at last, "'Abide with me'" it's called. I wish you would sing that.'

"Margot herself was not given to devotional exercises, but she consented with a little surprise at such a choice.

"How funny that you should choose that particular hymn!' cried Lettice, who enjoyed a coincidence. 'It's the very one we had at Lingford this afternoon.'

"Allen made no comment; he sat in the shadow of one of the window recesses, as Margot took her seat at the piano; there he could take in the whole interior of the room like a picture. . . . Ah! how soon that picture would be only a picture for him!

"For some reason the singing came to an end after that one hymn. Allen did not ask her to continue, not having his voice under the best control at the moment, and after a pause Margot shut the piano thankfully, and his opportunity was past. Perhaps anything else would have been an anticlimax, would have blurred the impression for him."

* * *

IN the final scene, at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, it is Margot who is the watcher.

"The flush had faded from his face, and he lay there with a smile of exhausted content. Margot, as she looked at him sleeping there, felt some wonder at her own repulsion. Was it that suffering and illness had done something to refine his face? All she knew was that—homely and unhandsome

as it might be—she found no meanness or insignificance in it now."

* * *

VERSE-TALES, Lyrics, and Translations, by Emily H. Hickey (W. & J. Arnold), is a volume of modern verse very much above the modern standard. Miss Hickey took her place among our poets some years ago, and the present volume undoubtedly adds to her reputation. In this collection may be especially noted "Father Damien of Molokai," and the verses "To a Poet."

* * *

A THIRD POETRY-BOOK, compiled by M. A. Woods (Macmillan & Co.), has now appeared. It makes the third volume of a really valuable series. There are many pieces in this collection not found in other books of the sort, and the poems selected have been chosen with much care and taste. In Miss Woods' own words she says—"I have gathered you a nosegay from the fields of English poetry, including some of its humbler as well as rarer growths. I hope you will find it as I have done, a 'handful of pleasant delights'; but it will not, and ought not, to satisfy you. You must go out and gather for yourselves. You will not perhaps find anything more beautiful than some of the things I have included, but you will find much that is as beautiful, or nearly so." The following lines, particularly suitable for this season, are taken from the collection.

* * *

SHEMUEL.

SHEMUEL, the Bethlehemite,
Watched a fevered guest at night:
All his fellows fared a-field,
Saw the angel host revealed;
He nor caught the mystic story,
Heard the song, nor saw the glory.

Through the night they gazing stood,
Heard the holy multitude;
Back they came in wonder home,
Knew the Christmas kingdom come,
Eyes aflame, and hearts elated;
Shemuel sat alone, and waited.

Works of mercy now, as then,
 Hide the angel best from men ;
 Hearts atune to earthly love
 Miss the angel note above ;
 Deeds, at which the world rejoices,
 Quench the sound of angel voices.

So they thought, nor deemed from whence
 His celestial recompense.
 Shemuel, by the fever bed,
 Touched by beckoning hands that led,
 Died, and saw the Uncreated ;
 All his fellows lived, and waited.

E. E. BOWEN.

* * *

CHRISTMAS books are as plentiful and beautiful as ever. *About Robins*, by Lady Lindsay (George Routledge & Sons), ought to be a great favourite. Lady Lindsay here appears both as artist and author, and the little bright bird of winter, the children's favourite, is most charmingly described by her. Part I., which talks about robins, their manners and customs, is full of interest ; not less so are the very careful selections referring to them from our English poets, from Chaucer to Christina Rossetti. Part III. deals with the traditionary robin as found in legends of the nursery. The artistic part of the book is graceful and strong ; the treatment is original. The artist has refused to be influenced by the fashion for mere prettiness and quaintness of arrangement which characterize too many of the Christmas books. *About Robins* has a certain *cachet* and harmony of treatment which are very pleasing. Every scrap of decoration, even down to the end papers, and the charmingly-designed but rather sombre cover, has been drawn by one hand.

The schemes of colour adopted throughout are strong, bold, and harmonious. Perhaps best of all, where all is good, are the panels of flowers, evidently studied from nature. The colour printing is in the best English style, which is always preferable to the German. In this dainty volume Lady Lindsay has very successfully hit the golden mean between the purely pictorial and purely decorative styles of illustration.

* * *

MESSRS. HILDESHEIMER & FAULKNER'S books are as good as usual. Many of them have been illustrated by that promising young artist, the late Ernest Wilson. His beautiful vignettes and fragments are in their own way poems in tint. The most important book issued by the above firm is *All Among the Daisies*, by F. E. Weatherly, illustrated by M. Ellen Edwards, &c. The innocent joys and tender sentiment of child-life find sympathetic treatment at the hands of the artist. The illustrations to *Next Morning, Just as we are*, and *Unless* are especially full of the charm and refinement of feeling which pervade all Miss Edwards's work.

Alice Reeve is steadily improving as an artist, and shows sense of action and expression. *Christ Stilling the Tempest*, *Daniel among the Lions*, the *Calling of Samuel* are all illustrated by her.

* * *

OF E. Nister's books, the most important is a folio of studies of children in costume. It is called *Little Maids* ; the artist is F. Brundage. These studies are very artistic, and the fresh bright colours and pretty childish faces will be universal favourites. The colour-printing is a triumph of that difficult and often most unsatisfactory art. Among other art colour-books for children, *I'll Tell You a Story*, by R. E. Mack, with illustrations by Lizzie Mack, and *Round the Hearth*, illustrated by H. M. Bennett, may be specially mentioned. Miss Bennett is quite at her best in *Round the Hearth*. The decorations which wander through the text are full of fancy and good taste, and are never allowed to compete in effect with the more important pictures. The best of these is *Cat's Cradle*, and a fine double page of children dragging home the yule-log.

Among other books published by this firm, *A String of Pearls* is distinguished for its excellence.

* * *

ANOTHER Christmas book specially worthy of note is *The Owl and the Pussy-Cat*, and *The Duck and the Kangaroo*, with original illustrations by William Foster (F. Warne & Co.). In their preface the publishers say that the almost

general desire to have these two stories in a distinct form from Mr. Lear's other Nonsense Drolleries, has induced them to issue them separately. Children will delight in this book ; the illustrations are almost as humorous as the text—it would be impossible to give higher praise. *Old Mother*

Goose's Rhymes and Tales (same publishers) has a certain old-world flavour about it. To the end of time these old nursery legends will delight little folk, and the brilliantly-coloured pictures are most appropriate to the taste of the readers for whom they are intended.

L. T. Meade.



STUDY OF A HEAD.

TH. TSCHUMAKOFF.

ATLANTA

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A ROUGH SHAKING.

George MacDonald.

XI.

CLARE BECOMES A GUARDIAN OF THE POOR.

SIMPSON, the bully of Clare's childhood, went limping about on a crutch permanently lame, and full of hatred toward the innocent occasion of the injury he had brought upon himself. Ever since his recovery, as he loitered about the street in idleness, he had been watching for a sight of the boy, that he might waylay and catch him at unawares. Not until Clare went to the farm, however, did he once succeed; for it was not difficult to escape him, so long as he had not laid actual hold upon his prey. Growing more and more cunning, he did contrive at last, by creeping along and lying in ambush like a snake, to get his hands upon him, and then the poor boy fared ill.

He went home bleeding and torn. The righteous churchwarden rebuked him with severity for fighting. His mistress told him she was glad he had met with some one to give him what he deserved, for she could hardly keep her hands off him. He stared at her with wondering eyes, but said nothing. She turned from them; the devil in her could not look in the eyes of the angel in him. The next time he suffered, he managed to conceal what had befallen him, and after that was too careful for cripple Simpson to catch him.

There was in the village a child whom nobody heeded. He was far more destitute than Clare, but had too much liberty. He lived with a wretched old woman who called him her grandson; whether he was or not nobody cared. She made her livelihood by letting beds, in a cottage or rather hovel which seemed to be her own, to wayfarers, mostly tramps, with or without trades. The child was thus thrown into the worst of company, and learned many sorts of wickedness. He was already a thief, and of no small proficiency in the art. Though village-bred, he could pick a pocket that was no clown's. So deft indeed was he, that he had

never yet been set before a magistrate. He was a miserable creature, bare-footed and bare-legged, about eight years of age, but so stunted that, to the first glance, he looked less than six—with keen ferret-eyes in red rims, red hair, pasty, freckled complexion, and a generally unhealthy look; from which things all, Clare conceived a wondering curious pity and sympathy for him. It began thus.

One day, while his father was in his last illness, Clare happened to pass the door of her hovel while the crone was administering to Tommy a severe punishment with a piece of thick rope: she had been sharp enough to catch him stealing—unfortunately for Tommy, from herself. Clare heard his cries, and, the door being partly open, ran in, and helped him in his struggle to escape, so that they bolted together out of the hut. An almost silent friendship was thus formed between them. Tommy—Clare never knew his other name, nor did the boy himself—would off and on watch for a sight of him all day long. But when he saw him, he had the instinct, or experience, not to approach him if any one was with him; he would then haunt his steps at some distance, careful not to compromise him by claiming his acquaintance. But the moment a *tête-à-tête* was possible, he would rush up to him, offer him something he had found or stolen, and hurry away again. That he was a thief Clare had not the remotest suspicion. Nor did he ever offer him anything worth stealing, until one day he brought him sixpence, at the refusal of which he was sorely disappointed and greatly bewildered.

By and by it came to the knowledge of Clare's enemy that there was a friendship between them, and the discovery wrought direly for both. For one day Simpson saw Clare coming along and Tommy watching his chance to join him: immediately he laid hold of Tommy, and began cuffing him and pulling his hair, so as to make him scream. He thought thus to get hold of Clare, but had no

notion yet what the boy was capable of in behalf of another. Clare flew to the rescue, caught up the crutch Simpson had dropped, and laid it across his back with vigour. The fellow let Tommy go and turned on Clare, who stood brandishing the crutch.

"Run, Tommy," he cried.

Tommy retreated a few steps, and turned.

"Run yourself," he counselled from a safe distance, "and take his third leg with you."

Clare saw the advice was good, and ran. But the next moment, reflection showed him the helplessness of his enemy. He turned to look at him. He was hobbling after them in such evident pain and discomfiture, that Clare could not go on. He returned to meet him, and politely handed him his crutch. He did not fail to see that he might throw it him, and let him take it from the ground while he pursued his way; but he had a horror of rudeness. He actually made the wretch a bow as he handed it to him—from which bow he had not quite regained his perpendicular, when the crutch descended on his head, and laid him flat on the ground, where the tyrant belaboured him. Tommy stood and looked on, some process like this passing in his brain:—

"The young gentleman is older and bigger and pluckier than me; but he's an ass, and will come to grief unless he's looked after. He'll be hanged if he don't learn to take care of himself! I must take him in charge!" When he saw that Clare was free, an event to which he contributed nothing, he turned and ran home.

After the death of his parents, and his removal to the farm, Simpson redoubled his persecutions of Clare, and of Tommy for Clare's sake. He would lie in wait for Tommy now, and was so cunning that he not unfrequently caught him—so often indeed, and tormented him with such choice tortures, that he made his life miserable to him. After every mischance with him, poor Tommy would hurry in the direction of the farm, and lurk about near it in the hope of catching a sight of Clare, and a chance of speaking to him. His reputation was so bad that he dared not show himself on any premises.

Hot tears would come as Clare listened to Tommy's not always unembellished tale of his sufferings at the hands of Simpson; but, strange as it must seem to most boys, he never thought of revenge, only of protection or escape for the boy.

With this in view, though he feared nothing for himself, it was a comfort to know that he was growing, and would soon be a match for their oppressor.

Whether at this time he felt any great interest in life, or recognized any positive advantage in growing, I doubt. Life could hardly have been very radiant in him. But he had the friendship of the animals; and the creatures that their Maker thinks worth making and keeping alive, must surely be such an interest to any one that understands them, as to yield some consolation, and even fill with a mild joy the pauses of labour in an irksome life.

Then every new day was an old friend to the boy. Every time he saw the sun rise, new hope rose with it in his heart. The sun came every morning fresh from home, with a fresh promise: the boy read the promise in his great shining, and believed it; gazed and rejoiced, and turned to his work.

But the hour came when his mistress could bear his presence no longer. Some petty loss, I imagine, had befallen her: nothing touched her like the loss of money—the love of which is as dread a passion as the love of drink, and more ruinous to the finer elements of the nature: it was like the tearing out of her heart to Mrs. Goodenough to lose a shilling. Her self-command forsaking her in such a moment of vexation, perhaps, she opened the sluices of her hate, and poured it out upon him in the presence of her husband.

The farmer knew she was unjust, knew Clare a good boy and a diligent, knew there was nothing against him but the antipathy of his wife. He was annoyed with her injustice, but knew that he could not change her mind; knew also that, since the boy came to live with them, he had no pleasure in his wife's society, that her company was no comfort. She had always been moody and dissatisfied, but since then she was unbearable; and the constant irritation so worked upon him that he too began to look upon Clare as the destroyer of his domestic peace, and to feel a grudge against him.

Clare said nothing—for what could he say! He carried to his friend Jonathan a heart heavy and perplexed.

"Why does she hate me so, Jonathan?" he murmured.

The big horse kissed his head all over, but said nothing.

XII.

CLARE THE VAGABOND.

THE next morning, Clare happened to do a thing that was not altogether to the farmer's mind. It was a matter of no consequence—only cleaning that side of one of the cow-houses first which was usually cleaned last. He gave him a box on the ear that sent him staggering, and then made him stand bewildered.

"What do you stare at me for?" cried the farmer, annoyed with himself and seeking justification in his own eyes. "Am I not to box your ears when I choose?" And with that he gave him another.

Then first it dawned on Clare that he was not wanted. Things came to a climax in the discovery that nobody cared for him. He threw down his scraper, and ran from the cow-house; ran straight from the farm to the lane, and from the lane to the high-road; but whither he knew not. What with the blows from the hand of his only friend, what with his sudden sense of loneliness, Clare was for the moment unconscious of purpose. It was as if his legs had run away with him of themselves, and he had but submitted to their deportation.

At the mouth of the lane, where it opened on the high-road, he ran against Tommy turning the corner, eager to find him. The eyes of the small human monkey were swollen with weeping; his nose was bleeding, and in size and shape scarce recognizable as a nose. At the sight the consciousness of his protectorate woke in Clare, and he stopped, unable to speak, but not unable to look and listen. Tommy blubbered out a confused, half-inarticulate something about granny and "the other devil," who between them had all but killed him.

"What can I do?" said Clare, his heart sinking with the sense of his helplessness.

Tommy was ready to answer the question. He had been hatching vengeance all the way. Eagerly he proposed that they should, in their turn, lie in wait for Simpson, and knock his crutch from under him; and that then, while Clare belaboured him with it, Tommy should run like the wind and set his grandmother's house on fire: she would be drunk and in bed, and be burned to death!

"Then we'll run for it!" he concluded.

"But it would hurt them very badly, Tommy," said Clare, as if unfolding the reality of it to an innocent child.

"Well! all right! The worse the better! 'Ain't they hurt us?" rejoined Tommy.

"That's how we know it's not nice!" answered Clare. "If they set it a-going, we ain't to keep it a-going!"

"Then they'll be at it for ever," cried Tommy, "and I'm sick of it! I'll *kill* grannie! I swear I will, if I'm hanged for it! She's said a hundred times she'd pull my legs when I was hanged; but *she* won't be at the hanging!"

"Why shouldn't you run for it first?" said Clare. "Then they wouldn't want to hang you!"

"Then I shouldn't have nobody!" replied Tommy, whimpering.

"I should have thought Nobody was as good as granny!" said Clare.

"A big bilin' better," answered Tommy bitterly. "I wasn't meanin' grannie—nor yet stumpin' Simpson."

"I don't know what you mean," said Clare.

Tommy burst into tears.

"Ain't you the only one I got, up or down?" he cried.

Tommy had a little bit of heart—not much, but enough to have a chance of growing; and if ever creature had less than that, he was not human. I don't believe he was even an ape.

Some of the people about the parson used to think Clare had no heart, and Mrs. Goodenough was sure of it. He had not a spark of gratitude, she said. But the cause of this conclusion was that Clare's affection took the shape of deeds far more than of words. Never were judges of their neighbours more mistaken. The main difference between Clare's history and that of others was, that it began at the unusual end. Clare began with loving everybody; and most people take a long time to grow to that. Hence, those that, from being brought nearest to them, he loved specially, he loved without that outbreak of show, which is often found in persons who love only a few, and whose love is defiled with partisanship. He loved quietly and constantly, in a fashion as active as undemonstrative. He was always glad to be near those he specially loved; beyond that, the signs of his love were practical; it came out in ministration, in doing things for them. He never thought of the

love they bore to him—from no heartlessness, but that he did not think about himself. His love for the animals taught the animals to care for him, and he took more notice of that than of the love of his own kind to him. He had not begun to think about himself until the moment before he fled from the farm with the new agony in his heart that nobody wanted him, that everybody would be happier without him.

There was no need that he should think of himself before the love that others bore him handed him the knowledge of his bliss. There are those who, without loving, are full of desire to be loved, because they love themselves. Their desire for love is but a poverty-stricken sense of themselves, a contemptible idea of their own worth. Those that are worth least to others, are most precious to themselves. Yet it must be and ought to be the happiest discovery that another human creature loves you. Not to be grateful for love is to be deeply selfish. Clare had always loved, but had never yet thought of any one as loving him, or of himself as being loved by any one.

"Well," rejoined Clare, struggling with his misery, "ain't I going myself?"

"You going!—Come, come, don't chaff a fellow."

"I ain't chaffing you. I'm on my way now."

"What! going to hook it? My, what a lark! Won't Farmer Goodenough look blue!"

"He'll think himself well rid of me!" returned Clare with a sigh. "But there's no time to talk! I'm going. If you are, Tommy, come along."

"Where to?"

"I don't know. Somewhere away."

Spite of his swollen face, Tommy's eyes grew wider.

"You 'ain't cribbed nothing?" he said.

"I don't know what you mean."

"You 'ain't stole something?" interpreted Tommy.

They were walking quickly along the road.

Clare stopped, and for the first time in his life lifted his hand to strike. It dropped immediately by his side.

"No, you poor Tommy!" he said. "I don't steal."

"Thought you didn't! What are you running away for?"

"Because they don't want me."

"Lord! what will you do?"

"Work."

Tommy held his tongue: he knew a better way than that! If work was the only road to eating, things would go badly with him! But he thought he knew a thing or two, and would take his chance! Certain degrees of hunger were not so bad as the thrashings he got! In his grannie's hands the rope might fall where it would. It was nothing to her on what feature or member the resultant wale might show itself! and all cripple Simpson cared for, was to make him squeal satisfactorily. But work was worse than all! Without another word, away they went—out into the untried, unknown, mysterious world, which lay around the spot they knew as the darkness lies about the flame of the candle. They walked more than a mile before either broke the silence.

XIII.

THEIR FIRST HELPER.

It was a lovely spring morning. The sun was about thirty degrees above the horizon, shining with a liquid radiance, as if he had already drawn up, and was shining through the dew of the morning, although as yet it lay on all the grasses by the roadside, turning them into gem-plants. Every sort of gem sparkled on their feathery or beady tops, and their long slender leaves. At the first cottages they passed, the women were beginning the day's work by sweeping clean their floors and doorsteps; and Clare noted that where there were most flowers in the garden, there the windows were brightest and the children cleanest.

"The flowers come where they make things nice for them!" he thought. "Where they see dirt, they turn away, and won't come out at that window!"

From childhood he had had the notion that the flowers crept up inside the stalks until they found a nice window to look out at; where the outlook was not to their mind, they crept down again, and out by some door in the root, and went about to find a better place: all the stalks stood like watch-towers, ready for them to go up and look.

They came to a pond by a farm-house. Clare had been observing with pity how wretched Tommy's clothes were: he looked into the pond,

and saw that while both seemed disreputable, his shabbiness was worse than Tommy's downright miserableness. No one would have left either within reach of anything worth stealing. What he wore had been his Sunday suit, and was now not even worth brushing. This was the first dawn of self-consciousness in him as to his personal appearance.

"I'm 'orrid 'ungry," said Tommy. "I 'ain't swallowed a plug this mornin', 'xcep' a lump o' bread out o' grannie's cupboard. That's what I got my welkin' for. It were a whole half-loaf, though—and none so stale!"

Clare had eaten nothing, and had been up since five o'clock. He had been at work too, all the time till the farmer struk him, and was now quite as hungry as Tommy. What was to be done? Beside a dirty pocket-handkerchief he had but one thing alienable.

The very day she was taken ill he had been in the store-room with his adoptive mother, and she, knowing the pleasure he took in the scent of brown Windsor-soap, had made him a present of a small cake: it had ever since been lying in his pocket, wrapped in a piece of coloured paper, his one cherished possession. Now it seemed to him, hunger deadening sorrow, that the time was come to bid it farewell. It went to his heart to do so, but Tommy and he were both so hungry! They looked about for the door of the house, and knocked—first Clare, very gently, and then Tommy with determination. It was opened by a matron, who looked at them over the horizon of her chin.

"Please, ma'am," said Clare, "will you give us a piece of bread?—as large a piece, please, as you can spare; and I will give you this piece of brown Windsor-soap."

As he spoke he took a farewell whiff of his favourite detergent.

"Soap!" retorted the dame. "Who wants your soap! Where did you get it? Stole it, I don't doubt. Show it here."

She took it in her hand, and held it to her nose.

"Who gave it you?"

"My mother," answered Clare.

"Where's your mother?"

Clare pointed upward.

"Eh? Oh—hanged! I thought so."

She threw the piece of soap into the yard, and closed the door. Clare darted after his property,

pounced upon it, and restored it lovingly to his pocket.

As they were leaving the yard disconsolate, they saw a cart full of turnips. Tommy flew at it.

"Don't, Tommy," cried Clare.

"Why not? I'm hungry," answered Tommy; "an' you see it's no use astin'!"

As he spoke he turned and made again for the cart, but Clare caught and held him.

"They ain't ours, Tommy!" he said.

"Then why don't you take one?" retorted Tommy.

"That's just why you shouldn't."

"It's just why you should, for then it 'ud be yours!"

"That wouldn't make it ours, Tommy!"

"Wouldn't it though? I believe when I'd eaten it, it would be mine—rather!"

"No, it wouldn't. Think of having in your stomach what wasn't yours! No, you must pay for it. Perhaps they would take my soap for a turnip! I believe it's worth two turnips!"

Spying a man under a shed, he ran to him, and made the offer.

"I don't want your soap," answered the man; "and I don't recommend cold turnits of a mornin'; but take one if you like, and clear out. The master 'll have the cart-whip about your ears if he sees you!"

"Then you ain't the master, sir?"

"No, I ain't."

"Then the turnips ain't yours?" said Clare, looking at him with hungry regretful eyes, for he could have eaten a raw potato.

"You're a deal too impudent to be hungry!" said the man, making a blow at him with his open hand, which Clare dodged. "Be off with you, or I'll set the dog on you."

"I'm very sorry," said Clare. "I did not mean to offend you."

"Clear out, I say. Double trot!"

Hungry as the boys were, they must trudge! No turnip-breakfast for them! Nothing could they see before them but trudge, trudge till they dropped.

When they had gone about five miles further, they sat down, as by common consent, on the roadside, and Tommy, used to crying, began to cry. Clare did not seek to stop him, for some instinct told him it must be a relief.

By and by a working man came along the road. Clare hesitated, but Tommy's crying urged him, and he rose to be ready to speak to the man. As soon as he came up, however, he stopped and began to question them. He listened to their story, and counselled them to go back.

"We're not wanted, sir!" said Clare.

"They'd kill *me*!" said Tommy.

"God help you, boys!" returned the man.

"You may be telling me lies, and you may be telling me the truth! A liar may be hungry, but somehow I grudge my dinner to a liar!"

As he spoke he untied the knots of a handkerchief spotted blue and white, gave them its contents of bread-and-cheese, blew his nose in the handkerchief, and put it in his pocket; then took up his bag of tools, and went his way. He had lost his dinner and saved his life!

The dinner, being a man's, went a good way toward satisfying them, though empty corners would not have been far to seek, had there been anything to put in them. As it was, they started again refreshed and hopeful. What had come to them once, might reasonably come to them again!

XIV.

THEIR FIRST HOST.

BUT as the evening drew on, and began to settle down into night, a new care arose in the mind of the elder boy: where were they to pass the darkness?—how find shelter for sleep? It was a question that gave Tommy no trouble. He had been on the tramp often, now with one party, now with another of his grannie's lodgers, and had frequently slept in the open air, or under the rudest covert. But Tommy had not much imagination to trouble him, and in his present moral condition was possibly better without it. To inexperienced Clare, there was something fearful in having the night come so close to him. Sleep out of doors he had never thought of. To lie down with the stars looking at him, nothing but the blue wind between him and them, was like being naked to the 'very soul! Doubtless there would be creatures about, to share the night with him and protect him from its awful bareness; but they could not but be few for the size of the room, and he might see none of them. It was the sense of emptiness, the lack of

present life, that dismayed him. It was not the thought of any of the creatures that might visit him. He had never seen any creatures to shrink from. He disliked no one of the things that creep or walk or fly. Before long he did come to know and dislike some; and the sea held creatures that afterward made him shudder, but as yet he had seen none such. Even rats, so terrible to many, had no terror for Clare. It was the *Nothing* that he feared.

Some of my readers will say, "But had no one taught him about God?" Yes, he had heard about God, and about Jesus Christ; had heard a great deal about them; but they always seemed to him persons a long way off. He *knew*, or thought he knew, that God was everywhere, but he had never felt His presence a reality; He seemed in no place where Clare's eyes ever fell; he never thought, "God is here." Perhaps the sparrows knew more about it than he did then. When he looked out into the night, it always seemed vacant, therefore horrid, and he treated it as if it were as empty as it looked. If there had been no God there, he did well to be afraid; the most terrible of notions is *Nothing-at-all*. To be surrounded with emptiness is frightful.

It grew all but quite dark, and they were actually falling asleep on their walking legs, when they came to a barn-yard. Very glad were they to creep into it, and search about for the warmest place. It was a quiet part of the country, and for years nothing had been stolen from anybody, so that the people were not so watchful as in many places. As the boys prowled along, with innocent intent, eager after a little warmth, and as much sleep as they could find, they came to an open window, through which they crawled into what, by the smell and the noises, they knew to be the stable. It was very dark, but Clare was at home, and felt his way about, while Tommy, who was afraid of the horses, held close to him. Presently Clare's hand fell upon the hind-quarters of a large well-fed horse. The huge animal was asleep standing, but at the touch of the small hand he gave a low whinny, at which Tommy shuddered.

"He's pleased!" said Clare, and crept up on his near side into the stall, where he had soon made such friends with him, that he did not hesitate to get in among the hay the horse had for his supper. Then he called in a whisper to Tommy that there was

room for both ; but Tommy stood shaking in the darkness, which he fancied full of horses' heads, and would not stir. So Clare had to get out of the manger, and feel again for a place to suit his dependent's fancy, which he found in an untenanted loose-box, where there were some remains of litter. There Tommy coiled himself up, and was soon fast asleep. Clare returned to the hospitality of the big horse. He snuffed him over and over as he lay, and the boy knew the horse made him welcome. He dropped asleep stroking the muzzle of his chamber-fellow, and slept all the night, kept warm by the horse's breath, and the near furnace of his great body.

In the morning the boys found they had slept too long, for they were discovered, and promptly ejected as vagabonds, not without a few kicks and cuffs—mercifully proportioned to their size, however, which tended to move pity rather than indignation.

XV.

ON THE TRAMP.

WITH the new day came the fresh necessity for breakfast, and the fresh interest in the discovery of it. But breakfast is a thing not always easiest to find where breakfasts most abound ; nor was theirs, when found that morning, altogether of a sort to be envied, ill as they could afford to despise it. Passing a flour-mill on their goalless way, the door of which was half-open, they caught sight of a heap that had been swept together from the floor, and seemed waiting for them to help themselves before it was swept out. Fain to still the craving of birds too early for any worm, choking as it was, they swallowed a considerable portion of it, nor met with any rebuke. Whether it was more flour or dust, it would have been hard for the eye to determine ; but there was in reality more of good food than anything else in it, and they might have fared far worse.

Another day's tramp was thus inaugurated. How it was to end no one in the world knew less than the trampers. Before it was over, a considerable change had passed upon Clare. A new era began in his growth ; he started to grow more rapidly. Hitherto, while with his father and mother, or attending to his little sister, and making life happy

to her ; even while at the farm, doing hard work, so long as he had not seen that nobody wanted him, he had lived with much the same feeling with which he read a story : he was in the story, half dreaming, half acting it. The difference between a thing that passed through his brain from the pages of a book, or arose in it as he lay in bed either awake or asleep, and the thing in which he shared the life and motion of the day, was not very much marked in his consciousness. He was a dreamer with open eyes and ready hands, not clearly distinguishing thought and action, fancy and fact. Even the cold and hunger he had latterly felt so much more of, had not sufficed to wake him up : he had only had to wait and they were removed. But now that he did not know whence his hunger was to be satisfied, or where shelter was to be had ; now also that there was a hunger outside him, and a cold that was not his, which yet he had to supply and to frustrate in the person of Tommy, life began to grow real to him ; and, which was far more, he began to grow real to himself, as a power whose part it was to encounter the necessities thus presented. He began to understand that things were required of him. He had met some of these requirements before, and had satisfied them, but without knowing them as requirements. He did it half awake, not as a thinking and willing source of the motion demanded. He did it all by impulse, not by response. It is for this we are put into bodies and sent into the world—to wake us up. We might go on dreaming for ages if we were left without bodies that the wind could blow upon, and the rain wet, and the sun scorch—bodies to feel thirst and cold and hunger and wounds and weariness. The eternal plan was beginning to tell upon Clare. He was in process of being changed from a dreamer to a man. It is a good thing to be a dreamer, but it is a bad thing indeed to be *only* a dreamer. He began to see that everybody in the world had to do something to get food to eat ; that he worked for the farmer and his wife, and they fed him. He had worked willingly and eaten gladly, but had not put the two together before. He saw now that men who would be men must work.

His eyes fell upon a congregation of rooks in a field by the roadside. "Are *they* working?" he thought ; "or are they stealing? If it be *stealing*, it looks like hard work too. It can't be *stealing* though ! they were made to live, and *how* are *they*

to live if they don't grub? that's their work! Still the corn ain't theirs! Perhaps it's only worms they take! Are the worms theirs? A man should die rather than steal, papa used to say. But, if they are stealing, the crows don't know it, and if they don't know it, they ain't thieves! Is that it? Would that apply to a boy like Tommy?"

The same instant the report of a gun startled him. A great cloud of rooks rose cawing, but one of them dropped and lay.

"He must have been stealing," thought Clare, "for see what comes of it! Would they shoot me if I stole? Better be shot than die of hunger! Yes, but better die of hunger than be a thief!"

He was bewildered. He had read stories about thieves and honest boys, and had never before seen any difficulty in the matter. He had no idea yet how difficult it is not to be a thief, that is, to be downright honest. If anybody thinks it easy, he cannot have known much of life; or if he has, he has never tried to be honest; he has done just like other people, and is not honest, however honest he may appear to himself. Clare did not know that many a boy whose heart sided with the honest boy in the story, has grown up a dishonourable man, a man not ashamed to benefit himself by acting to the disadvantage of others. Many a man who passes for a respectable man in this disreputable world of ours, is counted far meaner than a thief in the world to which he is going, to be put in prison. But he began to see that it is not enough to mean well; that he must be sharp, and mind what he was about, else, with hunger worrying inside him, he might be a thief before he knew. He was on the way to discover that to think rightly, to be on the side of what is honourable when reading a story, is a very different thing from doing the right and honourable thing when the temptation is upon us. Many a boy when he reads this will say, "Of course it is!" and will be a sneak when the time comes. Knowledge is of no use except the boy is right.

Those crows set Clare thinking much; and it was well they did, for if he had not done as those thinkings taught him, he would have given a very different turn to his history. But meditation and resolve, coming on the top of honourable habit, brought him to this, that, when he saw what was right, he just did it—did it without hesitation,

question or struggle. He did the only thing to be done—the right thing, as every man must who would be a free man, and not the slave of the universe and of himself.

XVI.

THE BAKER'S CART.

THE sweepings of the mill-floor did not last them long, and by the time they saw rising before them the spires and chimneys of the small county town to which the road had been leading them, they were very hungry indeed—as hungry as they well could be without having begun to grow faint. The moment he saw them, Clare began revolving in his mind once more, as many times on the way, what he was to do to get work: Tommy of course was too small to do anything, and Clare must earn enough for both. He could think of nothing but going into the shops, or knocking at the house-doors, and asking for something to do. So filled was he with his need of work, and, through that, with a vague sense of a claim for work, that he never thought how much against him must be the look he had taken such a painful notice of in the pond. He did not think how unwilling almost any one would be to employ him looking as he did, especially seeing him in company with Tommy, who had every mark of a born thief.

I do not know if, on his tramps, Tommy may not have been in a town before, but to Clare all was new, notwithstanding the city-shapes that floated in faintest shadow like memories of old dreams in his brain. He was delighted with the grand look of the little town. He saw many people and many shops, and his hope of work became brilliant and convincing. So much occupied was he with what he saw and what he thought, that he did not observe either when Tommy suddenly but noiselessly started from his side, nor when he rejoined him. He became again aware of him by his pulling him toward a narrow lane, to the opening of which they had just come. He pulled so hard that Clare yielded, and went with him a few steps into the lane. Then first he saw that Tommy had under his arm a big loaf. The same moment the steam of the newly-baked bread rose fragrant to his nostrils. Never smoke so gracious greeted those of incense-loving priest. Tommy tugged and tugged, but Clare stood stock-still.

"Where did you get that beautiful loaf, Tommy?" he asked.

"From a baker's cart," said Tommy. "Don't be skeered; he never saw me! That was my business, and I seed to it."

"Then you stole it, Tommy!"

"Yes," grumbled Tommy, "if that's the name you put upon it when your trousers is so slack you've got to hold on to them or they'd trip you up!"

"Where's the cart?"

"In the street there."

"Come along."

Clare took the loaf from Tommy, and turned to find the baker's cart. Tommy's face fell. Why had he yielded to sentiment—not that he knew the word—when he longed like fire to bury his sharp teeth in that heavenly loaf? Love—not to mention a little fear—had urged him to carry it straight to Clare, and this was his reward! He was going to give him up to the baker! This was gratitude! He ought to have known better than trust *anybody*, even Clare! Nobody was to be trusted but yourself! It did seem hard to Tommy.

They had hardly turned the corner when they came upon the cart; and as the baker happened to be looking the other way, talking to some one, Clare thought to lay down the loaf and say nothing about it: there was no occasion, so far as he saw, to go through the ceremony of an apology where no offence was known. But in the very act, the baker turned and saw him; sprang upon him, and collared him. He was not a nice man to look at.

"Now I have you!" he cried, and shook him as if he would have shaken his head off.

"You're quite mistaken," was all Clare could get out, and it seemed to pull at his teeth to say it, so fierce was the earthquake that shook the house of his life.

"Mistaken, am I! I like that!—Police!"

And with that he shook him again.

A policeman was not far off; he heard the man call, and came running.

"Here's a gentleman as wants the honour o' your acquaintance, Bob," said the baker.

But now Tommy had plucked up heart, though what ruled in the little rascal to confession, subsequent events make it difficult to determine.

"Please, policeman," he said, "it wasn't him; it was me as took the loaf."

"You little liar!" shouted the baker. "Didn't I see him with his hand on the loaf!"

"He was puttin' of it back," said Tommy. "I wish he hadn't ha' been! See what he's been an' got by it! If he'd only ha' let me run with it, there would ha' been nobody the wiser. I am sorry I didn't run. Oh, I *am* so hungry!"

Tommy doubled himself up, with his hands inside the double.

"Hungry are you?" roared the baker. "That's what thieves off a baker's cart ought to be! They ought to be always hungry—hungry to all eternity—and I dare say that's what's goin' to be done to 'em!"

"Look you here!" cried a pale-faced man in the crowd, who seemed a mechanic. "There's a way of telling whether the boy's speaking the truth now!"

With that he caught up the restored loaf, broke it cleverly in two equal parts, and handed one to each of the boys.

"Now, baker, what's to pay?" he said, and fronted the man, who for anger did not at once reply.

Already the boys were tearing at the delicious bread, blind and deaf to all about them.

"P'raps you mean to give *me* in charge, do you?" pursued their saviour to the baker.

"Sixpence," said the man sullenly.

The mechanic laid sixpence on the cover of the cart.

"I ought to ha' made you weigh and make up," he said. "Where's your scales?"

"Mind your own business."

"I mean to. Here! I want another sixpenny loaf—but I want it weighed this time!"

"I ain't bound to sell bread in the streets. You can go to the shop. Them loaves is for my reg'lar customers."

He moved off with his hand-cart, and the crowd began to disperse. The boys stood absorbed, each in what remained of his half-loaf.

When he looked up, Clare saw that they were alone. But he caught sight of their benefactor some way off, and ran after him.

"Oh, sir!" he said; "I was so hungry, I don't know whether I thanked you for the loaf. We'd had nothing to-day but the sweepings of a mill."

"God bless my soul!" said the man. "And people say there's a God!"

"I think there must be, sir, for you came by just then!" returned Clare.

"How do you come to be so hard-up, my boy? Somebody's to blame somewheres!"

"There ain't no harm in being hungry, so long as the loaf comes!" rejoined Clare. "When I get work we shall be all right!"

"That's your sort!" said the man. "And if there had been a God, as people say, He would ha' made me fit to gi'e you a job, i'stead o' stan'in' here as you see me, with ne'er a turn o' work to do for myself!"

"I'll work my hardest till I pay you back your sixpence," said Clare.

"Don't you trouble about that. I ha' got two or three more i' my pocket, thank God!"

"You have two gods, have you sir," said Clare; "one who does things for you, and one who don't do anything?"

"Come, you young shaver! you're too much for me!" said the man, laughing.

Tommy, having finished his bread, thought fit to join them. He came slyly up, looking impudent now he was filled, with his hands where his pockets should have been.

"So you did steal the loaf, you little rascal!" said the workman.

"Yes, I did," answered Tommy boldly, "and I don't see no harm. The baker had lots, and he wasn't 'ungry! It was Clare made a mull of it! He's such a duffer you don't know! He acshally took it back to the brute, and deserved what he got! The loaf was mine; it wasn't his! I stole it!"

"Oh, ho! it wasn't his! it was yours, was it?—Why do you go about with a chap like this, young gentleman?" said the man, turning to Clare. "I know by your speech you ain't been brought up alongside o' sech as he!"

"I had to go away, and he came with me," said Clare.

"You'd better get rid of him. He'll get you into trouble."

"I can't," replied Clare. "But I shall teach him not to take what isn't his. He don't know better now; he's been ill-used all his life."

"You don't seem over well used yourself," said the man.

He saw that Clare's clothes had been made for a boy in good circumstances, but they had been long worn, and were much begrimed. His face, his tone, and his speech convinced him that the clothes

had been made for him, and that he had had a gentle breeding.

"Look you here, young master," he continued; "you have no right to be in company with that boy. He'll bring you to grief as sure as I tell you."

"I shall be able to bear it," answered Clare with a sigh.

"He'll be the loss of your character to you."

"I ain't got a character to lose," replied Clare. "I thought I had; but when nobody will believe me, where's my character then?"

"Now you're wrong there," returned the man. "I'm not much, I know; but I believe every word you say;—at least I should be sorry to find I was mistaken."

The utterance was not logical, but Clare did not miss the logic.

"Thank you, sir," he said. "May I carry your bag for you?"

If Clare had seen what then passed in Tommy's mind, at the back of those glistening ferret-eyes of his, he would have been almost reconciled to taking the man's advice and getting rid of him. Tommy was saying to himself that "his pardner wasn't such a duffer after all—he was on the lay for the man's tools!"

Tommy never reasoned except in the direction of cunning self-help—the fitting of means and intermediate ends to the one main object of eating. It is wonderful what a sharpener of the poor wits hunger is!

"I guess I'm the abler-bodied pauper!" said the man, and picking up the bag he had dropped at his feet while they conversed, he walked away.

There are many more generous persons among the poor than among the rich—a fact that might help some to understand how a rich man should find it hard to enter into the kingdom of heaven. It is hard for everybody, but harder for the rich. Men who strive to make money are unconsciously pulling at the heavy gate of the kingdom to close it against themselves.

"Tommy!" said Clare, in a tone new to himself, for a new sense of moral protection had risen in his mind, "if ever you steal anything again, either I give you a hiding, or you and I part company."

Tommy bored his knuckles into his red eyes, and began to whimper. It was hard for Tommy! He had followed Clare, thinking to supply what was

lacking to him ; to do for him what he was not clever enough to do for himself ; in short, to make a partnership with him, and for his portion to contribute the faculty of picking up unconsidered trifles. Tommy judged Clare defective in intellect, quite unpractical. He was of the mind of the multitude. The common man always calls the man who thinks of righteousness before gain, who seeks to do the will of God and does not seek to make a fortune, unpractical. He *will* not see that the very essence of the practical lies in doing the right thing.

Tommy had looked to Clare, in a semi-conscious way, to supply the strength and the innocent look, while he supplied the head and the lively fingers ; and here was Clare knocking the lovely plan to pieces ! He did well to be angry ! But Clare was the stronger ; and Tommy knew that, when Clare was roused, though it was not easy to rouse him, he could and would and did fight—not indeed, as the little coward said to himself *he* could fight, like a wild cat, but like a blundering hornless old cow defending her calf from a cur. There remained, beside, the fact that Tommy did a little love Clare—which love came from the same source as his desire for food, namely, from the god that was in Tommy, the god in whom Tommy lived and had his being with Clare. Whether Tommy's love for Clare would one day lift him up beside Clare, that is, make him an honest boy like Clare, remained to be seen. Finding that his demonstration made no impression, he took his knuckles out of his eyes, thrust them into his pocket-holes, turned his back on his friend, and began to whistle—with a lump in his throat.

XVII.

TRAMPING THE TOWN.

TURNING their faces again toward the centre of the town, they resumed their walk, taking in more of what they saw than when they had not yet had the second instalment of their daily bread. What a thing is food ! It is because it is a divine invention—the need for the food, and the food for the need—that those who count their dinner the most important thing in the day, are such low creatures : nothing but what is good can be vilely used. It is a delight to see a boy with a good honest appetite ;

a boy that *loves* his dinner is a loathsome creature. Eat heartily, my boy, but be ready to share, even when you are hungry, and have only what you could eat up yourself, else you are no man. Remember that you created neither your hunger nor your food ; that both came from One who cares for you and your neighbour as well.

In the strength of the half-loaf he had eaten, the place looked to Clare far more wonderful, and his hopes of earning his bread grew yet more radiant. But he passed one shop after another, and always something prevented him from going in. No one looked just the right sort : the next might be better ! I dare say but for that half-loaf he would sooner have made a trial, but I doubt if he would have succeeded sooner. He did not think of going to parson, doctor, or policeman for advice as to what he had best do ; he went walking about and staring, followed by Tommy with his hands in his pocketless pockets. Clare was not yet practical in device, though perfect in willingness, and thorough in design. Up one street and down another they wandered, seeing plenty of food through windows and in carts and baskets, but never any coming their way, except in the form of the most tempting odours, issuing from almost every house, and growing much in keenness and strength toward one o'clock. Oh those odours !—sweet agonizing angels of invisible yet most material good ! Of what joys has not the Father made us capable, when the poorest necessity is linked with such pain ! What a tormenting thing—and what a good must be meant to come out of it !—to be hungry, downright, cravingly hungry with the whole microcosm, and not a halfpenny to buy a mouthful of assuagement !—to be assailed with wafts of deliciously undefined promise, not one of which seems likely to be fulfilled !—promise true to men hurrying home to dinner or luncheon, but only rousing greater desire in such as Clare and Tommy, without hope of solace ! Happily, not one opportunity of appropriation presented itself. Nor would Tommy have had a chance now that the eyes and ears of his guardian were on the alert. For Clare thought of him now as a little thievish pup, for whose conduct, manners, and education he was responsible.

The agonies of desire began at length to abate—ready no doubt to revive again with augmented strength as the next season for supplying the human furnace approached. Few even of those who know

what hunger is, understand to what it may grow—how desire becomes longing, longing becomes craving, and craving a wild passion of demand. It must be terrible to be hungry, and not know God!

As the evening came down upon them, worn out, faint with want, shivering with cold, and as miserable in prospect as at the moment, another need presented itself with equally imperative demand on their attention—the need of shelter that they might rest. It was even more imperative: they could not eat, they *must* lie down.

Whether it be a rudiment retained from his remote ancestry, I cannot tell, but poverty and houselessness wake a masterful impulse to burrow; and as the boys walked about in their misery, white with cold and hunger, their eyes kept turning to every shallowest archway, every breach in wall or hedge on their hopeless way, that seemed to offer the least chance of covert. Again and again did Tommy bolt from Clare's side to have a look into some opening whose depth was not immediately patent to his keen ferret-gaze. Once he did so in a lane near the outskirts of the town, and almost instantly rushed back in horror: the narrow opening in the face of a wall which he went to explore had brought him to a well, with the water lying in it still and dark. Then first Clare had a hint of the peculiar horror Tommy had of water, especially of

water where dark and unexpected: some time most likely he had once been thrown into it to be got rid of! But at the moment Clare was too weary to take much notice of his dismay.

It was an old town, which, under the withering influences of change in the channels of traffic, had fallen into active decay. Not a few of its houses were, some from poverty, some from disuse, crumbling away both inside and out. But there were other causes for the condition of one, which, almost directly they came out of the lane into a wide silent street, drew the roving, questing eyes of Clare and Tommy. The moon was near the full and shining clear, so that they could perfectly see the state it was in. Most of its windows were broken; its roof was like the back of a very old horse; its chimney-pots were jagged and stumped with fracture; and from one of them, by its entangled string, the skeleton of a kite hung half-way down the front. But, notwithstanding such signs of neglect, the red-brick wall and the wrought-iron gate, both seven feet high, that shut the place off from the street, and which looked as if not protection but exclusion were their object, stood in perfect aged strength. To the boys, the moment they saw it, the house seemed to say, "There's nobody in here: come." But the gate and the wall said differently. They went on, and passed them.

(To be continued.)

Would I were a little Merman
With a pearly shell to blow,
Riding on the blue sea-horses
With their foam-manes white as snow.
I'd go diving on a dolphin,
Find you in a cave below.

Would I were an elfin fairy
In the glowing air of June,
Pelting all the thirsty flowers
With the raindrops for a boon.
I'd go climbing up the rainbow,
Find you sitting in the moon.

BLUE JAY.

MISS FENTON AS POLLY PEACHUM.
From the picture by HOGARTH in the NATIONAL GALLERY.

STUDENTS' DAY AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

J. PENDEREL BRODHURST.

KING GEORGE IV. is understood to have said that Trafalgar Square is "the finest site in Europe." Perhaps it would be if the National Gallery were not there. Being there it has to be endured, pepper-castor and the rest; and perhaps the best way to make it endurable is to look at the outside as little and at the inside as much as possible. There are two modes of visiting the National Gallery. You may go early in the morning upon a free day, with a catalogue and an opera-glass, in a mood of serious criticism. Or you may go upon a Students' day, with the more frivolous object of looking at the students, of watching their methods, and observing the way that fashion sets in the copying of pictures. You may even allow yourself to admire the becomingness of a painter's apron when worn by the ambitious Young Person. There is abundant evidence that a great many people prefer to go to the National Gallery on Students' days—Thursdays and Fridays. In 1888 more than 40,000 persons paid their sixpences at the turnstiles on those days, greatly to the joy of her Majesty's Exchequer, to which these admission-fees are credited, greatly to the discontent of the authorities of the gallery, who are not allowed to spend this money in enriching the collection. On those same days more than 26,000 attendances were made by students. The average daily attendance of students on the days set apart for them was the more than respectable figure of 256.

The National Gallery on a Students' day is for many reasons one of the most interesting, and indeed one of the most significant, sights of London. Such scenes are plentiful in the great continental cities of the historic

past. You may see the like in the Louvre, in the Vatican, or the Pitti Palace at Florence, in the Royal Gallery at Venice or Dresden, in the Museum at Antwerp; but in England nothing of the kind is to be seen outside Trafalgar Square, and in one respect, to be presently pointed out, the sight is unique in Europe. There are two things which will at once strike the non-accustomed visitor—the large preponderance of feminine students, chiefly girls of eighteen to five-and-twenty, and the magnitude of their tasks. For these ambitious young women there is no gradual progression from the gems of the Little Masters up to the greatest work of the greatest. Greuze and Claude and Constable are not every-

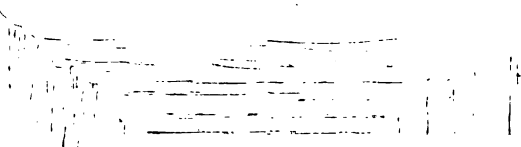
Copy
Tuf

is Landseer's *Dignity and Impudence*, also here illustrated. Less frequently copied, but one of the most famous of theatrical portraits, is Hogarth's "Miss Fenton as *Polly Peachum* in the *Beggar's Opera*." This fine and distinguished work is also here reproduced.

The frequency with which pictures such as these are studied is in some way accounted for by a fact which is not the obvious one. It might naturally be supposed that the anxiety of youth to find a royal road, and to fly before it is fledged, explained this curious circumstance, and to a considerable extent it does explain it, no doubt. But I fancy that in many cases famous pictures are reproduced not by students, properly so called, but by professional copyists who rank as students, but whose aim is less to become artists themselves than to earn a living, or to add to a meagre income by copying pictures for the dealers, or for private clients.

Although so large a proportion of the students are girls and young women, there is room left for a certain number of men, most of them young too. Here and there you see an earnest and

body's copying; yet Greuze's *Girl with an Apple* is the most frequently copied of the foreign masters; while, with the exception of Sir Edwin Landseer, perhaps no English master is copied oftener than Constable. Of the eight famous Constables in the National Gallery, hardly one is in higher favour with the students than *The Valley Farm*, of which a reproduction is given in this paper. It was almost the last of his great pictures. This farm-house is on the bank of the Suffolk Stour, and Constable often painted it. The tenant in the painter's time was one Willie Lott, who was born in it, and is said never to have been four whole days away from it during the eighty years of his life. Another favourite



THE VALLEY FARM, BY CONSTABLE.
Engraved by SARGENT from the picture in the NATIONAL GALLERY.

grizzled old man, intent upon the work of the great portraitists of old; but most of the male students are young fellows who intend to make art, or such a version of art as fashion and their abilities will allow, their life's work. For there is this distinction between the male and the female students of nearly all schools of art, that whereas most of the former become artists, most of the latter drop off after a time. A large proportion of them marry, and most of those who do not, become absorbed in domestic concerns. Among the female students at the National Gallery there

is great variety. They are drawn from all classes. Some are girls in quite humble circumstances, glad to earn a few pounds by the sale of the copies they make; others are women of rank who drive to Trafalgar Square in a carriage and pair with a powdered footman on the box. Most persons of this class go, of course, to the National Gallery for their pleasure, or to pass the time, rather than with any serious purpose. They help not inconsiderably to swell the number of students, which is now four-fold what it was twenty years ago.

For this large increase there are more reasons than one. Twenty years ago the young woman who could paint a little was accomplished beyond

Now every girl of a
 tion in life learns to
 etch in water-colour,
 n to paint a little.
 advantages which the
 llerly offers to students
 used much more ex-
 n before. And those
 have themselves in-
 Not so long ago the
 accommodation for
 students was hap-
 hazard and unsatis-
 factory. They were
 tolerated, and but
 little was done for
 their comfort or con-
 venience. But since
 Mr. Charles L. East-
 lake became Keeper
 and Secretary, some
 dozen years
 ago, all that
 has been
 changed. To
 him students,
 as well as the
 casual visitor,
 owe most of
 the excellent
 arrangements
 which now
 prevail in Tra-
 falgar Square.
 Formerly the

students had to put up with all manner of delays and vexations. When they left in the afternoon their canvases were tossed pell-mell into an untidy room; and often an hour would be wasted the next morning in a weary search for the right copy. For thus "taking care" of the canvases the porters expected a fee from each student—an exaction which fell hardly upon the poorer ones. The rules were few, and far from lucid, and if you desired a good place for your easel you had to struggle physically for it. All these matters have now been regulated, to everybody's gain. Everything is arranged methodically and without friction. The students' copies are kept in a large room fitted with racks, numbered and labelled in such wise that a canvas can be found in a moment; and all fees, licit or illicit, have been abolished.

Although every reasonable facility is allowed to students, even to the extent of sometimes removing the glass with which most of the pictures are protected, Mr. Eastlake takes very good care that these liberal privileges are not abused, and that the Gallery is not made a mere lounging-place. Thursdays and Fridays are the students' days, and, to prevent the playing fast and loose to which some young people are given, notice by letter is required if the copying place is to be reserved for the absentee. No one is allowed to become a student who cannot show reasonable proficiency in either oil or water-colour. To this end a specimen of work has to be submitted to the Keeper, although when the postulant has exhibited a picture at one of the London galleries, this requirement is not insisted upon. It is also dispensed with in the case of students of any well-known school of art in London, a letter of recommendation from the master of the school being sufficient. The Keeper has carried his thoughtful care for the lady students even to the extent of facilitating their chaperonage. He has invented a special ticket, which admits any friend who accompanies a lady student on entering the Gallery, or who comes to fetch her at the hour of closing. This arrangement does not allow of the hindering gossip which might result from the constant running in and out of friends, since the holder of the ticket has to pay, like everybody else, save at the hours of opening and closing. It is largely owing to these arrangements for the comfort of students that the number of copyists has so rapidly increased.

How rapid that increase has been a few figures will show. In 1855 the number of new students was 63; it now averages about 400 every year. From first to last there have been about 12,000 students in Trafalgar Square. In the course of a year they copy some eleven or twelve hundred pictures, of which about one-third are "old masters."

Of the large number of modern pictures that are copied every year, a very large proportion—probably ten to one—are works of the British school. Whatever may be the explanation, that is remarkable. Even more remarkable is the *personnel* of the students. I have spoken of what may be seen in foreign galleries; but while there are copyists in

abundance in those galleries, they are chiefly artists who live by reproducing the work of greater men than themselves. The learners and the amateurs, who form the bulk of the students at the National Gallery, are almost unknown in the great galleries of the continent. Some of the work done by professional copyists in Trafalgar Square is excellent for what it is; but the efforts of the students—properly so-called—are naturally very unequal.

and the pupil does what she learns from her instructors to do.

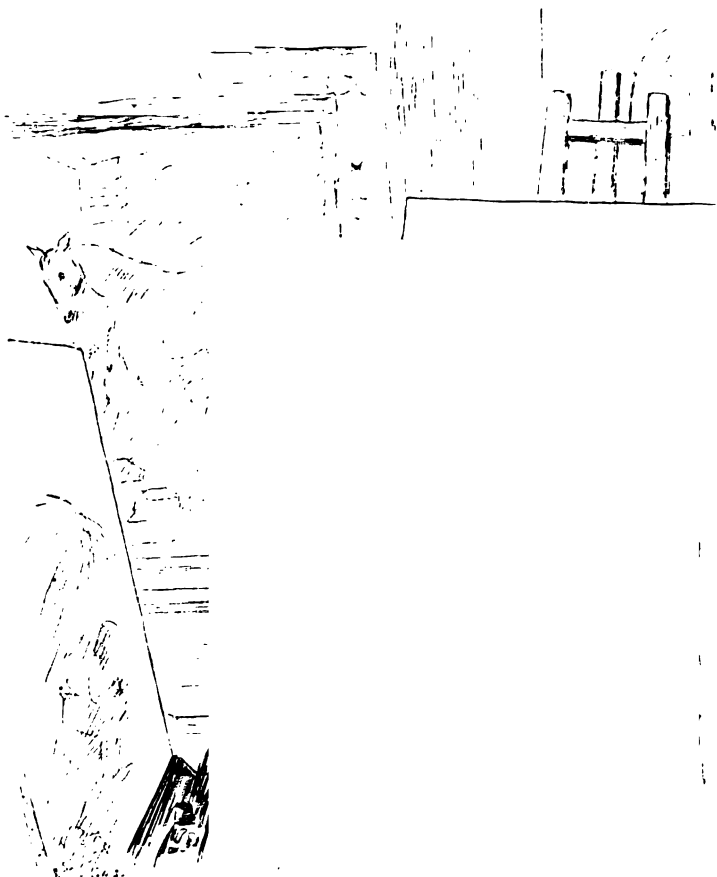
If some of the Trafalgar Square students begin their work in this way, a much larger number begin theirs with some reasonable equipment of knowledge, and a fair amount of accomplishment. The National Gallery is a sort of complement to the Academy, to the Slade School, and even to South Kensington, which, as I have already shown

The girl-students, in particular, suffer from over-much ambition. Girls who cannot draw more than respectably have been known to sit down with easy confidence before Titian Madonnas and Vandyke portraits, soon to find, to their mortification, that they were better at home copying the paternal arm-chair, or essaying to sketch the family cat. But these foolish young women must not be blamed too much. The lack of humility in English art of the present is obvious, but not surprising,

in these pages, aims at making teachers of art rather than artists. I am assured that, were students not compelled to submit examples of their work before receiving cards of admission, the galleries would speedily be crowded by incompetent amateurs. Indeed, I fancy that neither students nor any one else would be injured were the standard of accomplishment fixed a little higher; and as the number of students increases, it will no doubt become necessary to raise it.

DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.
From the picture by LANDSEER in the NATIONAL GALLERY.

Once a card of admission is granted, it is available for life, and many students go on working in the galleries for years. But the majority of them drop off after a time, for reasons which I have already discussed, and there are rarely more than 300 effective students. Since the opening of the Gallery, some sixty-five years ago, about 11,000 students' tickets have been issued. So splendid a collection of pictures as that in Trafalgar Square is, of course, not entirely given over to the semi-amateur, and sometimes Academicians and painters of distinction go there to study the methods of great and little masters. I have said that every possible convenience



has been provided for the students. These conveniences extend to a refreshment-room, which, although not officially recognized, is permitted. That is one of the many improvements which have been made since Mr. Eastlake became Keeper.

In addition to the familiar pictures in the large galleries, there is in Trafalgar Square a very fine collection of water-colour drawings, which are stowed away in drawers, and exhibited in cases, turn and turn about. Among them is much of the cream of Turner's work in water-colour. These drawings are contained in rooms which (despite their floor line is at least five feet above the level of the pavement outside) it has pleased

Mr. Ruskin to call "cellars." They are not cellars at all, but bright airy rooms, which were formerly occupied by the Royal Academy when it shared the building with the National Gallery. The whole of these drawings are at the disposition

of the students, who, in addition to being free of all the treasures of one of the finest galleries in Europe, can also avail themselves of the advice and guidance of the Keeper, Mr. Eastlake, himself an accomplished student and critic of art.

AN ADVANCE

VERY YOUNG.

JEAN INGELow.

IV.

THE BLACK EYE.

"ANY news?" asked Mr. Evan Fraser of Mr. Callender, as the latter walked up to his cottage the next day.

"Any news, Mr. Fraser?" was the reply. "Ay, there's this news, if you can make anything of it. The young master went to London early yesterday, got up at six o'clock, and was to breakfast there; went to see his tailor, as was giv' out to Mr. Saunders and the family; and came home at six o'clock in the afternoon with a black eye."

"Football, d'ye think?" said Mr. Fraser.

"Well, he didn't say so; and if it was, why didn't he? He went to his smoking-room, and Mr. Fergus ran right away into the kitchen where the cook was that minute putting down as fine a piece of beef as you'd wish to see. He made her take it back again, and he cut off a slice. 'What

in nature is this for, sir?' says she. 'Oh,' said he, 'it's only that my brother wants it for his eye,' and set off he did with it on a skewer. I suppose it was clapped on, but when he sat at dinner at the head of his own table, if he didn't look the very *moral* of a schoolboy that has had a fight, Mr. Saunders is mistaken. But, Mr. Fraser, I'm right down pleased to see you looking so bravely; and I was to say from the young master, that in the matter of any seeds or cuttings or what not that you think Mrs. Smith might be the better for, you are on all accounts to have them. You'll tell me what day you go north. I wish you good luck, and I'll have them ready for you."

Suitable acknowledgments were made and grateful messages were sent by Mr. Callender, who had, however, no chance of delivering them that day.

The young Squire was not at all in his own good graces, he was rather sulky even with his

favourite brother, who had some difficulty in getting from him the meagre account of his adventure which he at last vouchsafed.

"I say, do tell a fellow how it was."

"Why she said in the letter, eleven o'clock. I was in the Gardens before that time. I'll never meddle with other people's philanthropy again. Made myself ridiculous for nothing too."

"So she wasn't there?"

"You *know* she wasn't. Nobody was there. A whipper-snapper of a fellow came shortly to that bench, and sat by me."

"Young, was he?"

"Five-and-twenty perhaps. He sat by me, and he looked sneaky."

"You remember him well?"

"Perfectly. Several people passed near; he did not look up. He had his hands in his trousers' pockets. At last we seemed to be quite alone. But I thought I felt somebody touch me. I started up; behind the bench was a great lout of a fellow, and in one instant I got a blow on the eye."

"From him?"

"No, from the whipper-snapper. They ran off among the trees. I made after one of them, and shouted for the police, but I lost sight of him almost immediately."

"It's a hateful sell," exclaimed Fergus. "I wish I'd been with you."

"So do I; what chance was there, two against one!"

"And you found the cheque was gone?"

"No, that was the worst of it. It was my purse with money in it that was gone. I had put the cheque into my card-case."

"Well, what did you do next?"

"I went back to the bench, but 'Dolores' was not come."

"She could not possibly have had anything to do with the robbery?" said Fergus, as if in deep cogitation.

"Nonsense. A sentimental, silly governess! Why you must be cracked to think of such a thing. Pockets are picked in London by the dozen every day and every hour."

"Yes, of course."

"That one of them was my pocket is a mere accident."

"Yes. Well, did you go to a police court about it?"

"No," said Andrew, irritably. "I may be an ass, but I am not such an ass as that. Why if those fellows were arrested I should have to give evidence against them, if it came to a trial; and shouldn't I be *roasted* when they got me in the witness-box, and it came out that I had set off at six o'clock in the morning 'to respond to the appeal' of a discarded governess in distress, Daisy's governess too. Go to a police court indeed! I would rather fly the country! That odious little toad, Tommy Hitchcock, must never hear of this."

"Then you must never let Daisy hear a word of it."

"Poor Daisy; no, she is too childish to be trusted. Look at her looming about by herself in the garden. What did you tell her?"

"What you told me to say."

"But I forget what it was; I felt so savage just then."

"Oh, I went up and walked with her in the shrubbery, and told her you had been to London, and that 'Dolores' did not meet you on the bench. You went to the address of where she used to live with her brother, and the woman of the house vowed she knew nothing about her, nor of her brother either, and that was all."

"Well, you might go to her now; and as they go away so soon, I should just like to send her word that she had better confess to her mother about the bracelet, but not tell that I tried to help her, and ignominiously failed."

Andrew, his eye being still black, swollen, and inflamed, sat in the shade behind the green Venetian blinds of his smoking-room. He peeped through, and saw, not without amusement, that Fergus had some difficulty in executing his mission, for Mrs. Smith was walking with Daisy.

"Clumsy, both mother and daughter," quoth the young host, as he calmly puffed out a little smoke. His eyes, perhaps without any conscious complacency, rested on his own shapely foot and leg; the neat ankle so well displayed in the costume he was wearing—black stockings and velvet knickerbockers.

"In three months," he reflected, "Daisy will be as tall as I am. She only wants one inch of five foot eight now."

Others of the family then joined Mrs. Smith and Daisy, so Fergus at last contrived to give his message, after which he promptly retired.

The two girls, not being present at the late dinner, always came down before it into the drawing-room.

This evening Daisy was very dull, the message from Andrew had impressed her; but the next evening she had evidently been crying, which did not add to her good looks; her face was swelled and her eyes were red.

"Fergus again," thought Mrs. Capper, as her second son came slouching up. "Well, it really must be the case that he has some understanding with her; what can it mean?"

Daisy had turned to a window, and seemed to be looking out.

"Well?" was absolutely all that Fergus said; and all her answer was—

"Yes; I've done it."

"You have?" he answered. "Well, I call that being a brick."

To say that Mrs. Smith was astonished and hurt, and very uneasy at what Daisy told her, would not half express the matter. She was a very straightforward, simple-minded person, not easily made suspicious, but, on the other hand, not easily able to forgive and forget. The whole of that evening and the next day a certain constraint in her manner could not be concealed. She sent to her maid for the little dressmaking periodical, but the maid could only find one number, which was the first, and nothing particular was in it, but the request from 'Dolores' that a certain young lady would look for a song in the *Blankshire Herald*. Bell in the meantime got an inkling of some unknown alarm for Daisy, and shed profuse tears.

The last day dragged on very tardily. There was a tennis party. Daisy was very awkward and shy, and to both the watchful mothers it not only appeared that both Fergus and Andrew were occasionally encouraging, but sometimes remonstrating with Daisy, as if they were bidding her pluck up courage, or taking opportunities during the game to draw her attention to other guests who wanted to talk to her.

The evening came at last. Daisy and her mother were now at ease together, but both were dull, and Bell was inclined to be tearful.

Mrs. Capper admitted to herself that they were not lively people, in fact, the party was rather more cheerful without them. Mrs. Smith had two maids with her, but it appeared to be thought that

the impending journey made her pre-occupied, and that she was absent now and then to give instructions about packing.

Who ever heard of going to London at the end of August? Mrs. Smith meant to spend a few days there in her town house, in that deserted metropolis, and then go on to Malvern, to keep out of the way of the scarlatina.

How fortunate it was for Daisy that she had confessed. The London letters came in at breakfast-time, and one was from Mrs. Lancaster, Celia's step-mother. Daisy's mother no sooner ascertained this, than she folded it up, and put it aside to be read on the journey.

The young Squire's eye was still black when he and Fergus went to the station to see the guests off. He was slightly cross, and just a little crestfallen. This mission to London, which he had told himself was to be so philanthropical, had turned out, as he thought, such an ignominious failure; but it was owing to him and his brother that Daisy had confessed her fault, and this bore consequences for her far beyond what either of them had in his mind when he insisted on it. Daisy was properly and intelligently looked after from that day forward, and shielded both from such aspirants as Tommy Hitchcock and Miss Lancaster's brother.

"I wish Miss Bell to travel with you," said Mrs. Smith to her maid. "She always needs so much air, and I cannot have the window open."

A carriage had been engaged, so Daisy and her mother were alone; and the train had no sooner started than the latter took out letters and began to read. That from Miss Lancaster's step-mother set forth that this poor young person was now pronounced to have heart complaint, and was in very precarious health; that her twin brother had sailed for America. He was no comfort or credit to his family. Mrs. Lancaster begged to ask whether there was any likelihood that Celia's late employer might be in London that autumn. Celia was so desirous to see her. She could so much more easily tell her what she had to say than write it.

This letter had been first directed to Scotland, and sent down with various others. The mother glanced at Daisy, and did not doubt that Miss Lancaster's communication concerned the bracelet, but she meant, if possible, to say no more to Daisy about that. She put the letter away. Then, seeing that Daisy looked dull, she said,

"You seem sorry to leave these cousins."

"Yes, mother," said Daisy, "they are so nice and intimate with us, so relationy."

"Cousin Mary was very kind too," said the mother, not particularly well pleased to hear the young men praised.

"Oh, yes," said the heiress, "but Cousin Mary is just like other people, just. The boys are not."

"Not like other people," answered Mrs. Smith, doubtfully. "What do you mean, my love?"

What a difference it made to Daisy, Bell being away. She answered simply,

"Why, other people, particularly other young men—and boys—flatter us, of course."

Mrs. Smith looked disturbed. This was only the second time that Daisy had shown any consciousness of such a thing. She hastened to explain.

"And the Cappers say it is enough to turn our heads. I mean that we are flattered because we shall have such large fortunes. I don't mean that our heads are likely to be turned by vanity about our faces, because, whatever they all say, we can look in the glass and see that we are not lovely."

There she paused.

"Well?" said the mother.

"But Andrew and Fergus never do. They never pretend to think we are different from the girls who have no fortunes at all, and they laughed at Bell a good deal. It improved her."

"Oh, that's what you mean by being *relationy*," observed Mrs. Smith; and yet, though she would have been extremely unwilling to accept either of these fine young men as a son-in-law, she was in a slight degree *nettled* to learn that they had laughed at her children.

"Yes, and Fergus said we might depend on it that if Bell had had brothers they would have made her behave differently; and whatever other young men might say, it was certain that they all detested girls who were always crying or fainting, as Bell does sometimes; and would never think of marrying them on any account, unless they were heiresses."

"But you never cry and do not faint," observed the mother. "What did Andrew and what did Fergus say to you?"

Daisy looked very much out of countenance.

"Mother, Bell and I have always been such dear friends, and we consult so about everything."

"Yes?"

"Now she is for once not here, she may think it odd that I told you they had laughed."

"I shall take no notice of it unless she tells me herself. What did they say?"

"Oh, they said—they said how very kind you were, and how sweet, always wishing us to have pleasure; and I am sure, dear mother, I never meant to be undutiful."

"What! they said you were undutiful?"

"No; but Andrew said he thought I had been very childish not to tell you things, and that I ought not to be always wishing to do what Bell would like. He said that being the eldest I ought to lead. It was Fergus who said that if I went on not telling it would be undutiful."

"Oh," said the mother, breathing more freely; "they knew about the bracelet then?"

"Yes."

"And you found it easier to tell them than to tell your own mother?"

Daisy foresaw this speech; she acknowledged its justice, and for the moment could not speak. But Bell was away, the tyranny of the weak over the strong was for the moment withdrawn; a sort of instinct appeared to assure her that her mother would "respect her confidence," so far as Bell was concerned. She plucked up courage in a moment or two.

"I have confessed the thing which was really wrong," she said. "This is not about the bracelet—it's about Tommy Hitchcock."

"Tommy Hitchcock!" exclaimed her mother, with an air of such amazement that the ridiculous side of what she had to say overcame everything else, and Daisy burst into a violent fit of laughter.

Mrs. Smith had not been an heiress herself; she had merely been a sweet, kindly young creature, married by an elderly man who had been good to her and made her happy. She did not even now know much of the world, and was destined then and there to be taught a lesson by her own child as to how sordid and how rapacious it could be.

"Why did you not tell me this before?" she asked, when the attentions of Tom Hitchcock, and of various young men cousins and not cousins, had been detailed to her.

"Oh, because Bell thought it would not be high-minded."

"What does she mean by that?"

"I know, mother, but I can hardly say it in another word."

"Try."

"Things ought to be fair. If we have most we must give most; but besides that, to make things impartial, we should let people take advantage if they can. We must admit that it is natural they should."

"Bell really thinks so? Well, but Tom Hitchcock was not all you talked about with Andrew and Fergus."

"No. Yesterday we talked about our names," said Daisy. "We did more than once. They said we were more fortunate than they were, for we were sure to change our names, and not be called *Smith* any more, but they could never be anything but *Capper* till the end of their days. They think *Capper* such an ugly name."

"So it is," said Mrs. Smith, with satisfaction in the tone.

"Worse than Smith, Fergus said, for that is so common that no one thinks at all about it."

Mrs. Smith here *forgave the Cappers for what they had never done*, but she added—

"I suppose they never paid you any attention at all themselves?"

"Oh dear no, mother," said Daisy, "never."

"Dear boys," thought Mrs. Smith, "they are very nice fellows."

Here the train steamed into the station. Their journey was over, but if Bell had not been for once apart from Daisy it is impossible to say how much longer Tommy Hitchcock might have gone on sighing, as he expressed it, and spending his money in buying sham jewellery for his young cousin.

Some one was waiting to see Mrs. Smith when she reached her house. Hearing the name *Mrs. Lancaster*, she went directly to her library, and there found a very pleasant-looking person, who seemed much disturbed, and began by saying she feared she had something to speak of which would give pain.

"I hope not," said Daisy's mother. "If it concerns a bracelet, my dear child has confessed her fault to me."

Mrs. Lancaster was deeply relieved to hear this, and with a trembling hand produced a bracelet, which she begged to return from her step-daughter.

"Am I so happy then," she faltered, "as to have nothing to say excepting to express my poor Celia's sorrow for her own share of the blame?"

Daisy's mother did not wish her to have anything more to do with the Lancasters; but she explained

that she would come herself in a day or two and see Celia.

"I understood that her family was in urgent need of money; has she then kept this by her so long?"

"Oh, no; she pawned it."

"And you?"

"I had written to your housekeeper in Scotland, and learning that you were expected here to-day (I had redeemed the bracelet), I determined to bring it at once."

"You must have made a great sacrifice to get it out of pawn?"

Mrs. Lancaster drew herself up.

"Yes, I sold a *share* I had; but that I count nothing compared with—"

"No, stop," said Daisy's mother. "My child too is greatly to blame. She gave this to Miss Lancaster of her own free-will. She must not have it again. I am her guardian. You may give it to Celia from me. She is to sell it, and make things straight again."

"Thank you," was all Mrs. Lancaster said; and when she got home, and told her daughter, Celia said—

"Mother, I believe it is more my conscience than anything else that has made me ill. Now I know that this has been confessed, I believe I can get well again."

Now it may be noticed that Celia did not know all, or indeed half, of what her unworthy brother had done. She little thought that he himself with his accomplice had robbed young Andrew Capper, and with that very money had got away to America. How much less could she suppose that, once away from his evil associates, he would fall in with some worthy people and lead a better life. It was so, however.

As for Daisy, she did not know how much less Celia was to blame than she supposed. Celia had done wrong, and she ever after had to bear the blame of a wrong which she had not done, but had only made possible. Daisy in this case never had a chance of being what she called high-minded. Celia told her step-mother what she supposed herself to know of the matter; Daisy told her mother what she thought she knew. The remarkable result of what had really taken place was in the end the reformation of a terrible scamp, who lived to rue his evil deeds and never be able to make reparation.

But to return to Andrew and Fergus. While

her two sons were away, taking leave of the Smiths at the station, Mrs Capper sat in Andrew's smoking-room, absolutely quiet, and so deep in thought that she hardly noticed the flight of time. She had been a good and kind wife, but her husband had been so long a hopeless and often a helpless invalid, that her thoughts had centred on her sons, their prospects and their interests.

"Fergus and Daisy were constantly together," she reflected. "I cannot be mistaken in thinking that her mother did not like it. But that hardly annoys me; because it shows that there was something—not a mere fancy of mine—to disapprove of. If they really like one another, is there a chance? Fergus is terribly impracticable. The oddest part of it is, that Andrew seemed to know something, and to be helping him."

She paused to consider.

"In such a matter as that," she reflected, "I should have said that Andrew had but little sense—I never saw him show any. But as for Fergus! There really was nothing more fixed in my mind than the certainty that Fergus had none—positively none."

With these appreciative words Mrs. Capper looked up; there were footsteps on the gravel.

"Here they come," she thought, and she lifted her work from her knee and drew out the needle.

"What, mother, you here!" exclaimed Andrew; and the two young men entered, stepping over the low window-sill.

"Yes, my dear; I wanted to see how your eye was; there was no time while the dear girls and their mother were here."

She looked affectionately at her favourite son, and added,

"But it is very pleasant to play the host, is it not, dear boy?"

"Yes, mother," said Andrew, without enthusiasm.

"And so you saw them off, and Daisy's love-birds and Daisy's little dogs?"

"We saw them off—Bell in tears, as usual, about something or other. But, mamma, Fergus wants to speak to you."

Such a beautiful damask flush mounted in the mother's cheek as would have done credit to a girl's. They generally said "mamma" when they wished to be persuasive or confidential.

Fergus, seated on the low window-ledge, with his feet inside, looked not a little out of countenance.

He lifted first one foot and then the other, much as he might have done if the soles of his shoes had been on his mind, and he was considering whether they were thick enough.

"What can it be about?" answered the mother, good-naturedly; but she thought she knew, and, perhaps by way of helping him, she said, "Fergus, you remind me of your dear father. It was just in such an attitude that he sat when he was trying to pluck up courage to ask your mother to be his wife. You are ten times more like him than any of the others."

"Father was eight-and-thirty, wasn't he, mamma, when you married him?" said Andrew.

"Yes."

"That's about the age I should like to be if I marry at all," said Fergus, looking up; "but, mother, I did really want to say something—something important."

"I should have thought," said Mrs. Capper, colouring with disappointment and vexation, "that a young man's marriage was about the most important thing there was to talk of."

"Oh, yes, when he wants to marry, no doubt," said Fergus, as if apologizing to his mother. "Mamma?"

"Yes."

"I've had a good deal of time to think since I came to this jolly place; and And having proposed to find the money for me to go up to Cambridge, you seemed to think that of course I shall go."

"Yes, OF COURSE."

"But, mother, I do so long to see the world, that I don't think I can trust myself to stop in that hole of a place, even if I do go."

Here he paused; and as Mrs. Capper's face looked anything but propitious, Andrew came to the rescue.

"Well, the fact is, mamma, we have neither of us been much out of London hitherto, and he thought, at least we both thought, it would be better to see something before we settle down. The same sum that would send Fergus to college would enable him to go almost everywhere."

"And after that?" asked Mrs. Capper, decisively.

"Why, he will have, at any rate, his own eight hundred pounds, which is as much as he would have had if we had remained poor."

Then Andrew sat down ; and presently answered the consternation in his mother's face by saying—

"Well, dear mother, you always hoped that you might be able to get some appointment for Fergus abroad, and then you would not have seen him again for ten or twenty years, perhaps. Now Fergus only wants to travel for three years, and I want to go with him only for one, and then leave him to proceed on *his own hook*, and come home. Why, I've never seen Rome. I want to see Cairo."

Two or three tears started under Mrs. Capper's eyelashes, and fell on her comely cheeks.

"Oh, don't, mother," cried both the young men.

Mrs. Capper dried them away, and said rather coldly,

"Though Fergus may want, quite unnecessarily, to remain unmarried for nearly eighteen years, you at least can marry whenever you like, Andrew."

"Quite unnecessarily !" exclaimed Andrew. "Why, mother, what has he to marry on, even if he wished it ?"

"It is just as easy to marry a girl with money as one without," answered the mother, "at least, it is for a young man in his position. It is most ridiculous of him, when there are two heiresses in the family, both of whom are most intimate with him, and fond of him, to talk in that way."

"Well, mamma," said Andrew, blandly, "perhaps Fergus would not mind promising you that if Daisy is still unmarried when he is eight-and-thirty, he will think of what you have said."

"I should mind," exclaimed Fergus, bluntly. "I see no reason to be ungentlemanly about any

girl, just because she is clumsy and not good-looking."

"All right," said Andrew, "quite my own feelings now I think of them ! I apologize, old fellow."

"And I," thought the mother, "give it up. Oh, foolish, foolish boy."

"But, mother," continued Andrew, "I know it is hard on you to part with him for three years and me for one—and—I've been thinking about the Dower house."

"What about it ?" said Mrs. Capper in a dispirited tone. This matrimonial disappointment had overpowered her regrets at parting with her boys.

"If I go away for a year, would it not be best for you to live here instead, and keep the people in order, and see that all goes on properly ? Would you ?"

Here indeed was balm. Mrs. Capper put her work down on her knee and lost herself in thought. What ! live and reign and rule in that house for a year, with no one to interfere.

She would not be in too great a hurry to accede.

"Yes," she said gravely, after what seemed to her sons a long time. "Yes, Andrew, I would."

Thereupon both of them came up and kissed her with all gratitude and duty.

"But it is painful to me to find you so terribly unpractical, especially you, Fergus. Then you are quite sure you do not want to try—to—make yourself agreeable to Daisy ?"

"Oh, mamma, yes ; I am quite sure."

That is the end of the story ; and whatever other people may think, I do not see why it should not end in that way—not at all.

THE END.

THE ATALANTA FINE ART SCHOLARSHIPS.

THE Scholarships and second prizes in this department of the Magazine have been awarded by a Committee consisting of Sir James W. Linton, P.R.I., Lady Lindsay, R.I., and Miss Clara Montalba, R.W.S.

The successful competitors are Miss Barbara Johnson (14), 15, Acacia Grove, West Dulwich — Figure Scholarship; Miss M. Wallace-Dunlop (23), Ellerslie Tower, Ealing, prize of £10 for figure; Miss K. M. Wyatt (24), 20, Queen Square, W.C. — Landscape Scholarship; and Miss L. M. Roberts, Stoborough Knoll, Bournemouth, prize of £10 for landscape.

The supplementary prizes of £1 each have been taken by Miss H. K. A. Robinson (20),

2a, Drayton Gardens, S.W., for powers of conception and composition; Miss P. E. F. Thomas (20), Uzmaston Rectory, Haverfordwest, for originality and frankness of treatment; Miss M. J. Vyse, for rapid improvement; Miss B. L. Plant for force and originality and rapid improvement in landscape; and Miss A. C. Stansfield, for finish and cultivated style in landscape.

The following names have been selected for special commendation. *Figure Subjects*: L. Burton, G. M. Bradley, The Hon. M. Cumming-Bruce, Lady E. Erskine, A. Latimer, C. B. Leighton, M. C. Maycock, M. L. Orde, R. M. M. Pitman, W. M. Stanley. *Landscape*: M. Ashby, W. Buxton, F. Cottingham, A. Latimer, E. M. Marley, A. Sandys-Lumsdaine, E. M. Wilkinson, and L. M. Wood.

"CHARITY," BY MISS BARBARA JOHNSON, *Winner of the Figure Scholarship* (Age 14).

"CHARITY," BY MISS P. E. F. THOMAS, *Winner of a Supplementary Prize.*

THE GLEANER," BY MISS WALLACE-DUNLOP, *Winner of the £10 Prize.*

By Miss K. M. WYATT, *Winner of the Landscape Scholarship.*

By Miss B. L. PLANT, *Winner of a Supplementary Prize.*

By Miss L. M. ROBERTS, *Winner of the £10 Prize.*

WEDNESDAY THE TENTH:

A Tale of the South Pacific.

Grant Allen.

VII.

ERRORS EXCEPTED.

IT was Thursday the 11th, in the small hours of the morning. The *Albatross* was lumbering along as best she might with her broken engine, and we were nearing the line of 180°. We weren't making much way, however, for the speed was low; and we hadn't so much reason for hurrying now, for we felt almost hopeless of being in time to prevent the threatened massacre. Our people, we feared, had long since fallen victims to the superstition and bloodthirstiness of the ungrateful savages.

I was asleep in my berth after the fatigues of the day, and was dreaming of my dear little girl in England; when suddenly I felt a clammy cold hand laid upon my own outside the coverlet, and waking with a start, I saw Martin Luther standing pale and white in his blue shirt and trousers before me. I knew at once by his face something fresh had turned up.

"Goodness gracious, boy," I exclaimed, "what on earth's the matter now?"

"Captain Braithwaite," he answered with very solemn seriousness, "I've been counting the days over and over again, and I'm quite sure there's a mistake somewhere. We've got a day wrong in our reckoning, I'm certain. I've counted up each day and night a hundred times over since we left Tanaki in the boat—Jack and I—and I feel confident you're twenty-four hours out in your reckoning. Yesterday wasn't Wednesday the 10th at all. It was Tuesday the 9th, and we may yet reach Tanaki in time to save them."

"No, no, my boy," I answered, "you're wrong; you're wrong. Your natural anxiety about your father's fate has upset your calculations. To-day's the 11th; yesterday was the 10th. Till we get to the meridian of 180°—" and then, with a start, I broke off suddenly.

"What's the matter?" Martin cried, for he saw at once I was faltering and hesitating. "Ah, you see I was right now. You see this morning's the 10th, don't you?"

In a moment the truth flashed across me with a burst. I saw it all; the only wonder was how on earth I had failed so long to perceive it. I seized the poor lad's hand in a fervour of delight, relief, and exultation.

"Martin," I cried, overjoyed, "we are both of us right in our own way of reckoning. This morning's the 11th on board the *Albatross* here, but it's the 10th, I don't doubt, in your island at Tanaki!"

"What do you mean?" he cried, astonished, and gazing at me as if he thought me rather more than half-mad. "How on earth can it be Thursday here while it's Wednesday at Tanaki?"

"Hold on a bit, youngster," said I, jumping out of my cabin, "till I've consulted the chart and made quite sure about it. Let me see. Here we are. Duke of Cumberland's Islands, 179° west. Hooray! Hooray!" I waved the chart round my head in triumph. "Jim, Jim!" I shouted out, rushing up the companion-ladder in my night-shirt as I stood; "here's a hope indeed! Here's splendid news. Put on all steam at once, and we may save them yet. Tanaki's the other side of 180°!"

Jim looked at me in astonishment.

"Why, what on earth do you mean, Julian?" he asked. "What on earth has that to do with our chance of saving them?"

"Jim," I cried once more, hardly knowing how to contain myself with excitement and reaction, "was there ever such a precious pair of fools in the world before as you and me, my good fellow? It's Wednesday morning in Tanaki, man! It's Wednesday in Tanaki! Tanaki's the other side of 180°!"

As I said the words, Jim jumped at me like a wild creature and grasped my hand hard. Then

he caught Martin in his arms and hugged him as tight as if he'd been his own father. After that he threw his cap up in the air and shouted aloud with delight. And when he'd quite finished all those remarkable performances, he looked hard into my face and burst out laughing.

"Well, upon my soul, Julian," he said, "for a couple of seasoned old Pacific travellers, I do agree with you that a pair of bigger fools and stupider dolts than you and I never sailed the ocean!"

"If it had been our first voyage across now," I said to Jim, feeling thoroughly ashamed of myself for my silly mistake, "there might have been some excuse for us!"

"Or if the boy hadn't told us there was a discrepancy in the accounts the very first day he ever came aboard," he added solemnly.

"But as it is," I went on, "such a scholar's mate, such a beginner's blunder as this is for two seafaring men,—why it's absolutely inexcusable!"

"Absolutely inexcusable!" Jim repeated, penitently.

"But if we clap on all steam we may get there yet on Wednesday morning," I continued, consulting my watch.

"By three or four o'clock on Wednesday morning," Jim echoed, examining the chart once more, and carefully noting the ship's position. "Why, it's Wednesday now, Julian. We've crossed 180°."

"But what day was yesterday?" Martin asked, all trembling.

"Why, yesterday," I answered, "was Wednesday the 10th, my boy; but to-day's Wednesday the 10th also. It comes twice over at this longitude. We've gained a day; that's the long and the short of it. We ought to have known it, my brother and I, who are such old hands at cruising in and out of the islands; but our anxiety and distress made us clean forget it."

"How does that come about?" Martin asked bewildered, his lips white as death.

"Just like this," said I. "Sailing one way, you see, from England, you sail with the sun; and sailing the other way, you sail against it. In one direction you keep gaining time, and in the other you lose it. The meridian of 180° is the particular place where the two modes of reckoning reach their climax. So, when you get to 180°, sailing west, you lose a day, and Saturday's followed right off by Monday. But sailing east, you gain a day,

and have two Sundays running, or whatever else the day may be when you happen to get there. Now, we're going in the right direction for gaining a day; and so, though yesterday was Wednesday the 10th the other side of 180°, to-day's Wednesday the 10th, don't you see, this side of it. And as Tanaki's this side, your people must always have reckoned by the American day, so to speak, while we've reckoned all along by the Australian one. It's this morning those savages threatened to kill your father and mother, and if we make a good run, we shall still perhaps be in time to save them."

As I spoke, the boy's knees trembled under him with excitement. He staggered so that he caught at a rope for support. He was too much in earnest to cry, but the tears stood still in his eyes without falling.

"Oh, I hope to heaven we'll be in time," he answered. "We may save them! We may save them!"

I went below and turned in once more for a little sleep, for I knew I should be wanted later in the morning; and having fortunately the true sailor's habit in that matter of dozing off whenever occasion occurred, I was soon snoring away again most comfortably on my pillow. At half-past three, Tom Blake came down once more to wake me.

"Land in sight, sir," he said, "on our starboard bow, and this young fellow Martin says he makes it out to be the north point of Tanaki."

In a minute I was on deck again, and peering at the dim land through the gray mist of morning—the same gray mist through which, as we afterwards learned, the poor creatures in the heathen temple saw the dawn break of the day that was to end their earthly troubles. It was Tanaki, no doubt, for Martin was quite sure he could recognize the headlands and the barrier reef. Our only question now was how next to proceed. We held a brief little council of war on deck, with Martin as our chief adviser on the local situation.

From what he told us, I came rapidly to the conclusion that it would be useless to attempt an open entrance into the little harbour of Makilolo, where the Chief had his hut, and where the mission-people, as we believed, were still confined in the temple. To do so would only be to arouse the anger of the savages beforehand; and unless we could get them well between a cross fire, and so effectually prevent any further outrage, we feared

they might massacre the unhappy people in their hands the moment we hove in sight to enter the harbour. But here our friend Martin's local knowledge of the archipelago helped us out of our difficulty. He could pilot us, he said, to a retired bay at the back of the island, by the east side, where we could land a small party in boats, well armed with Sniders and our Winchester repeater; and Jack, who had slept all night, and was therefore the fresher of the two, would show us a path through the thick tropical underbrush by which we could approach the village from the rear, while the *Albatross* ran round again with the remainder of the crew, and brought our brass thirty-pounder to bear upon the savages from the open harbour.

This plan was at once received with universal approbation, and we proceeded forthwith to put it into execution.

Steering cautiously round the island, under cover of the mist, and fortunately unperceived by the assembled natives, who were too much occupied with their *sing-sing* to be engaged in scanning the offing, we reached at last the little retired bay of which Martin had spoken, and got ready our boat to land our military party. It was ticklish work, for we could afford to land only ten, all told, with Jack for our guide; but each man was armed with a good rifle and ammunition, and the habit of discipline made our little band, we believed, more than a match for those untutored savages. Nassaline also joined the military party, while seven men were left as a naval reserve. Silently and cautiously we landed on the white sandy beach, and turned with Jack into the thick tangled brake of tropical brushwood.

Meanwhile, my brother Jim, with Martin to guide him, undertook to take the *Albatross* round to the regular harbour; for Martin fortunately knew every twist and turn of those tortuous reef-channels, having been accustomed to navigate them from his childhood upwards, both in the mission-boat and in the native canoes, which frequently put to sea for the *bêche-de-mer* fishery.

Our plan of action, as arranged beforehand, was for the military party to wait about in the woods at the back of the village till the *Albatross* hove in sight off the mouth of the harbour. Then, the moment she appeared, she was to fire a blank shot towards the Chief's hut with her thirty-pounder; and at the same moment, we of the surprise party

were to fall upon the savages, and before they could recover from their first surprise, demand the instant restitution of the missionary and his family.

Everything depended now upon the two boys. If Jack failed to show us the path aright—if Martin drove the *Albatross* upon reef or rock—all would be up with us, and the savages would massacre our whole party in cold blood, as they proposed to do with Macglashin and his little ones. I trembled to think on how slender a thread those four precious human lives depended. After all, they were but lads, mere children almost, and the rash confidence of youth might easily deceive them. But I decided, none the less, to trust to their instincts and their keen affection for their friends to see us through in our need. If that wouldn't lead us right, I felt sure in my own soul no human aid could possibly save the unhappy prisoners.

VIII.

HOT WORK.

JACK led us from the beach over the white coral sand straight up to the wood, and after looking about for a while on every side to make sure of his bearings among the huge fallen logs, hit at last upon a faint trail that led straggling through the forest—a trail scarcely worn into the semblance of a path by the bare feet of naked savages. Following his guidance, we plunged at once, with some doubtful misgivings, into the deep gloom of the woodland, and found ourselves immediately in a genuine equatorial thicket, where mouldering trunks of palms encumbered the vague path, and great rope-like lianas hung down in loops from the trees overhead, to block our way at every second step through that fatiguing underbrush. The day was warm, even as we travellers who know the world judge warmth in the tropical South Pacific; and the moist heat of that basking, swampy lowland, all laden with miasma from the decaying leaves, seemed to oppress us with its deadly effluvia and its enervating softness at every yard we went through the jungle. Moreover, we had to carry our arms and ammunition among that tangled brake; and as our rifles kept catching continually in the creepers that drooped in festoons from the branches, while our feet got simultaneously entangled in the roots and trailing stems that straggled underfoot, you can easily imagine for yourself that ours was indeed no

pleasant journey. However, we persevered with dogged English perseverance ; the sailors tramped on and wiped their foreheads with their sleeves from time to time ; while poor Jack, still weak from his long and terrible fast, marched bravely at our head with an indomitable pluck which reflected the highest credit on Mr. Macglashin's training.

The only one who seemed to make light of the toil was our black boy, Nassaline.

We went single file, of course, along the narrow trail, which every here and there divided to right or left in the midst of the brake with most puzzling complexity. At every such division or fork in the track, Jack halted for a moment and cast his eye dubiously to one side and the other, at last selecting the trail that seemed best to him. Nassaline, too, helped us not a little by his savage instinct for finding his way through trackless jungle. For my own part, I could never have believed any road on earth could possibly be so tortuous ; and at last, at the end of the twenty-fifth turn or thereabouts, I ventured to say in a very low voice (for we were stealing along in dead silence), "Why, Jack, I believe you're leading us round and round in a circle, and you'll bring us out again in the end at the very same bay where we first landed !"

"Hush !" Jack answered, with one finger on his lip. "We're drawing near the outskirts of the village now. You must be very quiet. I can just see the grass roof of Taranaka's temple peeping above the brushwood to the right. In three minutes more we shall be out in the open."

And sure enough he told the truth. Almost as he ceased speaking, the noise of savage voices fell full upon my ear from the village in front, and I could hear the natives, in their hideous corroboree, beating hard upon their hollow drums of stretched skin, and shouting in the dance to their drunken comrades.

It was a ghastly noise, but it did our hearts good just then to hear it.

I could almost have clapped my hand upon Jack's back and given him three cheers for his gallant guidance when we saw the village plot opening up in front of us, and the naked savages, in their war-paint and feathers, guarding the door of Taranaka's temple. But the necessity for caution compelled me to preserve a solemn silence. So we crouched as still as mice behind a clumpy thicket of close-leaved tiro bushes, and peeped out from

our ambush through the dense foliage to keep an eye upon the scene till the *Albatross* hove into sight in the harbour.

"My father and my mother must still be there," Jack whispered under his breath, but in a deep tone of relief. "The Tanaki men are guarding them exactly as they did when Martin and I left the island. I almost think I can see Miriam's head through the open door. We shall be in time still to deliver them from these bloodthirsty wretches."

"In what direction must we look for the *Albatross* ?" I whispered back. "Will she come in from the south there ?"

"Oh, no," Jack answered in a very low voice. "That's an island to the right—a little rocky island that guards the harbour. There's deep water close in by the shore that side. Martin'll try to bring her in the northern way, so that the natives mayn't see her till she's close upon the village. It's a difficult channel to the north, all full of reefs and sunken rocks ; but I think he understands it, he has swum in it so often. We won't see her at all till she's right in the harbour and just opposite the temple."

We were dying of thirst now, and longing for drink, but could get nothing to quench our drought. "What I would give," I muttered to Tom Blake, "for a drink of water !"

"If Captain want water," Nassaline answered, "me soon get him some." And he made a gash with his knife in the stem of a sort of gourd that climbed over the bushes, from which there slowly oozed and trickled out a sort of gummy juice that relieved to some degree our oppressive sensations. All the men began at once cutting and chewing it, with considerable satisfaction. It wasn't as good as a glass of British beer, I will freely admit ; but still, it was better than nothing, any way.

By this time it was nearly half-past six, and we watched eagerly to see what action the natives would take as soon as they finished their night-long *sing-sing*. Lying flat on the ground, with our rifles ready at hand, and our heads just raised to look out among the foliage, we kept observing their movements cautiously through the thick brushwood.

At a quarter to seven we saw some bustle and commotion setting in on a sudden in front of the temple ; and presently a tall and sinister-looking

native, who Jack whispered to me was the Chief of Tanaki, came up from the village, where the *singing* had taken place, and stood by the door of the thatched grass-house. We could distinctly hear him call the missionary to come out in pigeon English; and next moment our unfortunate countryman staggered forth, with his little daughter half fainting in his arms, and stood out in the bare space between the tomb of Taranaka and the spot where we were lying.

Oh, how I longed to take a shot at that miscreant black fellow!

At sight of his father, worn with fatigue and pale with the terror of that agonizing moment, Jack almost cried aloud in his mingled joy and apprehension; but I clapped my hand on his mouth and kept him still for the moment. "Not a sound, my boy, not a sound," I whispered low, "till the time comes for firing!"

"Shall we give it them hot now?" Tom Blake inquired low at my ear next moment. But I waved him aside cautiously.

"Not yet," I answered; "unless the worst comes to the worst, and we see our people in pressing and immediate danger, we'd better do nothing till the *Albatross* heaves in sight. Her gun will frighten them. To fire now would be to expose ourselves and our friends there to unnecessary danger."

"All right, sir," Tom murmured low in reply. "You know best, of course. But I must say, it 'd do my 'eart good to up an' pepper 'em!"

"Come out, white woman!" we heard the Chief say next with insolent familiarity; and Mrs. Macglashin stepped out, a deplorable figure, with her boy's hand twined in hers, and her white lips twitching with horror for her little ones. It made one's blood boil so to see it that we could hardly resist the temptation as we looked to fire at all hazards, and let them know good friends were even now close at hand to help and deliver them.

"Whether the *Albatross* heaves in sight or not," I whispered to Tom Blake, "we must fire at them soon—within five minutes—and sell our lives as dearly as we can. I can't stand this much longer. It's too terrible a strain. Come what may, I must give the word and at them!"

"Quite right, sir," says Tom. "What's the use of delaying?"

And, indeed, I began to be terribly afraid by this time there was something very wrong indeed some-

where. Could Martin have missed his way among those difficult shoals, and run our trusty vessel helplessly on the rocks and reefs? It looked very like it. They were certainly overdue; for even at her present crippled rate of speed, the good old *Albatross* had had plenty of time, I judged, to round the point and get back safe again into the deep water of the harbour. If she failed us in this our hour of need, the natives would surround us and cut us to pieces in a mass; for our best reliance was in our solid brass thirty-pounder. I began to tremble in my shoes for some time for the possible upshot. Over and over again I glanced eagerly towards the point for that longed-for white nose of hers to appear round the corner.

At last, unable to restrain my curiosity any longer, I rose to my feet and peered across the bushes. As I did so, I saw the savages seize Macglashin in their arms, and range the four poor fugitives in a line together. My blood curdled. The Chief and the ten savages with the Sniders stood in a row, half fronting us where we lay. Macglashin and his wife were fortunately out of line of fire for our rifles. "Now, we can delay no longer," I cried. "He means murder. The moment the black fellow gives the word of command, fire at once upon him and his men, boys. Take steady aim. No matter what comes. Let the poor souls have a run for their lives any way."

As I spoke, the Chief uttered in Kanaka the native words for "One, two, three," with loud drunken laughter.

At the sound of the Chief's voice, the savages loosed the four wretched Europeans. At the very same sound we all fired simultaneously—and six of the black monsters fell writhing on the ground, while the Chief and the four others, taken completely by surprise, dropped their rifles in their supreme astonishment.

"Forward, boys, and secure them!" I cried, dashing out into the open, and waving my hat to the astounded missionary. "Here we are, sir. Run this way! We're friends. We've come to your rescue. Catch the Chief at once, lads: and hooray for the *Albatross*!"

For just as I spoke, to my joy and relief, her good white nose showed at last round the point: and next instant, the boom! boom! of her jolly brass thirty-pounder, fired in the very nick of time, completed the discomfiture of the astonished savages.

Before they knew where they were, they found themselves hemmed in between a raking cross-fire from our Sniders on one side, and the heavy gun of the *Albatross* on the other. The tables were now completely turned. We charged at them, running. Macglashin, seizing the situation at a glance, caught up one of the rifles belonging to the wounded men, which had been flung upon the ground, and, hardly yet realizing his miraculous escape, joined our little party as an armed recruit with surprising alacrity. For the next ten minutes there was a terrible scene of noise and confusion. The blacks advanced upon us, swarming up from the village like bees or wasps, and it was only by a hand-to-hand fight with our bayonets—for we had fortunately brought them in case of close quarters—that we kept our dusky enemy at bay. At last, however, after a smart hand-to-hand contest, we secured the Chief, and tied him safely with the rope he had loosed from Macglashin. Then we seized the remaining Sniders that lay upon the ground, while the men of the village, drunk and stupefied, began to fall back a little and molest us from a distance.

"Now, put the lady and children in the centre, boys," I cried, at the top of my voice, "and let the Chief march along with us as a hostage. Down to the shore, while the *Albatross* boat puts out to save us!" Then I turned to the savages, and called out in English, "If any one of you dares to fire at us, I give you fair warning, we shoot your Chief! Hold off there, all of you!"

To my great delight, Nassaline, standing forward as I spoke, translated my words to them into their own tongue, and waving them back with his hands made a little alley for us through the midst to regain the shore by. Smart boy, Nassaline!

After a moment, however, the natives once more began to crowd round us, as we started to march, in very threatening attitudes, with their Sniders and hatchets. At one time I almost thought they would overpower us; but just then Jim, who was watching the proceedings with his glass from the deck of the *Albatross*, and saw exactly how matters stood, created a judicious diversion at the exact right moment by firing a little grape-shot plump into the heart of the grass huts of the village, and bowling over a roof or two before the very eyes of the astonished savages. They fell back at once, and began to make signs of desiring a parley. So we halted on the spot, with the lady and children

still carefully guarded, and held up our handkerchiefs in sign of truce. Then Nassaline, aided by our sailor who understood the Kanaka language, began to palaver with them. He told them in plain and simple terms we must first be allowed to take the lady and children in safety to the *Albatross*, and that we would afterwards come back to treat at greater length with their head men as to the Chief's safety. To this, after some demur, the black fellows assented; and we beckoned to Jim accordingly by a preconcerted sign to send the boat ashore to us, to fetch off the fugitives. At the same time we retreated in military order, in a small hollow square, to the beach, still taking good care to protect in the midst our terrified non-combatants.

As for the Chief, he marched before us, with his hands tied, and his feet free, led by a rope, the ends of which I held myself, with the aid of two of my sailors. A more ridiculously crestfallen or disappointed creature than that drunken and conquered savage at that particular moment it has never yet been my fate to light upon.

We reached the beach in safety, and sent Mrs. Macglashin and the children aboard, with Jack to accompany them. Then we turned to parley with the discomfited savages. Jim kept the thirty-pounder well pointed in their direction, with ostentatious precision, and we made them hold off along the beach at a convenient distance, where he could rake them in security, while we ourselves retained the Chief in our hands, with a pistol at his head, as a gentle reminder that we meant to stand no nonsense.

After a few minutes' parley, conducted chiefly by our Kanaka-speaking sailor, with an occasional explanation put in by our assistant-interpreter, Nassaline, we arrived at an understanding, in accordance with which we were to return them their Chief for the time being, on consideration of their bringing us down to the beach all the Macglashins' goods, and making restitution for the sack of the mission-house in dried cocoa-nut, the sole wealth of the island. Those were the terms for the immediate present, as a mere personal matter: for the rest, we gave the Chief clearly to understand that we intended to sail straight away with all our guests for Fiji, there to lay our complaint of his conduct before the British High Commissioner in the South Pacific. We would then charge him with murder and attempted cannibalism, and with stirring up

his people to massacre the other missionary, and the trader Freeman. We would endeavour to get a gunboat sent to the spot, to make official inquiry into the nature of the disturbances, and to demand satisfaction on the part of the relations of the murdered men. Finally, we would also lay before the Commissioner the conduct of the French labour-vessel, and her kidnapping skipper, who had instigated the savages to their dastardly attack, and whom I was strongly inclined to identify with the captain from whose grip we had rescued our friend Nassaline. We gave the Chief to understand, therefore, that he must by no means consider himself as scot free, merely because we let him go unhurt till trial could be instituted by the proper authorities. He must answer hereafter for his high crimes and misdemeanours to the Queen's representative.

To all of which the penitent savage merely answered with a sigh—

"Me make mistake. Kill missionary by accident. Man a *oui-oui* tell me Queenie England no care for Scotchman, an' me too much believe him. Now Captain tell me Queenie send gunboat for eat me up, and kill all my people. No listen any more to man a *oui-oui*."

THE END.

A CAROL FOR MY SON.

DIDST thou mount, my son, and ride
By the river's swelling tide,
With the old Chaldean sages?
Trace the Fountain to its birth,
Where it bubbles from the earth
In the hoary mist of ages?

Hast thou knelt a moment there,
Doffed thy bonnet for a prayer,
And, before thy King discrowned thee?
Caught the accents of the hymn
Warbled in the twilight dim,
By the Angels all around thee?

Didst thou glance within the shrine,
Where on straw, among the kine,
Lies the Babe—the Lord of Glory?
Then thy favoured ears have heard
The divine, eternal Word—
Key-note of thine own strange story.

And then we put off in triumph to the *Albatross*. The family meeting that ensued on board when Macglashin stood once more upon a British deck with his wife and children, I won't attempt—rough sailor as I am—to describe: I don't believe even the special correspondent of a morning paper could do full justice to it. To see those two lads, too, catch their pretty little sister once more in their arms, and cover her with kisses, while she clung to their necks and cried and laughed alternately, was a sight to do a man's heart good for another twelvemonth. And as we sat that same evening round the cabin-table (where our Malay cook had performed wonders of culinary art for the occasion), and drank healths all round to everybody concerned in this remarkable rescue, the toast that was received with the profoundest acclamation from every soul on board, was that of the two brave boys whose courage and skill had guided us at last, as if by a miracle, to the recovery of all that was nearest and dearest to them.

Indeed, if Martin and Jack don't get the Victoria Cross when we return to England, I shall have even a lower opinion than ever before of her Majesty's confidential political advisers of all creeds or parties.

Thou thyself the rhythmic rune
Murmured low, while sun and moon
Light thee to thine hour appointed—
Mystic utterance, crooned in time,
Where they sing the cradling rime
While He sleeps—the Lord's Anointed!

O fulfil thyself aright!
Round thee lies the Infinite!
Roam at will—the land before thee;
Live—and should thy life star pale,
Here within the mother's veil,
May the Infant Christ restore thee!

These be Christmas meditations,
As its joyous celebrations
Fade into the shadows gray;
Up, my spritely cavalier!
Blithely greet the maiden year,
Coming up the eastern way.

C. BAIN.

SCHOOLS IN THE PAST.

DOROTHEA BEALE, PRINCIPAL OF LADIES' COLLEGE, CHELTENHAM.

THE change that has taken place in the education of girls of the middle classes during the last forty years has been very great.

Let me begin by some account of schools in the early years of this century.

Girls of this class were nearly always educated at home. There was the daily or resident governess, supplemented by visiting teachers. Then some were sent to boarding-schools, usually for a year or two; at seventeen or eighteen their education was finished.

Looking at the school-books of that date, we shall find that the main idea was to furnish the girls' minds with *information*, that they might not seem ignoramuses; the idea of *education* as mental gymnastic, a means for invigorating the mind, and giving the girls power to think for themselves, was but little present to the mind of the teacher. The facts of elementary science were learned, but not scientific methods. The text-books, the catechisms, and the digests of history and miscellaneous information, show how dead and meagre was the teaching. I have a small book of about two hundred pages, which begins with a letter from Alexander to Aristotle; then gives in six pages rules for poetry, reading, and punctuation; the *History of England* follows in fifty pages; next comes the Solar System, geographical definitions, and a Geography with pictures of Frenchmen, Spaniards, &c., "in their proper habits." Then we have the Seven Wonders of the World, illustrated by a picture of Semiramis; after that, volcanoes, and Pliny's account of Vesuvius; lastly, letters, the first from Jacky Curious to his mother, beginning, "Honoured Madam." *Mangnall's Questions*, *Brewer's Guide*, *Pinnick's Catechisms*, *Murray's Grammar*, *Slater's Chronology*, *Ince's Outlines*, *Guy's Geography*—these were the books which were actually got by heart. For mathematics and science, there were arithmetics giving mechanical rules; *Keith on the Globes*, telling how to get answers to various questions proposed by turning the globe about.

French and Italian were almost the only languages learned. The three schools I know best were, one at Stratteforde-atte-Bowe; one conducted by English ladies in the Champs Elysées, Paris; and one for

clergymen's daughters. Comparing my experiences with those of friends, I do not think I have given too gloomy a picture. The Schools' Inquiry Commission was amazed at the state of intellectual education, when they got a glimpse of it twenty-five years ago. Let me quote from the report.

"The Commissioners are by turns amused, annoyed, and indignant at these 'miserable catechisms'; 'lamentable catechisms.'" "The noxious brood of catechisms, *Mangnall's Questions*," exclaims Mr. Bryce, "which has become a by-word of scorn among enlightened teachers, is still used as a text-book, perhaps in nearly one-half of the Lancashire schools." These books teach facts, "such facts, for example, as the number of houses burnt in the Fire of London, which I remember to have heard a school-mistress ask; such facts could be of no manner of use if they were kept in memory." This knowledge "is fragmentary, being multifarious and disconnected, being known not scientifically as a subject, but merely as so much 'information,' and hence, like a wall of stones without mortar, it readily falls to pieces." Mr. Fitch writes—"I have seen girls learning by heart the terminology of the Linnæan system, to whom the very elements of vegetable physiology were unknown. Some learn from a catechism the meaning of such words as *divisibility*, *inertia*, who know nothing of the physical facts of which these words are the representatives." So curious do the contents of *Mangnall* appear to Mr. Hammond that he gives an analysis of it.

Æsthetic culture was specially defective. The love of the beautiful, which we cultivate so much by poetry, by music, and by painting, was left almost wholly undeveloped. Something was done to spoil the taste for poetry by means of doggerel verses. I give specimens—

"Once Emperor Augustus by all was held dear,
But his step-son Tiberius caused misery's tear.
Nero played on the *lyre* causing Christians to rue,
And the head of old Galba on spear rose to view."

The Italicized words gave the dates.

"In the midst of our system the sun takes his place,
And brilliantly shines through the regions of space;
He illumines the planets, and by his attraction
Preserves all their movements in regular action."

Drawing consisted in copying the master's productions, or poor pictures, mostly with pencil or chalk. There was little or no perspective teaching. Music pupils learned to play exercises and pieces, without studying of harmony, the theory of sound, or the physiology of voice production.

Even in the most expensive schools the surroundings were meagre and bare. The arrangements for health would surprise people now. Double beds were not infrequent, and many girls slept in the same room, with no arrangement for even curtaining off. Few schools had bath-rooms; outdoor games were almost unknown, or were childish, such as Tom Tidler, or Puss in the Corner; and the regular walk in procession was all the exercise.

We suffered a good deal from the monotony of our life. The learning of epitomes, the parsing, French Grammar, &c., were dull, so interest was kept up by taking places, by a system of marks and periodical examinations. These examinations were mere repetitions of things learned; *e. g.* chapters in the Bible, lines of poetry, &c.; the number of "misses" was marked, and prizes given for the amount said. Some girls, wearied by the dullness, relieved the monotony of their lives by breaches of rules—to get into a scrape, or to have a good scolding from a favourite teacher was a pleasing diversion. I knew a girl who refused to do a sum, because she liked being put into a room by herself, and occasionally visited and lectured. The life was too conventual, and too wanting in healthy interests, and evils which must always arise when a house is left empty, swept, and garnished, did sometimes occur; evils which a healthy interest in work, plenty of exercise, a more open-air life, have made almost unknown amongst our girls. All the teaching nearly was given by resident teachers; lectures were sometimes delivered by men of very narrow education and inferior social position. The clergyman might take Bible classes; and I trace much of what has been called the clergyolatry in girls' schools to the fact that the clergyman was the only cultivated gentleman with whom we came in contact.

On the other hand, girls were more content to lead a quiet, uneventful life at home; the restlessness and hurry of to-day would have taken away the breath of our old school-mistress. We read a few books steadily and thoroughly; favourite books, again and again.

Strangest of all, in these days of Kindergartens,

it is to compare the books of to-day with those given to little children then—the system seems to have been simply ascetic, one of suppression and punishment and scolding.

I have some children's books by Miss Dorothy Kilner, about 1780, a century old. [p. 14] Here is a

MISS BETSY HIGGINS.

picture of Miss Betsy Higgins, aged six, who "held up her head and turned out her toes, and was so clever and agreeable, that everybody was fond of her." "She never forgot to say Madam, or Sir, . . . so that people used to call her the good Miss Higgins."

[p. 23] Here is a picture of Tommy Piper, who screamed like a pig, saying, "I will not be washed;"

TOMMY PIPER.

but Mr. Makegood was going by, and desired to have Tommy brought to him. So Tommy is brought down without clothes, and we see "Mr. Makegood in the garden," in cocked hat and laced waistcoat, washing Tommy in the water-butt. "And then he began to beat him while he was naked, and said, If you will not be dressed, I shall beat you all the time you are without

clothes." "He had a great rod in his hand, which hurt Tommy sadly."

[p. 34] Here is a picture of George Truman, whose "papa and mamma did not choose that he should eat cakes or butter." Master Puny asked him if he would not eat some. George said, "I

mind that, but put her in the pig-sty. So all greedy children must be treated, and so must you, if you behave like her. Pray remember never to eat all yourself, or want to have your sister's victuals."

We hear of Sally Trip, who was "whipped a great deal, and had her mouth tied up, that she could not tell fibs," and was turned out of the house and made to stay in the cold all day; of Mary who tore a fan, and was "shaken a great deal and put in the corner."

The history of Tommy, "son and heir of Sir Thomas Playlove, Knight," must be read through to be appreciated: he excels even the "terrible infant" in his precocious wickedness. "Having learned to tell fibs as soon as he could speak, he stretched out his arms to mamma, crying, 'Tommy has beat me,' upon which Lady Playlove turns Tommy out of doors. He is finally reformed by Jacky Lovebook.

It may be that children are too much indulged now, but we are all agreed that much sunshine is needed for the healthy development of the children, and that love must be the atmosphere in which they live.

Changes have come about in education similar to those which have taken place in medical practice. Formerly the theory was that we were to get rid of what is bad, rather than to make the bad good. Purging and blood-letting and amputations were once frequent; and, as we see in the books I have quoted, punishments and restraints, intended to suppress evil inclinations, were more thought of than the development of the good. Now the bodily and mental diet is more tonic, and we brace the energies by healthy exercise. Doubtless the change in material conditions has contributed to alter our ideas. Without these, our schools with their stimulating life could not have come into being; but unless there had been a change in people's ideas about the end of education, they would still have existed only in the region of possibilities. It is difficult to say which is cause, which effect. I shall treat of modern schools in my next article.

GEORGE TRUMAN.

thank you, I never eat cake or butter; I will have a piece of dry bread, if you please."

[p. 46] Here is Miss Mary Ann Selfish, "who filled her mouth so frightfully full, you can't think how ugly she looked, and after she had eaten a great deal of pudding, or a whole orange or apple, she wanted some of her sister's, and used to ask for

MISS MARY ANN SELFISH.

more. So her mamma said, 'Mary Ann, if you will be so like a hog, you shall go and live with the pigs.' Mary Ann began to cry, but her mamma did not

A MATTER OF TASTE.

(A Cabinet Study.)

J. Anstey

PART I.

IT is perhaps a little singular that, upon an engagement becoming known, and being discussed by the friends and acquaintances of the persons principally concerned, by far the most usual tone of comment should be a sorrowing wonder. That particular alliance is generally the very last that anybody ever expected; "what made him choose *her* of all people?" and "what on earth she could see in *him*?" are declared insoluble problems. It is confidently predicted that the engagement will never come to anything; or that, if such a marriage ever does take place, it is most unlikely to prove a success. Sometimes, in the case of female friends, this tone is even perceptible under their warmest felicitations, and through the smiling mask of compliment shine eyes moist with compassion of the most irritating quality. "So glad! so delighted! but why—*why* didn't you consult *me*?"—this complicated expression might be rendered—"I could have saved you from this—I *was* so pleased to hear of it!"

And yet, in the majority of cases, these unions are not found to turn out so very badly after all, and the misguided couple seem really to have gauged their own hearts, and their possibilities of happiness together, more accurately than the most clear-sighted of their acquaintances.

The announcement that Miss Ella Hylton had accepted Mr. George Chapman provoked the customary sensation and surprise in their respective sets, and perhaps with rather more justification than usual.

Miss Hylton had undeniable beauty of a spiritual and rather *exalté* type, and was generally understood to be highly cultivated. She had spent a

year at Somerville, though she had gone down without trying for a place in either "Mods" or "Greats," thereby preserving, if not increasing, her reputation for superiority. She had lived all her life among cultured people; she was devoted to music, and regularly attended the Richter concerts, though she could seldom be induced to play in public; she had a feeling for art, though she neither painted nor drew; a love of literature strong enough to deter her from all amateur efforts in that direction. In art, music, and literature she was impatient of mediocrity; and, while she was as fond as most girls of the pleasures which upper middle-class society can offer, she revered intellect, and preferred the conversation of the plainest celebrity to the platitudes of the mere dancing-man, no matter how handsome of feature and perfect of step he might be.

George Chapman was certainly not a mere dancing-man, his waltzing being rather conscientious than dreamlike, and he was only tolerably good-looking. On the other hand, he was not celebrated in any way, and even his mother and sisters had never considered him brilliant. He had been educated at Rugby, and Trinity, Cambridge, where he rowed a fairly good oar, on principle, and took a middle second in the Moral Science Tripos. Now he was in a solicitor's office, where he was receiving a good salary, and was valued as a steady, sensible young fellow, who could be thoroughly depended upon. He was fond of his profession, and had acquired a considerable knowledge of its details; apart from it, he had no very decided tastes; he lived a quiet, regular life, and dined out and went to dances in moderation; his manner, though he was nearly twenty-six, was still rather boyishly blunt.

What there was in him that had found favour in Ella Hylton's fastidious eyes the narrator is not rash enough to attempt to particularize. But it may be suggested that the most unlikely people may possess their fairy rose and ring, which render them irresistible to at least one heart, if they only have faith to believe in, and luck to perceive their power.

So, early in the year, George had plucked up courage to propose to Miss Hylton, after meeting and secretly adoring her for some months past, and she, to the general astonishment, had accepted him.

He had a private income—not a large one—of his own, and had saved out of it. She was entitled, under her grandmother's will, to a sum which made her an heiress in a modest way, and thus there was no reason why the engagement should be a long one; and though no date had been definitely fixed for the marriage, it was understood that it should take place at some time before the end of the summer.

Soon after the engagement, however, an invalid aunt, with whom Ella had always been a great favourite, was ordered to the South of France, and implored her to go with her; to which Ella, who had a real affection for her relative, as well as a strong sense of duty, had consented.

This was a misfortune in one of two ways: it either curtailed that most necessary and most delightful period during which *fiancés* discover one another's idiosyncrasies and weaknesses, or it made it necessary to postpone the marriage.

George naturally preferred the former as the more endurable evil, but Ella's letters from abroad began to hint more and more plainly at delay. Her aunt might remain on the continent all the summer, and she could not possibly leave her; there was so much to be done after her return that could not be done in a hurry—they had not even begun to furnish the pretty little house on Campden Hill that was to be their new home; it would be better to wait till November, or even later.

The mere idea was alarming to George, and he remonstrated as far as he dared; but Ella remained firm, and he grew desperate.

He might have spared himself the trouble. About the middle of June, Ella's aunt, who of course had had to leave the Riviera, grew tired of travelling; and Ella, to George's intense satisfaction, returned to her mother's home in Linden Gardens, Notting Hill.

And now, when our story opens, George, who had managed to get away from office work two hours before his usual time, was hurrying towards Linden Gardens as fast as a hansom could take him, to see his betrothed for the first time after their long separation.

He was eager, naturally, and a little nervous. Would Ella still persist in her wish for delay? or would he be able to persuade her that there were no obstacles in the way? He felt he had strong arguments on his side, if only—and here was the real seat of his anxiety—if only her objections were not raised from some other motive! She might have been trying to prepare him for a final rupture, and then—"Well," he concluded, with his customary good sense, "no use meeting trouble half-way; in five minutes I shall know for certain."

* * * * *

At the same moment Mrs. Hylton and her daughter Flossie, a vivacious girl in the transitional sixteen-year-old stage, were in the drawing-room at Linden Gardens. It was the ordinary double drawing-room of a London house, but everything in it was beautiful and harmonious; the eye was vaguely rested by the delicate and subdued colour of walls and hangings; cabinets, antique Persian pottery, rare bits of china, all occupied the precise place in which their decorative value was most felt; it was a room, in short, marked by individuality and distinction.

Flossie was standing at the window, from which a glimpse could just be caught of fresh green foliage and the lodge-gates, with the bustle of the traffic in the High Street beyond; Mrs. Hylton was writing at a Flemish bureau in the corner.

"I suppose," said Flossie, meditatively, as she fingered a piece of old stained glass that was hanging in the window, "we shall have George here this afternoon."

Mrs. Hylton raised her head. She had a striking face, tinted a clear olive, with a high wave of silver hair crowning the forehead; her eyebrows were dark, and so were the brilliant eyes; the nose was aquiline, and the thin, well-cut mouth a little hard. She was a woman who had been much admired in her time, and who still retained a certain attraction, though some were apt to find her somewhat cold and unsympathetic. Her daughter Ella, for example, was always secretly a little in awe of her mother, who had no terrors for audacious, outspoken Flossie.

"If he comes, Flossie, he will be very welcome," she said; "but I hardly expect him yet. George is not likely to neglect his duties even for Ella."

Flossie pursed her mouth rather scornfully.

"Oh, George is immaculate!" she murmured.

"If he was, it would hardly be a reproach," said her mother, catching the word; "but, at all events, George has thoroughly good principles, and is sure to succeed in the world. I have every reason to be pleased."

"Every reason—ah, but *are* you pleased? Mother, dear, you know he's as dull as dull!"

"Ella does not find him so—and, Flossie, I don't like to hear you say such things, even in Ella's absence."

"Oh, I never abuse him to Ella—it wouldn't be any use. She's firmly convinced that he's perfection; at least she was before she went away."

"Why, do you mean that she has altered? Have you seen any sign of it, Flossie?"

Mrs. Hylton made this inquiry sharply, but not as if such a circumstance would be altogether displeasing to her.

"Oh no, only she hasn't seen him for so long, you know; perhaps, when she comes to look at him with fresh eyes, she'll notice things more. Ah, here *is* George, just getting out of a hansom—so he has played truant for once. There's one thing I *do* think Ella might do—persuade him to shave off some of those straggly whiskers. I wonder why he never seems to get a hat or anything else like other people's?"

Presently George was announced. He was slightly above middle-height, broad-shouldered, and fresh-coloured; the obnoxious whiskers did, indeed, cover more of his cheeks than modern fashion prescribes for men of his age, and had evidently never known a razor. He wore a turn-down collar, and a necktie of a rather crude red; his clothes were neat and well-brushed, but not remarkable for their cut.

"Well, my dear George," said Mrs. Hylton, "we have seen very little of you while Ella has been away."

"I know," he said awkwardly; "I've had a lot of things to look after, in one way and another."

"What! after your work at the office was over?" cried Flossie, incredulously.

"Yes, after that; it's taken up my time a good deal."

"And so you couldn't spare any to call here—I see," said Flossie. "George," she added, with a sudden diversion, "I wonder you aren't afraid of catching cold; how *can* you go about in such absurdly thin boots as those?"

"These!" he said, inspecting them doubtfully. They were strong, sensible boots, with notched and projecting soles of ponderous thickness. "Why, what's the matter with them, Flossie, eh?—don't you think they're strong enough for walking in?"

"No, George; they're the very things for an afternoon dance, and quite a lot of couples could dance in them, you see; but for walking—ah! I'm afraid you sacrifice too much to appearances."

"I don't, really," George protested, in all good faith; "now *do* I, Mrs. Hylton?"

"Flossie is making fun of you, George; you mustn't mind her impertinence."

"Oh, is that all? Do you know, I really thought for the moment that she meant they were too small for me! You like getting a rise out of me, Flossie, don't you?" and he laughed with such genuine and good-natured amusement that the young lady felt somehow a little small, and almost ashamed, although it took the form of suppressed irritation.

"He really ought not to come here in such things," she said to herself; "and I don't believe that even now he sees what I meant."

Just at this point Ella came in, with the least touch of shyness, perhaps, at meeting him before witnesses after so long an absence, but she only looked the more charming in consequence; and demure as her greeting was, her pretty eyes had a sparkle of pleasure that scattered all George Chapman's fears to the winds. Even Flossie felt instinctively that straggly-whiskered, red-necktied, thick-booted George had lost none of his divinity for Ella.

They did not seem to have much to say to one another, notwithstanding; possibly because Ella was called upon to dispense the tea which had just been brought in. George sat nursing the hat which Flossie found so objectionable, while he balanced a tea-cup with the anxious eye of a juggler out of practice, and the conversation flagged. At last, under pretence of renewing his tea, most of which he had squandered on a Persian rug, he crossed to Ella.

"I say," he suggested, "don't you think you could come out for a little while? I've such a lot

to tell you, and—and I want you to go somewhere with me."

Mrs. Hylton made no objection, beyond stipulating that Ella must not be allowed to tire herself after her journey; and so a few minutes later Miss Hylton came down in her pretty summer hat and light jacket, and she and George were allowed to set out.

Once outside the house, he drew a long breath of mingled relief and pleasure.

"By Jove, Ella, I am glad to get you back again! I say, how jolly you do look in that hat! Now, do you know where I'm going to take you?"

"It will be quietest in the Gardens," said Ella.

"Ah, but that's not where you're going now," he said, with a delicious assumption of authority; "you're coming with me to see a certain house on Campden Hill you may have heard of."

"That will be delightful—I do want to see our dear little house again very much. And, George, we will go carefully over all the rooms, and settle what can be done with each of them—then we can begin directly, we haven't too much time."

"Perhaps," he said with a conscious laugh, "it won't take so much time as you think."

"Oh, but it *must*—to do it properly. And while I've been away, I've had some splendid ideas for some of the rooms. I've planned them out so beautifully. You know that delightful little room at the back?—the one I said should be your own den, with the windows all festooned with creepers, and looking out on the garden; well—"

"Take my advice," he said, "and don't make any plans till you see it. And as for plans, those furnishing fellows do all that—they don't care to be bothered with plans."

"They will have to carry out ours, though. I shall love settling how it is all to be—it will be such fun."

"You wouldn't call it fun if you knew what it was like, I can tell you."

"But I *do* know. Mother and I re-arranged most of the rooms at home only last year—so you see I have some experience. And what experience can *you* have had, if you please?"

Ella had a mental vision, as she spoke, of the house in Dawson Place where George lived with his mother and sisters—a house in which furniture and everything else were commonplace and *bourgeois* to the last degree, and where nothing could have been altered since his boyhood; indeed she had

often secretly pitied him for having to live in such surroundings, and admired the filial patience that had made him endure them so long.

"I've had my share, Ella, and I should be very sorry for you to have all the worry and bother I've been through over it!"

"But when, George? how? I don't understand."

"Ah, that's my secret," he said, provokingly; "and you know, Ella, if we began furnishing now, it would take no end of a time, with all these wonderful plans of yours, and—and I couldn't stand having to wait till next November for you—I couldn't do it!"

"Mother thinks the marriage need not be put off now," said Ella simply, "and we shall have six weeks till then; the house can be quite ready for us by the time we want it."

"Six weeks!" he said impatiently, "what's six weeks? You've no idea what these chaps are, Ella! And then there are all your own things to get, and they would take up most of your time. No, we should have had to put it off, whatever you may say. And that would mean another separation—for of course you would go away in August, and I should have to stay in town; the office wouldn't give me my fortnight twice over—honeymoon or no honeymoon."

Ella looked completely puzzled. "But what are you trying to prove *now*, George?"

"I was only showing you that, even though you have come back earlier, we couldn't possibly have got ready in time, if I hadn't—" But here he stopped. "No, I want that to be a surprise to you, Ella; you'll see presently," he added.

Ella's delicate eyebrows contracted.

"I like to be prepared for my surprises, please, George. Tell me now."

They had turned up one of the quiet streets leading to the hill; they were so near the house that George thought he might abandon further mystery, not to mention that he was only too anxious to reveal his secret.

"Well, then, Ella, if you must have it," he said triumphantly, "the house is very nearly ready *now*. What do you think of that?"

"Do you mean that—that it is furnished, George?"

"Papered, painted, decorated, furnished—everything, from top to bottom! I thought that would surprise you, Ella!"

"I think," she answered slowly, "you might have told me you were doing it."

"What, before it was all done? That would have spoilt it all, dear. I should have written, though, if you hadn't been coming home so soon. And now it's finished, I must say it looks uncommonly jolly. I'm sure you'll be pleased with it—it looks quite a different place."

She tried to smile.

"And did you do it all yourself, George?"

"Well, no, not exactly. I flatter myself I know how to see that the work's properly done, and all that, but there are some things I don't pretend to be much of a hand at, so I got certain ladies to give me some wrinkles."

Ella felt relieved. She was disappointed, it is true—hurt, even, at having been deprived of any voice in the matter. She had been looking forward so much to carrying out her pet schemes, to enjoying her friends' admiration of the wonders wrought by her artistic invention. And she had never thought of George, somehow, as likely to have any strikingly original ideas on the subject of decoration, although she liked him none the less for that.

But it was something that he had had the good sense to take her mother and Flossie into his confidence; she knew she could trust them to preserve him from any serious mistakes.

"You see," said George, half apologetically, "I would ever so much rather have waited till you came back, only I couldn't tell when that would be. I really couldn't help myself. You're sure you don't mind about it? If you only knew how I worked over it, rushing about from one place to another as soon as I could get away from the office, picking up bits of furniture here and there, standing over those beggars of painters and keeping 'em at it, and working out estimates, and seeing foremen and managers and all kinds of chaps. I used to get home dead tired of an evening, but I didn't mind that; I felt it was all bringing you nearer to me, darling, and that made everything a pleasure."

There was such honest affection in his look and voice, he had so evidently intended to please her, and had been in such manifest dread of any further separation from her, that she was completely disarmed.

"Dear George," she said gently, "I am so sorry

you took all the trouble on yourself; it was very, very good of you to care so much, and I know I shall be delighted with the house."

"Well," said George, "I'm not much afraid about that, because I expect our tastes are pretty much the same in most things."

They were by this time at the house, and George, after a little fumbling with his as yet unfamiliar latch-key, threw open the door with a flourish, and said—

"There you are, little woman! Walk in, and you'll see what you shall see!"

No sooner was Ella inside the hall than her heart sank.

"Looks neat and nice, doesn't it?" said George, cheerfully. "You'd almost take that paper for real marble, wouldn't you? See how well they've done those veins. I like this yellowish colour better than green, don't you? It looks so cool in summer. That's a good strong hall-lamp—not what you call High Art, exactly—but gives a rattling good light, and that's the main thing. Here, I'll light it up for you. Confound it! They haven't turned the gas on yet—however, there's too much sunshine for it to show if they had. This linoleum is a capital thing—you might scrub as long as you liked and you'd never get *that* pattern out!"

"No," Ella agreed, with a tragic little smile; "it—it looks as if it would last."

"Last? I should think so! And *here's* a hat-stand—you could almost swear it was carved wood of some sort, but it is only cast-iron painted; indestructible, you see. They told me it was the latest design—wonderful how cheaply they turn them out, isn't it?"

"I thought you said you were helped?"

"Oh, I didn't want any help *here*—this is only the passage, you know!"

Yes, it was only the passage—and yet she had been picturing such a charming entrance, with a draped arch, a graceful lamp, a fresh bright paper, a small buffet of genuine old oak, and so on. She suppressed a sigh as she passed on. After all, so long as the rooms themselves were all right, it did not so very much matter—and she knew that her mother's taste could be trusted.

But on the threshold of the dining-room she stopped aghast.

(To be continued.)

HIS LITTLE SHOES.

SUNSET dies upon the hill,
 Evening grows to gray ;
 The old house seems sad and still,
 Void of merry play !
 There's no bounce of top or ball,
 Tramp of childish feet ;
 There's no laughter in the hall,—
 There's no kiss to greet ;
 Night broods down upon the lea,
 As I sit and muse,
 O'er these treasures on my knee—
 His two little shoes !

*Two little shoes worn out with play,
 Treasured many a weary day,
 With rose-leaves all about them ;
 Since two little feet, all white and bare,
 Went pattering up the golden stair
 Of God's High Heaven without them !*

Elfin shoes that tripped so light
 On the nursery floor,—
 Dainty shoes once new and bright—
 Dancing days are o'er !
 Wilful shoes that aye and aye
 Strayed in paths forbid ;
 Faded are your bowlets gay,
 Worn your toes of kid ;
 Restless shoes that e'er would go
 Whither mischief led ;
 Tears have marred your colours so,—
 Tears that I have shed !

*Two little shoes worn out with play,
 Treasured many a lonely day,
 With rose-leaves all about them !
 Since two little feet, all white and bare,
 Went pattering up the golden stair
 Of God's High Heaven without them !*

Little shoes, if little feet,
 Grown to manly size,
 Had from peaceful paths and sweet
 Strayed beneath my eyes ;
 Speeding on through brake and briar,
 Led by errant flame—
 Ever deeper in the mire
 Sinking, down to shame !
 Ah ! though I at times may rave,
 Sick with empty pain,
 It was best that He who gave
 Took my joy again !

*Two little shoes worn out with play,
 Treasured many and many a day !
 That dawning soon may greet me ;
 When two little feet, all white and bare,
 Come pattering down the golden stair
 Of God's High Heaven to meet me !*

CLO GRAVES.

x

*"Bright-eyed Fancy, hovering o'er,
Scatters from her pictured urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn."*

ATALANTA SCHOLARSHIP & READING UNION.

ENGLISH MEN AND WOMEN OF LETTERS.

IV.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

PROF. CHURCH.

IN a paper on Charles Lamb which I had the pleasure of writing now nearly two years ago for the "Atalanta Reading Union," I contrasted Lamb's humour with Addison's. It was, I pointed out, eminently personal. We can read the man's life in it, his friendships, his family history, his love, even his sorrows, for the connection between sorrow and humour is often curiously close. Addison's humour, on the contrary, seems to be quite remote from what his biographers have to tell us about him—one might say more than "remote." There seems something like an absolute opposition between the quiet fun of the "short-

faced" gentleman who plays the part of the *Spectator* in the famous Club, and the dignified, almost pompous personage who was Secretary of State, and wrote the tragedy of *Cato*. Of course it must be remembered that Addison's biographers know very little about anything beyond the outside events of his life. Not a single *bon-mot*, as far as I am aware, has been recorded of a humorist who makes his readers of to-day laugh as heartily as he made the readers of nearly two centuries ago. It is true that most table-talk is forgotten. Johnson indeed lives in the pages of Boswell far more really than in any of his own writings, but there has never been but one Boswell in the world. Still there is an almost singular lack of anything that would help us to realize the actual man who lived under the formal exterior of Joseph Addison. We know that he was fond of society, and Pope tells us

vaguely that his conversation "had something in it more charming than that of any other man." Steele admired him, and Steele was a man of wit; Swift, whose own talk was as brilliant as talk could be, found in him an equal. But we have to take their praises on trust. We see him mingling in the literary society of his time, but he is a silent figure, as silent as the taciturn personage under whose likeness he introduces himself to his readers in the first number of the *Spectator*.

So far, then, we have not got further than the negative statement, that it is impossible to connect, and even difficult to reconcile, the man's humour and the man's life. But Mr. Courthope, in his admirable monograph of Addison in the series of *English Men of Letters*,¹ suggests, and that also in a comparison with Lamb, a characteristic of Addison's humorous writing which takes us beyond the mere negative view of it. It is the writing, he says, of a moralist, of a satirist; it expresses, as it helped to form, a public opinion which was in favour of order and decency and virtue. Addison "flourished," as the phrase is, when the license of the Restoration, itself a reaction against Puritan severity, had profoundly affected English society. He set himself against it; and he did his work, not by the savage invective which sometimes does scarcely less harm than the evil at which it is launched, but by a delicate banter which with supreme tact turns the laugh against folly and vice, and shows the attractive picture of a gaiety wholly guiltless of offence against purity and piety.

With this view of his function as a man of letters, the story of his blameless life fits in with an admirable exactness. Little need be said of his early days. He was the son of a country clergyman, a man of some literary ability, who was afterwards promoted to a deanery, and might have risen to a bishopric, but that his legitimist principles were no longer in favour after the Revolution of 1688. He was educated, not to speak of some minor schools, at the Charterhouse, and from the Charterhouse he went, being still but fifteen years of age, to Queen's College, Oxford. The lad had inherited his father's literary gift, but not his politics, for we find him writing a Latin poem in honour of the coronation of King William. The poem was so good that it obtained for him a demyship² at Magdalen College. He was then seventeen; eight years afterwards he succeeded to a fellowship. This he retained for

thirteen years, but he ceased to reside in 1699. Oxford in those days could not be called except by courtesy a home of learning. But among the few genuine students who kept up the traditions of the university, Addison was to be counted. He studied and he wrote. Dryden associated him with himself in the work of making translations from the classics, a work then regarded with high favour by the reading public. He gained special distinction by his Latin verses, almost the only form of scholarship which was then cultivated in Oxford with success.

In these days, when Latin versification can scarcely hold its place even as an exercise for school-boys, it is almost amazing to be told that some lines on the Peace of Ryswick introduced the young fellow of Magdalen to powerful friends who charged themselves with the care of his future career. Not less surprising to a generation which satisfies the claims of literature on the public purse with a miserable dole of a few hundreds,³ is it to read that in 1699 the Crown, on the petition of two ministers, gave Addison a pension of £300 per annum, that he might improve himself by travel. In travel he spent four years, spent them industriously and blamelessly, devoting, for instance, a whole twelve-month to better himself in French at Tours, a place which then, as now, enjoyed the reputation of speaking the language in its purest form. In 1703 he returned to England, and in the following year—we are still followed by these surprising contrasts—was asked by the Government of the day to celebrate in verse Marlborough's great victory of Blenheim. The Chancellor of the Exchequer in person sought him out in his garret, and purchased the services of his muse by the offer of a post in the Excise. The word "purchased," however, must not be taken to imply venality, for the poet, as a convinced Whig, was glad to celebrate the glories of the great Whig hero. The *Campaign*, in which the praises of Marlborough were sung, has practically disappeared from English poetry. But contemporaries admired it, especially if they were of the Whig persuasion in politics. One of its merits was said to be its reality. Poets were accustomed to attribute to their heroes the same personal prowess which Homer celebrates in Achilles. A commander who probably never drew his sword from the beginning of the day to the end was praised for slaying hundreds of the foe. Addison felt that it was

¹ Macmillan and Co.

² A "demy" is a scholar, so called because he received half commons.

³ The sum of £1200 a year is given annually in pensions for the reward of service in literature, science, art, and other vocations of civil life.

more to the point to celebrate the presence of mind and the generalship of the conqueror. The most famous passage in the poem is the following—

"'Twas there great Marlborough's mighty soul was proved,
That in the shock of charging hosts unmoved,
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
Examined all the dreadful scenes of war;
In peaceful thought the field of death surveyed,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
Inspired repulsed battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage."

These are fine couplets, though the last line is better Latin than it is English.

The *Campaign*, which would now be thought well paid by a letter of thanks, obtained for its author the Under-Secretaryship of State, an office which he lost on the resignation of his patron in 1708, only to receive the more lucrative post of Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. His chief was an able man, but without public or private principle; Addison's integrity and virtue were never questioned. Unless Swift's words about him, that "if he had a mind to be chosen king he would hardly be refused," are a gross exaggeration, he must have secured a popularity which has not fallen to the lot of his successors in the office. In 1710 the Whig ministers fell, and Addison retired for a time from political life. To this change we owe the *Spectator*.

Addison had given some help to Richard Steele, a school and college friend, in the publication of the *Tatler*, a paper which was issued for the first time on April 12th, 1709, and for the last on January 2nd, 1711.¹ Its place was filled on the 1st of March following by the new venture of the *Spectator*. Addison wrote the first and the second numbers, and he contributed about three-sevenths of the whole (274 papers out of 635), Steele writing nearly as much. The two first numbers describe the "Club," and so furnish what may be called the machinery of the whole—a country gentleman, a lawyer, a merchant, a clergyman, a soldier, a man of fashion, and finally the "Spectator" himself. These are supposed to meet together in town. They write nothing, it is true, beyond a few letters, the chief of them, Sir Roger de Coverley, not even doing that; and two at least of them, the clergyman and the lawyer, are mere shadows, but the interest which they are supposed to take in the topics of the day, social, political, and literary, gives a certain life as well as a certain unity to the whole. His plan is said

by Tickell, who was doubtless well informed, to have been invented by Addison "in concert with Sir Richard Steele," Addison doubtless deserving the larger share of the credit, as it was he who was charged with introducing the characters to the public.

Sir Roger de Coverley is, as has been said, the chief character of the Club, and he is Addison's masterpiece; a "full-length portrait of an English country gentleman," as Mr. T. Arnold² puts it, "generous, ignorant, loyal, patriotic, and prejudiced." Every one of these traits is given with the happiest touch. There is satire in it, but never was satire lighter, more delicate, more kindly. The art by which the respect, it may be said the love which we feel for him, is made to heighten our sense of the limitations of his knowledge, and the weakness of his judgment, is perfect in its way.

Sir Roger is Addison's creation, but Steele would have a hand in drawing the picture, and this interference had a result which is eminently characteristic of the severe moralist. A paper appeared which seemed to involve the good knight in a not altogether reputable adventure. Addison was so distressed that he took a summary way of preventing such scandals for the future. Sir Roger dies of a fever. It was better that he should cease to live than that he should be disfigured by the touch of coarser hands.

Addison's humour as shown in his *Spectator* papers is, as has been said, for the most part of the serious kind; that is to say, it has a purpose. Where most trivial it is on the side of virtue and against vice. But sometimes the humorist proper, if the expression may be allowed, comes out. The purpose is laid aside, and we have fun pure and simple. These papers are particularly delightful. The antediluvian love-story, the courtship of Hilpa and Shallum, is a specimen of this kind of writing. The fun is not, it is true, of a very varied kind. It consists of little but amusing exaggerations of time, but it is very effective. Hilpa receives the addresses of several lovers when "she is but a girl of three score and ten years of age." Her courtship is hurried over in thirty years; her first husband comes to an untimely end in his 250th year; she receives a *billet-doux* from Shallum, an old lover, after the ten years during which it was considered decent for a widow not to see a man, and

¹ This would be more accurately written 1710-11, for the civil year then ended in March; but the year was 1711 in our reckoning.

² Addison: *Selection from Addison's Papers contributed to the Spectator*. Edited by Thomas Arnold, M.A. (The Clarendon Press.)

replies to it in less than a twelvemonth, and finally promises to give a definite answer within fifty years. In the end, after a quarrel which lasts for "a whole revolution of Saturn," the lovers are united.

Something has been already said of Addison as a poet, and to this little need be added. His paraphrase of the twenty-third Psalm may still be found in some collections of hymns. The verse is smooth enough, but it is about as remote from the original as it could well be. "He shall feed me in a green pasture; and lead me forth beside the waters of comfort," can scarcely be recognized in these highly artificial verses.

"To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow."

Another specimen of his muse still survives in books of poetry, under the title of *Cato's Soliloquy*. It begins—

"It must be so: Plato, thou reasonest well."

This is a piece which our grandfathers and grandmothers used to learn by heart. Possibly some of their descendants may have made acquaintance with it in the same way; but it would be safe to say that not ten people in England have read through the drama from which the passage is extracted; and yet *Cato* was one of the most famous plays of its time. It was acted for the first time on April 30th, 1713, and it ran for thirty-five nights, an unprecedented period in those days, though insignificant in comparison with the gigantic "runs" at the present time. The fact was that the drama hit with singular good fortune the political situation of the day. Both Whigs and Tories claimed to be champions of liberty, and *Cato* was appropriated by both as a hero who had died for it. But the adverse critics, who even then declared that its success was more political than poetical, were doubtless in the right. It has fine passages. I shall follow Mr. Courthope in quoting what is probably the best of them. Juba is speaking in praise of barbarian virtue.

"Believe me, prince, there's not an African
That traverses our vast Numidian deserts
In quest of prey, and lives upon his bow,
But better practises these boasted virtues.
Coarse are his meals, the fortune of the chase,
Amidst the running streams he slakes his thirst,
Toils all the day, and at the approach of night
On the first friendly bank he throws him down,
Or rests his head upon a rock till morn;

Then rises fresh, pursues his wonted game,
And if the following day he chance to find
A new repast, or an untasted spring,
Blesses his stars, and thinks it luxury."

But, on the whole, it is indifferent as a poem, and worse than indifferent as a drama.

The services which Addison rendered to English literature in the capacity of critic deserve notice. They are considerable, for he did much to reform the corrupt taste of his time. Nevertheless his merits in this respect are relative rather than positive. He taught, for instance, his generation to see beauties in Milton which it had not before suspected; yet his papers on Milton in the *Spectator* are not by any means satisfying. His literary judgment had been greatly matured from the very crude work which we see in his early *Account of the English Poets*, but there is little or nothing which the reader of to-day can learn from him.

What remains to be told of Addison's life will require but little space. The Tories fell from power when Queen Anne died, and he returned to political life. For a few months he held his old office of Chief Secretary for Ireland. He rendered his party good service by publishing the *Freeholder*, "the avowed object of which," to use Mr. Courthope's words, "was to prove the superiority of the Whig over the Tory theory of the Constitution." It was in reward for this that he was made one of the Commissioners for Trade and Colonies; and, in April 1717, one of the Secretaries of State. This was the climax of his fortune. Indeed, it was the very highest success that has ever been gained in this country by purely literary merit. Addison had no powerful family connections, and he had no gift of speech—during his brief Parliamentary life he was absolutely silent—but he had his pen, and his pen earned for him one of the great prizes of public life. He resigned his office in March 1718, under the compulsion of ill-health, and died about fourteen months afterwards. He was but little more than forty-seven. He had married, about two years before, the Dowager Countess of Warwick, and left by her a daughter, who died less than a century ago. His last, indeed it may almost be said his only recorded utterance, fits so well the story of his life that it must not be omitted. He sent for his step-son, the young Earl of Warwick, and said to him, "See in what peace a Christian can die." So passed away the most blameless of English writers.

SCHOLARSHIP COMPETITION QUESTIONS.

What has the Spectator to remark concerning—(a) The ladies of his own age ; (b) True and false wit ; or, (c) Taste in Literature.

WORK CHOSEN.—*Selections from the 'Spectator.'* (Clarendon Press Series.)

Essays must be sent in by January 25. Only one question should be answered. Papers must contain not more than 500 words, and should be addressed to the Superintendent R. U.

WORK SELECTED FOR FEBRUARY.—*Evelina*, by Madame D'Arblay. (George Bell.)

SEARCH QUESTIONS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

I.

What were Mr. Rushworth's views with regard to acting?

II.

Give the names of the places where the following people lived—Mr. Squeers, Pomona, Margaret Ibbotson, the Braughtons, Die Vernon.

III.

What was the colour of the horse ridden by the Red-Crosse Knight?

IV.

Mention the author and work from which the following are taken—

- (1) "God made the country, and man made the town."
- (2) "Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight?"
- (3) "The glory that was Greece,
And the grandeur that was Rome."

V.

What were the seven fears in the dream-vision of King Suddhōdana?

VI.

Quote the two lines of verse distinguished by Macaulay as being "the worst similitude in the world."

All readers of *Atalanta* may send in Answers to the above. Reply papers should be addressed to the Superintendent R. U., and must be received not later than January 15th. Prizes of Two Guineas and One Guinea are awarded half-yearly to competitors gaining the highest number of marks.

VII.

What bells bore the legend—"God us ayde!"?

VIII.

In what books do the following characters appear—Gifted Hopkins, Imlac, Nurse Bundle, Isidor, Edie Ochiltree, Elsley Vavasour, Dolly Winthrop, Euphra Cameron?

IX.

To whom do the following lines refer, and from where are they taken?

- (1) "The Pilgrim of Eternity, whose fame
Over his living head like Heaven is bent,
An early but enduring monument."
- (2) "From her wilds Ierne sent
The sweetest lyrist of her saddest wrong."
- (3) "A pard-like Spirit, beautiful and swift—
A love in desolation masked—a Power
Girt round with weakness."
- (4) "Athwart what brow is that dark mantle thrown?
If it be he who, gentlest of the wise,
Taught, soothed, loved, honoured the departed
one,
Let me not vex with inharmonious sighs,
The silence of that heart's accepted sacrifice."

ANSWERS TO SEARCH QUESTIONS (DECEMBER).

I.

Earl Haldan's Daughter. [*Kingsley's Poems.*]

II.

"Crabs' tails!" repeated Grizzy, in astonishment, "I don't think ever I tasted them. Indeed, I don't think our crabs have tails; but I'm very fond of crabs' claws when there's anything in them." [Miss Ferrier's *Marriage.*]

III.

The Jumblies. [Edward Lear's *Nonsense Stories.*]

IV.

Herminius [Macaulay's *Lays. The Battle of Lake Regillus.*]. Florence Dombey; Ossian,—also Raphael,

in *Hypatia*; Richard III. Roland is in Browning's *How We brought the Good News.* Miss Mitford [*Our Village.*]. Mr. Rochester [*Jane Eyre.*]. Cowper; Mrs. Browning; Don Quixote.

V.

(a) The Seraph Abdiel [Milton's *Paradise Lost*].
(b) Una [Spenser's *Faerie Queene*]. (c) King Lear.
(d) Charles of Sweden [Dr. Johnson's *Vanity of Human Wishes*].

VI.

1. Samuel Lover, *Handy Andy*. 2. Charles Kingsley, *The Saint's Tragedy*. 3. Tennyson, *Sea Dreams*. 4. George Eliot, *The Spanish Gypsy*. 5. Longfellow, *The Spanish Student*. 6. Scott, *Quentin Durward*.

The Brown

Owl

*"Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice."*

Longfellow.

IT would be as well if the fact were more generally recognized that there is a dramatic element in human nature. We are all born actors. "Can you tell me your pretty name?" was asked of a maiden of three, condemned to the lonely life of an only child. "My name is Cicely, but I call myself Bully;" and it came out that the little creature was making believe to be her pet bullfinch: to-morrow she would have another rôle, and again another—

"As if her whole vocation
Were endless imitation."

We are born actors: we delight in the rudest presentations of life—the child's charade, the peasant's uncouth efforts—as Shakespeare knew when he set Bottom and his crew to play their play before a courtly audience. And—who knows?—perhaps

"God fashioned us to help each other so."

Many thoughtful persons look with anxious solicitude for the day when the histrionic Muse shall play her part as a teacher of morals to the people. But practical young persons wish to know what *they* are to do about acting; as for the morals of all the world, these are not their concern. It is, however, upon "moral tendency" that the whole question turns. Is the piece in question elevating?—you may act in it if you like. Even then, some of us may have old-fashioned scruples about maidenly delicacy and reticence, but they are old-fashioned; the time has its own code of feeling, and we older people must respect what we do not quite readily understand.

But read the words, whether of little drama or

comic opera, before you accept a rôle. If the tone is distinctly lower than your own moral tone, have nothing to do with the piece; set your face steadily against its presentation, and you will be doing your part to elevate the stage. Now it requires just a little tact, thought, and penetration to see the tendency of a piece. Goody-goody sentiment abounds; most so, we are told, in the lowest theatres; and it is not enough that some being of immaculate virtue comes off victorious against tremendous odds.

Not even the 'Brown Owl' can give a girl the wit to decide this or any other question; but that is just what every nice girl has, and all the 'Owl' would say is, "Have the courage of your opinion." Read your play carefully through, laugh at all fair fun, but if the whole style of the thing goes against the grain, withdraw. A few questions may help. Are there nice people in the piece (not the actors, but the characters), in whose company it is good and pleasant to be? Is the fun genial and kindly, like Diggory's "We always laugh at that joke!" or wholesome, like the buffoonery of Dogberry or Bottom? Is there the least *souppçon* of *mind*, the least intellectual stimulus in the dialogue or in the plot? Is the little play on the whole bright, innocent, and amusing? and is it a faithful, however humble, transcript from life? You answer, Yes—good and well. On the other hand—Is there no originality in the plot?—no play of wits in the talk? Is the humour vulgar or silly? Or is the whole level of thought and character deadlly commonplace? If this be the case, say a firm *No!* to all solicitations; you will lose tone by acting in it. Do not be deluded by the show of modesty which would begin at the very lowest rung of the ladder

in order to get up to Shakespeare at last. We do not climb by slow degrees from the 'penny dreadful' to Thackeray and George Eliot.

If a girl have a talent in this direction, she need not wrap it in a napkin. It may not always be possible to act, but it is always possible to recite. In these days of high cultivation only the musical genius will play or sing to us; but here is a golden apple which every Atalanta may have for the stooping. Put she must stop, and stoop, and pick it up. Poets may be born, but reciters are made! This beautiful gift must be laboriously acquired, but once a girl possesses it she can give unflinching pleasure at all times and seasons. No difficulty about commonplace here; the choice rests with herself; she may make her very own, and give away freely, the best that has ever been sung or said. You want to cheer the dull: turn on your springs of genial mirth! Who can resist 'John Gilpin' perfectly recited? You would refresh souls a little stained with the soil of life? You steep them in the well of

"Yon orb'd Maiden
With white-fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon;"

there is no end to the ministrations open to the girl who can recite well.

I have before me the rich and varied *repertoire* of a finished reciter. Here are embarrassing riches: between two and three hundred recitations, and many of them long enough to form the programme of an evening! *Labor omnia vincit*; an accomplishment is that which you accomplish; and whoever proposes to add his quota to the happiness of the world by means of this most graceful art, must be prepared for unflinching work. Probably only the student who has made an all-round study of many schools of thought, feeling, and expression is able to convey that delicious sense of touch with his author,—rapturous in proportion with the beauty, purity, and power of the spoken words.

But if you must labour to acquire what Milton would describe as a "happy-making" art, why profit goes hand-in-hand with pains along every step of the road. What a moral training you get, what delicacy of perception you cultivate; for the least touch of self-consciousness, the least vulgar exaggeration of sentiment, obtuseness, which misses one delicate shade of meaning, and—the illusion is

over! wandering eye and restless movement let you know that your audience are away in their own concerns,—the spell of the author is broken. Again, how fine a literary taste you acquire, what nice discernment, what a liberal education in itself is daily intercourse with the "lords of language," not in the way of random reading, but of careful, reverent study!

But to our list! Here is *Carcassonne*, Mr. Clifford Harrison's delightful rendering of the French poem, apt to unseal the springs of gentle, tender human sympathy. How you take to your heart the simple peasant who chastens his soul with wise saws because he has too great a craving to see, just once before he dies, so great a sight as the little neighbour-town of Carcassonne! And then—how pathetic is the situation! One comes to play Providence to the patient man, and takes him to see great Carcassonne; but the joy of fulfilment kills him as even his wish arrives! Who could hear *Carcassonne* without a reverent out-going of heart to all simpler souls whose lives are hemmed within narrower lines than his own?

Here is another poem, to be remarked for the pathos of the situation; it has been singled out, indeed, as amongst the two or three most pathetic in all literature—*Sohrab and Rustum*,—with the unspeakable speech between great father and noble son, while Sohrab dies slowly of the wound dealt by his father's unwitting hand. Who could hear it without a choking sense of the beauty and dignity of the tie between worthy father and worthy son? But Matthew Arnold is not for the beginner; perhaps, indeed, if the poor reciter were to be put through the examination mill, his "final" should be to render the exquisite grace of a writer whose every word is a word fitly spoken, with its due setting of apples of gold.

Then, here we have Mr. J. C. Harris, the keen and kindly American Æsop, who, in Mr. Tarrypin, Mr. Jack Sparrow, Mr. Rabbit, and the rest, takes the veil off poor pathetic human nature, and makes you laugh through tears.

There is Lytton's *Lord Ronald's Bride*, which has all the weirdness of *Christabel*, if not all its delicious cadences, and Robert Buchanan's *Phil Blood's Leap*, which should be a *tour de force* for the reciter,—one of those rare bits of writing which makes the whole world kin. And this reminds one to look for another fragment, which has the

same fine quality—Colonel Newcome in the Charter-house Chapel.

The delicate French of Beranger is represented by *Le Juif Errant*, *L'Apôtre*, *Tristesses et Sourires*, &c. By the way, do we owe anything of the French precision of Mr. Matthew Arnold's English to his studies of Beranger? Guy de Maupassant affords *Deux Amis*, *La Ficelle*, *Le Loup*; from Zschokke we have *Die Walpurgis Nacht*, and much else. That Shakespeare, Tennyson, Browning, Ruskin, Lamb, and a host more of our classical writers, are laid heavily under contribution, goes without saying. But space will allow us to do no more than indicate very slightly some few of the characters which might decide a reciter to take up a "piece" for careful study.

Let me finish with a few useful hints, which I owe to the reciter whose list we have been scanning.¹

I put down some hints which I should give. They are merely matters of opinion, and first-class reciters might object to them.

1. In learning—

- (a) Write out the piece.
- (b) Get general idea by learning the easy parts.
- (c) Learn it bit by bit.
- (d) Practise the telling parts by themselves.
- (e) Practise all before glass.
- (f) And before a candid friend.

2. In reading—

- (a) Know your room, and try it beforehand with a friend, getting your friend to read, and stationing yourself in all parts.
- (b) If the room is good for sound, save your voice, and speak quite naturally.
- (c) If the room is bad, speak out loudly, but quietly, *very slowly and very distinctly*.
- (d) Wait at the beginning of each piece till you get a quiet audience.
- (e) Avoid copying anything you see on the stage or in "theatricals."
- (f) Never recite Mark Twain, &c., under the impression it is comedy.
- (g) F. Stockton, and similar writers, Cable, Oliver Wendell Holmes, &c., afford most refined comedy.
- (h) *If you can* (you will only do it through hard and long practice), inhale through the nose, not through the mouth. By this

¹ Arthur Burrell, M.A., Wadham College, Oxford.

means you could go on speaking for ten hours without hurting the voice.

- (i) Take your authors in the order of difficulty, the easiest first. For example—Anstey, Stockton, Longfellow, Tennyson, J. C. Harris, Macaulay, Lamb, Rossetti, Dickens, De Quincey, Thackeray, Shakespeare, Browning.²

Charlotte M. Mason.

* * *

THIS is a book-making age. Books come and go, daily and hourly; few remain with us, that is, few become part of us, moulding our lives either to a higher or to a lower standard. The few that remain and help to raise upwards may be regarded as treasures—

"The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.

Honour to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us to our daily needs,
And by their over-flow,
Raise us from what is low!"

Ballads of the North and other Poems, by Harriet Eleanor Hamilton King (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.), is a volume of verse which may be justly classed with her former great work, *The Disciples*. Mrs. Hamilton King is a very deep thinker, her thoughts are unusual, and it may be quite possible for a superficial reader not to grasp their full significance. In *The Disciples* the main idea is a passionate sympathy for the wronged, the oppressed, the suffering. This is a chord of feeling to which all generous hearts respond; it is intensified in a great number of people by personal wrong and personal suffering.

In the present volume a deeper note has been struck. A longer experience leads the writer to the perception that a profounder pity and a more painful sympathy is due to the sinner than to the sinned against, and that theirs is a greater depth of suffering; and that their need is the more pressing and appealing. The heart rises then to a higher and more comprehensive sphere of sympathy, and one

² This paper invites discussion. All letters or remarks must reach the Editor not later than January 20 and must have the words "Brown Owl" on the cover.

perceives that to save sinners is a more divine office than even to soothe suffering. This is the predominating note of the volume, as exemplified in the poems, *Dives*, *Chatterton*, *All Souls' Day*, *The Impenitent Thief*, and especially *The Haunted Czar*, where the murdered and the murderer change places.

* * *

THE *First of June*, *The Glastonbury Thorn*, *Harebells*, and *The Crocus* are already familiar to the readers of *Atalanta*. Perhaps the idea in connection with the first of these may be best expressed in Spenser's lines—

"Sleep after toyle, port after stormie seas,
Ease after warre, death after life, does greatly
please."

They are all sung by a poet who has come very close to nature, as she herself says—

"And earth is telling her secrets,
Never shy or strange with me,
My heart beating only in silence,
One with her mystery."

* * *

THE following passage from the *Ballad of the Midnight Sun* is so exquisite that it must be quoted—

"The Summer Palace stood by night
Lit up in dazzling sheen,
The doors unfolded, and the pomp
Stirred in between;—
To a burst of royal music
Came the Queen.

Her eyes like stars of speedwell
Shone down the great saloon;
She came, and all before her
Knew it was June;
The passing of her presence
Was too soon.

The little curls around her head
Were all her crown of gold,
Her delicate arms drooped downward
In slender mould,
As white-veined leaves of lilies
Curve and fold.

All in white,—not ivory

For young bloom past away,—
Blossom-white, rose-white,
White of the May;
"Twixt white dress and white neck,
Who could say?

She moved to measure of music,
As a swan sails the stream;
Where her looks fell was summer,
When she smiled was a dream;
All faces bowing towards her
Sunflowers seem.

O the rose upon her silent mouth,
The perfect rose that lies!
O the roses red, the roses deep,
Within her cheeks that rise!
O the rose of rapture of her face
To our eyes!

The tall fair princes smile and sigh
For grace of one sweet glance,
The glittering dancers fill the floor,
The Queen leads the dance;
The dial-hands to midnight
Still advance."

* * *

TWO new volumes by Mrs. Molesworth have lately appeared. The first of these, *Neighbours* (Hatchards), has already been read with interest in this magazine. It is a very bright and graceful story, delicate in outline, and with a nice perception of the finer shades of character. The plot is never strained, and all the incidents are true to life. *The Children of the Rectory* (Macmillan and Co.) will delight all the little folk who year by year look forward to the quaint red volume with its original illustrations, supplied to them by this first of children's writers. On this occasion, however, are the illustrations as good as usual? Little Biddy is unnecessarily ugly. Mrs. Molesworth has made a life-like little personage—there must be thousands of Biddies in the world—but has Mr. Crane done her justice?

* * *

OLD COUNTRY LIFE, by the author of *Mehalah* (Methuen and Co.), is not only an interesting but ought to be a very useful book. It

gives many particulars of our old county families, the Squires and great folk who have passed away, of the country parsons who are now no more, the faithful old servants who have now ceased to exist—in short, it is a book of old times, pleasant to read, written with great vivacity and brightness, and full of reminiscences of the sort one never cares to forget. *Ballads of the Brave* (same publishers) is a collection of poems of chivalry, enterprise, courage, and constancy, from the earliest times to the present day, compiled by Frederick Langbridge. It is not too much to say that this is one of the best selections of poetry that has appeared for a long time. It will be a treasure to reciters; all boys will appreciate it.

* * *

AMONG the good books for boys may be mentioned *Jack Trevor, R.N.*, Arthur Lee Knight (F. Warne and Co.), which is both spirited and exciting; *By Pike and Dyke*, by G. W. Henty (Blackie), and *Grettir the Outlaw*, S. Baring Gould; a very bright little story about a boy called *Master Roley*, by Beatrice Harraden (same publishers), is also likely to become a favourite.

* * *

IT has occurred to me as I write these paragraphs month by month that I should like to say a word for some special favourites of my own in the book-world. In my day all girls read them; perhaps they do so still. In these times, however, when so much that is excellent appears quickly, and when the rush to keep up even with the current literature becomes greater year by year, the old thoughtful good-books which are not exactly classics, but are nearly so, may be forgotten. I should like to remind the readers of *Atalanta* that new editions of these dear old writers are always appearing. It is restful and pleasant in these terribly restless days to turn to their pages. One of the most conscientious and earnest of these authors is Miss Muloch, whose *Woman's Kingdom* is full of suggestions, of helpful thought, and all kind of good things. What a hero John Halifax used to be thought, and how keenly girls long ago sympathized with Christian in her mistakes and difficulties. There are shoals of books worth reading, but not worth buying; the lending library can supply them. But it is nice to have a volume or two of Miss

Muloch on one's own especial pet shelf. And for those who like a little deeper thought, let them try to understand some of the mysteries dipped into, talked about, but never quite explained away (for being mysteries they must remain so for ever), in that book of books, *Robert Falconer*—in my opinion Dr. George Macdonald's finest creation. Messrs. Hurst and Blackett supply dainty editions of both these authors.

* * *

A PROPOS of the *Faerie Queene*, the subject given for the Reading Union in October, the following letter has been received—

"There is a picture of the 'Cave of Despair' at Guy's Cliffe, near Warwick, which is evidently inspired by Spenser's description of the first book of the *Faerie Queene*. The expression on the faces of the victims is so forcibly painted and so horrible that it is considered neither pleasant nor even safe to hang the picture in the ordinary manner, and it is concealed behind panels, which are only opened when the spectator has been prepared for the sight to be revealed. The artist was a very young man, and it is said that the horrors of the subject worked so powerfully in his imagination that he went mad after painting it, and shortly afterwards died.

"M. A. B."

* * *

HAVE the members of the Reading Union no pity for the woes of an over-worked Superintendent? Or what is the meaning of the following lament lately received from one of their number, who signs herself 'Ululans'?

A LAMENT.

"Papers must be sent in by November 25th, and must not contain more than five hundred words."

Extract from Rules.

PAPERS must not contain above
Five hundred words. Paper and ink
Surround me as I sit and think,
Till thought inspires my pen to move.

The essay grows; its pages shine
With similes and metaphors,
Freely without a fetter soars
The eloquence of every line.

A brilliant closing peroration—
 A final flourish! Done at last!
 And on it all a look I cast
 Of mingled pride and jubilation.

I count the words Alas, indeed,
 For gems of speech and phrases dainty!
 "Five hundred words!" I murmur faintly,
 And mournfully begin to weed.

Of all its flowers and plumes bereft,
 Yet still too long! I go on clipping,
 Reluctantly each sentence stripping,
 Till nothing but the bones is left.

The ghost of what it was before,
 Shorn of its scantiest decoration—
 What caused this barbarous mutilation?—
 'Twas this—"Five hundred words: no more"!
 ULULANS.

* * *

THE following are the names of new members
 who have recently joined the *Atalanta*
 Branch of the Selborne Society—

LILLE MAINGAY,
 MARGARET GIMSON,
 ELIZA BOUCHER (MRS.),
 FLORA BAYLEY,
 MADELAINE E. DANVERS,
 JANET A. VAUGHAN,
 C. HILDA WOOD,
 ELIZABETH HART,
 HANNAH POLAND,
 ROSETTA POLAND.

* * *

A CORRESPONDENT writes as follows—
 "There has been a good deal of sympathy
 expended on the great army of the 'Unemployed,'
 but there is part of the force that, though scarcely
 recognizable as such, is slightly worthy of recog-

nition in the columns of *Atalanta*. It is composed
 of girls who 'would if they could, but for various
 reasons they cannot.' (And this quotation has no
 oracular interpretation; it refers solely to the
 question of work.)

"This army of girls has no connection with the
 girls who are training for a life work according to
 their separate gifts, or to those who, having trained,
 are learning their lives' experience as nurses, artists
 (so help them!), &c., but to those at home, who,
 having no particular gifts, waste and misuse time
 and energy through lack of concentration of
 purpose.

"Many of these girls are moderately intelligent
 and with a crude 'bias' towards culture; girls who
 spell 'work,' and 'life,' and 'knowledge,' and such
 words with capital letters ('after' Mr. Besant), and
 yet do not make themselves into the unaided
 cultivated women they strive to be.

"To come briefly to the point this 'flying
 sketch' is supposed to have—Could not *Atalanta*
 add to its other excellences by starting a 'Corre-
 spondence Class' on the same principles as the
 Reading Union (minus the scholarship), and thereby
 establish a medium that would give the emancipated
 school-girl a definite course of action to go on?
 History, languages, science, the 'unemployed' would
 gladly welcome in addition to Literature; and to
 those who cannot afford to go in for the doubtless
 excellent correspondence classes extant, the boon
 would be immense. One word of advice to the
 girls would be wanted, and that is to beware of too
 much expenditure of power on too many subjects."

* * *

There is much to recommend itself in this idea,
 although, like most good things, it is hedged in
 with difficulties. If the readers of *Atalanta* like
 to write to the 'Brown Owl' on the subject, it will
 be easier to tell how far it is likely to be generally
 popular. Such a class can only be started on a
 large scale.

L. T. Meade.

Jules Breton, Maitre

L'APPEL AU SOIR.

ATLANTA

VOL. III.

FEBRUARY, 1890.

No. 29.

SIR PLUME TO SACHARISSA: WHO IS CROSS.

THY voice it is so sweet, and let
The music and the words agree,
Lest I the meaning quite forget
In listening to the melody:
Tidings so harsh can never bear
Transmission by so soft an air.

Could I believe it were I told
That gentle Philomela sung
How that her heart as ice was cold,
And love no pity from her wrung:
Nay, I should swear my ears heard wrong
To link such words to such a song.

So, that thy servant may believe
That surely he has heard aright,
Some fitting message interweave
With tones enfraught with all delight:
Then may I take thee at thy word,
Knowing that I have rightly heard.

ELLA FULLER MAITLAND.

A ROUGH SHAKING.

George MacDonald.

XVIII.

THE BLACKSMITH AND HIS FORGE.

AT the end of the wall of the house was a rough boarded fence, in contact with the wall, and reaching, some fifty yards or so, to a hovel in which a blacksmith, of unknown antecedents, had taken possession of a forsaken forge, and did what odd jobs came in his way. The boys went along the fence till they came to the forge, where, looking in, they saw the blacksmith blowing his bellows. He did not look a desirable acquaintance to one with the instincts of Clare's birth and breeding. Tommy was less fastidious, but he felt that the scowl on the man's brow boded little friendliness. Clare, however, who hardly knew what fear was, did not hesitate to go in, for he was drawn as with a cart-ropes by the glow of the fire, and the sparks which presently began, like embodied joys, to fly merrily from the iron. Tommy followed, keeping Clare well between him and the black-browed man, raining his blows on the rosy iron in his pincers as if he hated it.

"What do you want, ragamuffins?" he cried, glancing up and seeing them approach. "This ain't a hotel."

"But it's a splendid fire," rejoined Clare, looking into his face with a wan smile, "and we're so cold!"

"What's that to me!" said the man, who, being savage about something, was ready to go contrary to anything. "I didn't make my fire to warm wretches that had better never been born!"

"No, sir," answered Clare, "but I don't think we'd better not have been born. We're cold, and nobody but Tommy knows how hungry I am; but your fire is so beautiful that, if you would let us stand beside it a minute or two, we wouldn't at all mind."

"Mind what, you little preaching humbug?"

"Mind being born, sir."

"Why do you say sir to me? Don't you see I'm a working man?"

"Yes, and that's why. I think we ought to say *sir* and *ma'am* to every one that can do something we can't do. Tommy and I can't make iron do what we please, and you can, sir! It would be a grand thing for us if we could!"

"Oh, yes, a grand thing, no doubt!—but why?"

"Because then we could get something to eat, and somewhere to lie down."

"Could you? Look at me, now! I can do the work of two men, and can't get work for half a man!"

"That's a sad pity!" said Clare. "I wish I had work! then I would bring you something to eat."

The man did not tell them why he had not work enough—that his drunkenness, and the bad ways to which it had brought him, made people avoid him.

"Who said I hadn't enough to eat? I ain't come to that yet, young 'un! What made you say that?"

"Because when I had work, I had plenty to eat; and now that I have nothing to do, I have nothing to eat.—It's well I haven't work now, though," added Clare with a sigh, "for I'm too tired to do anything. Please may I sit on this heap of ashes?"

"Sit where you like, so long as you keep out o' my way. I ain't got nothing to give you but a bar or two of iron. I'll heat one for you if you would like a bite."

"No, thank you, sir," answered Clare, with a smile; "I'm afraid it wouldn't be digestible. They say toasted cheese ain't. I wish I had a try!"

"You're a comical shaver, you are!" said the blacksmith. "You'll come to the gallows yet, if all's well! Them Sunday-schools is doin' a heap for the gallows! That ain't your brother?"

By this time Tommy had begun to feel at home with the blacksmith, from whose face the cloud had lifted a little, so that he looked less dangerous. He had edged nearer to the fire, and now stood in the light of it.

"No," answered Clare, with an odd doubtfulness in his tone. "I ought to say *yes*, for all men are brothers, but I haven't any particular one of my own."

"That ain't no pity; he'd ha' been no better than you. I have a brother I would choke any minute I got a chance."

While they talked, the blacksmith had put the iron in the fire, and again stood blowing the bellows, when his attention was caught by the gestures of the little red-eyed imp, Tommy, who was making rapid signs to him, touching his own forehead with one finger, nodding mysteriously, and pointing at Clare with the thumb of the other hand, which he held close to his side. He sought to indicate that his companion was an innocent, and he needn't mind what he said. Tommy saw in the blacksmith one of his own sort, and the blacksmith saw no reason to doubt the hint Tommy gave him. Not the less, however, was he inclined to draw out the idiot.

"Why do you let him follow you about, if he ain't your brother?" he said. "He ain't nice to look at!"

"I want to make him nice," answered Clare,—
"and then he'll be nicer to look at. You mustn't mind him, please, sir. He's a very little boy, and 'ain't been well brought up. His granny ain't a good woman—at least not very, you know, Tommy!" he added apologetically.

"She's a wicked old reprobate!" said Tommy, who recognized the tramp nature in their new acquaintance.

The man laughed.

"Ah ha! my chicken! you know a thing or two!" he said, as he took his iron from the fire, and laid it again on the anvil.

But beside the brother he would so gladly strangle, the man had had an idiot brother, whom he loved a little—and teased so much that, when he died, his conscience was moved because of it. So now he felt a little tender toward the idiot before him. He had suddenly bethought himself also that his work would soon be at a stage when the fewer the witnesses the better: he was at the moment executing a commission for certain burglars

of his acquaintance. He would do no more that night! He had money in his pocket, and he wanted a drink!

"Look here, cubs!" he said; "if you 'ain't got nowhere to go to, I don't mind if you sleep here. There ain't no bed but the bed of the forge, nor no blankets but this leather apron; you may have that, for you can't do it no sort of harm. I don't mind neither if you put a shovelful of slack and a little water now and then on the fire. It won't be anything to drink, but if you give it a blow or two with the bellows now and then, you won't be stone-dead afore mornin'! Don't be too free with the coals now, and don't set the shed on fire, or you'll take the bread out of my poor innocent mouth. Mind what I tell you and be good boys."

"Thank you, sir," said Clare. "I thought you would be kind to us! I've one friend, a bull, that's very kind to me. And so is Jonathan, the big horse. The bull's name is Nimrod. He wants to gore everybody, but he's never cross with me."

The blacksmith burst into a roar of laughter at this idiotic speech; but he covered the fire with fresh coals, threw his apron over Clare's head, and departed, locking the door of the smithy behind him.

The boys looked at each other. Neither spoke. Tommy turned to the bellows, and began to blow.

"Ain't you warm yet?" said Clare, who had seen his mother careful over the coals.

"Warm enough, but I want a blaze."

"Leave it alone. The coal is the smith's, and he told us not to waste it."

"He ain't no count!" said Tommy, as heartless as any grown man or woman set on pleasure.

"He's given us a place to be warm and sleep in! It would be a shame to do anything he didn't like. Have you no conscience, Tommy?"

"No," said Tommy, who did not know conscience from copper. The germ of it no doubt lay in the God-part of him, but it lay deep. Tommy—no worse than many a boy born of better parents—was like a hill full of precious stones, that grows nothing but ling and heather, and shoots cold sharp rocks out here and there.

"If you have no conscience," answered Clare, "one must serve for both—as far as it will reach! Leave go of that bellows, or I'll make you."

Tommy let the lever go, turned his back on

Clare, and wandered in such dudgeon as he was capable of to the other side of the shed.

"Hello!" he cried, "here's a door to the yard!—and it ain't locked; it's only bolted! Let's go and see!"

"You may if you like," answered Clare, "but if you touch anything of the blacksmith's, I'll be down on you."

"All right!" said Tommy, and went out to see if there was anything to be picked up.

Clare got up on the stone hearth of the forge, and lay down in the hot ashes, too far gone with hunger to care for clothes that were almost past caring for. He was soon fast asleep. And warmth and sleep were nearly as good for him as food.

XIX.

TOMMY RECONNOITRES.

TOMMY, outside in the moonlight, found himself in a waste place, scattered over with bits of iron, mostly old and rusty. It was not an interesting place, for it was not likely he would find there anything to eat. Yet, with the instinct of the human animal, he went shifting and prying and stealthily nosing about everywhere. Presently he heard a curious sound, which in a moment he recognized as made by a hen. More carefully now he went creeping hither and thither, feeling here and feeling there, in the hope of laying his hand on the fowl asleep. For the moment, moved by the instinct to forage and pick up, he had forgotten Clare's warning. Had it been his grandmother instead of Clare in the smithy, he would have wrung the bird's neck the moment he grasped her; but when at length he found her, with the touch of her feathers came the thought of Clare, and by this time he understood that what Clare said, Clare would do.

He had some knowledge of fowls: he had heard too much talk about them at his grandmother's not to know something of their habits; and finding she sat so still, he concluded that under her there might be eggs. To his delight it was so. The fowl belonged to a house at some distance, and had wandered from it, in obedience to the secretive instinct of animal maternity, strong in some hens, to seek a hidden shelter for her offspring. This she had found in the smith's

yard, under the mould-board of a plough that had lain there for years. Tommy slipped his hand under her, and found five eggs. In greedy haste he took them, every one, nor left the poor mother the comfort of even a nest-egg.

I must do him the justice to say, that his first impulse was to dart with them to Clare. But he had taken only one step toward him, when he remembered again what he had threatened. Nor was the execution of that threat his worst fear. With the eggs inside, he would not mind a few blows outside—not much; the unbearable thing was, that Clare would assuredly give them back to the hen. He was more of an idiot than he had told the blacksmith! Tommy was sure he was an idiot, since finding how the smith believed the assertion. He must be looked after! What was Tommy there for but to look after him! But it was no part of the business that, in looking after Clare, Tommy should neglect himself! If Clare would not eat the eggs Tommy carried him, as most certainly he would not, the best thing was for Tommy to eat them himself! What a good thing that it was no use stealing for Clare! The steal would be all for himself! Not a step from the spot did Tommy move till he had sucked out every one of the five eggs. But he was so eager that he made one mistake: he threw away the shells.

When he had exhausted them, he found himself much lighter-hearted, and less heavy-laden all over; but, alas, nearly as hungry as before! The spirit of research began again to move him: where there were eggs, what might there not be beside?

I have said that the moon was shining, and nearly at the full, so that the smith's yard was radiantly illuminated. But her light could lend little enchantment to a scene where all around was nothing visible but rusty, broken, deserted, despairful pieces of old iron. Tommy raised his eyes and looked further.

The enclosure was of small extent, bounded on one side by the garden wall of the house they had just passed, and at the bottom by a broken fence, dividing it from a piece of waste land that had probably once belonged to the house, but had last been bought for building upon, and never used. As he roamed about, Tommy spied a great heap of old iron piled up against the wall, and immediately made for it, in the hope of enlarging his horizon. He scrambled to the top, and looked

over the wall. To his horror his gaze fell right into a big water-but, full of dark water. This was the second fright of the sort he had had that evening. There was a legendary report, though he had not heard it, I fancy, that his mother drowned herself instead of him : she fell in, and he was fished out. Hence, perhaps, it was that Tommy, so far from getting down by means of the water-but, dared not cross at that point. He did, however, though with much trembling, get on the top of the wall, where he turned his back on the but, and ran along like a cat, in search of a place where he could descend into the garden. He went right to the end, round the corner, and half-way along the bottom wall before he found one. There he came to a doorway that had been solidly walled up on the outside, while the door was left on the inside in position—ready for the hour, I presume, when the chancery-case in which the house was involved should be decided—some time, possibly, in the twentieth or thirtieth century. The door was flush with the inside of the wall ; and it was therefore easy for Tommy to find, in its frame and lock and bolts, foothold enough to descend, in good confidence of being able to get up again.

He landed in a moonlit wilderness—such a wilderness as a deserted garden speedily becomes, the potent wealth in the soil converting it the sooner into a savage chaos. Full of the impulse of discovery, and the conscious importance of presenting himself to Clare as the bringer of tidings from the unknown, Tommy forced his way or crept through the overgrown bushes, until he reached a mossy rather than gravelly walk, where it was more easy to get through the still encroaching life. It led him to the house, where, had he been a boy of any imagination, he would have shuddered at the thought of attempting an entrance. To Clare, had he stood there alone, gazing at it for the first time, there would have seemed some secret between the house and the moon, which they were determined no one else should know, and because of which they had combined to terrify any one from daring to cross its threshold. The windows below were all closed in with outside shutters ; but, peeping round the corner, he saw one of them half open and swinging ; it must have swung in many a wind since the house was abandoned to the elements. The moon shone with a dull whitish gleam on the dusty windows of the first and second story, and

on the great dormer windows that shot out from the slope of the roof, but rose straight from the top of the wall. From those dormer windows she cast strange shadows on the roof. The door to the garden had had a porch of trellis-work, over which jasmine and other creeping plants were trained ; but whether anything of the porch was left, no one could have told in that thicket of creepers, interlaced and matted by antagonist forces of wind and growth : not a hint of door was visible. But Tommy took little note of anything but what might favour an entrance, for clearly there was nobody within.

He sought the window with the half-open shutter. Through the dirty glass, and the reflection of the moon from it, he could see nothing ; neither could he open the window. He went round the corner to one end of the house, and came in sight of what seemed the kitchen-door. But an enemy stepped between : the moon shone suddenly up from the ground. In a hollow of the pavement had gathered a pool from the drip of the neglected gutters, and out of its hidden depth the staring round looked at him. It was the third time Tommy's nerves had been shaken that night, and he could stand no more. At the awful vision he turned and fled, fell, and rose and fled again. It was not imagination in Tommy ; it was an undefined, inexplicable horror that must have had a cause, but could have no reason. Young as he was he had already more than once looked on the face of death, and had felt no awe ; he had listened to the grue-somest of tales, told not altogether without art, and had never moved a hair. Only one material and two spiritual things had power with him ; the one material thing was hunger, the two spiritual things were a feeble love for Clare, and a strong horror of water when anything but the shallowest, though at what degree of depth it gathered to itself a vital being, and became an individual terror, a creature from which he involuntarily recoiled, he could not have told ; that depended on conditions and circumstances. Now a new element was added to his fear, in the meddling of the moon with the fiendish mystery—the primary secret of which must, I think, have been the idea of bottomless depth she gave to the water.

He rushed down the garden ; with difficulty and frightful delay from the overgrowth, found the door prisoned in the wall, by strange reversal of use come

to serve as a ladder; reached the top of the wall; and sped along as if pursued by an incarnate dread. But as he ran, horror of horrors! the moon again all at once looked up at him from below: he was close to the big water-but! He must go right up to it, for immediately by it, on the other side of the wall, was the heap of old iron, by which alone he could get down. He tightened every nerve for the effort, assuring himself that it would be over in a moment; that the water was quite quiet, and could not move to come after him; and that presently he would be in the smithy with Clare, by the warm forge-fire. But almost right over the water-but, he had to stoop and kneel, in order to send his legs in advance down the side of the wall to the top of the iron. It was a moment in itself of little less than agony, and in that very moment, something dark, something hideous, something of inconceivable ghastliness, sprang, as it seemed to Tommy, right out of the water into the air, with an appalling unearthly cry. He tumbled from the wall among the broken iron, and there lay. The stolen eggs were avenged on Tommy's broken head. For the hen, rendered feverishly unhappy by the loss of her eggs and her hope of progeny, had gone to the but to sip a little water; and it was she that flew up with a startled screech when Tommy appeared on the wall above her, and thus unwittingly roused a greater and overmastering terror in Tommy, and became her own avenger.

XX.

TOMMY IS FOUND, AND FOUND OUT.

WHEN Clare woke from his first sleep, which he did within an hour—for he was too hungry to sleep straight on, and the door, imperfectly closed by Tommy, had come open and let in a cold wind with the moonlight—he raised himself on his elbow, and looked from his stone shelf into the dreary hut. It was some time before he could tell where he was, but when he remembered, his first thought was Tommy. He looked about for him. Tommy was nowhere. Then he saw the open door, and remembered that he had gone out. Surely it was time he had come back! Stiff and sore, he turned on his longitudinal axis, crept down from the forge, and went out shivering to look for his imp. The moon shone radiant on the rusty iron.

In the glamour of its light lay many a form suggestive of cruel torture. Clare picked his way among spikes and corners and edges, looking for Tommy, afraid to call for fear of attracting attention. He saw the hen walking about disconsolate, but she took no notice of him, neither did the sight of her suggest anything: how could he suspect her, so innocent and troubled, for the avenging genius, through whom Tommy's white face lay upturned to the white moon! He saw her egg-shells too that Tommy had cast away, each a point of whiteness in the moonshine, each a silent witness to the deed that had been done. Tommy scattered and forgot them; the moon gathered and noted them. But they told Clare nothing, either of Tommy's behaviour or of Tommy himself. At last he came to the heap of metal, and upon it lay Tommy, caught in its protruding arms. A shiver went through Clare when he saw the pallid face, and the streak of blood dark across it. He concluded that in trying to get over the wall, he had failed and fallen back. He climbed and took him in his arms. Tommy was no weight for Clare, weak with hunger as he was, to carry to the smithy. He laid him on the hearth, near the fire, and began to blow it up. The roaring of the wind in the fire did not wake him. Clare went on blowing, nor thought how near the dark edge of the coal he had laid him. The heat rose and rose, and brought him to himself at last in no comfortable condition. He opened his eyes, scrambled to his feet, and stared wildly around him.

"Where is it?" he cried.

"Where's what?" rejoined Clare, leaving the bellows, and taking a hold of him lest he should fall off.

"The head that flew out of the water-but," answered Tommy with a shudder.

"Have you lost your senses, Tommy!" remonstrated Clare. "I found you lying on a heap of old iron against the wall, with the moon shining on you."

"Yes, yes!—the moon! She jumped out of the water-but, and got a hold of me as I was getting down. I knew she would!"

"I didn't think you such a fool, Tommy!" said Clare.

"Well, you daren't go yourself! You stopped in!" cried Tommy, sorely hurt that an idiot should call him a fool.

"Come along," said Clare. "Let's see!"

Clare meant how much he was hurt; Tommy thought he meant what was in the water-but, and screamed.

"Hold your tongue, you little idiot!" cried Clare. "You'll have all the world coming after us! They'll think I'm murdering you!"

Tommy restrained himself, and gradually recovering, told Clare all he had done and seen, except in the matter of the eggs.

"What's that on your jacket—something yellow?" said Clare. "I do believe—yes, it is!—You've been eating an egg! Now I remember! I saw eggshells, more than two or three, lying about in the yard as I was looking for you!—and the poor hen walking about looking for her eggs! You little rascal! you pig of a boy! I won't thrash you, because you've fetched your own thrashing, but—I do believe it was the hen herself that frightened you! She served you right, you thief!"

"I didn't know there was any harm," returned Tommy, pretending to sob.

"Why didn't you bring me my share, then?"

"'Cos I knowed you wouldn't suck 'em. You'd 'a' made me give 'em back to the hen!"

"Yet you didn't think there was any harm, you lying little brute!"

"No, I didn't."

"Now, look here, Tommy! If you don't mind what I tell you, you and I part company. One of us two must be master, and I will, or you must tramp. Do you hear me?"

"I can't do without victuals!" whimpered Tommy. "I didn't come wi' you a-purpose to be starved to death!"

"I dare say you didn't; but when I starve, you must starve too; and when I eat you shall have the first mouthful."

"You're the strongest," said Tommy, "and I reckoned you would get things from coves we met!"

"Well, you have patience, and I'll get you all you can eat. But you must give me time. I 'ain't got work yet! Come here. Lie down close to me, and we'll go to sleep."

The urchin obeyed, pillowed his head on Clare's chest, let his heart grow, and went fast asleep.

The necessities of his position with Tommy were fast making a man of Clare.

XXI.

THE SMITH IN BAD COMPANY, THAT IS, BESIDE HIMSELF.

THEY had not slept long when they were roused by a hideous clamour and rattling at the door, and thunderous blows on the wooden sides of the shed. Clare woke first, and rubbed his eyelids, whose hinges were rusted with sleep. He was utterly perplexed with the uproar and romage. The cabin seemed enveloped in a tumult of kicks, and the air filled with howling and brawling, and threats and curses whose lack of articulation made them sound bestial. There never came pause long enough for Clare to answer that the smith had taken the key with him, and they were locked in. But when Tommy came to himself, which he generally did the instant he woke, but not so quickly this time because of his fall, he understood at once.

"It's the smith! He's roaring drunk!" he said. "Let's be off, Clare! The devil 'll be to pay when he get's in! He'll murder us in our beds!"

"We ought to let him into his own house first—if we can," replied Clare, rising and going to the door.

But it was well he found no way of opening it. Every moment almost came a kick against it that threatened to throw it from its hinges. Clare protested his inability, and the madman thought he was refusing to admit him. He went into a tenfold fury, called them hideous names, and swore he would set the shed on fire if they did not open at once. The boys shouted, but the man had no sense to listen with. He began such a furious battery, with his whole person for a ram, that Tommy made for the back door, and Clare followed. They had the wit to close it behind them ere they fled.

Tommy was in front, and led the way to the bottom of the yard, and over the fence into the waste ground, hoping to find some spot where he could mount the wall, and so avoid the water-but—with the moon in it staring out of the immensity of the lower world. He ran and doubled and spied, but could find no foothold. Least of all was ascent possible at the spot where the door stood on the other side; there the bricks were smoother than elsewhere. He turned the corner and ran up the other side, along a narrow lane, and Clare still

followed, thinking Tommy knew what he was about; but Tommy could find no hint of what he wanted. They might have fled into the fields that lay around; but the burrowing instinct was strong, and the deserted house drew them. Then Clare bethought him that Tommy had got up by the heap of old iron on which he found him lying. He faced about and ran, in his turn become leader. Tommy turned also, and followed, but with misgiving. When they reached the farther corner of the bottom wall, they stopped and peeped round before they would turn it: they might run against the blacksmith in chase of them! But there they heard the noise of his continued hammering at the door, and were relieved. They crossed the fence, and ran again, and ran faster, for every step brought them nearer now to their danger: the heap of iron lay between them and the smithy, and any moment the smith might burst in, rush through, and be out upon them.

At last they got to the heap. Clare sprang up; and Tommy, urged on the one side by the fear of the drunken smith, and drawn on the other by the fear of being abandoned by Clare, climbed shuddering after him.

"Mind the water-but, Clare!" he gasped; "and gi' me a hand up."

This, Clare had already turned on the top of the wall to do.

"Now let me go first!" said Tommy, the moment he got his foot on it. "I know how to get down."

He scudded along the wall, delighted to have Clare between him and the but. Clare followed swiftly. He was not so quick on the cat-promenade as Tommy, but he had a good head, and was afraid of being seen right up there in the moonlight.

XXII.

A WONDERFUL FIND.

IN a few moments they were safe in the thicket at the foot of what had been their enemy and was now their friend—the garden-wall. How many things there are in the world, whose other sides are altogether friendly! The question is how to get at them. But it is our own fault if we do not get over the one safe wall—that of the kingdom of heaven.

Here Tommy again took the lead, though with a

fresh sinking of the heart because of that other place with the moon in it. Tommy was always, like the greater number of men and women, most affected by what was nearest him. He forgot for the time the two other evil gins guarding the deserted house—the well and the water-but.

There stood the house, the moon looking down on its roof, and the thunder of the drunkard's blows on the door of which he had the key in his pocket, troubling her still pale light—her *moon-thinking*. "If we could only get in without doing harm!" thought Clare. Once in, they would hurt nothing, take but the shelter and rest lying there of no good to anybody, and leave them there all the same when they had done with them!

While they stood looking at the house, the thundering at the door of the smithy ceased. Presently they heard voices in altercation. One voice was that of the smith, quieter than when last they heard it, but ill-tempered and growling as at first. The other voice seemed that of a woman. She had been able so far to quiet him, probably, that he remembered he had the key in his pocket; for the boys thought they heard the door of the smithy open. Then all was silent, and the outcasts renewed their investigations in the hope of finding entrance to the house.

Clare went ferreting about as Tommy had done. He tried first to get a peep through the window with the swinging shutter, but had no better success than Tommy. He started then to go round the corner next the blacksmith's yard.

"Look out!" cried Tommy in a loud whisper when he saw where he was going.

"Why?" asked Clare.

"Because there is a horrible hole full of water," answered Tommy.

"I'll keep a good look out!" returned Clare, and went.

When he was about half-way along the end of the house, he heard a noise he did not understand, and stopped to listen. Some one seemed moving somewhere.

Then came a kind of scrambling sound, and presently the noise of a great watery splash. Clare shivered from head to foot.

"Something has fallen into the hole Tommy mentioned!" he said to himself, and ran on to see. But a few steps showed him that what Tommy had taken for a great hole was nothing but a pool of

rain-water : the splash could not have come from that !

Then it occurred to him, that he could not be far from the water-but. He forced his way through shrubs of various kinds, and reached the wall, then went back along it until he came to the but. By a ray of moonlight he saw that the side of it was wet, as if the water had lately come over the edge. He looked about for some means of getting a peep into the huge thing. It stood on a brick stand, of which it occupied all but a narrow edge, on which the bulge of the but would not permit him to mount. By help of a small tree, however, he got on the wall. Spying into the but he could see nothing at first, for a chimney was between it and the moon. A moment more, however, and he saw as he gazed something white in the dull iron gleam of the water. It was under the water, but floating near the surface. He lay down on the wall, plunged his arm into the but, laid hold of it, and drew it out. It was a little heavy for the size, for what should it be but a tiny baby, in a flannel night-gown, which, as he drew it out, sent back little noisy streams into the but. It lay perfectly still in his arms, he did not know whether dead or alive, but he thought it could hardly be drowned, so soon had he got to it after the splash. It had been drugged, and in all probability the antagonism of the two means employed to kill it was the saving of its life. Clare stood in stony bewilderment. What was to be done? Certainly not to go after the mother ! The first thing was to get it down from the wall. That he could easily have done on the wrong side, the side from which it must have been thrown ; but that would be safe neither for the baby nor for him ! He must get it down inside the wall ! With it in his arms, the tree-way was impracticable. There was indeed no way but one—and that full of the danger of discovery ! Where there is but one way, however, that way must be taken, and Clare did not hesitate. He started along the top of the wall, with the poor unconscious germ of humanity in his arms, which he had lifted from the watery coffin where it floated in the cold arms of death, up into the clear air of life, though it might be but its moonshine after all ! Through the still keen glimmer, unseen, probably, by any eye in the sleeping town, he bore his burden, speeding as fast as he dared to go, for he must not set a foot down amiss !

Had any one seen him, what a commotion would not the tale have roused of the spectre of a boy with a baby in his arms, gliding noiseless in the moon and the middle night, along the top of the high brick wall of a deserted house, where no one had lived within the memory of man !

When he reached the door-ladder, he found it not easy to get down ; but the thing was possible, and he got down. Neither was it easy to make his way through the tangled bushes ; but it was possible, and he got through—and that without scratching the baby, who, however, he feared might be far past hurt from scratch or blow. He held it all the time close to his bosom, as if his life could coax its life to “ stay a little.”

With this bundle in his arms, he appeared before Tommy, who had heard the splash, and thought Clare had fallen into the deep hole of his imagining, but had not had the courage to go and see, partly for fear of verifying his fear, but more from his horror of the watery abyss, and had stood trembling.

To save the baby's life, if indeed there were a chance, was now Clare's only thought. The baby was now the one thing in the universe. If only the light that shone upon it were that of the hot sun instead of the cold moon ! Then there would have been hope ! But the moon looked far more like killing than bringing to life ! “ And,” thought Clare to himself, “ there ain't much more heat in my body than in that shivery moon ! ” The sun would wake and mount the sky, and send the moon down, and all would be different, but what would the baby be by that time !

“ Here, Tommy,” he cried, “ come and see what I have found in the water-but.”

At the word, Tommy was on the point of turning to flee ; but confidence in Clare, and curiosity to see what could hardly hurt him in his arms, prevailed, and he drew near, not without dread.

“ Lord, it's a kid ! ” he cried.

“ It's not a kid,” said Clare, who knew no slang ; “ it's a baby ! ”

“ Well ! ain't a baby a kid, just ? ”

Tommy did not know that the word meant anything else than a child, which was its meaning long before it came to mean the young of the goat—whence the word *kidnapper* or *kidnabber*, a stealer of children. Mr. Skeat will tell you that *kid* meant first just a young one.

"You can't tell me what to do with it, I'm afraid, Tommy!" said Clare in perplexity.

Already it was as if from all eternity he had loved this helpless little waif of Time, with its small, thin, blue-gray, gin-drugged face, so hopeless, so miserable, yet so uncomplaining: the thing that was, was the thing for it to bear; it had come into the world to bear it! Ready to die, even Death would not have it; it must live where it was not wanted, where it was not welcome!

"Yes, I can!" answered Tommy with evil promptitude. "Put it in again."

"But that would drown it, you know, Tommy!" answered Clare, treating him like the child he was not. "We want it to live, Tommy!"

His tenderness for the baby made him speak with foolish gentleness.

"No, we don't!" returned Tommy. "What business has *it* to live, when we can't get nothing to eat!"

Clare held faster to the baby with one arm, and with the fist of the other struck straight out at Tommy, hit him between the eyes, and knocked him flat. It was a miserable thing to have to do, and it made Clare miserable, for Tommy was not half his size. But then the baby was not half Tommy's size, and any milder argument would have been lost on him: he was now on the way to understand that the baby had rights; and that if the baby could not enforce them, there was one in the world that could and would. Never in his life did Clare show more instinctive wisdom than in that knock-down blow to the hardly blamable little devil!

Tommy got up at once. He was not much hurt, for he had a hard head though he was easily knocked over. Clare's blow was indeed a small one beside that he had for stealing when he fell on the iron; but he saw more plainly whence it came, and why he had it. From that moment he began to respect Clare. He had loved him before, in a way; he had patronized him, and feared to offend him because he was stronger than he; but till this moment he had had no respect for him, believing little Tommy a much finer fellow than big Clare. There are thousands to whom one blow is a better gift than many kind words. Nothing but a blow will open the door for the kindness to get into them. That is why hardships, troubles, and disappointments are sent to so many of us. We are so

full of ourselves, think ourselves such fine fellows, that we should never know ourselves for the poor creatures we are, never begin to do better, but for the knock-down blows that the loving care of God gives us. We do not like them, but He does not therefore spare us.

XXIII.

JUSTIFIABLE BURGLARY.

TOMMY rose rubbing his forehead, and crying quietly. He did not dare say a word. It was well for him he did not, for what with perplexity and anxiety about the baby—who lay motionless, though its little heart was beating doubtfully, like the ticking of a clock off the level, as if the last beat might be indeed the last—Clare was in no mood for annoyance from Tommy. But the urchin remaining silent, the elder boy's indignation began immediately to settle down.

"We *must* get into the house, Tommy!" he said.

"Yes, Clare," answered Tommy, very meekly, and went off like a shot to pursue research at the other end of the house. Nor was it long ere he returned, his face as radiant with success as such a face could be, with such a craving little body under it.

"Come, come," he cried. "You can get in quite easy. I ha' been in!"

The keen-eyed monkey had found a cellar-window a little below the ground, a long, narrow, horizontal slip, with a grating over its little area, which was not fastened down. He had lifted it, and pushed open the window, which went inward on rusty hinges—so rusty that it would not quite close again.

Clare hastened after him.

"Gi' me the kid, and you get in first. You can reach up for it better, 'cause ye're taller," said Tommy.

"Is it much of a drop?" asked Clare.

"Nothing much," answered Tommy.

Clare handed him the baby, instructing him how to hold it, and threatening him with severe treatment if he hurt it; then laid himself on his front, shoved his legs across the area through the window, and followed with his body. Holding on to the edge of the window-sill with his hands, he let his feet as far down as they could go, dropped,

and fell on a heap of coals, whence he rolled to the floor of the cellar.

"You should have told me of the coals!" he said, rising, and calling up through the darkness.

Tommy had not been in the cellar at all: *he* knew better than go first! He belonged to the school of *No. one*, all mean beggars!

"I forgot, Clare," he answered.

"Now see if you can hand me down the baby."

The moment Tommy took the baby from Clare, he had begun to feel and cherish a sense of injury from the poor helpless thing. He did not pinch it only because he dared not lest it should cry. When he heard Clare fall on the coals, and then heard him call up from the depth of the cellar, he was yet more tempted to turn with it to the other end of the house, and throw it in the pool, then make for the wall and the fields, leaving Clare to shift for himself. But in truth he dared not have gone near the pool, and he knew that Clare was sure to get out again somehow, and be after him. How much his poor love for Clare may, in his wretched economy, have had to do with his restraint from hurting the infant, I cannot tell; but he stood still with the hated creature in his unprotective arms, until Clare called for it. Then he got into the shallow area, and pushed the baby through the window, grasping the extreme of its shadow of clothing, and so let it hang into the darkness of the cellar, head downward. I believe then the baby was sick, for, a moment after, and before Clare could get a hold of it, it began to cry. The cry thrilled him with delight.

"Oh, the darling!—Can't you let her down a bit faster, Tommy?" he said.

He had climbed on the heap of coals, and was stretching up his arms to receive her. In the faint glimmer from the diffused light of the moon, he could just distinguish the window, blocked up by Tommy holding the baby's clothes; the baby he could not see.

"No, I can't," answered Tommy. "Catch! There!"

So saying he yielded to his spite, and awaiting no response or sign of preparedness on the part of Clare, let go his hold, and dropped the little one. It fell on Clare and knocked him over; but he clasped it to him as he fell, and they rolled together to the bottom of the coals without much hurt.

"I have her!" he cried as he got up, for he had known no baby but his little lost sister, and thought of all babies as girls. "Now you come yourself, Tommy."

"You'll catch me, won't you, Clare?"

"The thing you've done once you can do again! I can't set down the baby to catch you!" replied the unsuspecting Clare, and turned to seek an exit from the cellar. He had not had time yet to wonder how Tommy got out.

Tommy came tumbling on the top of the coals: he dared not be left with the water-but and the pool and the moon.

"Where are you, Clare?" he called.

Clare answered him from the top of the stone stair that led out of the cellar, and Tommy was soon at his heels. Going along a dark passage, where they had to feel their way, they arrived at the kitchen. The loose outside shutter belonged to it, and as it swung open, a little of the moonlight came in. It looked dreary enough and cold enough with its damp brick floor and its rusty range; but at least they were out of the open air, and out of sight of the cold moon! If only they had some of those coals alight!

"I don't see we're much better off in than out!" said Tommy. "I'm as cold as pigs' trotters!"

"Then what must baby be like!" said Clare, whose heart was brimful of misery for his charge. It seemed to him he had never known misery till now. Life or death—and he could do nothing! He was cold enough himself, what with hunger, and the night, and the wet and deadly cold baby in his arms; but whatever discomfort he felt, it seemed not himself but the baby that was feeling it; he imputed it all to the baby, and pitied the baby for the cold he felt himself.

"We needn't stay here, though," he said. "There must be better places in the house! Let's try and find a bedroom!"

"Come along!" responded Tommy.

They left the kitchen, and went into the next room. It seemed warmer, because it had a wooden floor, but there was hardly any light in it, and it seemed quite empty. They went up the stair. When they turned on the landing half-way up, they saw the moon shining in: there were no shutters on that floor. They hurried up, and into the first room they came to. Such a bedroom!—larger and grander than any at the parsonage!

"Oh, baby! baby!" cried Clare, "now you'll live—won't you?" He seemed to have his own Maly an infant again in his arms. The thought that the place was not his, and that he might get into trouble by being there, never came to him. Use was not theft! The room and its contents were to him as the water and the fire which even pagans counted every man bound to hand to his neighbour. There was the bed waiting for them! The counterpane was very dusty; and oh, such moth-eaten blankets! But there were actually sheets on it, and they were quite clean! The moths—that is, their dried legs and wings—flew out in clouds when he moved the blankets; but not the less had they discovered a Paradise! For the moths, they must have found it an island of plum-cake!

I do not know the history of the house—how it came to be shut up with so much in it. I only know it was in chancery, and chancery is full of moths and dust and worms. I believe nobody in the town knew much about the house—not even the thieves. It was of course said to be haunted, and that had doubtless done something for its protection. Nobody knew how long it had stood thus deserted, or that there was a good deal of furniture in it. Nobody thought of entering it. It was supposed to be somebody's property, and that it was somebody's business to look after it: whether this was done or not nobody inquired. Happily for our party, it was nobody's business.

With deft hands—for how often had he not seen his baby-sister undressed!—Clare hurried off the infant's one garment, gently rubbed her little body till it was quite dry, if not very clean, and laid her tenderly in the heart of the blankets, among the remains and the grubs of the mothy creatures: they were not wild beasts, or even stinging things—and covered her up, leaving a little opening for her to breathe through. She had not cried since Clare had taken her; she was too feeble to cry; and, alas! there was no question about feeding her! He threw off his clothes and got into the mothy blankets beside her. In a few minutes he began to glow, for there was a pile of woolly salvation atop of him. As soon as he felt his warmth returning, he took the naked baby in his arms, and held her close to his body, and they grew warmer together.

"Now, Tommy," he said, "you may take off

your clothes, and get in on the other side of me."

Tommy did not await a second invitation, and in a moment they were all fast asleep. A few months, even a few days before, it would have been a right painful thing to Clare to lie so near a boy like Tommy, but suffering had taken the edge of nicety off and put it on to humanity. The temple of the Lord may need cleansing, but the temple of the Lord it is. Clare had in him that same spirit which made *the son of man* go beyond the healingly needful, and lay his hand—the Sinaitic manuscript says his *hands*—upon the leper, where a word alone would have served for the leprosy: the hands were for the man's heart. To Clare there were repulsive dangers in the contact, but the flesh and bones were human—and very cold.

XXIV.

A NEW QUEST.

THOUGH as comfortable as one could be who so sorely lacked food, Clare slept so lightly, his baby being heavy on his mind, that he woke very early—woke at once to the anxious thought of a boy without food, money, or friends, and with a hungry baby. He woke, however, with a new train of reasoning in his mind. Babies could not work; babies always had their food given them; therefore babies who hadn't food had a right to ask for it; babies couldn't ask for it; therefore those who had the charge of them, and hadn't food to give them, had a right to do it for them. He could not beg for himself as long as he was able to ask for work; but for baby it was his duty to beg, because she could not wait: she would not live till he got work. If he got work that very day, he would have to work the whole day before he was paid for it, and baby would be dead by that time! He crept out of bed, so as not to awake the sleepers, and put on his clothes. They were not dry, but they would dry, he said, when the sun rose. He did not at all like leaving his baby with Tommy, after the brutal speech he had made; but what was he to do? She might as well die by the hands of Tommy as of hunger! He thought over the nature of the boy, and what he had best say to him. He saw what many genial persons are slow to see, that kindness

to certain dispositions comes sorely in the way of duty and love ; that nothing but want and fear can make way for love to enter their hearts.

As soon as he was dressed, he searched the house for a medicine-bottle such as he had seen plenty of at the parsonage, and found one. He feared to take the larger of two, lest size should provoke refusal. Then he woke Tommy, cautiously, so as not to wake the baby, and said to him,

"Tommy, I'm going out to get baby's breakfast."

"Ain't you going to give *me* any? Is the brat to have *everything*?"

"Tommy!" said Clare, with a steady look in his eyes that frightened him, "your turn will come next. You won't die of want for a day or two yet. I'll see to you as soon as I can. Only, remember, baby comes first. I'm going to leave her with you. You needn't take her up. You're not able to carry her. You would let her fall. But if, when I come home, I find anything has happened to her, *I'll put you in the water-but—I WILL.* And I'll do it when the moon's in it."

Tommy pulled a hideous face, and began to yell. Clare seized him by the throat.

"Make that noise again, you rascal, and I'll choke you. If you're good to baby while I'm away, I won't eat a mouthful till you've had some ; if you're not good to her, you know what'll happen ! You've got the thing in your own hands !"

"She'll go and do something I can't help ! and then you'll go and drown me !"

With that he began another howl, which Clare checked as before.

"If you wake her up, I'll—" He had no words, and shook him for lack of any. "I see," he resumed, "I shall have to lock you up in the coal-cellar till I come back. Here ! come along !"

Tommy was quiet instantly, and fell to pleading. Clare lent a gracious ear, and yielding to Tommy's protestations, left him with his treasure, and set out on his quest.

He got over the wall by the imprisoned door, taking care to lift as little as possible of his person above its top as he crossed. He dared not go along it in daylight, or get down in the smith's yard, but dropped straight to the ground.

The country was level, and casting his eyes round, he saw what looked like farm-houses no great way off. He knew cows were milked early, and as the sun was not yet up, he hoped to reach the

place before the milk was put away in the pans. He set out therefore straight across the fields. But he soon found he could not run, and had to drop into a walk.

As soon as he got into the yard, he saw a young woman carrying a foaming pail of milk across to the dairy. He ran to her and addressed her with his usual "Please, ma'am ;" but the pail was heavy, and she kept on without answering him. Clare followed at a little distance, and looking into the dairy, saw an elderly woman.

"Please, ma'am, could you afford me as much fresh milk as would fill that bottle?" he said, showing it.

"Well, my man," she answered pleasantly, "I think we might venture as far as that without fear of the workhouse ! But what good on earth will a bottleful like that do you?"

"I have no money to pay for it, you see, ma'am ; and I thought a little bottle would be better to beg with : it wouldn't be so hard on the farmer !"

"Bless the boy ! Much good a drop of milk like that will do him!" said the woman, turning to the girl. "Is it for your mother's tea?"

"No, ma'am ; it's for a baby—a very little baby, ma'am !—I think it will hold enough," he added, giving an anxious glance at the bottle in his hand, "to keep her alive till I get work."

The woman looked, and her heart was drawn to the boy, as he stood staring at her with his solemn eyes, his decided nose, large and straight, his mouth trembling with eager anxiety, and his confident chin. She saw hunger in his grimy cheeks ; she saw that his manners were those of a gentleman, and his clothes poor enough for any tramp, though evidently not made for a tramp. She would have concluded him escaped from cruel guardians, for she was a reader of the *Family Herald* ; but what was to be made of the baby? The baby did not tally !

"How old's the baby?" she asked.

"I don't know, ma'am ; she only came to us last night."

"Who brought her?"

She imagined the boy a simpleton, and expected one of such answers as inconvenient questions in natural history receive from nurses.

"I don't know, ma'am. I took it out of the water-but myself."

The thing grew bewildering.

"Who put it there?"

"I don't know, ma'am."

"Whose baby is it, then?"

"Mine, I think, ma'am."

"God bless the boy!" said the woman, and stared at him in return, speechless.

Her daughter in the meantime had filled the phial with new milk. He grasped it eagerly. Tears of joy came in his big hungry eyes.

"Oh, *thank* you, ma'am!" he said. "But please, would you tell me," he continued, looking from the one to the other, "how much water I must put in the milk to make it good for baby? I know it wants water, but I don't know how much!"

"Oh, about half and half," answered the elder woman. "But who's its mother?" she resumed.

"I think she must be a tramp," answered Clare.

"I don't want to give my good milk to a wicked tramp!" she rejoined.

"I'm not a tramp, please ma'am!—at least I wasn't till the day before yesterday."

The woman looked at him out of motherly eyes, and her heart swelled into her bosom.

"Wouldn't you like some milk yourself?" she said.

"Oh, yes, ma'am!" answered Clare, with a deep sigh.

She filled a big cup from the warm milk in the pail, and held it out to him. He took it as a man on the scaffold might a reprieve from death, half lifted it to his lips, then let his hand sink—trembling so that he spilled a little as he set the cup down on a low shelf beside him. He looked ruefully at the drops on the brick floor.

"Please, ma'am, there's Tommy!" he faltered.

"Tommy! I thought you said the baby was a girl?"

"Yes, the baby's a girl, but there's Tommy! He's another of us."

"A brother, I suppose?"

"No; I'm afraid *he's* nothing much better than a tramp; but there he is, you see! and I must share with him!"

It grew more and more inexplicable! But that moment a gruff loud voice came from the yard. It

was the farmer's. He was a bitter-tempered man, and his dislike of tramps was the greater that, being near a town, he saw so many. His wife and daughter knew that if he saw the boy on the premises he would be worse than rude to him.

"There's the master!" cried the mother. "Drink, and make haste out of his way."

"If it's stealing, I won't," said Clare.

"Stealing! It's no stealing! The dairy's mine! I can give my milk to whom I please!"

"Well, ma'am, if the milk's mine because you gave it to me, it's not begging to ask you to give me a piece of bread for it! I could take a share of that to Tommy!"

"Run, Chris," cried the mother hurriedly; "take the innocent with you—round outside the yard. Give him a hunch of bread, and let him go. For God's sake don't let your father see him! Run, my boy, run! There's no time to drink the milk now!"

She poured it back into the pail, and set the cup out of the way.

There was a little passage and another door; they left by that as the farmer entered by the other. Such a kick as he would have given Clare with his heavy boot would have been perilous to the survival of baby, for Clare would hardly have reached her in time after it. The girl ran with him to the back of the house.

"Wait a moment at that window," she said.

Now whether it was loving-kindness all, or in part that she dared not take the time to divide it, I cannot tell, but she handed Clare a whole loaf, and that a good big one, of home-made bread, and disappeared before he could thank her, telling him to run for his life.

He found himself able now. With the farmer behind and the hungry ones before him, he *must* run; and with the phial in his pocket and the loaf in his hands, he *could* run. Happily the farmer did not catch sight of him; and his good wife took care he should not. I believe, indeed, she got up a brand-new quarrel with him on the spur of the moment, that he might not have a chance of seeing the boy.

(To be continued.)

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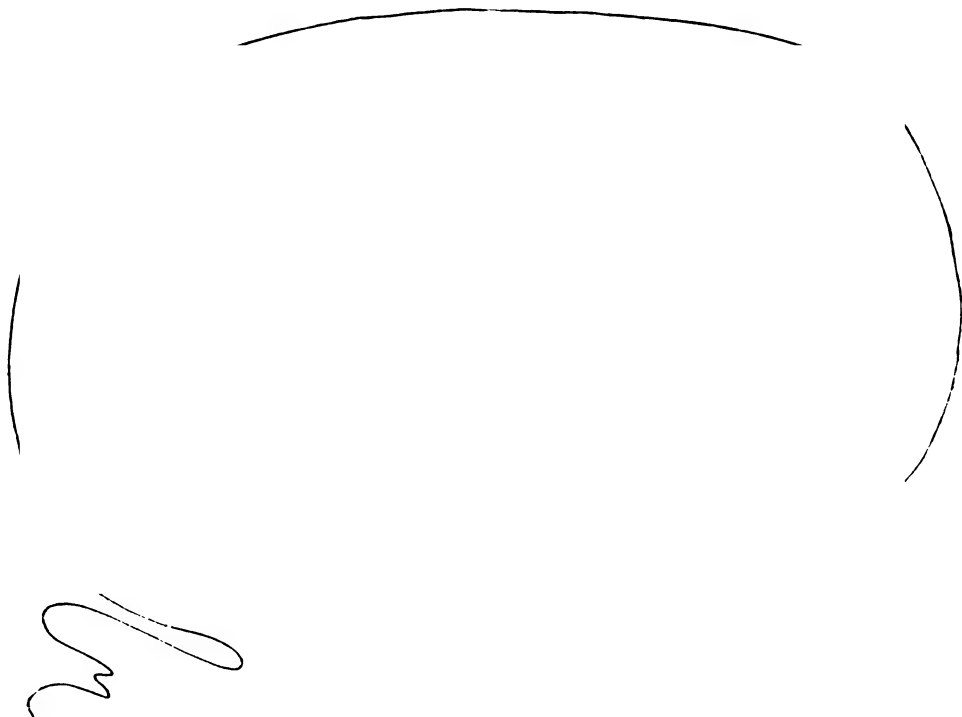
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But now for my grievances—though I must say
I'm *not* one to tell tales out of school.
Boys are boys, girls are girls, dolls are dolls, play is play ;
Still for once I must break through my rule.
Jokes are jokes—but a doll, I think, really *must* speak,
Who's been buried, marooned, hanged and drowned in one week !

It's John who invents all these horrible games,
The girls play whatever he likes—
Bandits, cannibals, castaways, prairies in flames,
Hangings, funerals, shipwrecks, and 'strikes' ;
Red Indians (I'll pause, for my anger is hot !),
This game, to my mind, is the worst of the lot !

John had on his war-paint once, more than a week,
Squaws and moccasins ! *That* was a time !
(Of all I went through at some length I would speak,
But a tale's sadly hampered by rhyme.)
Scalped, tomahawked, roasted—with pride I recall
How I smiled unconcerned as a Brave through it all !



Yes, yes! dolls were dolls in my time! *We* were tough!

I'm not vain, but I really must say
I've no words to express my contempt for the stuff

Dolls of fashion are made of to-day.

Flimsy things! One good blow—there, you have 'em in cracks!

No, no! wood for me, if you please, before wax!

But I've borne quite enough—my temper's *not* mild.

Dolls of spirit like me are too few.

Revenge I will be on that hobgoblin child;

The question is—what shall I do?

(The doll meditates deeply for ten minutes.)

I've got it! Ha, ha! I'm as heavy as lead;

Next time John's in this cupboard I'll fall on his head!

C. I. M. BAIN.



DUMPS.

MRS. PARR.

CHAPTER I.

THE declining rays of an afternoon sun come streaming in through the small stained windows of Sharrows Church, lighting up the winged stone figure who trumpets forth the valiant deeds of famed Sir Roger, playing in and out the doublet and frill of courtly Sir Hildebrand and his kneeling family, then touching or passing by the line of Dorotheas, Isobels, Griseldas—noble dames who have mated with the house of Deloraine—they stop to settle on, and flood with rosy light, my lady.

My lady sits in the large square family pew—its curtains all drawn back—with head so high, and mien so haughty, that who shall believe a day will come when her name too will be added to the list above, and eyes that now dwell wonderingly upon her greatness will then read, newly cut, *Hic jacet Theodora*.

“We all do fade as a leaf,” says the Rector, giving out the text of his sermon; and looking, as is his wont, fiercely round the church—seemingly to see if any there dare combat this assertion—he then in mellifluous voice, with face to correspond, repeats, as if for my lady’s ear alone, “We all do fade as a leaf.” And the congregation awed into attention, and my lady giving no dissentient sign, the Rev. Richard Bethune proceeds with his sermon.

For fully five minutes I strive to listen, and then something stronger than my will overcomes my good resolution, my thoughts stray from the preacher, my eyes follow, and both are fixed upon my lady. She is not the only occupant of the big pew. By her side sits her son—her only child—who although little more than my own age—a mere boy—is the present baronet, the owner of Sharrows Park and House, Sir Arthur Deloraine. But he has no interest for me. Compared with his mother he is a very everyday person, good-looking, but not different to others I have seen; while she—she has bright dark eyes, so piercing and yet so soft, a delicate skin, with cheeks of shell-like pink, and

hair of silvery white, gathered high and rolled back from her face. As, entranced, I gaze upon her, I conjure up visions of the days of romance; when until noble deeds were done, and valiant acts performed, fair ladies would not listen, nor permit their hearts to melt.

It is not often I enjoy a sight of the object of all these fanciful dreams—the realization of many a heroine in my much-loved books;—for we live at Mallett, the town nearest to Sharrows, although some three miles off, and it is only when my father wants a longer walk than usual that he and I go to Sharrows to church. Lately we have come rather often; for my father has some business in hand which obliges him to search through registers and books, and to have long conversations with Tuckett, Mr. Bethune’s factotum and clerk, who seems to know the history and affairs of every one around. I wonder how my father finds patience to listen to the old gossip; and I fancy he feels it is not what—on Sundays—every one would do, for he waits until the congregation have moved on, and the churchyard is quite empty, before he commences to talk to the old man. If I should chance to be within hearing, papa says, “Our talk will only weary you. Wouldn’t you like to wander outside better?” and taking the hint, I go into the little churchyard, and read and re-read all the wonderful epitaphs, texts, and verses a village population love to indulge in. This ended, and my father not yet come, I take my seat under an old elm-tree which overshadows a flat worn stone, and contemplate the half-obliterated inscription. The name is gone, but the date, left, is 1779, and the lines run,

“Should words be wanting to say what,
Say ‘what a wife should be,’ and
She was that.”

“What should a wife be?” I ask myself, trying for occupation’s sake to answer the question. And, beginning to create a standard of perfection, my thoughts, of need, wander back to my paragon, and other interests are blotted out by the more absorbing one of my lady. I have had a very satisfying

sight of her to-day. She does not leave her pew until every one else is out of church. Standing in knots about the porch, exchanging bits of local gossip, the congregation wait her coming, no one presuming to take his way home until the gentry have passed out. Very condescending is my lady to her son's tenantry; meting out the proper shades of recognition between the smock-frocked labourer who pulls the forelock, and the small farmers who raise their hats, gracious words and smiles are dispensed to them as she passes by. It is only when her eyes fall on us Mallett folk that she stiffens suddenly; and is it fancy makes me think, that she never looks so haughty as when she seems forced to recognize papa? Oh! it is such a little scornful movement of her head she gives him; while he—well, I wish he would not bow so low to her. Without having the smallest notion why, my face grows scarlet whenever they have an encounter. Nurse says it is because my father married into one of the county families; for my mother—who died a few years after I was born—was one of the Cuthberts of Turgis, and the Cuthberts and my lady are cousins. So my mother was a cousin to her also; but of that we never speak, because after her marriage her family and friends all gave her up. Nurse hints that it was a sorrow she never got over. "It carried her to her grave," she says, "poor dear! though she never let it be guessed at by your father." I think, though, it must have been a sorrow to papa too, and it is that which has made him so bitter to everybody.

Papa began life as a clerk in Mr. Steele's office. He was not born in Mallett, nor even in the county; and because it was not known who he was, or whence he came, people were the more angry when he ran away with mamma. No one except old Mr. Steele stood his friend. Mr. Steele was the family lawyer. Nothing could induce him to abandon mamma. For her sake he gave papa his articles, and took him into partnership. But nothing would make her family forgive her, and when she died they took no notice, and never inquired, then nor since, about me. In spite of so much against him, papa has fulfilled Mr. Steele's prophecy. By his cleverness he has the best business in this part of the county. He is far better off than my uncle and cousins, whose estate had been involved for years; so that they were obliged at last to sell it, and to a client of

papa's, a rich London tradesman, who is not very well received by his neighbours. Papa says the reason is that he made his money honestly, and could afford to pay fairly for the tumbledown property of a man who used his fine name and long pedigree to swindle everybody. Papa is terribly bitter against the Cuthberts, and nurse says that, but for him, Mr. Cuthbert would have got half as much money more for the Friary.

Mr. Woodhall, to whom it now belongs, thinks a great deal of my father's judgment; he is always asking us to visit him. Sometimes we go, and I am let to ramble over the house in which my mother lived, in which she was born . . . from which she ran away. Poor mother! she must have loved very dearly, and she died so soon. Was she happy, I wonder? Somehow the few who ever speak of her always sigh when they mention her name. There are not many left who knew her, that is, of those I know. In Mallett the circle of society is very small. Dr. Clarke has a large family, and Mrs. Clarke often asks me to their house; but among so many boys and girls I seem lost, and shy at finding that compared with them I am in some things so old, and in others quite a baby. The rector, Mr. Preston, is not married. His house is kept by his sister, Miss Olivia, who is always busy in the parish, which she says needs stirring up.

Altogether I am in rather a solitary condition. This gave me no trouble when I was a child, but lately it has been a worry, because I have been filled with a great desire for companionship and sympathy. I want some one to exchange thoughts with—some one of my own age—some one I could understand, and who would understand me. Even my beloved books, in which I seek comfort, fail to solace me as once they did. I used to be content to read a story, and picture myself one of the characters taking a part in it. Now my individuality asserts itself. The ideal person must be *me*, as I know myself, and around this self all the interest and excitement must revolve. Ah! how much is a lonely solitary child to be pitied—thrown so completely on its own poor resources, made the pivot of a thousand fears and fancies more happily placed children never dream of; its forced imagination supplying playfellows not half so good and healthy as those who would romp, dispute, and quarrel, to kiss and make friends again five minutes later. I had never a chance of any child

companions, for though my father liked to have me with him of an evening, he was not generally fond of children, and although often I had to be as still as a mouse, I valued the privilege of sitting up until nine or ten o'clock too highly to exchange it, even for the grand treat of having Ellen or Lucy Clarke to tea with me. Now things are different. Papa and I are on more even terms of equality. He often tells me of cases he is employed upon, and listens with an amused air to my judgments and opinions, delighting me by sometimes saying that I should have made an excellent lawyer. Now and then I am permitted to search out statutes and acts, or some points of difference in those big black books which only a few years ago I used to gaze on with such reverential awe and wonder, having a vague idea that they must all be family Bibles.

Oh! I am very happy, perhaps a great deal more so than—than even my lady, towards whom I have such a wonderful attraction. Not the attraction of love. It is as if she fascinated me. I want to watch her, to listen to her, to admire her, to gaze upon her as one gazes upon a lovely picture. Her rich dress, the rustle of her silk gown, her furs, her lace, her jewels, each seems to have a charm for me; even the haughtiness—from which on this very Sunday I have been made to suffer—is only another charm; and, recalling it, I rear up my silly little head in imitation of that movement of hers, when, in passing, her eyes for an instant rested on me. And at this point my father comes out of the church, and calls me to his side, and nodding "Good-bye" to old Tuckett, we prepare to take our way home.

"I am afraid you have found the time long," says my father, consulting his watch, as he waits while I scramble over the high stile leading to a meadow crossing which brings us into the main road.

"Not very," I answer; but I think my voice must have sounded a contradiction to my words, for he goes on to say—

"Ah! well, my business is almost at an end, so I shall not have to tax your patience much longer."

"But I shall be quite sorry. I shall indeed. I like going to church at Sharrows."

"Do you? and why?" My father studies me with a half-amused look.

"Oh, I like the walk with you;" and then,

feeling I am not wholly truthful, I add, with my face all aglow, like a boyish lover, "and because—because of my lady."

"My lady!" repeats papa, "and why my lady?"

"I don't know," I answer, hesitating; "only—perhaps—because—she is so beautiful that I love to watch her. You think her beautiful, don't you, papa?—You knew her when she was young?—You remember her, don't you?"

"Perfectly," says my father, and we walk on in silence, as is his way.

If he intends to tell me what I want to know, in a little time he will go on with the subject; but if he wishes it to be dropped, when he speaks again something fresh will be started. This time my curiosity is to be gratified, for papa begins—

"Lady Deloraine has always been looked on as the proudest woman in the county."

"Was that because she was so beautiful?"

"Oh! her ambition ran far ahead of her beauty. She was Sir Jasper's second wife, and at first refused him because he had a son and heir living. When she learnt that this youth was so delicate that it was highly probable he would die, she permitted herself to be persuaded to become Lady Deloraine. But many years of deferred hope lay before her—she remained childless—and the weakly boy grew stronger. At length, to her great joy, the present Sir Felix was born, and from that day Harold Deloraine was more than ever an eye-sore."

"Poor fellow," I say, in the pause papa has made, "and yet he could not help living.—Did you know him, papa?"

"Yes, better than the rest of the family. It was through him that I first knew your mother."

My heart gives a bound as my father says that word—spoken so seldom by him, that I might almost count the times on my fingers.

"My mother!" I say, lingering lovingly on the dear name. "Did he know her? Did he care for her? Oh! papa, tell me more—wasn't he sorry when she died?"

"He was already dead himself."

There is an alteration in papa's voice that makes my hopes totter. I know him too well to hazard another question, and in silence I wait anxiously until papa adds dryly, curtly, as if giving some ordinary information which could not greatly interest anybody—

"He had gone abroad—was taken ill there, and

died almost immediately. Lady Deloraine's wish was granted,—her son was heir. Sir Jasper was killed by a fall from his horse some years later, and Sir Felix succeeded, to the joy of his mother."

"I suppose it was natural that she should be glad," I say, for want of thinking of anything better. I am wounded at this seeming heartlessness in my lady, although I cannot bring myself to blame her to my father.

"Very natural," and my father smiles, but it is not the smile I like; "Sharrows is a fair heritage."

As he speaks we both turn and look at the rich lands skirting the road; a break—every here and there purposely made—disclosing the well-wooded park stretching out and away for miles around. It is the end of October, and never do the woods look more beautiful. Their oaks and beeches are the colour of burnished bronze. The undergrowth is still thick and green, and where the wild roses swayed in the summer winds, the hips show out to cheer the hungry birds. The morning has been sunny and bright as July. The air is clear, the sky without a cloud. Far away, at an angle from where we have stopped, we catch a glimpse of the two large stacks of chimneys of the house, carried high above the roof in the shape of square towers.

"Oh, papa!" I exclaim, with an involuntary sigh, as I take in the whole beauty of the view, "how happy they must be to have this place for their own. I do not wonder at my lady wanting it for her son. It would be dreadful to part with it. If I lived here I should never leave it—never want to go away."

My father does not answer. After standing a little time longer he walks on. I wait a few minutes, and then I venture on another remark, but no heed is taken of it. And after this I say no more, and until we reach the entrance of Mallett not a word is spoken, and I am forced back on my old companion—self. Still, I do not think this hard or strange; I know my father's moods too well. I am accustomed to sit with him, or to walk by his side, unnoticed, as if he had forgotten that I was there. Perhaps he does forget, yet I know he likes to have me with him, and from the time I was a tiny child, the privilege of being with my father has never been denied me. Of course I am old-fashioned, and am regarded as an oddity, being quite accustomed to hear my unchildish sayings repeated by nurse to her friends as a sign that such

juvenile wisdom "will never make old bones." Nurse forgets that she was about the youngest of my playfellows; that my companions, amusements, books, surroundings, are, and always have been, old-fashioned—even old-fashioned for Mallett, and Mallett lags to heel terribly behind the rest of the world. "We are only thirty miles from London," we proudly boast, but we might be three hundred miles away. Indeed, papa says if we were, we should have many more advantages; that we should be compelled then to depend upon ourselves instead of on London, to which—so far as I know—very few Mallett folk ever go. Mallett is most conservative in all its thoughts and ways. Changes of any kind are viewed with suspicion. What was good enough for those gone, is good enough for those living, and ought to be held in reverence by those to come. Plans, alterations, new inventions of any kind find scanty favour in Mallett, being either looked upon as evidence of the presumption of the present day, or as a certain sign that the world is coming to an end.

CHAPTER II.

WINTER has come—over and around Mallett the December snow lies like "a wintry veil of maiden white." I sit curled up on the rug in front of the big fire, which nurse always keeps in her own special room, devouring by its light *Lavinia*, which at length I have persuaded Miss Olivia to lend to me. In my ears there is a constant hum-hum kept up, as I hear, without listening to, nurse's entreaties and reproaches as she urges me to lay aside the book, on the plea that my eyes will be like ferrit's to-morrow. Gradually the hum ceases, and I am left in peace; the good old soul has settled down to enjoy a cat's sleep until the clock shall strike five, the hour fixed—by a law as inexorable as those of the Medes and the Persians—to light the candles and have her tea. At this meal I usually join her, although later in the evening I dine with papa. Because I am pale and thin, and what nurse terms a growing girl, she asserts that I don't eat enough, and bewails dismally that, after being stuffed with muffins, toast, and other buttery luxuries, I have but little appetite for the meal at seven. Latterly she has taken it into her head that it is entirely owing to the books I am so constantly reading—"A parcel o' silly trash

for young girls to be fillin' up their heads with," she says, "without no sense nor meanin' in it, so far as I can make out." It is a bitter disappointment to me that I cannot interest nurse by a relation of my favourite romances. On one occasion I tried her with a story of my own composition, and found her attention so riveted on me that my heart swelled with satisfaction. The crowning incident was most thrilling, and after giving it I paused to watch the effect. Alas for my poor vanity!

"I was waitin' for ye to stop," she said, "for 'tis my belief that somehow you've got a cold in your head comin' on."—Emotion at my own pathos had made me a little husky.—"So what we'll do is—have a nice basin of possett goin' to bed, well tallow your nose, and see if we can't put a stop to it."

Dear old nurse! how little she guessed the reason of my pettishness, ascribing it in her unromantic heart to that cold which never came, but about which I remained very huffy for days after. Just now it is at Miss Olivia that she launches her displeasure.

"Better she was married, with a family of her own to look after," she grumbles. "'Twould more become her than makin' young girls get rounded backs and poke their chins, and perhaps lose their precious eyesight with porin' over the books she lends 'em. If she thinks to get your pa's favour by that she is very much mistook."

Nurse firmly believes that every unmarried woman in Mallett is wishing to marry papa. She doesn't dream of the agony her suspicions have given me. Not now—now I can, in a way, laugh at her insinuations. Suddenly I arrive at an unexpected disaster in the story that I am reading—the room fades; I am carried away to the very scenes I am reading of. In them I live. My colour comes and goes. My heart thuds against my side, and I start violently as nurse, bending over, gives a little shake to my shoulder, and says, "Bless the child, she's deaf, I do declare;" and then in a moment I am conscious that it is papa's voice I hear;—papa calling me and I have not heard him.

"Coming, papa, coming."

And I fly down, clearing the last few stairs at a bound, and stand breathless in the dining-room, where, before his own especial writing-table, papa is sitting. He seems to be busily

employed in copying from the different letters and papers with which the table is littered, and for a moment goes on writing without noticing me. When he looks up—before he speaks—he smiles, and then makes some trivial remark for which I feel certain I was not called down.

"I didn't hear you when you first called me," I say, by way of apology.

"No?" My father has resumed his writing. "Why, what were you doing, then?"

"Reading a book that Miss Olivia lent me."

"Ah! a story-book?" he asks absently. "What is it all about?"

"Well, the part I am at now,"—I feel a little shy at telling my heroine's woes to my father,—"*is of a girl who liked a young man her friends didn't care for, because they wanted her to marry some one she could not bear.*"

"A very contrary state of things to occur," and with a little laugh which is not at all in papa's way he adds, "When it comes to marrying, you and I must manage our affairs better than that, Sylvia."

"Oh! but I never intend to marry at all," I say decidedly, "I am always going to live with you, papa."

Shutting up his table and locking it, he gives a shake of his head, saying—

"I wonder how many fathers have heard that very same remark before," and while speaking he walks to the fire and stands with his back to it.

"Yes, but, papa"—I am beginning a protest, interrupted by having his hand put under my chin.

"How old are you?"

"Sixteen and a half," I mumble, for the clearness of my speech is interfered with by papa abstractedly stroking my cheeks with his thumb and fingers. Presently he says, and somehow I instantly feel that this is what he called me down to say—

"When Lady Deloraine meets you, does she look at—take any notice of you?"

He has set me free, so that I am better able to give my answer. He knows as well as I do that my lady never speaks to me, nor even vouchsafes to me that scornful movement of her head, by which she seems forced to acknowledge the obsequious bow he gives her.

"Whether she notices me," I say ruefully, "I cannot tell; but certainly sometimes I have felt that she looked at me, and I have wondered why," and I fix on my father a look of inquiry.

"Why?" he echoes, and there is a manner of his which makes me know I shall not get a straightforward answer, "if *why* should she?—well! *why* should she not? You look at her. Surely she may look at you."

I shake my head. "There is no one I ever see—ever have seen like my lady."

My father gives a laugh which jars on me.

"And I very much doubt if she often gets sight of such a queer little figure of fun as this," and he taps my shoulder playfully. "Sixteen and a half! a young woman you ought to be, instead of looking like a quizzical little maiden of twelve or thirteen."

I try to manage a sickly smile, but my father's words, spoken in a bantering tone, stick like separate thorns into me. Sensitive—to a certain degree shy—the thought of appearing ridiculous in any one's eyes wounds me, but that my lady should look at me because I look a figure of fun adds a terrible sting to the blow. I am anxious to get away from papa; I want to look at myself, to see for myself if this humiliating portrait of me is true. A little more passes between us, still in the same jesting fashion, and then my father turns away, takes down a book from the book-case near him—for the dining-room serves also as library—and I know that I am free to go.

I ask for an extra candle, and I make straight for my room. Once there I lock the door, set up my illumination of three candles, and, secure from all invaders, arrange my dressing-glass so that by standing on a chair I get a back view of myself reflected in the mirror which hangs over the high mantel-shelf. Then holding a candle in each hand I begin my critical survey.

The shadows thrown on my face by the light, which I move from side to top, and back again, make me look much older than I am. My eyes seem preternaturally large—my features unpleasantly sharp. I arrive quickly at the decision that I am not a beauty; but for all that I look my worst now. My hair, which grows low on my forehead, is pushed back so carelessly that it looks tumbled and untidy, and turning so as to get a view of the plaited mane which hangs down my back, my whole figure is presented to me. I give such an angry twist to take myself out of my own view, that I narrowly escape setting myself on fire. My last-acquired candle flies from its socket and falls on the floor, and in my haste to jump down I jump upon it, and

reduce it to a pulp of tallow. Of course this must be scraped up, and the grease spot rubbed out, or its presence will bear evidence against me. Indignation certainly adds to one's strength, for never did I rub with such vigour. I feel a kind of satisfaction, as if I were effacing that hideous, ill-made—neither short nor long—frock, which nurse with such infinite trouble had *contrived* for me. She has a passion for buying remnants—odd yards of some stuff which cannot be matched, and therefore call forth all her ingenuity to produce whatever garment she decides to make out of them. The frock I have on is the boasted result of one of these efforts; it has a hideous trimming on it to cover where the stuff had ran short.

At sixteen and a half, papa said, I ought to look a young woman. How can I look anything but ridiculous in such clothes as I have on? Nurse ought to have seen to it—papa ought to have seen to it. Somebody ought to have pointed out that I was not dressed properly. Why has everybody forgotten that I am no longer a child? It does not occur to me that—outwardly, at all events—until now I have not realized it myself. Nurse has brushed my hair and arranged it after her own fashion, as she has done ever since I was a baby, I the while with some lesson or story-book before me. She has put on me the frock which to her seemed suitable without a question or remonstrance on my part. I am in every way with nurse the same little girl to whom, since I was two years old, she has been slave, playfellow, mother. And now I am going to rebel! I know I must prepare myself for a tussle; but the dignity of sixteen—seventeen next June—must have its way. Many of my favourite heroines were going through the romance of their lives at that age. "A quizzical little maiden of twelve or thirteen!" Really papa was rather hard upon me! and, as is seen, his words have not lost their sting.

CHAPTER III.

THAT evening the few alterations styled "making you tidy for your pa," were performed by nurse for the last time. I couldn't find the courage to tell her at what a solemn occasion she was assisting; still, it seemed appropriate that I should endeavour to give her a little hint of preparation.

"Nurse," I say, "do you know that I am sixteen?"

"Sixteen what, my dear?"

"Sixteen years.—What else could I be?"

"Well! no; at present, p'raps not; but I've known them as much of a Pharaoh's lean kine as you, live to weigh their sixteen stone."

The vision presented of my possibly colossal future, which I try to realize by puffing out my cheeks to their utmost extent, drives what I meant to say out of my head, and I continue to inflate my jaws until nurse says—

"What made you think about your being sixteen?"

"Because nobody else thinks about it: if they did I should have a"—in deference to her feelings I substitute "long" for anything more offensive—"long frock, and my hair properly turned up."

"And a pretty granny you'd look then. Why, child, you're a Methusalem now, in your ways and your talkin'; don't go and add to it by long gowns, and your hair in a knob, as if you'd come out of the ark, instead of bein' taken for what you look,—a genteel young lady."

The "genteel young lady" scowls at herself in the glass; her dignity is too much ruffled to argue the point, which opposition and plainness of speech has but strengthened. Nurse continues to talk, giving it as her opinion that this is all through the foolishness in the books I've been reading, which if she'd her way should all go to lighting the fire. I preserve an injured silence, which except for Yes or No, I maintain until it is time to join my father at dinner.

It is as well that I am not conversationally inclined; for papa, never given to talking, says less than usual, and, what is very frequent with him, is preoccupied and absent. I am quite accustomed to this, only, having my demand to make, I wish that this evening his mood was more genial. During dinner he hardly speaks; but the cloth removed and the dessert placed on the polished table, as he hands me my thimbleful of wine, in a quaint little glass reserved for my use only, I get a look of encouragement, which makes me say, a few minutes later—

"Papa, I want to ask you something. May I have new dresses?"

"New dresses!" he repeats, in a bewildered way; "why, certainly, if you are in need of them."

"I mean proper dresses, you know,—not things like this," and I hold out my skirt, the expression on my face showing my contempt of it.

"Why, what's the matter with *this*?" he asks, as he scrutinizes the offending garment.

"It's a horrid thing—ugly, and not right. Nurse does not understand making my things now. I ought to have a proper dressmaker. You said yourself that I looked a queer little figure of fun, and no wonder. It ought to have been seen to before, because there is no need that I should look ridiculous. It was different when I was a child, but I am past sixteen now."

My heart beat very fast as I jerked all this out, my face flushing scarlet while I was speaking. Papa, I think, felt that in some way he had wounded me, for he laid his hand on my shoulder and patted me softly, saying—

"You are quite right. I ought to have taken notice of what you have on; but men are not very observant of such matters. All the same I wish you to look nice, and as other girls look; so to-morrow go and get whatever is right. Perhaps it would be as well to ask Mrs. Clarke to advise you; she has girls about your age."

But Mrs. Clarke's taste does not agree with mine; so I tell him that I would much rather take nurse and make my purchases for myself, and ask Miss Spratt, the grand dressmaker of Mallett, to make the dresses for me.

"I think you have decided wisely," says papa. "You know that I always like you to rely as much as possible on yourself."

I smile my gratitude and raise my face to kiss him, and with a tenderness I know he feels, although he seldom shows it to me, he takes me in his arms, and for a moment stands looking at me, my colour rising as he does so.

"I didn't hurt my little girl, did I, by my rough jesting when I called her down to see me?" The words are said so gently that my eyes fill up with tears. "Fun-making doesn't sit well on everybody; it doesn't sit well on me," he continues gravely; "and what was meant as merely joking may have given you pain."

I am humbled to the dust immediately. "Papa," I cry penitently—for indeed I have felt a great deal of heart-burning since he spoke to me, "it is nothing—you mustn't say what you do. I am very glad that you told me what you did, and if I have

shown that I was in any way wounded, forgive me for having so much vanity."

Papa bends down and kisses my cheeks, wet now with the tears that have fallen on them; and then he passes his hand over my hair, taking one of the little rings that fringe my forehead, and twisting it round his finger.

"Your mother had little straying tendrils of hair like this," he says. "I never noticed them before on you; now they recall her to me."

"Am I growing like her, papa?" I ask timidly.

"I think you may be."

"But *she* was very pretty, was she not?"

I hardly dare venture the question, fearing it may be one that he will not care to answer; but the happiness it gives me to hear him speak of my mother emboldens me.

"Some thought her so, and her daughter may believe that her own face is a little face to love; that is better than one that calls for admiration from everybody."

And on this he says Good-night to me, and I run up-stairs with a heart full of joy, to put my arms round nurse's neck and cuddle up close to her; while she, good old soul, not understanding that my conscience is upbraiding me with having been so pettish with her, is convinced in her own mind that I am not feeling well.

"But I never felt better, only I want you—"

"And I want you—" she interrupts.

"Yes, but you must promise—"

"Anything you name, so that it's a bargain that you take what I ask you to."

Experience tells me that nurse has her eye on a certain concoction of her own, composed of cream of tartar and magnesia, which she pins her faith to as a cooling mixture. "Your hands are as hot as fire, and your cheeks all of a glow."

"Just because I have been talking to papa."

"Well, then, knowin' what a quicksilver concern you are, I wish he wouldn't make your tongue run so fast. It don't seem that bein' a sharp lawyer gives him more common sense than other men."

Nurse has a profound contempt for the male sex generally.

"Shall I tell you what we were talking about?"

"Yes, certainly, if it was interestin' I should like to hear."

Her curiosity is whetted. I know she hopes it may be the relation of some robbery or murder, her listening to which she will defend by saying "everybody ought to be set on their guard against *miscrants*." I am sorry to disappoint her, so I hasten to say—

"Papa thinks it is quite time I had some new clothes; so to-morrow you are to go to Wheeler's with me and buy what I want." I see opposition in the sudden look she turns on me, and diplomatically add—"Papa thought I had best consult Mrs. Clarke, but I said I would much rather have you with me."

"And I'm glad you did. I should have been hurt after all these years to be set aside for Mrs. Clarke, or Mrs. Anybody."

"He said that she had daughters of her own," I put in, by way of apology.

"All the more reason why you shouldn't look like 'em. Young ladies! a set o' Merry-andrews I call 'em, with blues and reds and greens mixed up on their backs like rainbows. If your pa wants you, Sylvia, to look like them Miss Clarkes, I should be very much obliged if he'll tell me so."

"Yes, but I'm not going to look like them," I say coaxingly. "I'm going to look very nice, and we're going to buy something very pretty, and you'll be there to tell me about the quality, and how much it ought to cost."

Nurse is evidently beginning to be mollified.

"If we can pick up a remnant," she says cheerily, "and if one's in the shop 'twill soon be on the counter when they see me—we must look to its bein' a better length than last time, for the contrivin' of that frock you've got on robbed me of nights and nights of precious sleep."

"Poor dear old nurse, you're not as strong as you used to be," I say deceitfully, not daring to tell her that it is decided that she shall not set a stitch in any of the new garments I am to have. To-morrow she *must* know, but "sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."

(To be continued.)

LAVOISIER ET SA FEMME.

J. L. David, peint.

FAMOUS PICTURES FROM THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

Julia Cartwright

ONE of the chief wonders of the great world-show which closed its doors last November, was the collection of paintings, illustrating the progress of French art from 1789 to 1878, which filled the upper galleries of the Palais des Beaux-Arts. There we were brought face to face with the art of the Revolution and of the Empire, with the theatrical attempts of David to revive the "glorious days of the ancient Romans," and the huge battle-pieces which were the natural expression of Napoleonic times. Talleyrand in his crimson court suit, Lavoisier and his wife, Madame Récamier with her charming face, reclining on her antique couch in white robes of studied simplicity, looked down upon us from the canvas of Prud'hon, of David, and of Gérard. Once famous pictures, now forgotten,—Paul Delaroche's *Cromwell before the Coffin of Charles I.*, Ingres' *Martyrdom of Saint Symphorien*, from the Cathedral of Autun,—were there to remind us how in art as in all else fashions change, and our tastes are not what those of our fathers were. Old quarrels too were brought back to our mind, and the bitterness of contending parties in the fierce war between classics and romantics was revived when we saw the works of that bold innovator Delacroix by the side of his rival's cold and academic figures.

But the most striking feature in the whole century's art was the splendid display made by the men of 1830—that little band who first raised the standard of revolt, and dared to paint what they themselves saw and felt, rather than repeat what other men had seen

and felt before them. The choicest landscapes of Rousseau and Dupré, of Daubigny and Diaz and Troyon, were brought together there, and upwards of fifty works by Corot hung on the walls. But among all that illustrious company, there was none in whose works the revived sympathy with nature and with human life, found so profound and pathetic an expression as Jean François Millet.

MADAME RÉCAMIER.

Gérard, *pinxt.*

Not only in France, but in England, in Scotland, and in America, the name of the painter of the *Angelus* is now a household word. The works which he sold to buy bread fetch enormous prices in the auction-room, and the mightiest nations upon earth contend for their possession.

The story of Millet's life is by this time familiar to most of us. We know how he was born and bred a peasant on the Norman coast, and reared in the primitive habits of the patriarchal home at Gruchy. We have been told how his grandmother taught him to hear the little birds singing the glory of God, and the village curé early inspired him with a love for Virgil and the Psalms of David. We know how he laboured with his own hands, sowing, reaping, and tending sheep in the fields and by the seashore, until the painting impulse within him was too strong to be withstood. And we know too the sad tale of the years in Paris, the long struggle which reduced him, with his wife and children, to the verge of starvation, and brought his life to a premature close. We know how bitter was the opposition which he had to meet, and how when at length recognition came, it was too late. The storm has rolled by, and the whole world has heard the pæans of acclamation with which France has hailed the *Angelus* as the greatest of modern pictures. The painter's widow and children are alive to witness the triumph of his principles, but he himself sleeps in the little churchyard at Chailly, on the edge of that plain where the sound of the *Angelus* still seems to float upon every wind that blows.

There is no doubt as to Millet's popularity now. The small gallery where his pictures hung in the Exposition Centennale was crowded with people from all nations, but most of all with provincials from the distant departments of France. Many a blue-bloused working-man, who had brought his family in by "train de plaisir" to see the wonders of the great Exhibition, might be heard telling his children the name of the Grand Rustique whose pictures had won immortal fame.

They hung there in a row, those canvases in which the master has painted the whole cycle of peasant life, and of the labours of the field, as the seasons change, and day and night follow each other on the face of the earth.

And first of all *L'Homme à la Houe*. A representative picture this, in which Millet's central idea, the simple dignity of peasant labour, is set forth. The hard task of hoeing the ground without the

help of horse and plough, so much in use by small cultivators, was a form of labour which always attracted Millet's sympathy. He liked to see the peasants at work on the plain of Barbizon—the village where he and his friend Rousseau lived, close to the forest of Fontainebleau—and to watch the rise and fall of the hoe in strong, well-trained hands. This "Man with the Hoe" is no degraded beast of burden, far less the purely ornamental peasant of the poet's Arcady. He wears sabots and blue trousers, and hat and blouse, thrown off in the heat of his toil, lie on the ground at his feet. His hands are hard and seamed, his stalwart form is bent with fatigue. All day he has been at work on the stony soil, and now he leans heavily with both arms on his hoe, and snatches a brief moment of rest. Behind him, stretching far away to the horizon, is the wide plain, where others too are at work—men guiding the plough, a young girl raking the weeds into heaps. We see the thistles which spring up on the sterile ground, the dusty clods and tufts of coarse herbage, with a yellow daisy here and there, and the smoke of burning weeds curling up against the gray sky. Everything gives the same impression of dull monotonous labour, of that "weariness" which Millet himself described as "the common and melancholy lot of humanity." "Thou shalt eat bread in the sweat of thy brow"—this was the thought which he had in his mind when he painted that picture, which came back to him whenever he saw these lonely figures hoeing on the barren plain, and from time to time raising themselves to wipe their foreheads with the back of their hand. "No gay and jovial work this"—he wrote—"nevertheless to me it is true humanity and great poetry."

This *Homme à la Houe* was the picture which, first exhibited at the Salon of 1863, drew down a perfect storm of abuse upon the painter's head. The man who could paint such subjects, it was said, must be a socialist, a dangerous anarchist, whose evident object it was to stir up popular strife and set the masses against the classes. Millet smiled at the fury of his assailants. To him this clamour all seemed very strange. "They tell me," he wrote to Sensier, "that I deny the charms of the country. I see much more than charms, I see infinite glories. I see as well as they do the little flowers of which Christ said that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. I see the aureoles of the dandelions, and the sun spreading

J. F. Millet, pinxt.

L'ANGELUS.

out its glory in the heavens. But I see also, in the plain, the steaming horses at work, and in a rocky place a man all worn out, whose *hau* has been heard since morning, and who tries to straighten himself a moment and breathe. The drama is surrounded with beauty. It is not my invention. The cry of the ground has been heard long ago. My critics are men of taste and education, but I cannot put myself in their shoes, and as I have never seen anything but fields since I was born, I try to say, as best I can, what I saw and felt when I was at work."

It is this passionate intensity of conviction which makes itself felt in all Millet's work, and which gives a meaning and purpose to his representation of the simplest act of labour. Nothing in his eyes is trivial or commonplace. Look at his picture of *Le Nouveau-né*, in which two peasants bear the newborn calf to the cottage home, where the children look out for its arrival with eager faces. Here the effort of carrying is admirably given, and the serious expression of the two bearers, the tender anxiety of the cow, who follows licking the little calf, and the ruddy glow on the face of the girl who leads her by a rope, all heighten the solemnity of the effect. This power of idealization is still more striking in another picture which hung in the same row at the Exhibition, *Les Tueurs de Cochons*. Here was a subject which at first sight would hardly seem to lend itself to pictorial representation. Two peasants, in blue hose and sabots, are seen trying with all their might to drag a pig from its sty, while a young woman tries in vain to tempt it with a platter of greens, and an older man, with bared knife in his hand, leans his whole weight upon the refractory animal. The sullen obstinacy of the poor brute, who, as if conscious of the fate awaiting it, refuses to stir, the mingled look of curiosity and terror on the face of the child surveying the scene from the top of a wall, the very attitude of the cat, who arches her back and hisses, all help to make us feel the tragic nature of the scene. Even the bare trees and the leaden hues of the wintry sky are not there without a meaning. "Madame," said Millet to a lady who saw the unfinished picture on an easel in his studio, "c'est un drame."

In *La Fileuse* we have a different phase of labour, with which Millet had been familiar from his earliest youth. The young woman with the red bodice, high white linen cap, and pure good face, is a

memory of the Norman home where to this day the women spin their own flax, and where little François went to sleep with the murmur of spinning-wheels in his ears. Another recollection of Gréville may be seen in life-sized figures known as the *Grande Tondeuse de Moutons*, which was sent back from Boston to the Paris Exhibition. At Millet's home the women of the household took a large share in the work of sheep-shearing, and the comely young *fermière* who wields the shears, while a man holds the sheep's legs, looks as if she had stepped out of some Norman homestead. Colour and modelling alike are fine, and in the movement of the arm there is just that absolute rightness, that suggestion of antique grace, which has caused so many of Millet's peasant-women to be compared to Greek statues.

This grand side of his art finds a still nobler expression in *Les Glaneuses*, perhaps the most complete of all his pictures. The Sower who goes forth to sow his grain, and the Reaper who puts in his sickle when the harvest is ripe, had already inspired Millet with some of his most sublime conceptions. Here he painted the closing act of the year's drama. The end of the harvest has come, the last waggons are loaded, the farmer rides round to see the last rick of corn finished. And in the foreground three brave women bend down to pick up the ears of corn which lie scattered here and there among the stubble. All day they have toiled, and we see by their steps that they are weary, and one of them is old and stiff and moves more slowly than the others. The August sun beats down upon them with its fierce glare, the ears of corn are few and sparse, but yet they toil on, without a pause or murmur—types of those long generations of uncomplaining men and women, who, day by day and year after year, faithfully fulfil their appointed task. Everything in this picture is superb. The heroic action of the gleaners, the beauty of the landscape background, the rich glow of the colour, are not surpassed in any of the master's works. Now the *Angelus* is lost to France, it is something to know that this picture, which so entirely represents the loftiest side of Millet's art, has been given to the Louvre, and that these three majestic figures will hang there for ever by the side of the well-known painting of Gréville church, with the flowering trees and the blue sea beyond the tombstones.

Once more, in the fine autumn landscape known as *Les Meules*, Millet has painted the corn-field—

this time under a new aspect. Summer is past, the harvest is ended, and the earth rests from her labours. Reapers and gleaners alike are gone, Only the newly-made ricks are to be seen in the farm-yard, and in the foreground a few sheep are browsing among the short stubble, while a flight of white pigeons wing their way across the sky. The scene is rendered wonderfully impressive by the effect of the black storm-cloud which throws its dark shadows on the field; while in the background the October sun, struggling out, illumines

and make us realize the presence of that "infinite" which is never absent from Millet's pictures.

We often hear people complain that Millet's works are all sad. No doubt the pathetic side of human life appealed to him in a peculiar manner, and the sight of the struggling masses of toiling humanity filled him with a sympathy born of his own experience. And yet the impression which his great pictures leave upon the mind is not really a sad one. Rather is it one which fills the soul with a deep serenity, like the sight of some

LE MATIN.

T. Rousseau, *pinxt.*

the farm-yard roofs with light, and touches the edge of the plain with the last rays of the dying summer. The same profound sense of peace meets us in the *Parc aux Moutons*, a small canvas in which Millet returns to his favourite theme of shepherd-life. Night has fallen on the plain, and the moon shines dimly through the clouds on the quiet fold where the shepherd of Barbizon, in his long cloak, attended by his faithful sheep-dog, gathers his flock together, and pens them in safety. The deep stillness of night and the pale light of the half-veiled moon, all help to give the same impression of repose,

rich sunset, or the hearing of some mighty strain of music. The sadness, the weariness are there, it is true, but underneath all there is a strong current of everlasting hope.

"Une immense espérance a traversé la terre."

These toilers of the ground, these hewers of wood and drawers of water, do not ask our pity or repine at their lot. In their simple dignity, their patient and heroic endurance, they are part of a divinely-appointed order, and belong to that "grande harmonie" of which Millet loved to talk

with his friend Rousseau, when the day's work was done, and the sun sank to rest behind the trees of the forest. This is what Gambetta, agnostic though he was, recognized when he paid homage to the *Angelus* as a work inspired by a living religious faith, "a grand and noble picture," and at the same time "a lesson of social and political morality."

But we must not forget that there are other painters besides Millet who claim our attention. Let us look now for a moment at the work of another well-known painter of peasant life, Jules Breton. He is at the present time, and has been for many years, one of the most popular of living painters. His picture, *L'Appel du Soir*, which forms the subject of our frontispiece, is charmingly painted, and is full of graceful sentiment. But these peasant-girls calling their companions to go home as the harvest-moon rises at the end of the long day's work, are sadly wanting in force and reality. They belong, we feel, to Arcadian regions, and have little in common with the labourers of the field. And so—in spite of their beauty and refinement, in spite, too, of the artistic feeling of the painter, and his high technical merits, they fail to move us, and we go back to *Les Glaneuses* and *L'Homme à la Houe* with a new satisfaction, and realize better than ever before all the truth and greatness of these marvellous works.

Just above the row of pictures which we have been describing there hung a famous work by a very different painter, *La Remise des Chevreuils à Plaisirs-Fontaine*, by Gustave Courbet. Few of those who looked at the lovely forms of the deer in their cool retreat by the running waters, at the foot of the gray limestone cliffs, could have dreamt that this charming picture was the work of a Communist painter. Yet poor Courbet took part in the riots of 1871, and was exiled—it is said unjustly—for leading the attack on the Vendôme column.

The son of a rich *paysan* of Ornans, a village in Doubs, near Besançon, he began by painting the picturesque scenery of his home, the *château* of Ornans on its lofty cliff, the green valleys and wooded ravines of the Jura, but first revealed his extraordinary powers in the great *Enterrement à Ornans*, now in the Louvre. Like Millet he met with opposition, and found himself treated as a foe to social order. His pictures were rejected, his art was called the "incarnation of ugliness," his figures "drunken Helots." His proud and impatient nature resented this treatment keenly. He became every day more

violent in his language, professing himself to be the enemy of all ideal art, and taking a leading part in the political agitation which eventually caused his ruin. It was not till after his death that his genius was fully recognized. His art is as unequal in performance, as uncertain in aim, as his theories were, and the most curiously different specimens of his skill figured in the Exhibition. It would, for instance, be hard to find a more vulgar and tasteless production than the cleverly-executed *Demoiselles des bords de la Seine*—two coarse gaudily-dressed women sleeping under the trees of the river-banks; or, on the other hand, a more simple and innocent figure than his *Fileuse endormie*,—the young workwoman in the striped woollen shawl and flowered stuff gown, who has dropped asleep with the spindle in her hands. In the noble seascape known as *La Vague*, and in his pictures of stag-hunting and of poachers in the snow, he shows his power in new directions; while in his *Casseurs de Pierres*,—an old labourer and a boy at work on that hardest and dreariest of tasks, breaking stones by the roadside—he rises to heights which rival Millet's fame. But of all his works, none is more poetic in conception and more delicate in finish than this one of the startled deer in their forest haunt, which was bought for the Louvre at the Sécretan sale.

We cannot dwell here on those splendid examples of landscape painting which are the most brilliant, and on the whole the most enduring result of the movement of 1830. The clear skies and luminous atmosphere of Corot's woodland scenes, the pleasant banks of Oise and the ruddy tints of the autumn woods, as we see them in the paintings of Daubigny, of Diaz, and of that greatest of colourists, Theodore Rousseau, are not for us to describe. We may just note in passing, that a lovely *Matin*, by the last-named master, is given here, while the figure on p. 313 comes from *La Fenaïson*, a landscape by the veteran painter, Jules Dupré, who has just passed away. Neither can we do more than mention the famous row of Meissonniers—all painted with the same wonderful finish, and in their midst the great Emperor, with the pale set face and the torn blue coat, leading the remnant of his *grande armée* back through the snow, a memorable and strangely pathetic figure.

But there is one picture before which we must linger, both for the sake of the subject and of the painter. The subject is *Jeanne d'Arc écoutant les Voix*; the painter, Jules Bastien Lepage. A peasant

THE FIGURE FROM 'LA FENAISON.'

Julien Dupré, pinxt.

himself, and, like Millet, sprung from a race of peasants, this master was born at Damvillers, in the department of Meuse, in 1848. An artist from his childhood—like Millet, too, in this—he loved best to paint the rural scenes and rustic people of his home. At the same time, the marvellous force and delicacy of his portraits soon won for him a great and deserved reputation. His efforts were crowned with splendid success, and a glorious career seemed opening before him when he died—all too soon for France and Art—at the early age of thirty-six. In the Exhibition a whole screen was covered with his finest works, among them his *Ramasseuses de Pommes de terre*, *Les Foins*, and *Les Blés Murs*, the portraits of his own parents, of Sarah Bernhardt, and the Prince of Wales. And there too, in a central position under the great dome of the Palais des Beaux-Arts, hung his picture of *Jeanne d'Arc*, sent back from Boston to take its place between the masterpieces of Corot and Millet. A native of Lorraine himself, Bastien had all his life dreamt of painting the Maid of Orléans, in her cottage home at Domrémy. After many preliminary efforts he at length completed the picture for the Salon of 1880. The scene is the garden of the painter's own home at Damvillers, with the

white walls and red roofs of the cottage in the background. Here Jeanne stands, clad in the loose gray vest and brown skirt of Lorraine maidens, under the apple-trees of the orchard, with a tangled growth of leaves and flowers at her feet. And behind her, through the green boughs, we see the shining forms and glittering aureoles of the great Archangel, and of his companions, the Virgin-Saints of Domrémy. Their voices have come to Jeanne as she sat spinning in the garden, and she has risen, upsetting the wooden stool in her haste, and stands with hand uplifted as if in answer, and a look of rapture in the wide-open blue eyes. Not in vain for her that heavenly vision. She has heard the voices which summon her to go forth to save her country, and she is ready to leave friends and home and follow the sudden call.

This truly patriotic picture, so nobly conceived and vigorously executed, was severely criticized on its first appearance, and eventually followed *Le Semeur* and *La Grande Tondeuse* across the Atlantic. Among modern paintings it seemed to be the one of all others which should have belonged to the national museum; but now, like the *Angelus*, it has found a home in the New World, and is lost to the Louvre and to France.

SCHOOLS OF TO-DAY.

DOROTHEA BEALE, PRINCIPAL OF LADIES' COLLEGE, CHELTENHAM.

AND now let me turn to the typical schools of to-day; I mean the large day-schools for the middle-classes, which scarcely existed twenty years ago, and which are now found in all our large towns.

First, look at the buildings. How different they are from the private houses turned into schools, in which we used to study. There is plenty of light and air. Carpets and curtains which harboured dust have disappeared, but there are simple bright surroundings, and tasteful arrangements of homely things. There are seats to support the back, and desks adapted to the height of the growing girl; backboards and stocks for turning out the toes are gone, and there is a large gymnasium with all sorts of invigorating exercises. And the dress is warmer and lighter; the low-necked dresses of Sir Joshua's day have disappeared, and the cotton materials have been replaced by woollen and Jäger. The hardening theory of Locke, which brought many a child to an untimely grave, is now obsolete, and one smiles at his advice that children's shoes should have holes to let in the water. There are still some follies in dress, but there are many who abjure tight-lacing and high heels, and there is not the absolute uniformity which is the mark of the "fashionable" person in all times. The school-rooms are better warmed, and the increased exercise, the improved dress, and the more substantial diet have banished chilblains, and various ailments due to depressing causes. The girls look more vigorous, and have more colour in their cheeks. Some maintain that they are taller than those of fifty years ago. Certainly the fainting fits, so common in the old novels, and even in the poetry of Spenser, have become a thing of the past.

(2) There is a more vigorous intellectual life. To learn with others, to feel the intellectual sympathy of numbers, to measure one's strength with companions: this is stimulating and invigorating. There are to be found in every large school some who excel in each department of study, and this tends to raise the standard for all. Besides, the

companionship of those who do not look at things from the same point of view enlarges the understanding and the sympathies. No longer is it thought enough to learn the words or even the thoughts of others—mathematics and science, and the difficult grammar of the classical languages or German, furnish a mental gymnastic; the "accomplishments," too, are no longer a sort of dilettante fancy work; but music, singing, and drawing are studied with such thoroughness, that a foundation is laid for a real professional training.

And how different the teachers look from those who used dearly to hear us repeat things out of a book. These teachers have come with lessons prepared; they have read and adapted their teaching to the capacities of their class, and they take delight in seeing the understanding of their pupils develop. The exercises they have corrected have shown them their pupils' misunderstandings, and mind comes into real contact with mind as they explain misconceptions. And these teachers give of their best. It is not chiefly the higher fees and the better position that wins for these schools better teachers. They, like orators and singers, are stimulated by the audience, and large responsive classes call forth a power that is not found in the teacher of a few. A small school is dull as compared with a large one, for, as Bacon says, "If the force of custom, simple and separate, be great, the force of custom copulate and conjoined and collegiate is far greater; for there example teacheth, company comforteth, emulation quickeneth, glory raiseth; so as in such places the force of custom is in great exaltation."

(3) Morally it is good to belong to a large school. As Mrs. Grey has said,¹ "The facilities for classification, companionship in study, healthy public spirit, and a general kind of open-airiness go with large numbers," and there may be "boarding-houses which have the quietness and something of the domestic character" of a home.

¹ *Special Requirements for Improving the Education of Girls*, by Mrs. William Grey. Ridgway, 15.

Habits of order and punctuality come almost of themselves in a large school; work could not go on at all without. Thus we find a promptness which was often wanting in the old schools, and the languid, *fainéant* girl is rare indeed under the new régime; new-comers are soon attracted into the general order.

The girls learn, too, to move quietly and speak gently, for loud talking where there are so many would be intolerable. And as they meet one another in their class-rooms, there are cheery greetings—they have come from different houses into this larger school-life. Some may be boarders, and some may be day-pupils, but all have a double life, like the life they will afterwards lead in the world; they are not shut up day after day together in one house. Living, too, in a larger world, they make self less the object of their thoughts, and social sympathies are developed. One sees little of the self-consciousness of the typical school-girl, to whom the presence of strangers is a rare experience.

The morning passes quickly, and then all disperse to their homes. They are provided with a home time-table. I am afraid these are not always kept to, and many children have an amount of liberty in the disposal of their time, in the choice of friends and books, which they are not old enough to use wisely. The greater liberty of to-day may be an evil to those unfit to use it, though it is certainly one's first duty so to educate children so that they may become worthy of liberty. The mere external restraints and harsh punishments, of which I spoke in my former article, did not strengthen the character any more than Miss Betsy Higgins' backboards and stays strengthened the body; but if these are discarded, there should be physical and moral gymnastics, otherwise we shall have curved spines and crooked characters; there must be either external support or healthy exercise; a rigid rule, or the "well-tempered" character. There is a middle course between letting children rule their elders, and treating them as Mr. Makegood did. Home people must see that liberty means obedience to the inward law, the law of duty, and should make the whole life a wholesome moral gymnastic.

The French say that English girls do not understand hard work and self-denial, and that they are always wanting games, amusement, tennis, change of scene, &c. Let us listen and learn; it may be that French girls would be better for more gymnastics

and oxygen. It may be that English girls and boys make recreation too much the business of life.

There are homes where one may see how the day-school and the family life unite all, because all have intellectual interests in common. The children bring home word of what they have been doing, but they are not narrowed to mere school-girls: some time is saved for family life. There survives that social home-reading circle, which was a feature of our earlier days before there was gas and electric light, before there were so many evening amusements, so many and such late parties, and when there were less of those light books that one really cannot read aloud. It is a beautiful and a true picture of family life which Miss Yonge has sketched: such evenings are amongst my happiest memories.

Let me press upon mothers, with all the earnestness of which I am capable, that none of the many "claims" of society, of charity, &c. can be weighed against the duty of caring that all should go well with the children. The words often ring in my ears with warning sound—"Thine own vineyard hast thou not kept!" And let me impress upon all girls, that only by learning to obey first those set over us, and secondly, the voice of conscience, which "loving parents and faithful teachers have taught us to interpret," can we become truly free.

There are undeniably dangers connected with the life of a large school, but there are corresponding advantages which seem to me to far outweigh them.

(1) It is said that the rivalry, and examinations, and prizes, and honours, and speech-days, develop hatred, envy, malice, and all uncharitableness.

I would reply that these things are no necessary part of the system, and, in fact, that the excitement of competition is less frequently resorted to than formerly, when we always took places in class, and were continually from morning to night being "marked." I think the evils of emulation have been exaggerated; that there is a right and healthy sort, which creates no ill-feeling. Still I consider the spirit of rivalry is too often appealed to, and I trust that this intermittent earth-born force will give ever more place to the steady and beneficent rule of love and duty.

(2) It is said the life of a large school is too stimulating, and makes girls unwilling to do cheerfully the unexciting duties of home.

But is it not true that it is rather the uneducated woman, she who has no resources in herself, who is

restless and always running from house to house, or seeking distraction in "amusement" because she has nothing to "muse on"; who, because she has an undisciplined mind, cannot introduce order into her household, cannot fix her attention on one subject long enough to devise useful plans, cannot work out a balance of expenditure and income?

(3) Living with those who have not the intimate knowledge of us, and the real love which speaks the truth, may tend to make girls dislike the home in which faults are pointed out. It may develop a love of popularity which is a great hindrance to the development of conscience; and generally the want of leisure tends to superficiality.

But the whole day is not spent in the school, and the home or boarding-house should provide for the quiet, without which no character has ever become deep and strong.

"If the chosen soul could never be alone
In deep mid-silence, open-doored to God,
No greatness ever had been dreamed or done."

Yet there is also good in a life which makes us feel strongly that we are members of one body, and that the life of *each* is perfected only in proportion as the life of *all* is fuller, truer, nobler. And I am persuaded that a large common life is, on the whole, far healthier, far more favourable to the growth of all that is good, than a narrow one. True, a shut-in life diminishes the danger of meeting bad companions; but, as Milton says, one cannot "remove sin by removing the matter of sin. Suppose we could expell sin by this means; look how much we thus expell of sin, so much we expell of vertue: for the matter of them both is the same; remove that, and ye remove them both alike. . . . And a dram of well-doing should be preferr'd before many times as much the forcible hindrance of evill-doing. For God sure esteems the growth and compleating of one vertuous person more than the restraint of ten vitious."

There was innocence in Paradise, but holiness is the growth of a world in which grow thorns and thistles. Besides, evil, which is selfishness, is disintegrating, is transitory; an evil "friendship" is not lasting, whilst goodness is an ever attractive power, and is permanent in its effect; it is an eternal bond. Again, keeping the young shut up hinders their gaining gradually, and while they are still under watchful guardianship, the experience in discerning character, which is one of the most important things for women. In a good school the sense of responsibility towards others is developed, and the desire to help others. Good school friendships are an inestimable blessing.

Let us believe, as we must, if we are not pessimists, that by this great movement for higher education, which could not have been carried forward but by an innumerable series of concurrent causes, God is preparing women for work larger and more beneficent. Everywhere they are working with zeal and devotion in alleviating the many social evils of our crowded cities, of our barbaric civilization. Wise and thoughtful women have inaugurated reforms and established societies which have done incalculable good. The power of women to work, not only for the family, but for the community, has been greatly promoted by the life in large schools—from these, as from some busy hive, have gone forth working bees whose happiness is found in living for the great family to which they belong—for the commonwealth. The once fashionable, but miserable doctrine, common in my youth, that a woman who had money or a place in society ought to live an idle life, on pain of losing caste, is almost obsolete, since the daughters of Cabinet-ministers and bishops and judges have thought it an honour to join the body of working women. The words "Talitha Cumi" are sounding in the ears of the women of England—they are words of power. Let us then arise and minister.



A MATTER OF TASTE.

(A Cabinet Study.)

J. Anstey

CHAPTER II.

THE walls of the dining-room had been dis-tempered a particularly hideous drab; the curtains were mustard-yellow; the carpet was a dull brown; the mottled marble mantelpiece, for which Ella had been intending to substitute one in walnut-wood with tiles, still shone in slabs of petrified bawn; there was a huge mahogany side-board, of a kind she had only seen in old-fashioned hotels.

"Comfortable, eh?" remarked George; "lots of wear in those curtains!"

Unhappily there was, as Ella was only too well aware.

"You did *this* room yourself too, then, George?" she managed to say, without betraying herself by her voice.

"Yes, I chose everything here. You see, Ella, we shall only use this room for meals."

"Only for meals, yes," she acquiesced with a shudder; "but—George, surely you said mother had helped you with the rooms?"

"What, your mother? No, Ella, her notions are rather too grand for me—it was Jessie and Carrie I meant. Just come and see what they've made of my den."

Ella followed; the window—which had commanded such a cheerful outlook into one of the pretty gardens, with a pink thorn, a laburnum tree or two, and some sycamores, which still flourish fresh and fair on Campden Hill—was obscured now by some detestable contrivance in transparent paper imitating stained glass.

"That was the girls' notion," said George, following the direction of her eyes; "they fixed it all themselves. It was their present to me—pretty of them to think of it, wasn't it? I call it an immense improvement, and you see it's stuck on with some patent cement-varnish, so it can't rub off. You get the effect better if you stand here—

now see how well the colours come out in the sun!"

If only they *would* come out!—but what could she do but stand and admire hypocritically? Her eyes, in spite of herself, seemed drawn to that bright-hued sham, intersected by black lines intended to represent leading; of the room itself she only saw vaguely that it was not unworthy of the window.

"Nothing to what they've done with the drawing-room!" said innocent George, beaming. "Come along, darling, you'll scarcely know the place!"

And Ella, reduced to a condition of stony stupor, followed to the drawing-room. She did not know the place indeed. It was a quaintly-shaped, irregular room, with French windows opening upon the garden on one side and a deep bow-window on another. When she had last seen it, the walls were covered with a paper so pleasing in tone and design that she had almost decided to retain it. That paper was gone, and in its place a gaudy semi-Chinese pattern of unknown birds, flying and perching on sprawling branches laden with impossible flowers. And then the furniture—the "elegant drawing-room suite" in brilliant plush and shining satin, the cheap cabinets, and the ready-made black and gilt overmantel, with its panels of swans, hawthorn-blossom, and landscapes sketchily daubed on dead gold—surely it had all been transferred bodily from the stage of some carelessly-mounted farcical comedy!

Ella's horrified gaze gradually took in other features; the China monkeys swinging on cords, the porcelain parrots hanging in great brass rings, huge misshapen terra-cotta jars and pots, dead grass in bloated drain-pipes, tambourines be-ribbed and painted with kittens and robins, enormous wooden *sabots*, gilded Japanese fans, a woolly white rug, and a bright Kidderminster carpet.

"Oh, George!" burst involuntarily from her lips.

"I knew you'd be pleased," he said, complacently; "but I mustn't take all the credit myself. It was like this, you see. I felt all right about the other rooms, but the drawing-room—that's *your* room, and I was awfully afraid of not having it exactly as it ought to be. So I went to the girls, and I said, 'You know all about these things—just make it what you think Ella will like, and then we can't go wrong.' We had that Grosvenor Gallery paper down first of all. 'Choose something bright and cheerful,' I said, and I don't think they've chosen badly. Then the pottery and china and all that—those are the girls' present to *you*, with their best love."

"It—it's very good of them," said poor Ella, on the verge of tears.

"Oh, they think a lot of you! They were rather nervous about doing anything at first, for fear you mightn't like it; but I told them they needn't be afraid. 'What I like, Ella will like,' I said, and I must say no one could wish to see a prettier drawing-room than they've turned it into—they've a good deal of taste, those two girls."

Ella stood there in a kind of dreary dream. What had happened to the world since she came into this house? What was this change in her? She was afraid to speak, lest the intense rebellious anger she felt should gain the mastery. Was it she that had these wicked thoughts of George—poor, kind, unsuspecting, loving George? She felt a little faint, for the windows were closed, and the room stuffy with the odour of the new furniture, and the atmosphere of the workshop; everything here seemed to her commonplace and repulsive.

"How about those plans of yours now, Ella, eh?" cried George.

This was too much—her over-tried patience broke down.

"George!" she cried impulsively, and her voice sounded hoarse and strange to her own ear. "George, I must speak—I must tell you—" and then she checked herself.

She must keep command of herself, or she could not, without utter loss of dignity, find the words that were to sting him into a sense of what he had done and allowed to be done. Before she could go on, George had drawn her to him, and was patting her shoulder tenderly.

"I know, dear little girl," he said, "I know; don't try to tell me anything. I'm so awfully glad you're pleased; but all the money and pains in the

world wouldn't make the place good enough for my Ella."

She released herself with a little cry of impotent despair. How could she say the sharp cruel speeches that were struggling to reach her tongue now? It was no use; she was a coward, she simply had not the courage to undeceive him here, on the very first day of the reunion, too!"

"You haven't been up-stairs yet," said George, dropping sentiment abruptly. "Shall we go up?"

Ella assented submissively, much as even this cost her, but it was better, she reflected, to get it over and know the very worst. However, she was spared this ordeal for the present. As they returned to the hall, they found themselves suddenly face to face with a dingy man, whose face was surrounded by a fringe of black whiskers, and crowned by a shock of fluey hair.

"Who on earth are you?" demanded George, as the man rose from the kitchen-stairs.

"No offence, sir and lady. Peagram, that's *my* name, fust shop round the corner as you go into Silver Street, Plumber and Sanitary Hengineer, Gas-fittin' and Hartistic Decorating, Bell-'anging in all its branches. I received instructions from Mr. Jones that I was to look into a little matter o' leakage in the back-kitchen sink, also to see what taps, if hany, required seein' to, and gen'ally to put things straight like. So I come round, 'aving the keys, just to cast a heye over them, as I may term it, preliminry to commencing work in the course of a week or so, as soon as I'm at libity to attend to it pussonally."

"Oh, the landlord sent you? All right then."

"Correct, sir," said the plumber, affably; "while I've been 'ere, I took the freedom of going all over this little 'ouse, and a nice cosy little 'ouse you've made of it, for such a nouse as it is. You've done it up very tysty, very tysty you've done this little 'ouse up, and I've some claim to speak, seein' as how I've had the decoration throughout of a many 'ouses in my time, likewise mansions. You ain't been too ambitious, which is the error most parties falls into with small 'ouses; now the parties as 'ad the place before you, by the name o' Rummles—well, I dessay they satisfied theirselves; but the 'ouse never looked right, not to *my* taste, it didn't."

"George, get rid of this person!" said Ella under her breath, in French.

Unfortunately George's acquaintance with that tongue was about on a par with the plumber's, and he remained passive.

The plumber now proceeded to put down his mechanic's straw bag upon the hall-table, which he did with great care, as if it were of priceless stuff, and contained fragile articles. Having done this, he posed himself with one elbow resting on the post of the staircase, like a grimy statue of Shakespeare.

"Ah," he said, shaking his touzled head, "this ain't the first time I've been 'ere in my puffessional capacity, not by a long way. Not by a long way, it ain't. Mr. Rummles, him as I mentioned to you afore, and a nice pleasant-spoken gentleman he was, too. In the tea-trade. Mr. Rummles, he allus sent round for me whenever there was hany odd jobs as wanted doin', and in course I was allus pleased to get 'em, be they hodd or hotherwise."

"Er—exactly," said George, as soon as he could put in a word; "but you see, this lady and I——"

The plumber, however, did not abandon his position, and seemed determined that they should hear him.

"I know, sir, I see how things were with you with 'arf a glance; but afore we go any further, it's right you should know 'oo I am, and all about me. Jest 'ear what I'm goin' to tell yer, for it's somethink out of the common way, though Gospel truth. It's a melinkly reflection for a man in my station of life, but—" (and here he lowered his voice to a solemn pitch) "I've never set foot inside of this 'ere 'ouse without somethink appens more or less immejit! Ah, it's true, though. Seems almost like as if I brought a fatality in along o' me. Don't you interrupt, you wait till I'm done, and see if I'm talking at random or without facks to support me. Well, *first* time as ever I was sent for 'ere was in regard to drains, as they couldn't flush satisfactory. I did my work and come away. Not three weeks arter, Miss Rummles, the heldest gell, was took ill with typhoid. Never the same young lady again, nor yet she never won't be neither, not if she lives to a nundered. 'Nothing very hodd about *that*,' says you. Wait a bit. Next time it was the kitching copper as had got all furred up like. I tinkered that up to rights, and come away. Well, afore I'd even made out my account, that identical copper blew up and scalded the cook dreadful! 'Coppers will play these games,' you sez;—all right, then. But you let me finish. Third time, there was a flaw in one of the gas-brackets in the spare-room. I soddered it up and I come away. Soon arterwards, a day or two as it might be, Mrs. Rummles 'ad 'er mar

a stayin' with her, and the old lady slep in that very room—and was laid up weeks. 'Curus,' says I, when I come to 'ear of it; '*very curus*!' and it set me a-thinkin'. Last time but one, 'ere—lemme see—that was a bell-'anging job, I *think*,—no, I'm wrong, it was drains agen; so it were—drains it was agen. And the *next* thing I 'eard was that Mrs. Rummles was a-layin' at Death's door with the diffthery. The last time—ah, I recklect well, I was called in to see if somethink wasn't wrong with the ballcock in the top cistin. I see there *was* somethink, and I come away as usual. That day week, old Mr. Rummles was took with a fit on the floor in the back droring-room, which broke up the 'ouse! Now, I think, as fair-minded and unprejudiced parties, you'll agree with me that there was somethink more 'n hordinary consider-ency in all that. I declare to you," avowed the plumber, with a gloomy relish and a candour that was possibly begotten of beer, "I declare to you there's times when I do honestly believe as I carry a curse along with me, whenever I visits this 'ere partickler 'ouse; and, though it's agen my own hinterests, I deem it on'y my dooty, as a honest man, to mention it."

Under any other circumstances, the plumber's compliments on her taste and his lugubrious assumption of the character of Destroying Angel would have sorely tried, if not completely upset, Ella's gravity; as it was, she was too wretched to have more than a passing and quite unappreciative sense of his absurdity. George, having the quality of mind which makes jokes more readily than sees them, took him quite seriously.

"Well," he answered, solemnly, "I hope you won't bring *us* bad luck, at all events."

"I 'ope so, sir, I'm sure. I '*ope* so. It will not be by any desire on my part, more partickler when you're just settin' up 'ousekeepin' with your good lady 'ere. But there's no tellin' in these matters. That's where it is, you see—there's no tellin'. And, arter all my experence, with the best intentions in the world, I can't go and guarantee to you as no-think won't come of it. I wish I could, but, as a honest man, I can't. If it's to be," moralized this fatalistic plumber, "it *is* to be, and that's all about it, and no hefforts on my part or yours won't make hany difference, will they, sir?"

"Well, well," said George, plainly ill at ease; "that will do, my friend. Now, Ella, what do you say—shall we go up-stairs?"

"Not now," she gasped, "let us go away . . . Oh, George, take me outside, please!"

"Dash that confounded fool of a plumber," said George irritably, when they were in the street again; "wonder if he thinks I'm going to employ him after that—not that it isn't all bosh, of course . . . Why, Ella, you're not tired, are you?"

"I—I think I am a little . . . Do you mind if we drive home?"

Ella was very silent during this short drive. When they reached Linden Gardens, she said—

"I think we must say good-bye here, George. I feel as if I am going to have a headache."

"You poor little girl," he said, looking rather crestfallen, for he had been counting upon going in, and being invited to remain for dinner. "It's been rather too much for you, going over the house and all that—or was it that beastly plumber with his rigmaroles?"

"It wasn't the plumber," she said hurriedly, as the door was opened. "And good-bye, George."

"How easily girls do get knocked up!" thought George, as he walked homeward. "A little pleasant excitement like this—and she seems quite upset. She was delighted with the house, though, that's one thing; and I mustn't forget to tell the girls how touched she was by their presents. What a darling she is!—how happy we shall be together!"

CHAPTER III.

ONCE safely at home, Ella hastened up-stairs to her own room, where, if the truth must be told, she employed the half-hour before dinner in unintermittent sobbing, into which temper largely entered. "He has spoilt it all for me! How *could* he—oh, how could he!" ran the burden of her moan. At the dinner-table, however, though pale and silent, she had recovered composure.

"A pleasant walk, Ella?" inquired her mother, with rather formal interest.

"Yes, very," replied Ella, trusting she would not be questioned further.

"I believe I know where you went!" cried indiscreet Flossie; "you went to look at your new house—now, *didn't* you? Ah! I thought so. I suppose you have quite made up your minds how you mean to do the rooms?"

"Quite."

"We might go round to all the best places to-morrow," said Mrs. Hylton, "and see some papers

and hangings. There were some lovely designs in Blank's windows the other day."

"And, Ella," added Flossie, "I've been out with Andrews after school several times to Tottenham Court Road, and Wardour Street, and Oxford Street—oh, everywhere, hunting up old furniture, and I can show you where they have some beautiful things—not shams, but really good."

"You know, Ella," said Mrs. Hylton, observing that she did not answer, "I want you to have a pretty house, and you and George must order exactly what you like, but I think you will find I may be some help to you in choosing."

"Thank you, mother," said Ella, without any animation; "I—I don't think we shall want much."

"You will want all that young people in your position do want, I suppose," said Mrs. Hylton a little impatiently; "and of course you understand that the bills are to be my affair."

"Thank you, mother," murmured Ella again.

She did not feel able to tell them just yet how this had all been forestalled—she felt that she would infallibly break down if she tried.

"You seem a little overdone to-night, my dear," said her mother frigidly. She was naturally hurt at the very uneffusive way in which her good offices had been met.

"I have such a dreadful headache," pleaded Ella. "I—I think I over-tired myself this afternoon!"

"Then you were very foolish, after travelling all yesterday as you did. I don't wonder that George was ashamed to come in. You had better go to bed early, and I will send Andrews in to you with some of my sleeping mixture."

Ella was glad enough to obey, though the draught took some time to operate; she felt as if no happiness or peace of mind were possible for her till George had been persuaded to undo his work. Surely he could not refuse when he knew that her mother was prepared to do everything for them at her own expense!

And here it began to dawn upon her what this would entail; George's words came back to her as if she heard them actually spoken. Did he not say that the house had been furnished out of his savings? What was she asking him to do? To dismantle it entirely; to humiliate himself by going round to all the people he had dealt with, asking them as a favour to take back their goods; or else he must sell them as best he could for a fraction

of their cost. Who was to refund him all he had so uselessly spent? Could she ask her mother to do so? Would he even consent to such an arrangement if it was proposed?

Then his sisters—how could she avoid offending them irreparably, perhaps involving George in a quarrel with his family, if she were to carry her point? As she realized for the first time the inevitable consequences of success, she asked herself in despair what she ought to do, where her plain duty lay?

Did she love George, or was it all delusion? was he less to her than mere superfluities, the fringe of life?

She did love him, in spite of any passing disloyalty of thought. She felt his sterling worth and goodness, even his weaknesses had something lovable in them for her. And he had been planning, spending, working all this time to give her pleasure; and this was his reward. She had been within an ace of letting him see the cruel ingratitude that was in her heart! "What a selfish wretch I have been!" she thought; "but I won't be—no, I won't! George shall *not* be snubbed, hurt, estranged from his family on my account!" No, she would suffer, she alone—and in silence. Never by a word would she betray to him the pain his well-intentioned action cost her—not even to her mother and Flossie would she permit herself to utter the least complaint, lest they should insist upon opening George's eyes.

So, having arrived at this heroic resolve, in which she found a touch of the sublime that almost consoled her, the tears dried on her cheeks, and Ella fell asleep at last.

Some readers, no doubt—though possibly few of our heroine's sex—will smile scornfully at this crumpled rose-leaf agony, this tempest in a Dresden tea-cup, and the writer is not concerned to deny that the situation has its ludicrous side.

But for a girl brought up as Ella Hylton had been, in an artistic *milieu*, her eye insensibly trained to love all that was beautiful in colour and form, to be sensitive to ugliness and vulgarity, it was a very real and bitter struggle, a hard-won victory, to come to such a decision as she formed. Life, Heaven knows, contains worse trials and deeper tragedies than this, but at least Ella's happy life had as yet known no harder.

And so far she must be given the credit of having conquered. Resolution is, no doubt, half the

battle. Unfortunately, Ella's resolution, though she hardly perceived this at present, could not be effected by one isolated and final act, but by a long chain of daily and hourly forbearances, the first break in which would undo all that had gone before.

How she bore the test we are going to see.

She woke the next morning to a sense that her life had somehow lost its savour; the exaltation of her resolve over night had evaporated and left her spirits flat and dead; but she came down nevertheless determined to be staunch and true to George under all provocations.

"Have you and George decided when you would like your wedding to be?" asked her mother after breakfast, "because we ought to have the invitations printed very soon."

"Not yet," faltered Ella, and the words might have passed either as an answer or an appeal.

"I think it should be some time before the end of next month, or people will be going out of town."

"I suppose so," was the reply, so listlessly given that Mrs. Hylton glanced keenly at her daughter.

"What do you feel about it yourself, Ella?"

"I?—oh!—I—I've no feeling. Perhaps if we waited . . . No, it doesn't matter; . . . let it be when you and George wish, mother, please."

Mrs. Hylton gave a sharp, annoyed little laugh. "Really, my dear, if you can't get up any more interest in it than that, I think it would certainly be wiser to wait!"

It was more than indifference that Ella felt—a wild aversion to beginning the new life that but lately had seemed so mysteriously sweet and strange; she was frightened by it, ashamed of it, but she could not help herself. She made no answer, nor did Mrs. Hylton again refer to the subject.

But Ella's worst tribulations had yet to come. That afternoon, as she and her mother and Flossie were sitting in the drawing-room, "Mrs. and the Miss Chapmans" were announced. Evidently they had deemed it incumbent on them to pay a state visit as soon as possible after Ella's return. Ella returned their effusive greetings as dutifully as she could; she had never succeeded in cultivating a very lively affection for them—to-day she found them barely endurable.

Mrs. Chapman was a stout, dew-lapped old lady, with dull eyes and pachydermatous folds in her face. She had a husky voice and a funereal manner. Jessie, her eldest daughter, was not altogether uncomely in a commonplace way; she was

dark-haired, high-coloured, loud-voiced, generally sprightly and voluble, and overpowering. She was in such a hurry to speak that her words tripped one another up, and she had a meaningless and, to Ella, highly irritating little laugh. Carrie was plain and colourless, content to admire and echo her sister.

After some conversation on Ella's continental experiences, Jessie suddenly, as Ella's uneasy instinct foresaw, turned to Mrs. Hylton.

"Of course Ella told you what a surprise she had at Campden Hill yesterday? Weren't you electrified?"

"No doubt I should have been," said Mrs. Hylton, who detested Jessie, "only Ella did not think fit to mention it."

"Oh, I wonder at that! I hope I wasn't going to betray the secrets of the prison-house?" (Jessie was fond of using stock phrases to give lightness and sparkle to her conversation.) "Ella, the idea of your keeping it all to yourself, you sly puss! But tell me—would you ever have believed Tumps (his sisters called George 'Tumps') could be capable of such independent behaviour?"

"No," said Ella, "indeed I never should!"

"Ha, ha! nor should we! You would have screamed to see him fussing about. Wasn't he killing over it, Carrie?"

"Oh, he was, Jessie!"

"My son," explained Mrs. Chapman to Mrs. Hylton, "is so wonderfully energetic and practical. I have never known him fail to carry through anything he has once undertaken—he inherits that from his poor dear father."

"I don't quite gather what your brother George has been doing even now?" said Mrs. Hylton to Jessie.

"Oh, but my lips are sealed. Wild horses shan't drag any more from me! Don't be afraid, Ella, I won't spoil sport!"

"There is no sport to spoil," said Ella. "Mother, it is only that—that George has furnished the house while I have been away."

"Really!" said Mrs. Hylton, politely, "that *is* energetic of him, indeed!"

"Poor dear Tumps came home so proud of your approval!" said Jessie to Ella; "and we were awfully relieved to find you didn't think we'd made the house quite too dreadful—weren't we, Carrie?"

"Yes, indeed, Jessie."

"Of course," observed the latter young lady, "it's always so hard to hit upon another person's taste exactly, especially in furnishing."

"Impossible, I should have thought," from Mrs. Hylton.

"I hope Ella is of a different opinion. What do *you* say, dearest?"

"Oh," cried Ella hastily, with splendid mendacity, "I—I liked it all very much, and—and it was so much too kind of you and Carrie . . . I've never thanked you for—for all the things you gave me!"

"Oh, *those!* they aren't worth thanking for—just a few little artistic odds and ends; they set off a room, you know—give it a finish."

"Young people nowadays," croaked old Mrs. Chapman lugubriously, in Mrs. Hylton's courteously inclined ear, "think so much of luxury and ornament. I'm sure when I married my dear husband we——"

"Now, mater dear, you really *mustn't!*" interrupted the irrepressible Jessie. "Mrs. Hylton is on *our* side, you know. She likes pretty things about her, don't you, Mrs. Hylton? And talking of that, Ella, I hope you thought our Glyco-vitrine decoration a success? We were perfectly surprised ourselves to see how well it came out! Just transparent coloured paper, Mrs. Hylton, and you cut it into sheets, and gum it on the window-panes, and really, unless you were told or came quite close, you would declare it was real stained glass! You ought to try some of it on your windows, Mrs. Hylton. I'll tell you where you can get it; you go down——"

"I'm afraid I'm old-fashioned, my dear," said Mrs. Hylton, stiffly; "if I cannot have the reality, I prefer to do without even the best imitations."

"Why, you are deserting us, I declare! Ella, you must take her to see the window, and then perhaps she will change her opinion."

"I always tell my girls," said Mrs. Chapman, in her woolly voice, "when I am dead and gone, they can make any alterations they please; but while I am spared to them, I like everything about the house to be kept exactly as it was in their poor father's lifetime."

"*Isn't* she a dear conservative old mummy!" said Jessie to Ella, in an audible aside. "Why, I do believe she won't see anything to admire in your little house—at least, if she does, the dear old lady, she'd sooner die than admit it!"

(To be continued.)

THE ONE IN THE MIDDLE.

MARGARET EYTINGE.

FIVE very plump birds met one pleasant Spring day,
And seated themselves in a row on a rail;
The two biggest sat with their backs turned this way,
And straight as an arrow hung each little tail.
Then four of them merrily sang, "Summer's coming,
And soon we shall hear the brown honey-bees humming,
And see brightest sunshine—oh! hey, diddle, diddle!"
"Except when it rains," said the one in the middle.

"And there will be roses, red, yellow, and pink,"
Sang the four in a chorus once more; "and the rill
Will give us the sweetest of water to drink,
And grass-seed be plenty in field and on hill,
And a host of our kindred their way will be winging
Toward our home, all the news of the sunny South bringing,
And we'll feast them on berries—oh! hey, diddle, diddle!"
"Some berries are poison," said the one in the middle.

Then, "Don't be so cross," said the four coaxingly,
As they looked kindly at her, "for certainly, dear,
There is not the least reason that glum you should be
When the time that we've wished for all winter is here.
Come, be happy and gay and cease trouble to borrow,
Take good care of to-day—hope the best for to-morrow,
And join in our singing—oh! hey, diddle, diddle!"
"I won't, and that's flat," said the one in the middle.

CELEBRATED LADY NOVELISTS.

Sarah Siddons

I. ANN RADCLIFFE, AND THE "MYSTERIES OF UDOLPHO."

ANN RADCLIFFE was the only child of a respectable, well-connected couple of the name of Ward, who were engaged in trade. She was born in London, in 1764. She was a thoughtful, sweet, and very pretty, though tiny, child and woman, gentle and conscientious to the last degree, somewhat formal in manners, and very retiring in disposition. She was instructed in the womanly accomplishments of her day, but was not encouraged to pursue graver studies.

Young Ann Ward's mother's sister was married to Bentley, the partner of Wedgewood. It has been remarked that Mrs. Radcliffe's heroines draw and sketch from nature, as a matter of course, and as if by instinct. In her day a certain amount not only of drawing so called, but of design in such drawing, like the power of singing ballads with tunefulness and feeling, marked a gentlewoman. In addition, an intimate acquaintance with Mr. Bentley's art-treasures, including Flaxman's designs, was calculated to draw forth any mite of talent a girl might possess.

At the Bentley's country house, Ann met the ubiquitous Piozzis, "the great Mrs. Montagu," and other literary celebrities.

When Ann Ward was growing up, her father and mother left London for Bath, then the gayest, most brilliant town in the kingdom, where their daughter, through her connections, had the chance of a glimpse of the world of rank and fashion, dazzling in its eccentricity, in the pump-room, and at the assemblies; and there she saw and was charmed by the early provincial successes of Sarah Siddons.

In 1786, when Ann Ward was twenty-two years of age, she was married at Bath to Mr. William Radcliffe, a graduate of Oxford, who had kept

several terms at the Inns of Court. After a marriage tour in Derbyshire, he brought his bride to stay in the neighbourhood of London. We know little more of him than that, having changed his views of a career, he became proprietor of the *English Chronicle*, and what is still more to the purpose, he proved a worthy gentleman, and was much attached to his wife.

Notwithstanding the strong affection between the couple, his business engagements compelled Mr. Radcliffe to be often absent from home till a late hour in the evening. As Mrs. Radcliffe had no children, and hardly ever went into company, her lonely hours became doubly wearisome. It is said that it was to beguile their irksomeness she first began to write. She always wrote in the evenings, because she was in happier spirits then, and was secure from the interruptions of household cares. She was an excellent, painstaking housewife, regulating sedulously her modest *ménage*, doubtless making its pies and cakes, and whipping its syllabubs, just as she hemmed and darned its linen, with the same capable little hand which executed such grand scene-painting, which first wound, and then unwound, the desperate entanglements of high, vaulting romance, with exciting incidents and glamour of superstitious terror. In allusion to the last, Mrs. Radcliffe was never in the slightest degree affected or smitten by infectious fear, on account of the appalling situations in which she placed her heroines. She wrote her marvels alone, late in the evening, her candles occasionally burning low in the sockets, the familiar articles of furniture around her casting unfamiliar shadows, but so far from being sympathetically moved by her work, she was in the habit of displaying its character and amount with gay, girlish triumph to her husband. He, on the

contrary, whether because he had not played the dresser and scene-shifter in the thrilling performance, whether because he was made of more susceptible stuff, could not read the mimic horrors in a room alone, at any time, without shuddering.

Mrs. Radcliffe's famous romance, the *Mysteries of Udolpho*, was published nearly a hundred years ago, in 1794, when she was thirty years of age. It was the fourth romance she had written. One of the previous three, *The Romance of the Forest*, had attracted so much attention that the publisher gave Mrs. Radcliffe what was then considered the very large price of five hundred pounds for the *Mysteries of Udolpho*. He was Mrs. Inchbald's publisher and friend, and on one occasion the two ladies met, and were introduced, in his shop. If we had space, it would be worth conjuring up the scene in which dainty, shy, little Mrs. Radcliffe figured in company with the buxom, beautiful actress, frank and fearless by nature, and well inured to the glare of the footlights.

Three years after the publication of the *Mysteries of Udolpho*, Mrs. Radcliffe brought out her romance *The Italian*, for which she got eight hundred pounds. From the date of the appearance of *The Italian*, when she was in her prime, to that of her death, upwards of twenty years afterwards, she did not write a line for the benefit of the public. She was neither greedy of fame nor of money. The Radcliffes had, by this time, ample means for their wants, and ample leisure, which they prized highly. She was engaged, with innocent importance, in her notable housekeeping. She relaxed a little in her gentle sedateness, in the recreation which was shared with her dog "Chance." She was fond of reading, particularly of novels and poetry. She went to the theatre and the opera occasionally. She was accustomed, after she came from the opera, to sing by ear the melodies she had heard. One seems to hear her humming the airs from *Artaxerxes*, singing, with the quaint trills on which our grandmothers prided themselves, Haydn's *My Mother bids me bind my hair*, and lending a peculiar pathos and dying fall to the line which records sadly that "*Lubin is away.*"

But the great pleasure of the husband and wife, so united in their simple, refined tastes, was the little tours which they took in each other's company, generally twice a year, to the coast, the Isle of Wight, and such bits of inland scenery as took their fancy. Almost a century before the famous *Adven-*

tures of a Phaeton saw the light, Mr. and Mrs. Radcliffe, in their gig or chaise—he leading the horse, when bad roads were at their worst, in sunshine, shower, and moonlight—made similar leisurely progresses, lasting for weeks, though not covering so much ground, in that more primitive England.

The Radcliffes went only once abroad, in the autumn of the year in which the *Mysteries of Udolpho* was published. They did not go to France or Italy, as might have been supposed, but took a modest tour through Holland and Western Germany, returning by the Rhine. This trip, together with a visit to the English lakes, was reckoned, in those non-travelling days, sufficiently out of the common to warrant a volume of travels, which were given to the world a little later.

The great trial of Mrs. Radcliffe's life seems to have been her delicate health; its bugbear, a morbid self-consciousness, and exaggerated detestation of notoriety. The haunting horror caused her to miss the antidotes to these plagues, and brought upon her fresh evils, which had their origin in the first troubles. She absolutely shunned society, and her habits in this respect gave rise to rumours half ludicrous, and wholly annoying, that she was "confined in a mad-house." As an instance of the little "mystery" in which Mrs. Radcliffe, and her friends for her, chose to involve her life, so as to pay due respect to what was then regarded as the shrinking delicacy of a gentlewoman, there is not a locality given in the short sketch of her life appended to her historical novel of *Gaston de Blondville*, written for the entertainment of herself and her husband, and only published after her death. The names and immediate neighbourhood of every place with which she was intimately connected—of her birthplace, the home to which she was brought as a bride, the dwelling of her maturer years, the house in which she died—are studiously withheld. Ann Radcliffe died in the morning of the 7th of February, 1823, in the fifty-ninth year of her age. She was buried—there, at least, was no concealment—in the vault of the Chapel-of-Ease belonging to St. George's, Hanover Square.

The *Mysteries of Udolpho* is pure melodrama. A beautiful, gracious, young French girl, Emily St. Aubert, after some minor passages in her history, which include the mutual attachment formed between her and a gallant young officer named Vallancourt, is consigned, on the death of her father and mother, to the care of a worldly-

mindful aunt, Madame Chiron, the widow of a man of substance in Thoulouse.

At the very first dinner in Madame's sumptuous house at which her niece appears, among the guests are two Italian noblemen—one of them "with a long and narrow visage," Signor Montoni, evidently a man of distinction, haughty and reserved. In a short time Emily discovers, to her dismay, that Montoni is a favoured suitor of her aunt's,—in fact, Madame, after consenting to her niece's marriage with her lover Vallancourt, suddenly announces that she herself has been privately married to Montoni, and postpones Emily's wedding till the girl has accompanied the Montonis to Italy, where the Signor has a palace in Venice, and a castle among the Apennines.

Arrived in Venice, the travellers enter Montoni's barge, and are rowed along the Grand Canal to his marble palace. The description of Venice and of the life which the party lead there, forms one of the finest pictorial passages in the book. It is full of *riant*, poetic charm. Emily, whose beauty and sweetness fascinate every man who approaches her, at once wins the passionate heart of Count Morano, a powerful nobleman. His suit is supported with such violence by the Montonis that the object of it is at last told she must marry the suitor the following day. Luckily for Emily, Montoni, in consequence of a political scandal, has to flee on that very day from Venice, and is accompanied by his wife and her niece. Towards the close of the day the travellers are among the pine-clad steepes and dark gorges of the Apennines, when a yellow gleam of the setting sun streams, in contrast with the gathering gloom, upon the towers and ramparts of a great Gothic castle, on the brow of a precipice. "That," says Montoni, speaking for the first time for several hours, "is Udolpho."

As Emily gazed with wondering awe on the great extent and crumbling gray walls of Montoni's castle, "the light died away on its walls, leaving a melancholy purple tint, which spread deeper and deeper as the thin vapour crept up the mountains, while the battlements alone were still tipped with splendour. From these, too, the rays soon faded, and the whole edifice was invested with the solemn duskiess of evening. Still, lonely and sublime, it seemed to stand the sovereign of the scene, and to frown defiance on all who dared to invade so melancholy a reign."

From the moment Emily heard the clang of the

portal bell, and entered the gigantic gateway, with its overhanging turrets, waving with long grass and wild plants instead of banners, and was admitted by an ancient serving-man into another grass-grown court, and into the vast, dimly-lighted hall, the influence of the surroundings took possession of her; she could only think "of the ravages of war, of the horrors of an impenetrable prison, of long suffering, and of murder."

Emily's adventures began that very night. Her room had been selected by Montoni, at the opposite extremity of the huge castle from that occupied by her aunt. Emily was conducted to it by Madame Montoni's maid—the chattering, voluble Annette, who serves for a long time as the chorus to the drama. The way was up the great marble staircase, along lonely corridors and wind-swept passages until the pair were lost in its intricacies.

Emily tried a door, and found herself in a suite of spacious apartments, the scanty furniture of which displayed signs of ancient grandeur, but was rotting and dropping to pieces with damp and age. The glimmer of the lamp which Annette carried showed a room hung with pictures. Emily's attention was attracted to one covered by a black silk veil, which she called on her companion to withdraw; but Annette had already exclaimed, "Holy Virgin! this must be the picture they told me of in Venice!" and hastily retreated with the light, thus compelling the young lady to follow her. Then the maid uttered broken apologies and explanations. "There is something very dreadful about that picture; it has been covered with black ever since—nobody has looked at it for many a year."

On the first opportunity, Emily took a survey of the suite of rooms she had entered by accident the previous night. She walked through the desolate apartments, with their fading relics of past splendour, advanced to the picture, enclosed in a frame of uncommon size, and hanging in a dark part of the room; after a little struggle with herself, drew aside the veil with a timid hand, "but instantly lets it fall," perceiving that what it has concealed is no picture, and before she can leave the chamber drops "senseless on the floor." A habit of fainting in season and out of season was an inconvenient peculiarity of Emily's, but the horror of the spectacle which she had beheld would have warranted any number of swoons.

The secret of this awful discovery, which is kept

sedulously from the reader, is, as it were, the keynote of all the other terrors—the inexplicable wailing music floating at intervals round the walls, the hollow voices from invisible speakers, joining unasked in the conversations in which Montoni took the lead, the shivering of the Venetian glass as he carried it to his lips, the glimpses of a spectral figure, gibbering and wringing its hands, appearing among the sentinels on the ramparts.

Emily had soon reason to believe that Montoni was a ruined, desperate man, and neither more nor less than a captain of the Condottieri, who made war, plundered, and murdered on their own account, whose rendezvous was Montoni's strong castle. The girl was not permitted to leave the castle from the time of her arrival; her only means of exercise was to pace the ramparts.

Madame Montoni was dying in a distant chamber, and there is a thrilling episode when Emily was decoyed by a promise of being taken to her aunt, and went at the dead of night by an underground passage adjoining the castle vaults, to the gateway, where she discovered that she had been deceived by a stratagem on the part of her Venetian lover, who had quarrelled with Montoni, and she narrowly missed being carried off by Morano. Madame Montoni died, leaving her niece still more in the power of Montoni, but she made her escape at last.

By far the best part of the *Mysteries* ended with Emily's escape from Udolpho, though she had still many strange adventures to go through. The complications of the story required Emily to be carried to a certain "Château Blanc," where a fresh train of marvels awaited her. A garrulous old housekeeper took the place of the chattering Annette, in inciting the heroine to imprudent explorings. We should have thought that Emily's artless curiosity would have been effectually cured by this time, but it is one of her distinguishing traits, like her never-forgotten courtesies, and her propensity to faint. Fascinated by tales of a former mistress of the chateau, a Marchioness de Villeroi, who had died under melancholy and suspicious circumstances, and aware that the present owner did not care for the late Marchioness's rooms to be visited, Emily accepted the offer of the housekeeper to take her by night, when the family were asleep, through the disused suite of rooms. "Alas!"

says the old housekeeper, as she unlocks the first door, "the last time I passed through this door I followed my poor lady's corpse."

The same faded magnificence and abandonment to neglect, with which Emily must have been strangely familiar, were on every hand. In the bed-chamber, hung with dusky arras, in which the unfortunate lady had died, the great bed was covered with a black velvet pall. As the two women looked, they suddenly saw, to their horror, the pall move. They tried to persuade themselves that it had been stirred by the night-wind; but they again saw it agitated more violently, and a human face appear above the pall, when they fled precipitately.

How all the apparently unaccountable phenomena are at last accounted for, and Emily re-united to her lover Vallancourt, we must leave our readers to imagine, or to find for themselves in the old romance. Truth to tell, it is generally allowed that Mrs. Radcliffe made a great mistake in explaining away the supernatural element, and replacing it by paltry, though elaborate, natural machinery. The effect on the reader is that of inevitable disappointment, and a sense of having been tricked and laughed at, though nobody was less likely wilfully to make game of her readers than demure little Mrs. Radcliffe.

How shall we criticize Sir Walter Scott's highly-prized *Mysteries of Udolpho*, when we remember in addition that it was the delight of a whole generation? How many rosy cheeks have blanched, and coral lips fallen apart, in reading it in cosy chimney corners, in the shady recesses of bow-windows, or in the greater seclusion of the summer-houses which were the nearest approach to the author's favourite pavilions. What sprightly figures, in sacques and peignoirs, stiffened or cowered before the dark secret behind the black veil! Nay, notable matrons lost their heads for the moment, in their china-closets and still-rooms, because of the seductions of *Udolpho*. Even stout-hearted gentlemen in long vests and top-boots, who rode to hounds every day in the season, and sat out the heaviest feasting and hardest drinking without blenching, shook in their boots, and looked nervously over their shoulders, like Mr. William Radcliffe, when they happened to be in a room alone, as they turned over, with affected carelessness, the pages of the great sensational romance of the day.

DOLLY'S GARDEN.

THIS is Dolly's garden,
All her "very own,"
Every flow'r that's in it
By her hand was sown—
Never out of Eden
Were such blossoms blown.

Like her eyes those pansies,
Deep and dark and blue—
As her soul those lilies,
Pure and white and true—
Frail earth-flow'rs and fading—
Dolly's fading too.

This *was* Dolly's garden,
Here I stand *alone*,
Dolly's tending blossoms
Near the Great White Throne:
Dolly now has heaven
For her "very own."

M. HEDDERWICK BROWNE.

"Worthy books
Are not companions; they are solitudes;
We lose ourselves in them, and all our cares."

BAILEY'S *Festus*.

ATALANTA SCHOLARSHIP & READING UNION.

ENGLISH MEN AND WOMEN OF LETTERS.

V.

FANNY BURNEY ("MADAME D'ARBLAY.")

L. B. WALFORD.

"LET us dare to be ourselves!" cries Miss Edgeworth's charming heroine of *Ennui*, in her eloquent appeal to her fellow-countrywomen against imported vices and follies, airs and affectations. The sentiment in another guise finds an echo in the breast of many a reader and lover of a certain by-gone genius, one who, as long as she "dared" to be herself, was witty, original, delightful; but who, as she step by step forsook such a resolution, fell stride by stride in the eyes of the literary world. From *Evelina* to *Cecilia* is a seven-league decline. From *Cecilia* to *Camilla* is a fall from which there is no arising.

Fanny Burney and Madame D'Arblay are, in point of fact, two distinct authors—we might indeed add two distinct personages, but with the subject of this sketch as a personality, we do not here propose to deal. A new and most agreeable little volume, entitled *Fanny Burney and her Friends*, which has just made its appearance, will tell all who do not already know it, the story of that curious, changeful, and most interesting life; wherefore this

brief paper will confine itself simply to discussing the works which as if by magic transformed a timid, shrinking, insignificant member of a homely family into a star of the first magnitude among the literary constellations of England at the period.

To return then to our first thought, let us endeavour to show, as exemplified by the writings of this novelist, how infinitely superior to every species of borrowed excellence, whether of thought or style, is the simple cultivation and free play of such intellectual gifts as Nature has bestowed.

Nature had bestowed on Fanny Burney one transcendently valuable faculty—that of holding her tongue while making use of her eyes and ears. She saw and heard at an age when most children only chatter. She had an enormous fund of silent observation. She drank in, instead of pouring out. No humours, foibles, whims, nor crotchets, however faintly depicted, however anxiously suppressed, escaped her notice. It appeared to her, so far as can be gathered, that every single human being—or at least every human being worth regarding—was governed and dominated by some one special propensity, which ruling propensity coming into contact with another and a different ruling propensity—and these again with others as distinct from themselves—went far towards

forming the fun of the world. She had not, it is true, a nice discrimination for shades of character, nor do we remember a single instance in any one of her novels in which she draws for us a prominent person minus an eccentricity, and an eccentricity which is for ever *en évidence*; but how diverting, how intensely and exquisitely ludicrous is the effect of each boldly-outlined whimsicality against another, as the ball is thrown from this hand to that in a group so ill assimilated that every speaker enrages and inflames, or at any rate provokes and amazes, somebody or other each time he or she opens the mouth!

Miss Burney had the keenest eye for this sort of contrast of colour that woman ever had. The effect of one passion discharging itself against another passion—like one storm-cloud bursting itself upon another storm-cloud—was what she revelled in. Perplexities and entanglements were to her the mere vehicles wherein her characters might disport themselves and betray the secret bent of every mind. Probability is violated in a situation without a twinge of conscience—indeed there is scarce a situation in *Evelina* in which probability is not violated—for the sake of getting together the proper elements for a merry scene. We have not, moreover, a single page, so far as we can recollect, in any one of Fanny Burney's writings, devoted to descriptions of scenery or surroundings in any shape. A few graphic touches place before us the London shops and streets, and the London ball-room; Madame Duval's be-mired curls alone reveal to us the state of the country lanes. Yet *Evelina* is the most fascinating of novels. It goes with a swing from beginning to end. We are caught up all in a moment, as it were, taken into the poor young heroine's confidence, feel at home with her, espouse her cause (while yet provoked by her timidity, which almost borders on imbecility), sympathize in her ordeals whether in high or in low life, participate in her mortifications, wish that Sir Clement Willoughby had not been allowed to hear the vulgar direction to which the poor girl was to be driven under the chaperonage of her terrible aunt, and share her agonies when Miss Polly Braghton announces to her sister that "Miss has danced with a lord!"

Small wonder that the public, accustomed only to the ponderous platitudes of Richardson, or the rich but coarse drollery of Fielding and Smollett, went wild with delight over a work which for

piquancy, vivacity, and comedy pure and simple, has never been surpassed, perhaps has never been equalled. Its fame was at once established. Wise and learned statesmen, scholars, judges, were not ashamed to be seen with it in their hands, and to own they could not tear themselves away from its pages. Lord Macaulay thus wrote of it—"A crowd of beings good and bad, grave and ludicrous, surrounded the pretty, timid young orphan,—a coarse sea-captain; an ugly, insolent fop, blazing in a superb Court dress; another fop, as ugly and insolent, but lodged in Snow Hill, and tricked out in second-hand finery for the Hampstead Ball; an old woman, all wrinkles and rouge, flirting her fan with the air of a miss of seventeen, and screaming in a dialect made up of vulgar French and vulgar English; a poet, lean and ragged, with a broad Scotch accent. . . . Miss Burney was emphatically what Johnson called her—a *character-monger*."

Thus, as we see, *Evelina* was the outcome of personal observation and reflection—it was the fountain flowing free from its own spring—wherefore it was clear, sparkling, lucid,—alas! we are now to behold how soon those limpid waters became dim, and that spontaneous flow forced and artificial. The great charm of *Evelina* had been its simplicity.

Cecilia, Miss Burney's next novel, did not make its appearance until after four years had passed, and until she had completed her thirtieth year. In the interval she had, incited thereto by injudicious friends, occupied herself with the composition of a play, which, as it was never performed, and was indeed condemned to be strangled in the birth by one who was wiser for her than for himself, in what she termed a "hissing, groaning, cat-calling epistle," we should not here have mentioned, but for an impression that *The Willings*, though never presented to the world, left its mark upon the writer. Be this as it may, however, during the four years' interval, Miss Burney had had time to think, and had thought to an unlucky end. She had told herself that *Evelina* was too simple, too natural, and that she would now outshine her former self. Hence it was not enough for her in *Cecilia* to record, in as plain and few words as possible, the vagaries of some of her puppets and the miseries of the others; she must needs dilate and re-iterate, work up into finer language the tragic moment, into broader farce the comic. She had begun to be didactic, to consider her audience and herself. Furthermore, *Evelina* had been con-

spicuous for its brevity—a single short volume contained it all; *Cecilia* is double this length. Again, a single thread of narrative had sufficed for *Evelina*; *Cecilia* rambles about and introduces multitudinous histories of inferior characters—an atrocious style of composition, which is a blot upon the fiction of that date. This is what we mean by saying that Miss Burney had unfortunately taken to *thinking* between the production of her two greatest works. Had she gone on as she had begun, in the same charming, happy, spontaneous vein which had made her first effort so especially distinct from the novel of that time, we should have had another and possibly a better *Evelina*,—but she had, as it were, eaten of the tree of knowledge of good and evil.

She had come to perceive herself singular, and—unfortunate humility—had learned to fancy this singularity a defect. Nevertheless, *Cecilia* was so far a brilliant literary success, in that it was received with acclamation, and was at once placed by general consent among the classical novels of England. "It was in truth," says Macaulay, "a grand and various picture-gallery, which presented to the eye a long series of men and women, each marked by some peculiar feature. There were avarice and prodigality, the pride of blood and the pride of money, morbid restlessness and morbid apathy, frivolous garrulity and supercilious silence, a Democritus to laugh at everything, and a Heraclitus to lament over everything." All the same, *Cecilia* is long-winded, wearisome, and involved, according to the tenets of the present day. The mind grows fatigued with a mere category of humours, when not relieved by the lightness of touch and perspicuity of language which makes attention no effort.

Cecilia, however, is conciseness and lucidity itself as compared with *Camilla*, the third and last work of Fanny Burney, now Madame D'Arblay—a novel which Fate has dealt with more than kindly in that it has been consigned to oblivion. It is not too much to say, that no one now ever dreams of turning over its pages.

Previous to the production of this latest effort, Miss Burney had, as every one knows, spent five years of her life at Court as tirewoman to Queen Charlotte; and during that portion of her life she had kept a voluminous diary, which, however entertaining to peruse—and the *Diary* is very entertaining—yet marks only too plainly the fatal decline we

have already alluded to. Fanny Burney no longer, when wielding the pen, *dared to be herself*.

She had become—what had she not become? An imitator, a pupil, a slavish copyist. And of whom? Of one whose own periods would well have borne a pruning knife in a relentless hand. The result was simply appalling.

In *Camilla* we have no longer the English language, we have it rendered into *Johnsonese*, since Johnson the grandiloquent, redundant Johnson, was the model whom this poor little, sparkling, merry, brilliant chatterbox set her heart on resembling. Since the *Ursa Major* of literature had invented a dialect was inflated and constructed, Fanny Burney must needs torment her rippling phrases into similar structures of art. Goldsmith's well-known gibe about the great doctor's little fishes talking like big whales, applied now to the little "character-monger" whom he had left behind him. He had been her early friend, her revered and honoured godfather in the art of letters, it might therefore only be expected that she should honour and admire. In an evil hour she had set about to imitate. But in *Cecilia* the imitation had been cleverly executed and inobtrusive. The public taste had not been offended thereby. In all probability many who were shrewd enough to perceive that there had been a falling off, were yet unaware to what such a declension was due.

None, however, could be blind regarding *Camilla*. The kindly eye which might have scanned its pages, and perchance detected in them the short-comings which he perceived not in his own, was now closed for ever; and the result was that other orbs were not slow to perceive the frightful depths into which the author of *Evelina* had plunged in her maturer years.

The general impression had been, we know, that when Miss Burney made, as it were, upon herself her first attack in the pages of her second novel, Johnson had assisted, and in many instances had rendered aid, which, if indeed it partook of the nature of demolition, had at least been valuable in other ways. He had taken away some of Fanny Burney, and inserted some of Samuel Johnson. Madame D'Arblay in *Camilla* essayed to write Johnson without Johnson's help. The task was beyond her powers. *Camilla* was a failure.

The three works above-named, together with the *Diary*, are all—or nearly all—the literary products left behind by Fanny Burney, Madame D'Arblay.

Certainly they are all that have attained to any degree of eminence. In looking back upon them, it would be unfair not to remark upon their special value as ushering in a most important epoch in the history of English fiction. Prior to their appearance, novels had been of such a character that scarce a woman possessed of even ordinary decency—to say nothing of refinement—but would have blushed to have owned herself an author in that line of literature. Few women indeed cared to read, or to introduce fiction into their households. Parents and guardians looked askance upon circulating libraries, those “everlasting trees of diabolical knowledge,” according to Sheridan’s doughty Sir Anthony Absolute, and girls who still were resolute to sigh and smile over the fortunes of imaginary heroes and heroines, had to hide the pernicious lore beneath their aprons at the sound of every footstep.

Naturally fiction so regarded ceased to hold itself in respect. It had no character to lose. It might run riot, if it would.

It was the noble mission of the author of *Evelina* to wipe out this reproach. What Fanny Burney wrote all might read. The most exquisitely humorous of her scenes, though couched, it is true, in language to which our ears are no longer accustomed, yet contains nothing intrinsically harmful, nothing which would defile the most innocent mind. There are no underlying insinuations, no suggestions such as too often degrade the writings—shame that it should be so!—of many female novelists yet in our midst. People were more outspoken, ruder, ranker, coarser, a hundred years ago than they are now; Miss Burney was forced, in order to be true to life, to put oaths and asseverations—together with bluntest mention of evils which are now disguised in politer terms if referred to at all—in the mouths both of her men and women; but none the less are the speakers worthy and honourable people, none the less is virtue exalted and vice condemned.

There is no half-confessed, odious sympathy with the latter, no ill-concealed attempt to ridicule the former. Fanny Burney’s books are as true as steel. She admired and venerated all that was noble, worthy, and of good repute. Her heroines are sweet, lovable, modest,—girls whom any man might be proud to woo and happy to win; her heroes are high-principled and chivalrous, fitting mates for such fair and tenderly-nurtured daughters of our race. Let none despise the effect of such models, especially during the impressionable period of youth. It is a fashion of the present day to form a heroine out of some wilful, petulant miss, who owns neither head nor heart, who accuses herself of ugliness and stupidity, of being ill-nurtured and ill-dressed, of ignorance and unattractiveness; and yet who gives the reader to understand (in the language of the stable or the kennel) that in some mysterious fashion or other she is perfectly irresistible to the manly taste. Her jealousy, her spite, her cruelty, her petty arts and meannesses, her absence of every sort of dutiful or sisterly affection, all are frankly detailed, nay, are supposed to add to her charms; and our sympathies are demanded for her in all the misfortune and misery which, it may be, is woven around her by her own worthless nature and undisciplined passions.

Not a single example of the above is to be found in Fanny Burney’s writings. Both *Evelina* and *Cecilia* are continually being placed in cruel situations, but in none of these could either ever act otherwise than as becomes a *gentlewoman*; every thought is that of a pure and modest breast; every expression that which becomes the lips of budding girlhood. A lesson which cannot be imparted often enough, namely, that sprightliness and arch vivacity are not inconsistent with the tender trepidations of bashfulness and the blunders of inexperience, may be gathered from a study of any one of Fanny Burney’s delightful heroines, but most of all from *Evelina*.

SCHOLARSHIP COMPETITION QUESTIONS.

- I. Point out what you consider Miss Burney’s distinctive merits or shortcomings as a writer of fiction.
- II. Sketch the story of *Evelina*.

BOOK SELECTED.—*Evelina* (Bohn Library).

Only one question should be answered. Papers must be sent in by February 25, and must contain not more than 500 words.

AUTHOR SELECTED FOR MARCH.—Goldsmith.

SEARCH QUESTIONS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

I.

What was the secret profession of Mr. Frederic Altamont?

II.

Who was the unknown "Knight with the Black Shield"?

III.

Explain the reference in these lines, and say where they occur—

"Two coursers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder clothed, and long-resounding
pace."

IV.

When Mr. Tomlinson asked, "*Presbyterians: What are they?*" what was the derivation given to him?

V.

To whom do the following lines refer?

(1) "A raven that bodes nothing but mischief; a bundle of rue; a sprig of deadly nightshade."

(2) "That tower of strength
Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew."

(3) "Her fingers shame the ivory keys,
They dance so light along;
The bloom upon her parted lips
Is sweeter than the song."

Answers to be sent in by February 15, and to be addressed to the Superintendent R. U.

(4) "In her utmost lightness there is truth,—and often
she speaks lightly,
Has a grace in being gay which even mournful souls
approve,
For the root of some grave earnest thought is under-
struck so rightly,
As to justify the foliage and the waving flowers
above."

VI.

How did Mrs. Raffarty gratify her ambition of
"having a little *taste* of everything at Tusculum"?

VII.

On what occasions were these words spoken?

(1) "Ah! when will the morning come? Ah! when
will the noon be over?"

(2) "Here I and sorrows sit;—
Here is my throne; bid kings come bow to it."

(3) "The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven."

(4) "'Tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a
church-door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve."

(5) "Sleep after toyle, port after stormie seas,
Ease after warre, death after life doth greatly
please."

ANSWERS TO SEARCH QUESTIONS (JANUARY).

I.

"It is very disagreeable to be always rehearsing.
It is having too much of a good thing. I am not so
fond of acting as I was at first. I think we are a great
deal better employed sitting comfortably here among
ourselves, and doing nothing." [*Mansfield Park*.]

II.

Dotheboys Hall [*Nicholas Nickleby*]. Rudder
Grange. Deerbrook [Miss Martineau]. Snow Hill
[*Evelina*]. Osbaldistone Hall [*Rob Roy*].

III.

"But under him a grey steede he did wield,
Whose sides with dappled circles weren dight."
[*Faerie Queene*, Book II., canto i.]

IV.

1. Cowper, *The Task*;—*the Sofa*. 2. Christopher
Marlowe, *Hero and Leander* [quoted by Shakespeare,
As You Like It, III. v.]. 3. Edgar Allen Poe, *To Helen*.

V.

"The first fear was a flag . . . ; the second, ten huge
elephants . . . ; the third, a car, shining with blinding

light . . . ; the fourth, a wheel, which turned and
turned . . . ; the fifth, a mighty drum . . . ; the sixth,
a tower . . . ; the seventh, a noise of wailing, and six
men who wept," &c. [Edwin Arnold's *Light of Asia*.]

VI.

"The soul, aspiring, pants its source to mount,
As streams meander level with their fount."
[Macaulay's Essays. *Montgomery's Poems*.]

VII.

The bells of Rylstone [Wordsworth, *The White
Doe of Rylstone*].

VIII.

The Guardian Angel [O. W. Holmes]. *Rasselas*.
A Flat Iron for a Farthing [Mrs. Ewing]. *Villette*.
The Antiquary. *Two Years Ago* [Kingsley]. *Silas
Marner*. *David Elginbrod* [George Macdonald].

IX.

1. To Byron. 2. Moore. 3. Shelley. 4. Leigh
Hunt. The lines are taken from Shelley's *Adonais*.

Atlanta Scholarship Competition,

1888-1889.

Examiner—A. J. CHURCH, M.A.,

Late Professor of Latin in University College, London.

AWARDS.

Scholarship of £30 for three years—

GLADYS E. MEYRICK, Blickling Rectory, Aylsham.

Prize of £15—

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Prize of Books to the value of £5—

EDITH H. POLEHAMPTON, 70, Rua do Triumpho, Oporto, Portugal.

Proxime Accesserunt—

MURIEL ELSIE GRAHAM. MINNIE I. SHAW.

SPECIALLY COMMENDED. (In Alphabetical order.)

Hon. Mrs. Anstruther.
Maude Mary Brett.

Katharine Macpherson.
Isabel Langstaff Marley.

Hilda Oakley.
Violet Oakley.

Kate Oswald.

CLASS I.

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Helen Foxcroft.

Amy Byng Hall.
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A. A. Gibton.
E. C. Gordon.
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E. M. Kettlewell.
Lady M. Leveson-Gower.

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M. Miller.
B. Milne.
A. E. Perkins.
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G. Roper.
M. G. Sayers.
A. C. Shipton.

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A. C. Slee.
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H. M. M. Tapp.
M. Tomlinson.
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R. M. Moore-Lane.

A. H. Morton.
W. M. Parnell.
M. Pemberton.
F. Rankin.
M. H. Wilkinson.
J. Evans Williams.

EXAMINER'S REPORT.

"I may express my satisfaction with the results of this Competition. It is not too much to say that all the Essays that have obtained rewards, or special praise, were worth writing, and, no small thing for an examiner with so large a pile to struggle through to say—worth reading. I had had some misgivings as to the subject which I set. These were wholly unnecessary. It was fairly grappled with. All the compositions, though of course widely differing in merit, were to the point. The chief fault was that many writers tried to illustrate the maxim out of *all* the authors studied during the year. I had great difficulty in deciding the order of the first three. It is unwise, perhaps, for a judge to give his reasons; but I may say that the first seems to me to have more of the 'literary touch.'"

ALFRED CHURCH, M.A.

ON FASHIONS IN MANNER.

THIS little essay does not attempt to grasp the vast subject of the manners and customs of young women in general. Manners and customs belong to the historian, and to civilization at large ; but fashions in manner may be allowed to concern the essayist and the amateur observer. It is certainly an amusing study, even though small details are not always to be taken as an indication of those larger invisible states of mind by which we are all more or less influenced.

Manner is an extra language, which expresses in dumb show what it is people feel, or wish to feel, or wish to be supposed to be feeling. Just as the fashions change from year to year, there are also indefinite but unmistakable changes in ways of speaking and behaving, arising nobody quite knows why or wherefore, but which must have some reason somewhere. I am told that the curious custom of high hand-shaking comes from Court circles, where, as the ladies courtesy deeply, they are graciously raised up by the hand of royalty. I also am told that the courtesies themselves are coming into common use abroad, and, as we know, they have long prevailed with us in certain houses ; and very pretty they are, and far more graceful to see than the odd jerky poke of the chin and the *inward* bend of the back, by which a certain number of charming young ladies are accustomed to express recognition. At the same time it must be owned that when a maiden of the middling and respectable classes suddenly sinks to the ground with the sweep of a duchess, it is some-

what disconcerting to those who do not habitually move in Court circles, and until the habit becomes more universal, it is scarcely to be recommended to the unaffected.

To take the other extreme, I saw an advanced and pretty young lady, only yesterday, touch her straw hat as she came into a room full of ladies, and presently, when she sat down, she crossed her legs in a T, as if she was a hussar or a ballet-dancer.

American manners are not, of course, without their influence upon the fashions of our own, but there is one great difference between the ease and even the extreme freedom of American girls and that of our own maidens (and this I have heard emphatically remarked by a very wise English-woman who married in America). With Americans the ease is spontaneous, belonging to the habits of the country, where nobody admits the superiority of anybody else ; with us, freedom of manner is not spontaneous but adopted, it is an innovation upon the traditions of the land, and consequently forced and strained, ugly and rowdy. One is reminded of the old story of Æsop's lap-dog, and the donkey trying to imitate its antics, but if I remember rightly the donkey received the stick, and my comparison does not hold out.

Of course the manners and the *trimmings* of young women (if one may use the expression) are very apt to correspond, and dress must always be an important factor in existence, whatever people may say. How great a difference lies hidden in a few yards of silk, or wool, or cotton stuff ! You

would not compare the veiled and brocaded bride, in her diamond stars (the gift of the bridegroom), and the pew-opener, shall we say; or the Court lady, in her feathers and swansdown, to the factory girl in the street, looking on at the show. But the bride and the Court lady will find, as time goes on, that *Toilette* as well as *Noblesse* obliges; and that it is desirable to establish a certain harmony between themselves and their ideals. The mere fact of the existence of a train and a floating feather must give a certain pose and dignity to the bearer of these distinctions. Lawn-tennis would scarcely become a hoop and farthingale; deliberation and deep courtesies in an oil-skin boating hat and a jersey would seem very much out of place.

Quite apart also from circumstance and situation, fashion in manner may be often due to some original-minded person, who starts to the fore and sets an unconscious example, in accent, in words, or in looks, which is carried on from one to another, the invisible conductor beating time with a spiritual bâton, and inspiring the measure. There are also other leaders, who chiefly deal in original affectations; these are but fuglemen at best, with their dancing-class straining after them on their toes, and laboriously copying their attitudes.

When the writer was a girl, and Dickens' magic wand was beating time in our school-rooms and happy play hours, she can remember a whole tribe of Kate Nicklebys and Ruth Pinches; of gentle, tripping, charming creatures, innocent of school-boards, of higher education, of woman's suffrage, of passionate inspiration. They were more sentimental and far less romantic than their mothers, who had belonged in turn to the Walter Scott period, to the Flora MacIvors, the Brides of Lammermoor, the Anne of Geiersteins. My contemporaries were also perhaps less witty than their unmarried aunts, whose affinities were generally with Miss Austen or Maria Edgeworth—but they were very sweet and amiable, they knew how to dress, how to dance, they were a great contrast to the "strong-minded girls," as they were then called—which latter class was never very numerous, and scarcely exists at all now, except, I think, in other combinations. The strong-minded girls of those days were chiefly confined to the middle classes; girls of the upper ten thousand found a vent in the High Church movement for their emotion and aspirations; but as one thinks it over, one realizes that *now* the general feeling is so

different, that those who were strong-minded once, and in advance some twenty-five years ago, have been long since caught up by the advancing tide of spreading knowledge, interest, and desire for fairness and for wider sympathy between the classes. All have benefited alike—some by fewer perceptions, others by more vigorous standards.

If one tried roughly to classify the present characteristic manners among young women, one might perhaps count them up upon one's fingers. There is, to begin with, (1) the Oxford and Cambridge manner, which is very distinct, precise, ladylike, rather superior than didactic, and which merges into (2) the charitable æsthetic, as opposed to (3) the benevolent, eager, dowdy type such as that of Lady Aurora in Mr. Henry James' *Princess Casamassima*, a delightful sketch of a very touching and not at all uncommon specimen. This apologetic philanthropy is quite different from the well-established charity of (4) the benevolent countryside squire's daughter. Then, on the other hand, altogether distinct from philanthropy, there is (5) the artistic (may the words be excused me), go-ahead, and rowdy manner, and (6) the artistic high-bred, with more good-breeding certainly, and perhaps somewhat less art to recommend it. Then there is (7) the literary Shakespeare Society manner of those who are busy explaining *exactly* what it is they are feeling; (8) the lawn-tennis manner, attractive in individuals, but not interesting as a class.

But as one goes on counting, the subject divides and subdivides—Briareus himself would scarcely have enough fingers to count up all the different varieties which rise to our mind.

I can remember the Belgravian girl of my own day with the just-come-out manner of the young ladies of the period, well read, well assured, lively young butterflies enjoying their first glimpse of the world; they danced at balls, as they do now; they rode in the park; they wore the tarlatan and crinolines of their hour, as we may see in Mr. Leech's pictures (and it is really an instructive lesson in modern history to compare the Leechs and the Du Mauriers each in their generation); they were intelligent and perhaps a trifle hard-hearted, and did a little of everything compared to their more thorough-going descendants. They painted a little, they sang a little, they tried their hands at wood-carving and ready-made embroidery. As far as education and its results, I

certainly see a great advance in the present generation, and not many of my own contemporaries could hope to equal their daughters in gifts and attainments. I think, as far as *manner* goes, our generation was in advance of this one. In these days the young people are not unconscious of their intellectual advantages and superiority, and with this sense of power and self-satisfaction, and also of real interest and capacity, there has come a gradual change in the manner of the active classes; girls are less anxious to propitiate and to please, more independent of other people, and so with this rectitude and self-approval naturally follows a certain stiff abruptness which is shown among a certain number of them either by off-handed familiarity or by a critical silence and aloofedness. "They make one feel so very affected *oneself*," said a very charming friend, laughing at her own discomfiture, and describing the young new frozen icicle she had been trying in vain to thaw. Many of these girls, whose manner is certainly irritating and disagreeable, are very good and charming when you once break through their somewhat alarming exterior; others again suddenly of their own accord cast aside their armour, and lo! and behold, it is almost a pity they should ever do so; the attraction of the unknown is gone, and the results are more than disappointing.

Some of these might study with advantage the precepts of the delightful schoolboy who lays down the rules of "politeness" in his essay, and who says, "Politeness is rather a difficult thing, especially when you are making a start. It means having the sense to sometimes think of others as well as of yourself. Many people have not got it; I don't know why, unless it is the start."

Besides the Lady Auroras of Philanthropy, there are also a certain number of her cousins and sisters, shall we say, who are the literary and cultivated members of a fortunate class, which has the privilege of seeing rather than experiencing the varieties and differences of common life. They are clever girls, who get a little bit tired of the monotony of their refined homes, and of their orderly existence in those beautiful houses, which contain so many fine pictures, so much florid furniture, and where the society of a certain number of agreeable wits, discoursing for the amusement of the table, seems to the young inquirers to be the sparkle of a delightful, brilliant world outside, where every single person

is witty and agreeable, and ready to take pains to amuse everybody else.

A word or two should be added concerning that repose of manner which is a pleasure to contemplate in kindly, intelligent, and unaffected members of society, but which approaches idiotcy in the absolute immobility of stays and veils, powder and frizz, and in the absence of an apparent interest in the other nine-tenths of the human race. It is true I have little business to write of that of which I have so small experience, though from time to time we have all in turn looked on in wondering admiration at the motionless queens of fashion, under their gauzes of high breeding and reserve, which guard them (as wedding-cakes are guarded in pastrycooks' windows) from the dust and the flies of mediocrity.

I once heard of a girl, not so very long ago, who loved dancing, but was ashamed of it, for none of the people in her set danced; they sat out with their languid partners and gazed at the less exalted, the bread-and-butter misses who performed. This young lady, being a very charming person, was rewarded in due time for her immobility, and became either a Duchess or a Marchioness. There is a certain calm repose which comes from the consciousness of being in the right place, and of doing the right thing by necessity; there is another which comes from interest in your neighbour, and kindness and gentleness of heart, as well as of breeding. A sweet natural manner is a sort of sunshine, lighting up the way, making every one happy. Even artificial politeness is better than none at all, but it somehow bears the same relation to sunshine that gas-lamps do. It is a positive pleasure to remember the charming grace and unconscious, well-bred kindness of some people we have come across now and again; the clear, crisp, intelligent precision, soft and yet steady, and that quick, delicate instinct, which is a beauty in itself, and does not always belong to the beautiful nor to the best born, but which comes to perfection where the good seed falls into good and fruitful ground.¹

Anne Thackeray.

* * *

A *YANKEE at the Court of King Arthur*, Mark Twain (Chatto & Windus), is a book which may be recommended, but with a protest.

¹ This paper invites discussion. All letters or remarks must reach the Editor not later than February 20, and must have the words "Brown Owl" on the cover.

Its humour is decidedly broad, and there are some who will object to the apparent ridicule cast upon the old days of chivalry. But there are also many who will enjoy the book, which is full of keen sarcasm, altogether novel ideas, and which contains a very intelligent and careful study of the contrast between the sixth and the nineteenth centuries. The story sets forth the adventures of a modern Yankee, who is supposed to wake up thirteen centuries back in the land of King Arthur.

The contrast between the go-ahead, scientific, practical American of the nineteenth century, and the half-barbaric knights of the Round Table, is brought out with inimitable humour,—a humour, however, which may shock many. It is quite painful to read of the Sir Galahads and Sir Lancelots of that semi-sacred period as little short of inhuman monsters. Even the king, though every inch a knight, partakes largely of the barbarism of the times. Only once in the whole course of the volume does he rise to the truly heroic. The king, disguised as a peasant, takes a journey through his kingdom with the Yankee. They enter an apparently deserted hut, with no signs of life about. There is an awful stillness, like the stillness of death. When the king and the Yankee enter they discern some dim forms, and a woman starts up from the ground, as one does who is awakened from sleep. All the inhabitants of this forsaken hut are either dead or dying from small-pox.

* * *

"I sprang to the king and said in his ear, 'Out of the door on the instant, sire. The woman is dying of that disease that wasted the skirts of Camelot two years ago.' He did not budge. 'Of a truth I shall remain—and likewise help.' I whispered again, 'King, it must not be; you must go.'

"'Ye mean well, and ye speak not unwisely. But it were shame that a king should know fear, and shame that belted knight should withhold his hand where be such as need succour. Peace, I will not go.'

"The woman spoke—'Fair sir, of your kindness, will ye climb the ladder there, and bring me news of what ye find? Be not afraid to report, for times can come when even a mother's heart is past breaking, being already broken.' 'Abide,' said the king, 'and give the woman to eat. I will go.'

* * *

"There was a slight noise from the direction of the dim corner where the ladder was. It was the king descending. . . . He came forward into the light; upon his breast lay a slender girl of fifteen. She was but half conscious; she was dying of small-pox. Here was heroism at its last and loftiest possibility, its utmost summit; this was challenging death in the open field unarmed, with all the odds against the challenger, no reward set upon the contest, and no admiring world in silks and cloth of gold; and yet the king's bearing was as serenely brave as it had always been in those cheaper contests, where knight meets knight in equal fight, and clothed in protecting steel. He was great now; sublimely great. The rude statues of his ancestors in his palace should have an addition—I would see to that; and it would not be a mailed king, killing a giant or a dragon like the rest, it would be a king in commoner's garb, bearing death in his arms that a peasant mother might look her last upon her child, and be comforted."

* * *

This scene is powerful and touching in the extreme, but the comic element undoubtedly prevails in the book, and Mark Twain makes use of the sixth century as an excellent platform to air his theory that the "Earth is for the People," and not for kings and nobles.

* * *

THE Life of John Davis, Clements R. Markham (George Phillips and Son), is the first of a series of volumes dealing with the world's great explorers. This series promises to be of great interest, and the first of its number certainly carries out the aim of its editor, not only in telling the story of the life of John Davis, but in pointing out the geographical results consequent upon his indomitable perseverance. This great sea-captain was the pioneer into unknown seas. He led three expeditions into the Arctic regions to discover a north-west passage; he rendered valuable services during the invasion of the Armada; and he accompanied the first fleet sent out by the East India Company. His life forms part of the history of the early growth of England's commercial empire, John Davis's name is also connected with those of Henry Hudson and William Baffin, who followed his explorations into Northern Seas.

* * *

THE readers of *Atalanta*, who enjoyed Mrs. Walford's delightful story, *A Sage of Sixteen*, will be glad to see it in book form. It is profusely illustrated, and is published by Spencer Blackett and Hallam. Cheap editions of her well-known books, *Cousins*, *Troublesome Daughters*, &c., are appearing from time to time. (Same publishers.) They ought to be widely read.

* * *

G. H. F. N. sends the following *In Memoriam* lines—

"IN A GONDOLA."

VENICE. Dec. 15th, 1889.

O EARTH and sky make fair this eventide,
In robes of royal splendour be ye drest!
Gleam, paths of glory from the purple west,
Where o'er the waters yonder boat doth glide,
For there the Victor takes his homeward ride,
There, crowned with God's own flowers on brow
and breast,

The Poet passes onward to his rest,—
The Bridegroom goes to meet again his Bride!

A great world mourns him, where his body lies
Shall many a poet-heart its homage pay
To that Great Soul that upward wings its way,—
While from the radiant heights of Paradise
One leans with raptured greeting in her eyes,—
"The night is o'er, Beloved, it is Day!"

* * *

A large number of interesting letters have been received with reference to Prof. Church's article on the relative advantages of a classical or scientific education. Owing to want of space only a limited number can be printed. N. M. writes as follows—

"Every one must agree with the Rev. A. J. Church about a literary education; but we cannot help thinking that the time for the exclusive study

of the ancient classics is past. Years ago they were indeed the only study for large minds; now we have a body of modern classical literature which will take their place without very much loss. Latin I admit to be the best thing for the beginning of education; and there is a remarkable resemblance between the empire, laws, and government of Rome and of England. Greek appears to me to be altogether too difficult for boys (or even men) who are not of exceptional gifts. If this seems a strange statement, consider the exquisite idiom of the language, the depth of thought of the Attic dramatists, the subtlety of Plato. Homer, who would please boys, is not much read in schools.

"I do not think that the study of science will extinguish the love of the 'humanities.' I can truly say that the study of science has given me a far greater delight in poetry and art. The example of Darwin is an exceptional case, and is easily answered by the fact that Herbert Spencer is one of the most devoted lovers of Shakespeare. Again, was not Goethe a lover of science?—is not Tennyson?

"As to man's love for his fellows being lessened by the study of God's creations, is not a great part of Wordsworth's work a study of nature? And is not sociology a great section of modern science—in other words the study of man? Also by the time that science is introduced into education, it will have become more human and helpful.

"It is only fair to add with regard to the conclusion of the paper, that in America the women have become the guardians of the humanities; but if our English girls are to become so, they will have to read Shakespeare and Milton and Chaucer a little more, and certain favourite novelists a little less. That indeed is a thing most devoutly to be wished for. I observe that the Rev. A. J. Church does not mention Herbert Spencer's book on education."

L. T. Meade.



Cheshire, sc.

E. Farren, pinct.

A MOUNTAIN TORRENT.

ATLANTA

VOL. III.

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No. 30.

"THAT CAN SING BOTH HIGH AND LOW."



SING high when bold morning springs up from his lair,
And life thrills exultant on earth and in air,
With the lark as he pours his full throat to the sky
Sing high!

Sing low when still evening spreads out his gray tent,
And cool dews of peace fall now effort is spent,
With the river that murmurs in deep-hearted flow
Sing low!

BLUE JAY.

A ROUGH SHAKING.

George MacDonald.

XXV.

A NEW ENTRANCE.

CLARE sped on jubilant. Soon however came a check to his jubilation: it was one thing to drop from the wall, and quite another to climb to the top of it without the help of the door! The same moment came the sound of the smith's hammer on his anvil, and to go by his yard in daylight would be to risk too

much the discovery of their retreat! He stood at the foot of the brick precipice, and stared up with helpless eyes and failing strength. Baby was inside, hungry, and with no better nurse than ill-conditioned Tommy; her milk was in his pocket, Tommy's bread in his hand, the insurmountable wall between him and them! It was now daylight, however, and hardly any one about: perhaps he

CC 2

could find another entrance! Round the outside of the wall, therefore, like the Midianite in the hymn, did Clare prowl and prowl. But the wall rose straight wherever he looked—all along the bottom of the garden, and up the narrow lane, between it and the garden of the next house, that led to the street on which the deserted house fronted. He feared much there was no way in but that by the smith's yard, and no choice but risk it.

A dozen yards or so, however, from the end of the lane, where it took a sharp turn before entering the street, he spied an opening in the wall—the same from which, the night before, Tommy had returned with such a frightened face. Clare went through, and found that a narrow passage ran to the left for a short distance between two walls. At the end of this passage, half on one side, half on the other of the second wall, lay the well that had terrified Tommy. The inner wall crossed it by a low arch. On the farther side of the well was a third wall, with a space of about two feet and a half between it and the round side of the well. Through that wall there might be a door!—or if not there might be some way of getting over it! To cross the well would be awkward, but he must lose no chance!

He tied his loaf in his pocket-handkerchief—he was long past fastidiousness, and Tommy knew neither the word nor the thing—and knotted the ends of the handkerchief round his neck. But his chief anxiety was not to break the bottle in his jacket-pocket. Not even in his difficult jump did he forget the bottle. He got on his knees on the parapet that surrounded the well. How deep and dark it looked! He felt for a moment a fear like Tommy's. How was he to cross the awful gulf! But the baby drew him over, as the name of Beatrice drew Dante through the fire. It was not like a free jump, he was hemmed in before and behind, and overhead as well! But the baby was waiting for him, and it had to be done! He made a sort of cat-leap through beneath the arch, reaching out with his hands and catching at the rim of the parapet of the well. He did catch it, just enough to hold on by, so that his body did not follow his legs into the water. Oh, how cold they found it after his run! He held on, strained and heaved up, made a great reach across the width of the parapet with one hand, laid hold of its outer edge, made good his grasp on it, and drew himself up out of the water, and out of the well.

He found himself in a narrow space, closed in with four walls much higher than his head. He saw no way out but the way he had come in—across the fearful well, that seemed to go down and down for ever, so dark was its water from being on all sides shut in.

He felt in his pocket. If then he had found baby's bottle broken, I doubt if Clare would ever have got out of that place, except by the door into the next world. What little strength he had was nearly gone, and I think it would then have gone quite. But the bottle was safe, and his courage came back.

He examined his position, and presently saw that the narrowness of his threatened prison would probably make of it no prison at all. He thought he could—tried, and found he could—by leaning his back against one wall, pushing his feet against the opposite wall, and making of the third wall a rack for his shoulder, worm himself slowly up. It was a task for a strong man, and Clare, though strong for his years, was not at that moment strong. But there was the baby waiting, and here was her milk! He fell to, and, with an agony of exertion, wriggled himself at last to the top of the wall—so exhausted that he all but fell over on the other side. He pulled himself together, and dropped at once into the garden. Happier boy than Clare was not in all England then. Hunger, wet, incipient nakedness were nowhere. Baby was within his reach, and the milk within baby's.

He ran, dripping like a spaniel, to find her. Through the coal-cellar-window he crawled backward, tumbled again to the bottom of the coal-heap, with a fresh layer of black on his wet trousers, and shot up the stairs to the room that held his treasure. To his joy he found both Tommy and the baby fast asleep, Tommy tired out with the weary tramping of the day before, and the baby still under the influence of the opiate her mother had given her to make her drown quietly.

XXVI.

THE BABY HAS HER BREAKFAST.

HE waked Tommy, and showed him the loaf. Tommy sprang from his lair of moth-wings and eggs and grubs to snatch at the loaf.

"No, Tommy," said Clare, drawing back, "I can't trust you! You would eat it all; and if I

died of hunger, what would become of baby, left alone with you? I don't feel at all sure you wouldn't eat *her*!"

Baby started a feeble whimper.

"You must wait now till I've attended to her," continued Clare. "If you'd got up quietly without waking her, I would have given you your share at once."

As he spoke, he pulled a blanket off the bed to wrap her in, and made haste to take her up. A series of difficulties followed, which I will leave to the imagination of mothers and aunts, and nurses in general—the worst of them being that there was no warm water to wash her in. Clare knew that cold water would be worse than dangerous to her in her present condition, after what she had gone through the night before. He relegated washing therefore among the things non-essential to existence, however desirable for comfort. But now came a more serious difficulty: the milk must be mixed with water, and water as cold as Clare's legs would kill the drug-dazed shred of humanity. What was to be done? It would be equally dangerous to give her the strong milk of a cow undiluted. There was but one way; he must feed her like the pigeons. First, however, he must have water—but whence? The well was hardly accessible. If they were to stay there, he must contrive to make it so, but it would waste precious time dreadfully to get over the wall now, and return carrying water! The rain-water in the little pool must serve the immediate necessity! It was preferable to that in the water-but!

Until many years after it did not strike him as strange that there should have been even a drop of water in that water-but. Whence was it fed? There was no roof near it from which the rain might be collected. If there had ever been a pipe to feed it, surely, in a house so long forsaken, its continuity must long have given way! One always sees such barrels empty, dry, and cracked! This one was full of water, and apparently known to be so: what woman in her senses, however inferior those senses, would throw her child into an empty but! And if the woman might have done it without inquiring or caring whether there was water in it or not, the questions remain—whence came the water? and how did the but happen to be full when the child was thrown into it? Clare was almost driven to the conclusion that it had been filled for the evil

use to which it was that night put. Against this was the fact that it was not easy to fill such a huge vessel. I suggested that the blacksmith and his predecessors in the smithy might have used the deserted water-but for the purposes of the forge, and had therefore kept it in repair, and had water supplied to it—whence the pile in his yard by which to get at it.

In after days Mr. Skymer endeavoured repeatedly to find out what had become of him, but never with any approach to success; the probability being, that he had left the world long before his natural time, by some disease engendered, or quarrel occasioned by his drunkenness.

Clare laid the baby down, managed to get the outer kitchen-door open, notwithstanding resistance on the part of the rust that had subdued latch and lock and hinges, fetched water from the pool, and having mixed the milk with what seemed the right quantity, again took the baby up, who had been whimpering a little now and then all the time. He laid a blanket on his wet knees, and set her in her blanket upon them; then took a small mouthful of the milk and water, and held it until it was warm. It was the only way, I remind any reader who may think proper to be disgusted. He then put his mouth to the baby's, careful not to let too much go at once. Between them they managed so that she successfully appropriated the very first mouthful. It was followed by a second, a third, and more, until, to Clare's delight, the child seemed satisfied, leaving some of the precious fluid for another time. He put her in the bed again, covered her up warm, and proceeded to attend to Tommy, who had all the time been eyeing the loaf like a wild beast.

"Now, Tommy," he said, "how much of this loaf do you think you ought to have?"

"Half, of course!" answered Tommy boldly, with perfect conviction of his fairness, and pride in the same.

"Are you as big as I am?"

Tommy held his peace.

"You ain't half as big!" said Clare.

"I'm a deal hungrier!" growled Tommy.

"You had eggs last night, and I had none!"

"That wurn't my fault!"

"It was your fault that you had them.—What did you do to get this bread?"

"I staid at home with baby."

"That's true," answered Clare. "But," he went

on, "suppose a horse and a pony had got to divide their food between them, would the pony have a right to half? Wouldn't the horse, being bigger, want more to keep him alive than the pony?"

"Don't know," said Tommy.

"But you shall have the half," continued Clare; "only I hope, after this, when you get anything given to you, you'll divide it with me. I try to be fair, and I want you to be fair."

Tommy made no reply. He did not care about fair play; he wanted all he could get—like most people; though, thank God, I know a few far more anxious to give than to receive fair play. Such men, be they noblemen or tradesmen, I worship.

Clare carefully divided the loaf, and after due deliberation, handed him what he judged, having done his best to make the parts equal, the bigger half. Without a word of acknowledgment, Tommy was instantly worrying it like a terrier. He would love Clare in a little while when he had something more to give—but stomach before heart with Tommy and his sort, well represented in every rank of the world! There are not many in some circles, for like draws to like, who can love and be hungry both at once. But we have all to get to it.

XXVII.

TREACHEROUS TOMMY.

"Now, Tommy," said Clare, having eaten his half loaf, "I'm going out to look for work, and you must take care of baby. You're not to feed her—you would only choke her, and waste the good milk."

"I want to go out too," said Tommy.

"To see what you can pick up, I suppose!"

"That's my business."

"You shall see that I fancy it mine while you are with me. If you don't take care of baby and be good to her, when I come home I'll put you in the water-but I took her out of—as sure as you ain't in it now!"

"That you shan't!" cried Tommy. "I'll bite first!"

"I'll tie your hands and feet, and put a stick in your mouth!" said Clare. "So you'd better mind."

"I want to go with you!" whimpered Tommy.

"You can't. You're to stop and look after baby. But I won't be away longer than I can help; you may be sure of that."

With repeated injunctions to the human monkey not to leave the room, Clare went.

But he did not at once leave the premises: he must first provide for his return. To swarm up between the two walls as he had done before, would be to bid good-bye to his jacket at least, and he knew how appearances were already against him! He did not, however, want Tommy to know what he was about. He would not have him aware of any other path out than over the wall by the water-but, the terror of which would help to keep him in. He did not reflect that Tommy would be yet more terrified at the dark well. Spying about therefore to find whatever might serve his purpose, he kept a sharp look-out lest Tommy should appear. He had just caught sight of an old garden-roller, and was making for it, when Tommy, never doubting he was gone, came whistling round the corner of the house with his hands in his pockets, and a most impudent air of independence. He was a lord in his own eyes. He could kill the baby when he pleased. Plainly his mood was: "He thinks I'm going to do as he tells me!" Clare saw him before he saw Clare, and rushed at him with a roar.

"You thought I was gone!" he cried. "Come along to the water-but!"

Tommy shivered when he heard him, then gave a shriek when he saw him coming at him with what seemed to him fury in his eyes. He shook till his teeth chattered. But even such terror could not paralyze the instinct of self-protection in the wild human animal. As Clare came running, he took one step toward him, and dropped on the ground at his feet. Clare shot away over his head, struck his own against a tree, and lay for a minute stunned with the blow. This was even better than Tommy had expected. He scudded into the house, and closed and bolted the door to the kitchen.

When Clare came to himself he found he had a cut on his head, and went to wash away the blood: it would never do to go asking for work with a bloody face! The little pool served at once for basin and mirror. While he washed he thought.

He had no inclination to punish Tommy for the trick he had played him; it was no worse than might be expected from him. It would serve this good end too, that Tommy would imagine him lurking about to catch him, and would not venture to put his nose out. He found afterwards, that the

little wretch had made fast the cellar-door, so that, if he had entered that way, he would have been caught in a trap, and unable to go or return. He made haste to use the opportunity of finishing what he had in hand without interruption or discovery on Tommy's part. He got the iron-roller to the foot of the wall, where he had come over the night before, and where now first he perceived there had once been a door, managed, with its broken handle for a lever, to set it up on end, heaped a mound of earth about it to steady it, placed a few broken tiles and sherds of chimney-pots on the top, and from this rickety perch looked over.

The next thing was to arrange for getting up from the other side. I will not give a detailed account of this, though I made Mr. Skymer tell me every point in the process. Earth and stones and whatever rubbish he could find he threw over, the sole quality required in his material being that it should serve to lift him a fraction of an inch higher. The space was so narrow that his mound did not require to be sustained by the width of its base, except in one direction; everywhere else the walls kept in his materials, and he made good speed. At length he descended by it sure of being able to get up again.

He had been gone an hour before Tommy dared leave the room where the baby was. He had planned what to do if Clare got in—to threaten, if he came a step nearer, to kill the baby. But, if only he had him in the coal-cellar, he might then make his own conditions! A tramp would not keep a promise so given, but Clare would! And till he promised he should not come out—not if he died of hunger!

But all was quiet, and at length he could bear imprisonment no longer. He opened the room door with the slow caution of one who thought a tiger might be lying against it, saw no one, and crept out with half steps. By slow degrees, interrupted by many an inroad of terror and many a swift retreat, he got down the stair and out into the garden; whence, after closest search, he was at length satisfied his enemy had departed. For a time he was his own master! To one like Tommy—and such are not very rare—it is a fine thing to be his own master. But the same person who is the master is the servant—and what a master to have! Tommy, however, was far from being dis-

contented with either master or servant, for both were himself.

What was he to do? Go after something to eat, of course! He would be back long before Clare! He had gone to look for work—and who would give *him* work! If he were as big as Clare lots of people would give him work! But catch him working! Not if he knew it!—not Tommy!

Never till she was grown up, never, indeed, until she was a middle-aged woman and Mr. Skymer's housekeeper, did the baby know in what danger she was that morning, alone with surnameless Tommy.

His first sense of relation to any creature too weak to protect itself, was the consciousness of power to torment that creature. But in this case the exercise of the power brought him into relation with the water-but! He went back to the room where the child lay rolled in blankets like a human chrysalis, and stood for a moment regarding her with a not very mild hatred: he was actually expected to give time and personal regard to that contemptible thing lying there unable to move! *He* wasn't a girl or an old woman! he must go and get something to eat! that was what a man was for! Better twist her neck at once and go!

But there appeared the water-but—proximate mother of the child. It came into Tommy's range, grew and grew upon Tommy, came nearer and nearer, until the baby was nowhere, and nothing in the world but the water-but. His consciousness was possessed with it. It was preparing to swallow him in its loathsome deep! All at once it jumped back from him, and stood motionless by the side of the wall. Now was his chance! Now he must run! Not a moment longer would he stay in the horrible place!

But the baby! Clare would bring him back and put him in the but. No, he wouldn't! What harm would come to the brat! She was not able to roll herself off the bed! She would just have to go to sleep again! *He would* go out! but he would come in again presently, long before Clare could get back! Out he must and would go! He wanted something to eat!

He left the room and the house, ran down the garden, scrambled up the door, got on the top of the wall, and dropped into the waste land behind it, nor once thought that the only way back was almost across the very jaws of the water-but.

XXVIII.

THE BAKER.

CLARE went over the wall without a notion of what he was going to do except look for work. He had eaten half a loaf, and now drew in his cap some water from the well and drank. He felt better than any moment since leaving the farm. He was full of hope.

All his life he had never been other than hopeful. To the human being hope is as natural as hunger; yet how few there are that hope as they hunger! Men are so proud of being small, that one wonders at what pitch their conceit will have arrived at by the time they are nothing at all. They are proud that they love but a little, believe less, and hope for nothing. Every fool prides himself on not being such a fool as to believe what would make a man of him. For dread of being taken in, he takes himself in ridiculously. The man who keeps on trying to do his duty will find, as he walks, a brighter and brighter glow issue from the lantern of his hope.

Clare was just breaking out into a song he had heard his mother sing to his sister, when he was checked by the sight of a long skinny mongrel like a hairy worm, that lay cowering and shivering beside a heap of ashes put down for the dust-cart—such a dry hopeless heap that the famished little dog was not tempted to search it. Some little warmth in it, I presume, had attracted him. Clare's own indigence made him the more sorry for the indigent, and he felt very sorry for this member of his family; but he had no work to give him, and no alms to offer him, therefore strode on. The dog looked wistfully after him as if recognizing one of his own sort, one that would help him if he could, but he did not attempt to follow him.

A hundred yards further Clare came to a baker's shop, and, merely taking the first he saw to inquire at, went in. It was the very shop to which the cart belonged from which Tommy had pilfered. A thin-faced, bilious-looking, elderly man stood behind the counter.

"Well, boy, what do you want?" he said in a low, sad, severe, but not unkindly voice.

"Please, sir," answered Clare, "I want something to do, and I thought perhaps you could tell me where I might find work."

"What can you do?"

"Not much, but I can *try* to do anything."

"Have you never learned to do anything?"

"I've been working on a farm for the last six months, but before that I went to school."

"Why didn't you go on going to school?"

"Because my father and mother died."

"What was your father?"

"A parson."

"Why did you leave the farm?"

"Because they didn't seem to want me. I think the mistress didn't like me."

"I dare say you did things she couldn't like!"

"I don't know, sir; she didn't seem to like anything I did. My mother used to say, 'Well done, Clare!' my mistress never said 'well done!'"

"So the farmer sent you away?"

"No, sir; but he boxed my ears for something—I don't now remember what—and he never did that before."

"I dare say you deserved it!"

"Perhaps I did; I don't know."

"If you deserved it, you had no right to go away because of it."

The baker taught in a Sunday-school, and was a good teacher, able to make a class mind him.

"I didn't run away for that, sir; I ran away because I saw he was tired of me. I couldn't stay to make him uncomfortable! He had been very kind to me; I think it was mistress made him change. I've been thinking a good deal about it, and that's how it looks to me. I'm very sorry not to have him or the creatures any more?"

"What creatures?"

"The bull and the horses and the cows and the pigs—all the creatures about the farm. They were my friends. I shall see them all again somewhere."

He gave a great sigh.

"What do you mean by that?" asked the baker.

"I hardly know what I mean," answered Clare.

"When I love anybody I always feel I shall see him again some time, I don't know when—some where, I don't know where."

"That's foolish," said the baker.

"But if I love them!" said Clare.

"Love a bull, or a horse, or a pig! You *can't*!" said the baker.

"But I *do*," said Clare. "I love my father and mother much more than when they were alive!"

"What has that to do with it?" returned the baker.

"That I know I love my father and mother, and I know I love that fierce bull that would always do what I told him, and that dear old horse that was almost past work, and was always ready to do his best. I'm afraid they've killed him by now!"

"But the beasts haven't souls, and you can't love them. And if you could, that's no reason why you should see them again."

"I *do* love them, and perhaps they have souls!" said Clare.

"You mustn't believe that! It's quite shocking. It's nowhere in the Bible."

"Is everything that is not in the Bible shocking, sir?"

"Well, I won't say that, but you're not to believe it."

"I suppose you don't like animals, sir! Are you afraid of their going to the same place as you when you die!"

"Anyhow I wouldn't like to have a boy about me that believed such unscriptural trash, so I couldn't recommend him. The Bible says, the spirit of a man that goeth upward, and the spirit of a beast that goeth downward!"

"Is that in the Bible, sir?"

"It is," answered the baker with satisfaction, thinking he had produced some conviction.

"I'm so glad!" returned Clare. "I didn't know that there was anything about it in the Bible! Then when I die I shall only have to go down somewhere, and look for them till I find them!"

The baker was silenced for a moment.

"It's flat atheism!" he said at length. "Get out of my shop! What is the world coming to!"

Clare turned and went quietly out.

But though a bilious, the baker was not an unreasonable or unjust man—except indeed when what he had been used to believe all his life was contradicted. Clare had not yet shut the door when he repented. He was a good man, though not quite in the secret of the universe. He vaulted over the counter, and opened the door with such a ringing of its appended bell as made heavy-hearted Clare turn before he heard his voice, and that was before his spare white figure appeared on the threshold.

"Hy!" he shouted.

Clare went meekly back.

"I've just remembered hearing—but mind I *know* nothing, and pledge myself to nothing,—"

He paused.

"I didn't say I was *sure* about it," returned Clare, thinking he referred to the fate of the animals, "but I fear I'm to blame for not being sure."

"Come, come!" said the baker, with a twist of his mouth that expressed disgust; "hold your tongue and listen to me.—I did hear, as I was saying, that Mr. Maidstone, down the town, had one of his errand boys laid up with scarlet fever: I'll take you to him, if you like. Perhaps he'll have you,—though I can't say you look respectable."

"I ain't had much chance since I left, sir. I had a bit of soap, but I wanted to keep it for——"

He bethought him that he had better say nothing of his family. Tommy had tried to eat the soap, and Clare had hidden it away till he could get warm water to wash the baby; but it had disappeared—he did not know how. Before long he had terrible ground for a guess.

"You see, sir," he resumed, "I had other things to think of. When your tummy's empty, you don't think much about your face—do you, sir?"

The baker could not remember having ever been more than decently, healthily hungry in his life; and here he had been rough on a well-bred boy too hungry to wash his face! Perhaps the word *one of these little ones* came to him. He had some regard for Him who spoke it, though he did talk more about Him on Sundays than obey Him in the days between.

"I don't know, my boy," he answered, "Would you like a piece of bread?"

"I'm not much in want of it at this moment," replied Clare, "but I should be greatly obliged to you if you would let me call for it by and by. You see, sir, when a man has no work, he can't help having no money!"

"A man!" thought the baker. "God pity you, poor monkey!"

He called to some one to mind the shop, closed his door, and went down the street with Clare.

XXIX.

THE DRAPER.

At the shop of a draper and haberdasher, where one might buy almost anything sold, Clare's new friend stopped and walked in. He asked to see

Mr. Maidstone, and a shopman went to fetch him from behind. He came out into the public floor.

"I heard you were in want of a boy, sir," said the baker, who carried himself as in the presence of a superior; and certainly, fine clothes and a gold chain and ring did what they could to make the draper superior to the baker.

"Hm!" said Mr. Maidstone, looking with contempt at Clare.

"I rather liked the look of this poor boy, and ventured to bring him on approval," continued the baker timidly. "He ain't much to look at, I confess!"

"Hm!" said the draper again. "He don't look promising!"

"He don't.—But I think he means performing," said the baker with a wan smile.

"Donnow, I'm sure! If he 'appened to wash his face, I could tell better!"

Clare thought he had done it pretty well that morning because of his cut, but it seemed he had in some measure failed.

"He says he's been too hungry to wash his face," answered the baker.

"Was waiting for his hot water, I suppose! Will you answer for him, Mr. Ball?"

"I can't, Mr. Maidstone, not one way or another; I simply was taken with him. I know nothing about him."

Here one of the shopmen came up to his master, and said,

"I heard Mr. Ball's own man yesterday accuse this very boy of taking a loaf from his cart!"

"Yesterday!" thought Clare; "it seems a week ago!"

"Oh! this is the boy, is it?" returned the baker. "You see, I didn't know him! All the same, I don't believe he took the loaf."

"Indeed I didn't, sir. Another boy took it who didn't know better, and I took it from him, and was putting it back on the cart when the man turned round and saw me, and wouldn't listen to a word I said. But a working-man believed me, and bought the loaf, and gave it between us."

"A likely story!" said the draper.

"I've heard that much," said the baker, "and I believe it. At least I have no reason to believe the man against him, Mr. Maidstone. That same night I discovered he had been cheating

me to a merry tune, and discharged him this morning."

"Well, he certainly don't look a respectable boy," said the draper, who naturally, being all surface himself, could read no deeper than clothes; "but I'm greatly in want of one to carry out parcels, and don't mind if I try him. If he do steal anything, he'll be caught within the hour!"

"Oh, thank you, sir!" said Clare.

"You shall have sixpence a day," Mr. Maidstone continued, "—not a penny more till I'm sure you're an honest boy."

"Thank you, sir!" rejoined Clare. "—Please may I run home first? I won't be long. I ain't got any other clothes, but——"

"Hold your tongue. I want no long tongues wagging in my shop! Go and wash your face and hands."

Clare turned to the baker.

"Please, sir," he said softly, "may I go back with you and get the piece of bread?"

"What! begging already!" cried Mr. Maidstone.

"No, no, sir," interposed the baker; "I promised him a piece of bread. He did not ask for it."

The good man was pleased at his success, and began to regard Clare with the favour that springs in the heart of him who has done a good turn to another through a third. Had he helped him out of his own pocket, he might not have been so pleased. But there had been no loss, and there was no risk to himself. He had besides shown his influence with a superior.

"I am so much obliged to you, sir!" said Clare, as they went away together. "I cannot tell you how much!"

He was tempted to open his heart and reveal the fact that three people would live on the sixpence a day the baker's kindness had procured him, but prudence was fast coming frontward with Clare. In the first place, no one must know they were in that house! If it were known, they might be turned out any moment, which would go far to be fatal to them as a family. For, if he had to pay for lodgings, were it no more than the tramps paid Tommy's grandmother, sixpence a day would not suffice for bare shelter. So he held his tongue.

"Thank me by minding Mr. Maidstone's interests," returned his benefactor. "If you don't do well by him, the blame will come upon me."

"I will be very careful, sir," answered Clare, who was too full of honesty to think of being honest; he thought only of minding orders.

They reached the shop; the baker gave him a small loaf, and he hurried home with it. The joy in his heart, spread over the days since he left the farm, would have given each a fair amount of gladness.

Taking care that no one saw him, he darted through the passage to the well, got over it better this time, rushed over the wall like a cat, heedless of the tumble he got by the unsteadiness of his potsherds, and hurried into the house. He heard the feeble wail of his baby. But at least she was alive!

XXX.

ONE MORE ADDITION TO THE FAMILY.

HE found the door open which was fast closed when he went away. Tommy must have gone into the garden! Well, there was no great harm in that! But when he reached the nursery, as he called it, no Tommy was there! The baby lay as he had left her, but was moaning and wailing piteously. She looked as if she had cried till she was worn out. He threw down the clothes to take her. To his horror a great rat sprang from the bed, and on one little foot the long thin toes were bleeding and raw. The same instant arose a loud scampering and scuffling and squealing in the room. Clare's heart quivered. He thought it was a whole army of rats. He was not a bit afraid of them himself, but to leave baby in such company was impossible! I hope their friends will not take it ill that after this he felt less kindly disposed toward rats than the rest of the creatures. Already they had smelt food in the house, and come in a swarm, he thought. What was to be done with baby? If he staid at home with her, they must both die of hunger; if he left her alone, the rats would eat her! They had begun already! Oh, that wretch Tommy! Into the water-but he should go.

But things were not nearly so bad as Clare thought: the scuffling came from quite another cause. It suddenly ceased, and a sharp scream followed. Clare turned with the baby in his arms. Almost at his feet, looking up at him, the rat hanging limp from his jaws, stood the little castaway mongrel he had seen in the morning, his eyes

flaming, and his tail wagging with wild homage, and the delight of having the rat for an offering.

"You darling!" cried Clare, and meant the dog this time, not the baby. The animal dropped the dead rat at his feet, and glared, and wagged, and looked hunger incarnate, but would not touch the rat until Clare told him to take it. Then he retired with it to a corner, and made a rapid meal of it.

He had seen Clare pass the second time, had doubtless noted that now he carried a loaf, and had followed him in humble hope. Clare was too much occupied with his own joy to perceive him, else he would certainly have given him a little peeling or two from the outside of the loaf. But it was decreed that the dog should have the honour of rendering the first service. Clare was not to do *all* the benevolences.

What a happy day it had been for him! It was a day to be remembered for ever! He had work! he had sixpence a day! he had had a present of milk for the baby, and two presents of bread—one a large, and one a small loaf! And now here was a dog! and a dog was more than many meals! The family was four! A baby, and a dog to take care of the baby!—that was heavenly!

He made haste and gave his baby what milk and water was left; then washed her poor torn foot, and wrapped it in a pillow-case, for he would not tear anything. Next he cut a good big crust from the loaf, and gave it to the dog, who ate it as if the rat were nowhere. The rest of the bread he put in a drawer, nor took any for himself. Then he washed his face and hands—as well as he could without soap; and last, the baby being once more asleep, he took the dog, talked to him a little, laid him on the bed beside her, and then talked to him again, telling him plainly, and impressing upon him, that his business was the care of the baby; that he must give himself up to her; that he must watch and tend, and, if needful, fight for the little one. When at length he left him, it was evident to Clare's eyes, by the solemnity of the dog's face, that he understood his duty thoroughly.

XXXI.

HOME TO BABY AT LAST.

ONCE clear of the wall, Clare set off running like a gaze-hound. Such was the change produced in him by joy and the satisfaction of hope, that when

he entered the shop, no one knew him at first. His face was as the face of an angel, and none the less beautiful with gladness that it emerged from ragged garments. But Mr. Maidstone, the moment he saw him, and before he had time to recognize him, turned from the boy with dislike.

"What a sickening fool the beggar looks!" he said to himself;—then aloud to one of the young men, "Give here that parcel of sheets.—Here, you!—what's your name?"

"Clare, sir."

"I declare against it!" he said, with a coarse laugh of pleasure at his own fancied wit. "I shall call you Jack!"

"Very well, sir!"

"Don't you talk.—Here, Jack, take this parcel to Mrs. Trueman's. You'll see the address on it.—And look sharp.—You can read, can't you?"

The people in the shop—it was the largest in the town—stood looking on, some pitifully, all curiously, for the parcel was large, and of household things linen is the heaviest, while the boy looked long and thin. But Clare was strong for his age and size; and present joy made up for late want. He looked without flinching at the parcel as the draper proceeded to lay it on his shoulder, stooped a little as he felt its weight, heaved it a little to adjust its balance, held it in its place with one hand, and started for the door, which the master himself held open for him.

"Please, sir, which way do I turn?" he asked.

"That way," answered Mr. Maidstone. "Ask as you go."

Clare forgot that he had been told only the lady's name. The address was on the parcel, no doubt, but if he dropped it to look, he could not get it up again by himself. A little way on, therefore, meeting a boy about his own age returning from school, he asked him to be kind enough to read the address on his back and direct him. The boy read it aloud, and deliberately gave him false instructions as to finding the place. Clare walked and walked until he could scarcely endure the weight, and at last, though loath, concluded that the boy had deceived him. He asked again, but this time a lady, who took pains not only to tell him right, but to make him understand right: she was doubtless pleased with the tired gentle face that looked up from beneath his heavy burden, like one of the proud souls in Dante's *Purgatory*. Fol-

lowing her directions, he was able without further questioning to find the house. But it was hours after the burden was gone from it before his shoulder was rid of the phantom of its weight.

The rest of the work that day was lighter. His master did indeed rate him for having been so long, neither would permit him to explain his delay, but ordered him to hold his tongue and not answer back; but there was no other heavy parcel to send out. By the time work was over he had, however, gained something more than a general idea of how the streets lay, and was a weary wight when, with the fourpence his master hesitated to give him until he knew more of him, he set out, walking soberly enough now, to spend it at Mr. Ball's and the milk-shop. The baker sold him a stale three-penny loaf, and added a piece to make up the weight, which Clare took for liberality, and gave hearty thanks for. Mr. Ball, I am sorry to say, was not man enough to repudiate those thanks. The other penny he laid out on milk—but, oh, how inferior it was to that the farmer's wife had given him! The milk-woman had, however, not ungraciously granted him the two matches he begged for.

On his way to baby and the dog, he almost hoped, after the way Tommy had behaved, that he would not return: he would gladly be saved putting him in the water-but.

He soon forgot him again for a while, however, when at last he reached the nursery, and there found the infant and the dog lying as he had left them. The only sign that either had moved was the strange cleanness of the tiny troubled face which Clare had not ventured to wash. It gave indubitable evidence that the dog had been licking it more than a little—probably every few minutes since he was left curate-in-charge.

And now Clare, not without deliberation, did a thing with which his sensitive conscience not unfrequently after reproached him. His only defence to himself was, that he had hurt nobody, and had kept baby alive by it. Having in his mind revolved the matter many a time that day, he did, when he came home with the matches—next in preciousness to the milk—get some sticks together from the garden, and light a small fire, in which he burned coals that were not his own, and for which he could merely hope he might one day restore amends. But baby! Baby was his answer. Baby was more than coals! He set on a rusty

kettle with water, and while it was getting hot, afraid lest the smoke should be seen, ran out every other minute to see how much was coming from the chimney.

He had also another thing on hand that occupied every spare moment : he was preparing a bottle for baby—making a hole through the cork of a phial, putting the broken stem of a clean tobacco pipe he had found in the street through the hole, tying a small lump of cotton wool over the end of the pipe-stem, and covering that with a piece of his pocket-handkerchief, carefully washed with the brown Windsor soap, his mother's last present. For this was yet another gladness of the day—in looking for a kettle he had found his soap, which probably the rat had carried away and hidden before finding baby. Through the pipe-stem and the wool and the handkerchief he could, to his joy, without difficulty draw water, and hoped therefore that baby would succeed in drawing her supper through it. As soon as the water was warm, he mixed some with the milk, but thought it would not bear so much as that of the morning ; and, to his delight, the baby did manage to suck from his bottle. The result of much cogitation as he stooped along under the burden of the lady's linen, was a success ! Time of labour is not unfrequently time of successful thought—witness the annals of weaving and shoe-making. The little Atlas had time to think, and thought to good purpose.

And now Clare went about as one who would attempt a great thing—one hard of achievement : he was at last going to wash the baby ! nor could he help being glad that impudent Tommy was not in the house. With a basin of warm water, and his precious piece of soap, the more precious that it had been lost, now first was he able to do it—and he did wash his treasure perfectly

clean. It was a state of bliss in which, up to that moment, I presume she had never been since her birth. In the process he handled her, if not with all the skill of a nurse, yet with the tenderness of a mother. The moment the happy but anxious task was over, during which the infant had shown the submission of great weakness, he wrapped her in another blanket, and laid her down again. Soothed and comfortable, as probably she had never felt soothed or comfortable before, she went to sleep. Immediately thereupon he took a piece of the morning's loaf, and with some of the hot water made a little sop for the dog, which the poor thing, whose four legs carried such a long barrel of starvation, ate with undisguised pleasure and thankfulness. For his own supper Clare preferred his bread dry, that he might rejoice in a fine *drink* of water from the well.

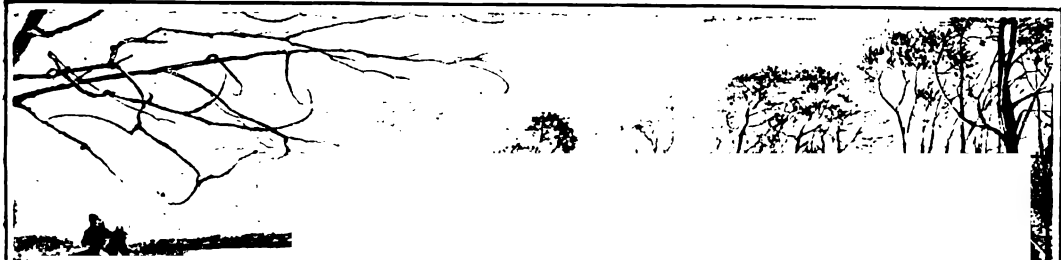
But now came the thought—what had Tommy done with himself ? Left to himself he was sure to go stealing. But he could hardly believe that he had actually run away from him. On the other hand, he had left the baby, and knew that if he returned he would be put into the water-but. He might also think he could do better without Clare, who would not let him steal—especially as the baby, who ought to have been drowned like a kitten according to Tommy, would eat up everything ! Had he been anything like a true boy, Clare would have taken his bread in his hand, and gone to look for him long ago ; but as things were it did not appear necessary. He felt bound to do his best for him if he came back, but he did not feel bound to leave the baby and roam the country to find him. With no more influence over him than he seemed to have, where was the use ? Why should he search for a boy to work for who would steal the moment he turned his back ?

(*To be continued.*)

M. Clarke, delt.

WINTRY CLOUD AND COLD.

Goulet, sc.



With rapture ever new shall sing,—
Let winter's fiercest tempests rage,
They cannot kill her deathless spring.

Blow, winds of March! Awake, awake!
Sweep dreams and shadows far away.
The night is past,—let each man take
Fresh courage for the coming day.
For sleep, however sweet, is death,
And life and light mean battle sore;—
Then work as long as thou hast breath,
And fight,—till it be night once more.

Blow, winds of March! Awake, and blow
Far off all wintry cloud and cold.
Shine, sun of March! Beneath thy glow
The gray world turns to green and gold.
For ever young, for ever gay,
Spring comes with music and with mirth;
She scatters gladness on her way,
And brings immortal youth to earth.

MARY MACLEOD.

CHAPTER IV.

YEARS have but little altered Mallett. The same shops stand in the one long straggling street, where low diamond-paned houses—with 1704 cut in stone over some of their rustic porches—stand neighbours to smart newly-fronted shops with gaily-dressed windows, displaying all the fine wares that are to tempt the hardly-earned wages from the pocket of the country lass, and lighten the well-lined purses of the jovial farmers. It is market-day when nurse and I set forth to make our purchases, and this gives a great show of stir and bustle to the usually sleepy little town. Our house, although in Mallett, is a good quarter of a mile from the police-station, the point at which the street begins. Mr. Wheeler's shop, our destination, stands at the farther end, so that we had to pass by the grocer's, Mr. Smith, who is also the Mallett banker—a very important person indeed; the rival drapery establishment, which calls itself a *dépôt*; the post-office, also a stationer's, the master of which double business neglects both to devote himself to his favourite occupation of bird-stuffing and making collections of insects and butterflies; the butcher with an old elm-tree before his door, planted well out by the curb-stone, and propped up with a stout iron crutch, because Cromwell, they say, once sat under its shadow. Opposite this, quite a big space is taken up by the Deloraine Arms, which we speak of as "our hotel," although, since the coaches have ceased to run, its business seems to be very small. Tapson, its master, stands under the arched-over courtyard, regarding with gloomy disdain the more prosperous, though humbler, John Barleycorn, into which knots of hearty farmers are turning to enjoy the announced "Hot ordinary at half after twelve punctual."

Nurse declares if she does not walk with the utmost caution she shall end by measuring her length in the street, so I am forced to curb my impatience by looking at everything I see for double the time I want to. Since early morning my mind has been distracted between the choice of colours—a claret, a blue, a plum-colour—which shall it be? Girls with mothers, sisters, friends,

who unknowingly direct their taste until it is made good by the well-chosen things they have been always given to wear, will laugh at poor little me thrown back on the remembered description of the dress of some favourite heroine of mine. Alas! so frequently white muslin, with never a word as to what they had for winter wear.

However, everything comes to an end, and here are we at Mr. Wheeler's door. We go in—we are seated at the counter. Almost the first words spoken ruffle nurse's temper. I refuse to allow a search for remnants or bargains. I ask with firmness and decision to be shown, in a piece which you buy by the yard, different coloured French merinos. Oh! but I do feel sorry for nurse, who is goaded to madness between her anxiety to give her opinion on everything, and her sense of wishing to remain silent so as to impress on me her offended dignity. The shopman who serves us is most amiable, his knowledge of fashion, and of what is worn, strikes me as wonderful, equalling the courage he displays in pooh-poohing the dingy browns and dismal greens which nurse cannot forbear pushing forward for my inspection. "Quite out of date, ma'am," he says, sweeping them away, and substituting the claret and plum-colour, about which his taste and mine are in unison. I feel sure nurse will not stand this long. I see by her face that her temper is rising, and so it is, for at his next remark, that "claret is so very suitable to the complexion," she asks me audibly—

"Whatever for do you listen to what such a young jackanapes as that says? How should he know what's proper wear, and what isn't, with his head greased up like a mutton-pole?"

I am overwhelmed with confusion. I dare not look at the young man, who good-naturedly goes on giving his opinions as if he had not heard her.

"I will decide on the claret," I say firmly, "if you will cut off enough yards to make me a proper dress."

I feel my colour come as I say this, and involuntarily I try to drop the short skirt I wear nearer towards the ground.

"You needn't measure off the whole piece," says nurse witheringly, as, preparatory to measuring, the

stuff is unrolled; and then the young shopman takes his revenge, for he says to me—

"Is it to Miss Spratt's you're goin' for the makin' up of it, miss? because if so, wouldn't it be best to leave the quantity wanted to her? 'tis what her lady customers mostly do."

The mine is sprung without my having to put the match! Is nurse going to have a fit? I dare not look at her. I feel a dreadful disposition to giggle and laugh, although terribly nervous at the same time. I can hardly credit that it is my voice answering quite calmly—

"I think that is a very good plan; but give me a pattern, that I may show Miss Spratt what I have chosen. We are going on to her after leaving here."

"I don't know whether by this orderin' you think that Mr. Wheeler gives his goods away, Miss Sylvia."

I am never called *Miss* Sylvia unless nurse is very angry, which I can see she is now, although the dear old thing has no cause to be. I have it in my heart to give her a good hug, and beg her not to mind, only I must assert a little dignity. I cannot consent to be for ever a child when I am more than sixteen. Before we leave the shop Mr. Wheeler comes forward to be told that my purchases are to be set down to papa's account.

"And I must compliment you on your good taste, miss," he says; "I'm quite proud that we've had the serving of your first grown-up young lady's dress to you—and it's time too. Dear, dear! how years run by! it seems but yesterday I was sending to London for a hood and cloak for you, ordered by your poor mamma. Next it will be the wedding-gown, eh! Mrs. Sampson?"

Nurse sighs lugubriously, while I hasten to say—

"No, indeed not; I mean always to stay here with papa."

"Ah, yes; that's what all the young ladies mean till Mr. Right comes their way. Ain't it so, Mrs. Sampson?"

"As I never permitted no Mr. Rights nor Mr. Wrongs my way," says nurse loftily, "you must put such questions to others than me, Mr. Wheeler; but I trust 'twill be many a long year before Miss Sylvia gives way to that folly."

Away we go, in single file—I in front, nurse following. Oh dear! oh dear! no bargains, no remnants, no anything to put her into a good

humour to face Miss Spratt, before whom in imagination I already tremble. Miss Spratt is, by miles and miles ahead, the leading modiste of Mallett. "Miss Spratt from London" is on the brass plate on her door. As she herself says, if she desired it she might quite as consistently put "Miss Spratt from Paris." This is because more years ago than I know of, Miss Spratt lived some little time there, in capacity of maid to the former Lady Deloraine.

Arrived at the house and ushered in, nurse still maintains her stony demeanour, and I find myself so left with the whole affair on my hands, that I am forced into calling all my courage to my aid, and I end by feeling quite proud of my composure. Miss Spratt puts me greatly at ease by the kindly way in which she helps me out with my explanations; and the question of the dress being settled, I venture to speak of other articles in which my wardrobe is deficient. All of these she is quite ready to supply. Nurse does not speak, but every now and then she gives an angry snort, which fills me with the fear that she is about to say something offensive to this directress of fashion, who, as she says, is about to "completely transmogrify" me.

"And before the new hat goes home," she adds, "we must make a little alteration in your hair. I've a style in my mind's eye that will be most becoming to you. Oh, before you're out of my hands you won't know yourself for the same."

And on this we leave and take our way home; and once back in nurse's room, I run and fling my arms round her, for I fear my dear old friend is hurt by me.

"No, no," I cry, kissing her, "you must not be angry."

She holds me from her, and looks at me.

"Long dresses, and hair turned up behind! She may well say we sha'n't know you. Ah, child, you're in a great hurry to be a woman all at once. I wish I was sure of getting as many guineas as the sighs you'll heave for the light heart you'll leave behind. Cares and troubles come upon us all soon enough. Don't be in too much haste to meet 'em on the road, Sylvie dear."

CHAPTER V.

WHEN one has but few events in life it is difficult to measure the exact lapse of time between one

red-letter day and another. I know that many weeks had passed since that much-thought-over dress had come home—that another, even prettier, lay in my lavender-scented chest of drawers, and that I had become familiar with that strange reflection in the glass, whose altered appearance was by no means displeasing to me. Even nurse, who at first sight of me had cried, declaring I was no longer her child—her little Sylvia—acknowledges the improvement, and now all her jeremiads and sermons are on the snare of good looks, and the folly of setting any store on what is only skin deep. My father, too, I know, is pleased, although in words he does not say so. He has been a good deal away from home of late, and each time he returns he feigns astonishment, and says, “Can this young lady be my little daughter? Why, what an old man I must be growing into!”

“No, papa, no,” I make answer; “it is for me to grow old. You must grow young, so that we keep on getting better companions one for the other.”

Nurse tries to impress on me that now that I have put on the livery of discretion there must be no more “foolish nonsense nor childish behaviour,” but that I must learn the steady ways of grown-up people, practise company manners, and sit up doing wool-work and playing pretty tunes on the piano. I know that this is what a great many girls of my age do, but to me such occupations are simply insupportable. I detest forming those hideous, unnatural flowers, I detest the sight of them when they are formed; and as for the piano, going to the Clarkes’ to tea, and having to listen to the five girls each play separately a long operatic piece, and then duets of airs with variations together, entirely took from me all taste for music. Education is very difficult to get in Mallett. My chance seemed to depend on whether the curate Mr. Preston keeps, to help him with his duty in the two outlying hamlets, would have a sister. Fortunately for me, the nicest who came left his sister at Mallett when he went away. She stayed until a year ago, and then she left me to get married. Of that even nurse was glad, although we were sorry indeed to part with her. We all loved her dearly, I most of all, because I owed most to her. Papa talked of finding some one to give lessons to me, but of late he has seemed to put it off, speaking as if he had some plan in his mind of which I should know later. It happened that on an evening following

his return home, after a longer absence than usual, the dinner over, I was sitting quietly reading while my father looked over some papers, which I thought entirely engrossed his attention. Looking up—I suddenly looking up also—he said,

“I have something to tell you. I am going to bring some one to live with us here.”

In an instant my face had grown crimson, and then as quickly I felt every trace of colour die suddenly away. The book dropped from my loosened grasp, and the beating of my heart seemed to drown the faint voice which gasped out—

“Yes, papa.”

My father noticed my distress, for I love him so dearly that the bare thought of any one holding a place nearer than I did was agony to me. He put out his hand and drew me from the low stool on which I sat on to his knee, saying—

“There is nothing you need fear, child. It is only a young lad I am speaking of.”

In the excess of relief I felt at its not being the dreaded step-mother whom nurse had made the bogie of my life, I threw my arms round his neck and kissed him again and again. “Oh, papa,” I cried, “dear, dear papa.” There was no need for words to tell him what had terrified me, and the way in which my embrace was returned set at rest all my fears.

“The boy I speak of,” continued my father after a pause, “is a stranger to you, I might almost say a stranger to me. He is left very friendless in the world, and I promised a client of mine—just dead—that I would look after him. I think this will be best done by having him here under my eye, then when the time comes I can decide on his future. Unhappily, not many things are open to him, which is unfortunate for what I may want to do. He is lame, has a weakness—deformity of some kind.”

“Poor boy.”

“Yes; I expect that has, in a way, led to his education being neglected; still, I don’t think he will interfere with you greatly. They speak of him as a quiet, tractable lad.”

“Oh, we shall get on, papa. I will try and do everything you wish me to.”

“I wish you to be kind and—particularly at first—to be rather much with him; and,” he added, with something like hesitation in his manner, “try not to let nurse be too inquisitive. It isn’t that there’s anything to hide or to make a mystery of,

but—well, if questions are asked, answers must be found, and in the place he has come from I don't think there are many women."

"Ergo not much curiosity," I said slyly.

"Oh, that article is pretty equally divided between the sexes," laughed my father. "There's not much to choose between men and women when they are wanting to find out something they want to know. Don't you want to know anything more about him?"

"Not, I think, more than you like to tell me. It is very likely though, if we are much together, that he will say things about himself. Am I to stop him?"

"By no means," said my father hastily. "I wish you on the contrary to encourage him, especially as to what he recollects when he was a child. I fancy when a mere baby he lived abroad. Early impressions are sometimes very lasting. Find out if he has any."

"When do you expect him?"

"In a few days he will come. I have been thinking where it will be best to put him."

"There is the little room next to mine," I said, alluding to a small but quite comfortable bedroom for any boy. "He might like that better than having to go higher."

"The bed in the spare room is a very large one," said my father, without heeding my suggestion.

"Very large indeed, with curtains to it that draw all round."

"Then let it be changed for a small bed out of another room, and put him there."

I was almost dumbfounded; my face and the tone in which I speak shows my astonishment.

"But, papa, the spare room is the best bedroom, and you say he is a boy."

Papa laughed; he has been, for him, in a wonderfully gay mood to-day.

"I certainly had that effrontery," he said, "although I shouldn't be surprised if I found myself taken to task for so doing. He's in the same boat as somebody else I know—past sixteen, no longer a child, you know."

"Now, papa, that's very naughty!" and I held up my finger reprovingly.

"I feel I am to blame," he said mockingly. "By the way, I must prepare to have a demand for a top-hat and stick-up collars; nothing less will do for the escort of such an elegant young lady"

"You shall not make game of me," I said, giving his arm a loving pat, for these genial moods were delightful to me. "A boy is very different to a girl; he would look ridiculous dressed up like a man. Besides, it is not right; Sir Felix doesn't wear them."

"That settles the question then, although I did not know that he was the same paragon in your eyes that my lady is."

"Nor is he, only naturally they know what it is right to wear. They are grand people, and go everywhere and see everywhere."

My father looked at me fixedly.

"Would you like to be one of these grand people?" he said earnestly.

I made a pause before giving my answer.

"Yes, I think I should—well, in some ways, like having Sharrows for one's own—certainly. When I look at Sir Felix sometimes I wonder how he feels, being master of it all."

"Feels!" said my father sneeringly, "why, that he was born with a right to every inch of the property, and that he is so immeasurably superior to every other created being that the wonder is that we are permitted to have the same flesh and blood as he has. He wouldn't be his mother's son if he didn't think so."

I am always sorry when papa speaks in this way. I feel sure it is this that makes him unpopular in the county.

"Yet they are very good to their tenantry, papa, and when they come out of church I notice how kindly they speak to everybody. It is only when they reach us that my lady's manner is changed."

My father drew in his lips until they were completely lost to view; it is a trick of his when anything vexes or affects him.

"Unless I am much mistaken," he said, "you will see another change in my lady's manner before long. Now I bow low and she carries herself high. Reverse the picture—would that please you?"

I was glad that my father got up and went into the adjoining room without waiting for an answer from me. What should I have said? Glad that he should cease to bow so low? Yes, seeing the way in which he bows, very glad indeed; but that the mantle of humiliation should fall upon my lady—no, that would not please me. My father does not understand; and a something which I cannot

explain, but which I always feel when he speaks like this, saddens me.

CHAPTER VI.

ALL day long I have been waiting—waiting for the arrival of our expected visitor. Would he laugh if he knew how often I have altered the furniture of his room, more especially the books, pictures, &c., which, supplemented from the store of my own belongings, I fancy will add to his pleasure?

Nearly a week has elapsed since my father first spoke of him, during which time I have asked several questions, to which papa has made answer, and yet I seem to know no more than I did the first evening. His name is Willett. He has been brought up by the old client who is dead, of whom papa says he will speak as his grandfather; but whether that is the relationship they bear to one another, I don't know—I don't know if papa knows. At first nurse wasn't very well pleased at this addition to our family party. I had to do a deal of coaxing with her, especially after she found he was to have the best bedroom.

"It's so ridic'ulous," she said, "to go crammin' up a boy and makin' him think he's somebody, 'specially at his age, when they ain't easy in coats and won't rest in jackets; but there, if anything foolish can be done, trust a man for fixin' on it. Still I am surprised at your pa; I should have given him credit for more sense."

"Of course the poor *boy* can't help it," I said.

"Why, of course he can't."

"Any more than he can help being lame," I added, knowing that to kindle her pity is the best way of turning aside her displeasure.

"Ah, my dear, we mustn't neither of us forget that, seeing we're blessed with the free use of our limbs to go about as and where we like. I dare say if we knew the ins and outs of it all we should see the workings of Providence in sending him here, rather than with a rough-and-tumble lot of boys and girls who'd make him feel the drawback he labours under. In that 'twas thoughtful of your pa. I always like to give credit where credit is due."

I saw that nurse was won over, and by sundry signs during the days that followed, I noted that little preparations were being made for our visitor.

In a quiet life such as mine has been, it takes a

very small event to excite me. By this time the winter afternoon has come to an end, and Jacob, who has taken the gig my father drives, has gone to the two-miles-off station to meet the train. I am on the tip-toe of expectation. How soon will they come? My ears were strained to listen. Twenty times I have caught the sound of wheels, but they have gone on. Hark! these are drawing near—it must be they. Yes; the horse has stopped. He has come!

The candles have been lit for a long while, all the shutters are shut, so that I cannot peep out of the windows. I have ran down into the dining-room with the intention of receiving our guest with formal shy ceremony; but the delay in his appearance is too long for my curiosity, and I go and cautiously open the baize-covered doors which, in our old-fashioned house, shut off the inner hall from the smaller one, which opens out on the street. For a minute my eyes wander round, and then they light on a forlorn, dejected little figure resting on a crutch—standing, nervously, alone; while close behind—doubtfully out of his sight—big-limbed, stolid-faced Jacob is endeavouring by significant signs to direct the attention of our buxom Martha to the peculiarities of the new-comer.

I blush with shame, fearing he has noticed the movement, and forgetting all the dignity I had meant to assume, I run forward, hold out my hand, and draw him inside.

"I am Sylvia Carleton, perhaps papa has told you of me. I am so glad you have come, I have been all day watching for you."

He follows me into the dining-room, and lets me give him a seat in front of the fire without speaking a word, and when I give him a glance I see by the twitching of his mouth that he is striving to keep down some strong feeling of emotion. Wanting to give him time to recover, I go on speaking.

"You have had such a cold drive, and I expect a long journey." How far off the place is he has come from I have not the slightest notion. "But it will be all right now."

He makes a great effort to say something to me, but it is of no use; the words turn into a choking sob, followed by a burst of tears, which tell how long and great has been the struggle which has kept them back until now. For a moment I hesitate. What comfort can I offer

him—a stranger, a boy I do not know? But another glance at the heaving shoulders, and the head bent down, carries away all my reserve, and taking his poor and cold hand into mine, I say—

"I am so sorry. Oh! don't—don't cry," and then I cry too. I know now that those tears were his best remedy, for he could not endure making any one suffer.

"'Tis leaving the old place," he manages to say apologetically. "I know the gentleman is very kind," and he begins drying his eyes, "but facing strangers is terribly hard for me." And he looks up and looks at me.

"Yes; but you must not think of us as strangers. There is only my father, whom you know already, and me, and I am sure we shall be great friends very soon. I am very often lonely as you are. I am so glad to have the prospect of a companion; I do hope you will like me."

And we look shyly one at the other, then we each stretch out a hand, and presently we have both begun to smile. His a very wintry little affair, but still enough to lift the shadow from his face.

Just then I hear papa's footstep, so, saying I will go and tell him, I ran out, hoping by a word of preparation to soften my father's apparently stern manner.

"Papa, he's come," I say in a whisper—I see that my excitement meets with no response from my father—"and he seems very low-spirited and—"

"Oh, he'll soon get over that," he answers carelessly. I wish that papa would show to others some of the tenderness he shows to me.

Already he has pushed open the dining-room door, has walked towards the fire, and with a nod to the poor boy, who has got up at sight of him, he says—

"How d'ye do, Willett. So you've come. Had a cold journey, eh?" and then, not waiting for a reply, he turns to me and adds, "Best take him up-stairs and get him given something to eat. Follow Miss Carleton, Willett, she'll see that you're looked after."

"Miss Carleton—Sylvia, papa," I say; "I'm Sylvia or Sylvie to every one."

"All right, settle what you wish to be called between you, only get quickly out of my way, I have some papers to look over."

Apparently papa does not intend him to dine

with us. Still, why the best bedroom, I wonder? Certainly there is nothing in his appearance that would make one think he would find himself at home there. Yet his face pleases me. His features are refined and delicate like a girl's, and his eyes seem to speak to you. I shall like him, I know I shall—already he does not seem a stranger to me; and although he is older than I am, I feel as if I was his protector. His voice has a country sound, yet it is soft and musical, so that in comparison I seem to be speaking in quite a loud tone.

Nurse, in spite of all her opposition, and the fears she has filled me with, receives our new arrival very kindly, and at once bustles about to give him a substantial tea, for which, notwithstanding all our pressing, he has but little appetite.

Dear old nurse! occasionally her speeches may be sharp, but what a kindly heart she has! She knows better than any one how to brighten up the wan-looking face, and make the poor shy desolate lad forget he was a stranger.

"This room," she says, proudly looking round, "belong to me—'tis my room, and Miss Sylvia's my little girl, just like she's been ever since she was a baby. They're all my children who come here, so you'll have to be one of them too. Nurse's little boy you'll be. The first we've had, eh, Sylvia? What's your name, my dear?"

"Marmaduke, ma'am," he answers, shyly.

"Marmadooke!" repeats nurse, seeming to draw out the name to a dozen syllables.

"But they always call me Dumps," he adds hastily, frightened no doubt by nurse's astonished expression.

"Oh!" I exclaim, protesting against a name which seems to express his misfortunes; "no, we couldn't call you that."

"Yes; but I'd rather—'tis what I'm most used to—grandfather always did."

"Then Dumps let it be, my dear," says nurse conclusively, "for Marmadook is a mouthful, and I don't hold with high-sounding story-book names for every-day wear. I'm hampered with one myself, *Augusta*; don't seem to fit a homely body like me; but there, seeing I was born a Sampson, I ought to be thankful they didn't fix on *Delilah*."

This sets us both laughing, and finding she has amused him, the good old soul rakes out of her memory all the queer names she has ever known, ending up with a mythical *Anna Maria Louisa*

Sophia Julia Jane Johnson Thomson Kitty Mac Rundle, whom she has suggested to me whenever I had a new doll to name, as long as I can remember.

When I go down to papa that evening I am glad to tell him that young Willett seems much more reconciled, and that I have left him with a book to amuse him while nurse disposes of his scanty wardrobe, and puts his things into their proper places.

"Well, and what do you think of him? A little bit of the clohopper, isn't he?"

"No, not at all. He is very shy, but he is quite nicely behaved, papa. I am sure I shall like him."

"What does nurse say about him, eh?"

"Oh, she was very kind; because of his misfortune, you know. She says it's much worse for him, being a boy, than if he was a girl. She can't think what you will find for him to do. If he was a poor boy she says he might be a tailor."

"Ah, that reminds me about his clothes. I want him to look properly dressed, because he'll be going about with you."

"But he looks all right, papa, there is nothing that any one could be ashamed of in him—nothing common or vulgar I mean. But then he is not common or vulgar, is he?"

"You say, my dear, that he is not," my father answers coldly, purposely—as I know—misunderstanding me. Somehow to-night I do not feel inclined to at once accept his rebuff.

"Not in appearance or manners certainly; but what I asked about was his position. I meant was he not the son of a gentleman?"

"A person's position depends very greatly on the position in which we see him. For instance, young Willett in the place of Sir Felix would doubtless be thought most interesting—that is by you and me. I would rather not answer for my lady. My lady comes of a stalwart, straight-limbed family, with handsome well-featured faces to look down on everybody."

"There is nothing in young Willett's face to displease even my lady," I say doggedly. I feel a little rebellious towards papa, I feel that he is quibbling with me. "And as to his deformity, that should only make his parents love him more. Had I been lame, you would not have cared for me less, would you, papa?"

My father smiles his good smile, as he says—

"No, Sylvia, I don't think I should; but then I am a very every-day person, you know, I don't belong to the class that looks down on everybody."

"Do they look down on every one, do you think?"

"On every one not of their own set, most certainly."

"In that they are a little bit like you, papa, aren't they?"

"How? in what way?"

"Well, you never allow that there can be any good in my lady, or the Quex's, or the Cuthberts, or any of the county people. Isn't that the same?"

"Upon my word," says my father, laughing, "you would have made a good special pleader. Sylvia, come over a little nearer to me."

I take a seat close by him, and rubbing my cheek against his, I say—

"Nurse often tells me I have your brains."

"Does she?" He turns and looks at me a little sadly, and shaking his head he adds, "If so, I hope they will bring you better fortune than mine have done."

"But every one says that you have been so prosperous, papa."

"And very right that they should think so. When we are not loved it is not bad to be envied. Not that I care much for one or the other now. I have no ambition left for myself, all that is centred in my little daughter," and he bends forward and kisses me, while I twine my arms round his neck. "I live in the hope of some day putting you back into the place from which I took your mother. It is a debt I owe to her, Sylvia, and you must help me pay it back." I want to answer him, but my father prevents me. "No, we won't say any more—for to-night we have talked enough. Run away now, and see what Willett is about."

I give him another hug, a good-night kiss, and then I say—

"Do you know that he says we must call him Dumps?"

"Ah, yes; I remember the old man used to call him so."

"His real name is Marmaduke. You should hear nurse say it. She does make it a mouthful."

"Oh, let the Marmaduke be. Dumps is much better. Dumps is an excellent name for the poor fellow."

CHAPTER VII.

NOT more than two months have passed by, yet it seems as if Dumps had lived with us all our lives. He and I are always together. Nurse calls him my shadow, and indeed we are very seldom apart.

It was papa's wish that until matters about him were more settled, I should try and teach him something of what I know. A room but little used was turned into a study for us. We call it our den, and in it most of our time is passed.

I wish I could describe Dumps to my satisfaction, but I cannot. He is such a mixture that one must live with him to understand him. For many weeks I could not make him out, and perhaps he felt the same with me, and then suddenly, without any special cause that I can remember, we both became quite different, and since then we have been real companions, and have talked of anything and everything just as it comes into our heads; and a great many queer odd ideas come into his head. Dumps has very original opinions. On some of them we do not agree at all. Nurse says we "speechify and argue as if we were parliamentary gentlemen," and that to listen to us "is for all the world like the talk that goes on at electioneering times."

I am supposed to give the instruction, but it would be difficult to say what I know more of than he does, although I know it in a different way. But we are both ambitious and eager to learn, and bravely we struggle with history, grammar, geography, taking zigzag roads and roundabout ways that would never have been dreamed of by more experienced students. Naturally my desire is that Dumps should be in possession of all I know, only I cannot see the good of climbing slowly along that path of instruction which I found so dreary; so I determine to explain things to him, and I wonder now which of us get most puzzled, mistress or pupil. I am certain that he must have read and hammered it out for himself afterwards, or he could never have arrived at the point of knowledge which he did, and for which he always insisted on giving me the credit. There is only one thing that is sad connected with him. He often suffers

pain, and his health is very delicate. Once since he came Dr. Clarke has had to be called in, and nurse says he shook his head to her and said, "Be careful of any great excitement or any sudden fright." In that way he is very well off here, for we live the quietest of quiet lives. Of late my father has been very frequently called away, and since Dumps came, and winter set in, and my dress has been so greatly altered, I have never once seen my lady. What would she think of me? Would she notice any difference, I wonder? Papa was so much better pleased with my appearance that he said I was never to put on any of the clothes I had had before, and when nurse remonstrated and asked what was to be done with them, he quite upset her by telling her to put them all behind the fire. Of course that order was not carried out, but all the same they were never worn again by me. I paid another visit to Miss Spratt, and by papa's direction told her she was to supply me with all that was necessary. And she did so, and took such pains and was so kind to me that I felt quite ashamed at being so disposed to laugh at her. I do not know French at all well myself. Miss Lindsey, though, says I have a great aptitude for languages; but to listen to Miss Spratt dragging in all the words and sentences she has borne in her memory is really very funny. She has done it so long that it is quite natural to her. When I go to give her the second order she says, "It's very strange, miss, but I've been on the *qui vive* of anticipation for the whole week with the prestige that I should have a visit from you." And when all is finished to her satisfaction and to mine, and I am thanking her for the pains she has taken about me, and feeling very grateful too—for if it didn't sound like vanity, or if I was somebody else, I should say she had made me look nearly very pretty—my gravity was quite upset by her begging me to "call in *à la Russe*, whenever I was passing by, so that she might see that all was *comme il faut* as it should be." Dear old Miss Spratt! Never will any dressmaker be to me like you. You held the fairy wand to transform me as Cinderella was transformed; but the charming young prince, where is he? . . . Oh, I forget, I am always going to live with papa.

(To be continued.)

E. Rippe, del.

MOSCOW. RUSSIAN PRISONERS ON THE MARCH.

...tion, you don't care much about

Russia over there." The reproach is hardly a just one, for there is un-

deniably a growing interest in the history, literature, social condition, and all that concerns the great empire of the Czars; war, the great path-tracker, and commerce, the great civilizer of nations, are doing their work of bringing peoples the most dissimilar together, and the English particularly are learning more and more each year of that mass of territory and races which we call Russia, a better comprehension of which is so necessary to friendly fe

VIEW OF YALTA FROM THE ROAD TO MASSANDRA. See page 371.

subject, the catalogue of a good library shows a long list of them, and the number of tourists passing through the three or four chief cities is not a few; while Petersburg can show her two thousand, and Moscow her eight hundred English residents, engaged in various occupations, commercial, educational, or official; who, with others scattered about in distant Russian cities, keep up a

continual link with their own country. English ladies learn the beautiful Russian needlework, and our young Indian officers—greatest tribute of all—are set to study the Russian language. Yet in spite of all this, distance and the difficult language are two barriers erected by nature, which to some are as great against a journey to Russia as to China. To these may be added the climate, severe in its cold or its heat. Yes, really, some effort is needed not only to go to Russia, but to understand your surroundings when you get there!

But it is worth making these efforts to know something of one of the most interesting countries of Europe, and the more of even little unimportant visits are made, the more is realized what likeness and unlikeness exists between the human kind, even in this quarter of the globe. Russia is the country of extremes, and you cannot go there without feeling this in many ways. In the great centres of life one is in touch with the unknown and the far-off; it is not only that a gang of wretched criminals bound for Siberia may be passing along the street, or that in the Zoological Museum may be seen the veritable remains of the antique mammoth found in the



KHIRGHESE TYPES (FEMALE).

frozen north; you may discuss the prospects of the new University of Tomsk; you may see in the workshops of Moscow gas-engines being sent off to Samarcand, weighing-machines of the newest pattern to ancient Kief, railway-sleepers to the Caucasus. Enter an exhibition of photography—an art in which the Russians may vie with any nation in the world—you shall see Irkutsk and Kamskatka, no less than the Khirghese of the Steppes, hay-fields beyond the Ladogan See, as well as the soft charms of the Crimean coast, or the picturesque scenery of Tobolsk. What a choice has the Russian painter without stepping out of his Czar's dominions! From charming Finnish landscapes, and their ancient churches, to the rich architecture of Merv and Tashkend; from the Samoyede hut to the deserted villages of the once-smiling Caucasus; from the stormy waters of the Black Sea to the icebergs of Nova Zembla, all these and many more subjects we find on the walls of the new Russian school. Or again, but to speak of fish, that staple article of food with which the abundant waters of Russia have so richly endowed her, in the same collection of pisciculture are the curious models and processes of the extensive fish-salting establishments at Astrakhan, specimens of sturgeon, and the enormous baluga of the Volga,

KHIRGHESE AND TARTAR TYPES (MALE).

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glimpses of the extremes of life in Russia. Moscow brings up commercial activity and wintry weather; the Crimea, aristocracy, pleasure, and the balmy south. Moscow in the winter is not without its delights, though the ground be frozen so as it seems beyond hope of ever thawing, though the snow lie deep in the fields around. The beauty of the sights around you, of the common every-day incidents on a winter's day—that is, of a good hard winter—in this quaint fantastic city, is not to be forgotten. There is hardly any other place like it. For Moscow is the meeting-place of the East and the West, as of the spirit of old times with that of the new. Around the embattled Kremlin,¹ the girdled enclosure, which on its tabled heights protects the core of the empire most sacred to the patriotic Russian; where are found the ancientest holy churches, and the early wooden palace of the Dukes of Moscow, to say nothing of the wondrous Palace of Treasures, where so many crowns of conquered countries, such as Kazan, Astrakhan, Poland, &c., signs of Russia's aggressive growth and power, are gathered together;—around this embodiment of conservatism it is something

¹ *Kremi* or *Kremlin* is a fortress or stronghold. That in Moscow is the best known, but many other cities, as Vladimir, Kazan, Nijni Novgorod, Astrakhan, possess a Kremlin. Crim Tartary—the Crimea—is said to owe its name to the same root.

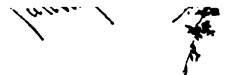


THE GREAT BELL OF MOSCOW.

startling to find that your journey is performed on the most modern of conveyances, a tram-line. Its rails intersect the city in all directions, the lean but sure-footed horses, reinforced in number at the foot, drawing the loaded cars up such hills as would not be dreamt of nearer home. It was with a curious feeling that we sallied forth on our first expedition in Moscow by daylight (the very first was to see the Kremlin by moonlight, a scene of weird beauty). The snow lay thick upon the ground, many degrees of frost in the still air compelled the warmest furs and over-boots to come into use, but, the slight difficulty of breathing once overcome, the bright sun and the clear atmosphere made it a joy to be out. The ringing of the car upon the metals came near, in we jumped, but lo! all the windows were covered with hoar-frost, which completely shut out the passing view; only the horses with their rough, rime-besprinkled coats, smoking all the way, could be seen when the end door was occasionally opened. We suddenly seemed to come out into full life on alighting, finding a busy street, with the broad snow-covered side-walk, haunted by hawkers of oranges, apples, and many-coloured light woollen wares, under the lofty white wall of the outer line of fortification; on the right the handsome front of the new Natural History Museum, the street a little further opening out into one of the open squares or *Places* which are one attraction of the city. A few steps more and there was a brilliant vision; just over the shoulder of the white curving wall appeared the many-coloured or gilt towers and cupolas of a picturesque old church bathed in sunshine, while the buildings stretching away into the gray street beyond formed a varied background.

As you pass along the busy streets how much there is for the new-comer! Do you want a sledge to carry you and your parcels home? —“*Isvorstchik!*” you call out, naming where you want to go to. Up comes a little contrivance for two; the driver, in fur cap and sheepskin-lined long coat, girt with a soft-coloured girdle, from his seat offers you a price. Indignantly you reply with a

figure reduced by one-third, or whatever experience has taught you is fair, and walk on as though you did not care the least. Perhaps some others come up, and presently you hear a voice behind cry, “*Pajoulsta!*” (if you please,) and the bargain is made; you may get in, wrap your *shuba* about you,



ALUPKA, SEAT OF PRINCE WORONZOFF. See page 372.

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trees in the numerous gardens and boulevards,—all these, softened by the
veil of powdery snow under the clear sunshine, compose a set of pictures

of quite unusual interest and winter beauty.

But after his seven months of cold the Moscovian doubly enjoys his summer, and happy are those favoured few who can spend a season on the southern shores of the Crimea, the Riviera of Russia. The Slav now reigns supreme where he was formerly merely a colonist amid Tartars; it is but a hundred years since Catherine obtained final possession of this peninsula, the mountain stronghold of the Tartars in Europe for nearly five centuries. Their policy of tolerance already in the fifteenth century had encouraged the settlement of Russians and Italians in the land where Scythians, Greeks, and Goths had dwelt in previous

A BIT OF CURSUSS.

ages. All these various populations have left their mark upon the peninsula, each in its way of the deepest historic or artistic interest. The Hermitage in St. Petersburg owes one of its most precious and unique collections to the rock tombs at Kertch, the catacombs of Scythian kings and queens, and others, two thousand years old, in which ancient golden ornaments of the most exquisite workmanship, with other productions of art, have been found in great profusion. One chief effect of the Russian dominion (as in the Caucasus) has been the depopulation of the country; the Tartars have, especially since 1864, migrated in thousands, and now form less than a third of the inhabitants.

The north part of the Crimea is in general bleak, and exposed to the winds from the steppes on the mainland; wide stretches of steppe, and high land

VILLAGE OF GURSUFF AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

cultivated by the primitive plough, lie behind the range of calcareous mountains which shelter the southern coast, and protect the numerous valleys running up among them. It is on this strip of coast, between Alushta at the east end of the road, and the Baidar Pass at the west, that lie the small towns and villages, now the resort of the well-to-do Russian, for sea-bathing, or change of air. Yalta, where Queen Natalie of Servia spent some time last summer, is one of the most charming of these small watering-places, built on the hills at the end of the bay, the picturesque churches and the houses with overhanging roofs peeping out amidst the trees. Here, as elsewhere in the Crimea, may be seen the most singular mixture of nationalities; a walk along the promenade, or a turn through the market of Simpheropol (the present capital of Crim), show the scenes of greatest animation and diversity. "The night before the market day," says a lady long resident in the Crimea, "all the roads leading to the town are crowded with carts laden with provisions of all kinds, and the tired camels, who lie down wherever they stop, keep up a pitiful moaning." Next morning, "all is bustle, the sounds of six or eight different languages are heard on all sides, and every one seems to be bargaining as loudly as he can. This babel of tongues, and variety of costumes, give such ample opportunity for observation, that in summer marketing is quite a pleasure." The prosperity of Yalta, now likened to Trouville,

is of quite recent growth, as in 1855 it contained but "one large inn, so ill-furnished and so ill-supplied with even the common comforts of every-day life, that few people make any stay there." The erection of an hotel at Gursuff, a Tartar village in a lovely situation on a little bay further to the east, sheltered by the mountain Aju Dag, is another sign of the recent inroad of the luxurious foreigner. Between this place and Alushta, a town of Genoese origin, near which the delicious Crimean wines are grown, the scenery is extremely wild and grand; rocks scattered or piled up in picturesque confusion, torrents rushing down steep ravines towards the sea; in the background, somewhat inland, Tchatir Dag, the great mountain of the Crimea, towering over all.

Turning westwards from this giant, about half-way on the road between Simpheropol and Sebastopol—of French and English fame and sorrow—lies the old Tartar capital, Baghtsché-Serai, secluded in a singular manner along the sides and bottom of a narrow valley. Thirty years ago this town, with its wondrously beautiful palace of the Khans of Tartary, its numerous mosques, Tartar houses and inhabitants, remained still entirely Eastern, relics of a past when, as the remains declare, the neighbouring plains also were covered with a teeming population.

Continuing the road towards Sebastopol, about four hours' drive southwards past Balacava (of

historic renown), brings us through a natural granite gate to the western beginning of the fine coast scenery, backed by majestic cliffs, full of bold crags and forest growth, in different recesses of which the Russian nobility have perched or nestled their delightful villas. The Prince Woronzoff, who was the author of much benefit to the country round, making roads, &c., built Alupka, a seat large enough for the many guests of Russian princely hospitality, surrounded with shrubs, trees, and a garden of fantastic adornment, his favourite retreat from the cares of government. Livadia and Orianda are imperial palaces of pleasure. Orianda, built by Alexander I., and inhabited by Nicholas, who presented it to his empress, surrounded by rocky walls and steps, does not boast of much architectural beauty, but a charming park enhances the attractions of its comfortable interior. Livadia, built in

the Italian style at a later date, shines out amidst the forest green. All these, the villa Eriklik, a favourite residence of the late empress, and many another, look down upon the blue sea, with its irregular coast, and from every point command enchanting views, of which Yalta forms a prominent part.

The charms of the Crimea are as yet little known to Englishmen, but a sea-girt land like this, where the Tartar dwells, and the camel draws the country carts, where the chestnut, mulberry, and vine abound on the hills, where the wild flowers grow in profusion, the feather-grass waves on the steppe haunted by the pretty little jerboa, to say nothing of larger game, of the facilities for sport, and of antiquarian remains, should before long draw to its shores some of our roving countrymen in a friendly spirit of inquiry and enjoyment.



A MATTER OF TASTE.

(A Cabinet Study.)

F. Anstey

CHAPTER IV.

THE Chapmans went at last, and before they were out of the house, Mrs. Hylton, with an effort to seem unconcerned, said—

"And so, Ella, you and George have done without my help? Of course, you know your own affairs best; still I should have thought, I should certainly have thought, that I might have been of some assistance to you, if only in pecuniary matters."

"George preferred that you should not be troubled," stammered Ella.

"I am not blaming him. I respect him for wishing to be independent. I own to being a little surprised that you should not have told me of this before, though, Ella. But for that chattering girl, I presume I should have been left to discover it for myself. I wonder you cannot bring yourself to be a little more open with your mother, my dear!"

"Oh, mother!" cried Ella in despair, "indeed I was going to tell you—only, I did not know myself till yesterday . . . at least, that is—" she broke off lamely, fearing to reflect on George.

"I find it hard to believe that George would act without consulting you in any way. It is strange enough that he should have undertaken to furnish the house in your absence."

"But if I couldn't be there!" pleaded Ella,—
"and I couldn't."

"Naturally, as you were on the Continent, you couldn't be on Campden Hill at the same time—you need not be absurd, Ella. But what I want to know is this—have you had a voice in the matter, or have you not?"

"N—not much," confessed Ella, hanging her head.

"So I suspected; and I think George ought to be ashamed of himself. I never heard of such a thing, and I shall make a point of seeing the house and satisfying myself that it is fit for a daughter of mine to inhabit."

"Mother!" exclaimed Ella, springing up excitedly, "you don't understand! Why should you

choose to suppose that the house is not pretty? It is—not done *as you* would do it, because poor George hadn't much money to spend; but if I am satisfied, why should you come between us? And I *am* satisfied—quite, quite satisfied; he has done it all beautifully, and I will not have a single thing altered! After all, it is *his* house, our house, and nobody else has any right to interfere—not even you, mother!"

Mrs. Hylton shrugged her shoulders.

"Oh, my dear, if that is the way you think proper to speak to me, it is time to change the subject. Pray understand that I shall not dream of interfering—I am very glad that you are so satisfied."

And by and by she left the room majestically. When she had gone, Flossie, who had been listening open-eyed to all that had taken place, came and stood in front of Ella's chair.

"Ella, tell me," she said, "has George really furnished the house exactly as you like—*really*, now?"

"Haven't I said so, Flossie? why should you doubt it?"

"Oh, I don't know—I was wondering, that was all!"

"Really!" cried Ella, angrily, "any one would think poor George was a sort of barbarian, who couldn't be expected to know anything, or trusted to do anything!"

"I'm sure I never *said* so, Ella. But how clever of him to choose just the right things! And, Ella, do all the colours and things go well together? I always thought most men didn't notice much about all that. And are the new mantelpieces pretty? Oh! and where did he go for the papers and the carpets?"

"Flossie, I wish you wouldn't tease so. Can't you see I have a headache? I can't answer so many questions, and I won't! Once for all, everything is just what I like—do you understand, or shall I tell you again? Just—*just* what I like."

"Oh, all right," returned Flossie, with exasperating good-humour, "then there's nothing to lose your temper about, darling, is there?"

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And this was all that Ella had gained by her loyalty to George so far.

It was the morning after the Chapmans' visit ; Ella had seen her mother and Flossie preparing to go out, but, owing to the friction between them, they neither invited her to accompany them, nor did she venture to ask where they were going. At luncheon, however, the unhappy girl divined from the expression of their faces how they had employed the forenoon—they had been inspecting the Campden Hill house ! Her mother's handsome face wore a look of frozen contempt. Imagine a strict Quaker's feelings on seeing his son with a pair of black eyes, a Socialist's at finding a *Peerage* under his daughter's pillow, a Positivist's whose children have all joined the Salvation Army—and even then but a faint idea will be reached of Mrs. Hylton's utter dismay and disgust.

Flossie, though angry, took a different view of Ella's share in the business ; she knew her better than her mother did, and consequently refused to believe that she was a Philistine at heart—it was her absurd infatuation for George that made her see with his eyes, and bow down before the hideous household gods he had chosen to erect. Upon such weakness Flossie had no mercy.

"Well, Ella, dear," she began, "mother and I have seen your house. George has quite surpassed our wildest expectations—accept my compliments."

"Flossie," said her mother severely, "will you kindly consider some other topic. I really feel too seriously annoyed about all this to hear it spoken of just yet. I think you shall come with me to the Amberleys' garden-party this afternoon, and not Ella, as we are dining out this evening. You had better stay at home and rest, Ella."

In this, and countless other ways, was Ella made to feel that she was in disgrace.

Nor did Flossie spare her sister when they were alone. "Poor dear mother," she said ; "I quite thought that house would have broken her heart. Oh, I'm not saying a word against it, Ella, I know *you* like it, and I'm sure it looks very comfortable—everything so sensible and useful, and the kitchen really charming—mother and I liked it best of all the rooms. Such a horrid man let us in, he was at work there, and he would follow us all about and tell mother his entire history. I don't think he *could* have been quite sober—he would insist on turning all the taps on everywhere. I suppose, Ella, it's ever so much *cheaper* to furnish as you

and George have done—that's the worst of pretty things, they do cost such a lot ! I'd no idea you were so practical, though." And so on.

On Sunday George came to luncheon ; he was delighted to hear from Flossie that they had been to the house, and gave a boisterously high-spirited account of his labours.

"It *was* a grind," he informed them ; "and as for those painter fellows, I began to think they'd stay out the entire lease."

"Art is long, George," observed Flossie wickedly.

"Oh yes, I know, but they promised faithfully to be out in ten days—and they were over three weeks."

"But look at the result, George ; how *did* you find out that Ella liked grained doors?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, Flossie, that was a bit of a fluke. The man told me that graining was coming in again, and I said, 'Grain 'em then'—I didn't know!"

In short, he was more provokingly dense than ever to-day, and Ella found herself growing more and more captious and irritable that afternoon ; he could not understand why she was so disinclined to talk—even the dear little house of which she was so soon to be the mistress failed to interest her.

"You have told me twice already that you got the drawing-room carpet a great bargain, and only paid four pounds ten for the table in the dining-room," she broke out. "Can't we take that for granted in future?"

"I forgot I'd told you—I thought it was the Mater," he said ; "and I say, Ella, how about pictures ? Jessie's promised to do us some water-colours—she's been taking lessons lately, you know—but we shall want one or two prints for the dining-room, shan't we ? you can pick them up secondhand very cheap."

"Oh, yes, yes, anything you please, George ! . . . No, no—I'm not cross, I'm only tired, especially of talking about the house. It is quite finished, you know, so what *is* there to discuss ?"

During the days that followed Flossie devised an ingenious method of tormenting Ella ; she laid out her pocket-money, of which she had a good deal, on the most preposterous ornaments—a pair of dangling cut-glass lustres, bead-mats, a trophy of wax fruit under a glass shade, gaudy fire-screens and flower-pots, all of which she solemnly presented to her suffering sister. This was not pure mischief or unkindness on Flossie's part, but part of a treat-

ment she had hit upon for curing Ella of her folly. And at last the worm turned ; Flossie came in one day with a cheap plush and terra-cotta panel of appalling ugliness.

"For the drawing-room, dear," she observed blandly, and Ella suddenly burst into a flood of tears. "You are very, very unkind to me, Flossie!" she sobbed.

"I!" exclaimed Flossie, in a tone of the most innocent surprise. "Why, Ella, I thought you would be charmed with it. I'm sure *George* will! And you know it will go beautifully with the rest of your things!"

"You might understand . . . you might see!"

"I might see what?"

"How *frightfully* miserable I am!" said Ella—which was the very admission Miss Flossie had been seeking to provoke.

"Suppose I *do* see," she said, "suppose I've been trying to get you to act sensibly, Ella?"

"Then it's cruel of you!"

"No, it's not. It's kind. How am I to help you unless you speak out? I'm younger than you, Ella, but I know this—I would never mope and make myself miserable when a word would put everything right!"

"But it wouldn't, Flossie—it is too late to speak now. I can't tell him how I really feel—I can't!"

"Ah, then you own there is something to tell?"

"What have I said? Flossie, forget what I said—it slipped out. I meant nothing!"

"And you are perfectly happy and satisfied, are you? *Now* I know how people look when they are perfectly happy and satisfied."

"It's no use," cried Ella suddenly. "I've tried, and tried, and tried to bear it—but I can't. I *must* tell somebody . . . it is making me ill. I am getting cross and wicked and unlike what I used to be. Flossie, I can't go and live there—I dread the thought of it; I shrink from it more and more every day! it is all odious, impossible—and yet I must, I must."

"No, you mustn't—and what's more, you shan't!"

"Flossie, you mean you will tell mother! You *must* not,—do you hear? If you do, you will only *make* matters worse. Oh, why did I tell you?" cried Ella, in shame at this ignominious lapse from all her heroism. "Promise me you will say nothing to mother—it is too late now—promise!"

"Very well," said Flossie, reluctantly, "then I

promise. But all the same, Ella, I think you're a great goose!"

"I didn't promise I wouldn't say anything to *George*, though," she reflected; and so, on the very next occasion that she caught him alone, she availed herself of an innocent allusion of his to Ella's low spirits to give him the benefit of her candid opinion, which was not tempered by any marked consideration for his feelings.

Ella was in the morning-room alone,—she had taken to sitting alone lately,—brooding over her trials; she was no heroine after all; her mind, it is to be feared, was far from superior, she was finding out that she had undertaken too heavy a task; she could not console herself for her lost dream of a charmingly appointed house. She might endure to live in such a home as George had made for her, but to be expected to admire it, let it be understood that it was her handiwork, that she had chosen or approved of it—this was the burden that was crushing her. Suddenly the door opened, and George stood before her. His expression was so altered that she scarcely recognized him; all the cheery buoyancy had vanished, and his stern set face had a dignity and character in it now that were wanting before.

"I have just had a talk with Flossie," he began. "She has shown me what a—what a mistake I've been making."

Ella could not help feeling a certain relief, though she said, "It was very wrong of Flossie—she had no right to speak!"

"She had every right," he said; "she might have done it more kindly perhaps, but that's nothing. Why didn't you tell me yourself, Ella?—you might have trusted me!"

"I couldn't—it seemed so cruel, so ungrateful, after all you had done. I hoped you would never know."

"It's well for you, and for me too, that I know this while there's still time. Ella, I've been a blind, blundering fool. I never had a suspicion of this till—till just now, or you don't think I should have gone on with it a single minute. I came to tell you that you need not make yourself miserable any longer. I will put an end to this—whatever it costs me."

"Oh, George, I am so ashamed! I know it is weak and cowardly of me, but I can't help it. And—and will it cost you so very much?"

"Quite as much as I can bear."

"No, but tell me—about *how* much—more than a hundred pounds?"

"I haven't worked it out in pounds, shillings, and pence," he said grimly, "but I should put it higher myself."

"Won't they take back some of the things? They ought to!" she suggested timidly.

"The things!—oh, the furniture! Good Heavens, Ella, do you suppose I care a straw about that? All I can think of is how I could have gone on deceiving myself like this, believing I knew your every thought, and all the time— Pah, what a fool I've been!"

"I thought I should get used to it," she pleaded; "and oh, you don't know how hard I have tried to bear it, not to let any one see what I felt—you don't know!"

"And I would rather not know," he replied, "for it's not exactly flattering, you see, Ella. And, at all events, it's over now. This is the last time I shall trouble you; you will see no more of me after to-day."

Ella could only stare at him incredulously. Had he really taken the matter so seriously to heart as this? Could he not forgive the wound to his vanity? How hard, how utterly unworthy of him!

"Yes," he continued, "I see now we were quite unsuited to one another. I should never have made you happy, Ella; it's best to find it out before it's too late. So let us shake hands and say good-bye, my dear."

She felt powerless to appeal to him, and yet it was not wholly pride that tied her tongue; she was too shaken and stunned to make the least effort at remonstrance.

"Then, if it must be," she said at last, very low, "good-bye, George."

He crushed her hand in his strong grasp.

"Don't mind about me," he said roughly. "I dare say I shall get over it all right—it's rather sudden at first, that's all." And with that he was gone.

Flossie, coming in a little later, found her sister sitting by the window, smiling in a strange vacant way.

"Well?" said Flossie eagerly, for she had been anxiously awaiting to hear the result of the interview.

"It's all over, Flossie—he has broken it off."

"Oh, Ella, I'm so glad! I *hoped* he would, but I wasn't sure. Well, you may thank me for delivering you, darling. If I hadn't spoken plainly—"

"Tell me what you said."

"Oh, let me see. Well, I told him anybody else would have seen long ago that your feelings were altered. I said you were perfectly miserable at having to marry him, only you thought it was too late to say so. I told him he didn't understand in the least, and you hadn't a single thought or taste in common. I said if he cared about you at all, the best way he could prove it was by setting you free, and not spoiling your life and his own too. I put it as pleasantly as I could," said Flossie naïvely, "but he is very trying!"

"You told him all that! What made you invent such wicked, cruel lies? Flossie, it is you that have spoilt our lives, and I will never forgive you—never, as long as I live!"

"Ella!" cried the younger sister, utterly astonished at this outburst, "why, didn't you tell me the other day how miserable you were, and how you dared not speak about it? And now, when I—"

"Go away, Flossie, you have done mischief enough."

"Oh, very well, I'm going, if this is all I get for helping you. Is it *my* fault if you don't know your own mind, and say what you don't mean? And if you really want your dear beloved George back again, there's time yet—he hasn't gone; he's in the drawing-room with mother."

How infinitely petty her past misery seemed now! for what trifles she had thrown away George's honest heart! If only there was a chance still! at least false pride should not come between them any longer; so thought Ella on her way to the drawing-room.

George was still there. As she turned the door-handle she heard her mother's clear resonant tones—"Not that that is any excuse for Ella," she was saying.

Ella burst precipitately into the room. She was only just in time, for George had risen, and was evidently on the point of leaving.

"George," she exclaimed, panting after her rapid flight, "I—I came to tell you—"

"My dear Ella," interrupted Mrs. Hylton, "the kindest thing you can do for George now is to let him go without any more explanations."

Ella stopped; again her mind became a blank. What had she come for? What was it she felt she must say? While she hesitated, George was already at the other door; he seemed anxious to avoid hearing her—in another second he would be gone. She cried to him piteously—

"George, dear George, don't leave me . . . I can't bear it!"

"This is too ridiculous!" exclaimed her mother angrily. "What is it that you *do* want, Ella?"

"I want George," she said simply. "It was all a mistake, George. Flossie mistook— Oh, you don't really think that I have left off caring for you? I haven't, dear, indeed I haven't. Won't you believe me?"

"I had better leave you to come to an understanding together," said Mrs. Hylton, not in the best of tempers, for she had been more sorry for George than for the rupture he came to announce, and she swept out of the room with very perceptible annoyance.

* * * * *

"I thought it was all up with me, Ella, I did indeed," said George, a minute or two later, his face still pale after all this emotion; "but tell me—what's wrong with the furniture I ordered?"

"Nothing, dear, nothing," she answered, blushing; "don't think about it any more."

"No, but your mother was talking about it too," he insisted. "Come, Ella, dear, for Heaven's sake let us have no more misunderstandings! I see now what an ass I was not to wait and let you choose for yourself, these æsthetic things are not in my line. But I'd no idea you cared so much!"

"But I don't now—a bit."

"Well, I do, then, and the house must be done all over again, and exactly as you would like it, so there's no more to be said about it," said George, without a trace of pique or wounded vanity.

"George, you are too good to me; I don't deserve it, and indeed you must not. Think of the expense!"

His face lengthened slightly; he knew well enough that the change would cost him dear.

"I'll manage it somehow!" he declared stoutly.

Would her mother help them now? thought Ella, and felt more than doubtful. No, in spite of her own wishes, she must not allow George to carry out his intentions.

"But you forget Carrie and Jessie," she said; "we shall hurt their feelings so if we change now."

"By Jove, I forgot that!" he said. "Yes, they won't like it—they meant well, poor girls, and took a lot of trouble. Still, you're the first person to be considered, Ella. I'll try and smooth it over with them, and if they choose to be offended, why, they

must, that's all. And I tell you what, suppose we go and see the house now, and you shall tell me just what wants doing to make it right?"

She would like to have declined this rather invidious office, especially as she felt no compromise to be possible; but he was so urgent that she finally agreed to go with him.

As they gained Campden Hill, and entered the road in which their house stood, George stopped.

"Hullo!" he said, "that can't be the house—what's the matter with it?"

Very soon it was pretty evident what had been the matter. The walls were scorched and streaming, the window sashes were empty, charred and wasted by fire, the door was blistered and blackened, a stalwart fireman, in his undress cap, with his helmet slung at his back, was just opening the gate as they came up.

"Can't come in, sir," he said, civilly enough, "no one admitted."

"Hang it!" exclaimed George, "it's my own fire. I'm the tenant."

"Oh, I beg your pardon, sir; it's been got under some hours now. I was just going off duty."

"Much damage done?" inquired George laconically.

"Well, you see, sir," said the man, evidently considering how to prepare George for the worst, "we didn't get the call till the house was well alight, and there was three steamers and a manual a-playing on it, so—well, you must expect things to be a bit untidy like inside. But the walls and the roof ain't much damaged."

"And how did it happen?—the house isn't occupied now."

"Workmen," said the man. "Some one was in there early this morning, and left the gas escaping somewheres, and as likely as not a light burning near—and here you are. Well, I'll be off, sir, there's nothing more to be done 'ere. Good day, sir, and thank ye, I'm sure."

"Oh, George!" said Ella, half crying, "our poor, poor little house! It seems like a judgment on me. How *can* you laugh! Who will do it up for us now?"

"Who? Why, the insurance people, to be sure! You see, the firm are agents for the 'Curfew,' and as soon as I got all the furniture in I insured the whole concern, and I got a protection note, so we're all right. Don't worry, little girl; why, don't you see this gets us out of our

difficulty?—we can start afresh now without offending anybody! Look there, there's that idiot of a plumber who's done all the mischief—a nice funk he'll be in when he sees us!”

But Mr. Peagrum was quite unperturbed; if anything, his smudgy features wore a look of sombre complacency.

“I'm sorry this should have occurred,” he said, “but you'll bear me out that I warned yer as something was bound to 'appen; in course I couldn't tell what form it might take, and fire I must say I did *not* expeck. I 'adn't on'y been in the place not a quarter of a hour, watering the gaselier in the libery—the libery as *was*, I *should* say—when it struck me I'd forgot my screw-driver, so, fortunately as things turned out, I went 'ome to my place to get it; and I come back to see the place all in a blaze. It's Fate, that's what it is. Fate's at the bottom o' this 'ere job.”

“Much more likely to be a lighted candle!” said George.

“I was not on the premises at the time, so I can't say; but, be that 'ow it may, there's no denying it's a singler thing the way my words have been fulfilled almost literal.”

“Confound you!” said George. “You take good care your prophecies come off. Why, man, you're not going to pretend you don't know that it's your own carelessness that's brought this about! This is not the only house you've brought bad luck

into, Mr. What's-your-name, since you started in business!”

“You can't make me lose my temper,” replied the plumber with dignity. “I put it down to ignirance.”

“So do I,” said George; “and if I know any one who's anxious for a little typhoid, or wants his house burnt down at a moderate charge, why, I shall know whom to recommend. Good-day.”

He turned on his heel and walked off, but Ella lingered behind. “I only just wanted to tell you,” she said, addressing the astonished plumber, “that you have done us a very great service, and I at least am very much obliged to you.” And she fluttered away after her *fiancé*.

The plumber—that instrument of Destiny—looked after the retreating couple, and indulged in a mystified whistle.

“'E comes a bully-ragging of me,” he observed to a lamp-post, “and she's ‘very much obliged’! And I'm blowed if I know what for, either way! Cracked, poor young things, cracked, the pair on 'em—and no wonder, with such a calamity so recent. Ah, well! I do 'ope as this is the end on it. I 'ope I shan't be the means of bringing no more trouble into that little 'ouse, that I kin truly say:”

And—human gratitude having its limits—it is highly probable that this pious inspiration will not be disappointed, so long at least as George and Ella remain the occupants of a home from which all disturbing elements have now been banished.

HOME EDUCATION.

MRS. CREIGHTON.

PROBABLY most of the girls who go to High Schools are inclined to think home education rather a poor thing, whilst many of those who are being educated at home may long for what they consider the advantages or the excitement of High School life. It is not for me to say which is the best system in itself; that must depend a great deal on circumstances, on the character of the girl, and on the character of the home. But I want to point out some of the advantages of home education, and some of the ways in which girls may learn to make use of those advantages.

All satisfactory home education must be inspired by the mother. She may not be able to take any personal share in the teaching, but she will direct and guide the choice of studies and books, and sympathize with the difficulties as well as with the progress of her children. If she will take some share, however small, of the teaching of each of the children, of the older ones as well as of the younger ones, it will add greatly to the happiness of all. The charm of home education must always be that it combines the intellectual training with the home-life and its duties. Even the little interruptions about which so many complaints are made, have their value. Life is made up of interruptions, and one of the first lessons that we have to learn, if we wish to make a good use of life and its opportunities, is to be regular in spite of interruptions, to gather up the fragments that remain, to use the odd moments of time. Our intellectual work must be like a golden thread running through everything, often perhaps a very thin thread, but still never quite lost sight of. It is well to face the problem how to work under interruption early in life. School-life makes regular work so easy, that many, when the conditions are changed, find themselves unable to work because they have never learnt that most valuable lesson, how to make time for themselves.

Of course, I do not mean that we must encourage interruptions; I expect there will be always plenty of them without that, but we need not dread them as an unmixed evil. Half the good of home edu-

cation will be lost if no call to other besides intellectual duties be ever heard in the school-room. The children must as far as possible share in the general home-life, and the girls and boys too must find time for little domestic duties, which will help them to understand the cares and responsibilities of home.

School-life often separates brothers and sisters at an early age, so that they are seldom able to share their studies together. But they should make use of such opportunities as they have. The holidays ought not to be altogether given up to amusement. Some time might be found for reading together. All would enjoy an interesting French story if one of the elder sisters or the mother would act as dictionary, and explain any difficult passages. The reading of a play of Shakspeare, if each takes a different part, will not only be a literature lesson, but will help to cultivate that most useful of talents—a good management of the voice in reading aloud. Many kinds of science also can be happily studied together, especially if experiments or collecting specimens be included. Your friendship with your brothers will be likely to prove more real and lasting if you can share some of your work as well as some of your play together.

Sometimes sisters might also take the advantage of the opportunities afforded of sharing more serious work with their brothers. When a little boy begins Latin, or Greek, or mathematics with a teacher at home, even a grown-up sister might with great pleasure to both share these studies with him, if she has not yet been able to pursue them. She will then be able to help him in his preparation, and lend the interest of competition to the drudgery of his work.

It is at home rather than at school that familiarity with modern languages can best be acquired. But no system can compel those who will not make the effort for themselves, to speak a foreign language. Parents often take a great deal of trouble to engage as a governess for their children a lady who can teach French and German well. But children

both old and young often take a great deal of trouble to frustrate their parents' efforts. They will not try to speak French and German, and if the teacher is conscientious her life is made a burden to her by having constantly to say, *Sprich Deutsch*, or *Parlez Français*. It makes older people sad to see how children waste their opportunities. If you would only make a little effort just at the beginning, speaking foreign languages would come easily to you. It is grievous to think of the many hours that are spent in youth over the study of French and German, and yet how many grown-up people there are who cannot read a French or German book for pleasure, or make themselves understood when they are travelling on the continent. It is in youth that familiarity with foreign languages can most easily be gained, but it cannot all be done in lesson-time.

You must try and get hold of amusing foreign books to read in your leisure hours. At first it will be rather troublesome, but persevere and you will soon learn to read easily. In the same way seize every opportunity for talking. If you are fortunate enough to have a foreign governess, talk with her as much as you can; do not wait for her to make conversation. Ask her about her own country, and try to understand its life and customs, instead of allowing yourself to be blinded by prejudice in favour of everything English.

The happiness of the school-room must of course depend a good deal upon the governess, and her happiness must depend upon the children. I think that the days of governesses who poke children's fingers with pointy scissors when they play a false note on the piano are gone by. I hope that the days of children who look upon their governess as their natural enemy are gone by also. It is a privilege for you to have such intimate intercourse with a well-educated mind. Try to get all the good you can from your teacher in play-time as well as in lesson-time, and never forget that you stand in the position of hosts and hostesses to your governess, and are bound to make her happy and comfortable.

At school teachers often have a difficulty in recommending their pupils to use and consult books freely because parents object to long book-bills; but at home the choice of books is only limited by the extent of your parents' library. If fortune has blessed you with a home full of books, use your

opportunity freely. Get familiar even with the outsides and the names of the books on the shelves, then you will know where to look when you want to consult a book on a certain subject. But you must learn to treat books very carefully, very reverently. If you leave them lying about, if you open and shut them roughly, still more if you are so utterly wanting in due respect to them as to turn down a leaf or make pencil-marks on them, you must not be surprised if your parents forbid you to take down books from the shelves. Remember that one great aim of education is to know how to use books. If you learn that, you need never be dull. Using books means more than idly turning over the leaves and reading only for a pastime, though even this is by no means to be despised. It means reading with a purpose, getting something definite out of a book, knowing where to go for the information you want. Home education gives you plenty of opportunity to do this if there are books in the house. If not, begin as soon as you can to collect your own little library; your parents and teachers will be very willing to help you if they see that you are in earnest.

This freedom to use books goes along with one of the other charms of home education—freedom in the choice of studies. Young children must all of course learn the same elements, but try as you grow older to find out what are the subjects in which you are specially interested, and give most of your time and energy to them. Learn for the love of learning, and do not learn only that you may not appear ignorant in society. You must be sure to have at least one study which will give you real hard work and be a true mental discipline, such as mathematics or a classical language, but otherwise follow your own tastes and make use of your own special opportunities as much as possible, seeking guidance in your choice from your parents and teachers. It must not be your aim to be turned out of the school-room "finished," as it used to be called, at the age of seventeen or eighteen, but to slip gradually into the control of your own studies, with the power and interest to pursue them when you are free from school-room discipline.

If it is possible, as you grow older try and get some really advanced teaching in the subjects in which you are specially interested. I am in hopes that the increased interest in education may bring about the formation of really first-rate classes for

girls in all possible centres. They could easily be managed in connection with the High Schools. Each High School possesses teachers qualified to give this advanced teaching, who are compelled to give the greater part of their time to elementary work. It would be a real intellectual treat to them to have some opportunity for more advanced work. Advanced classes might be held in which the older pupils of the school could take part as well as outsiders. Country girls too could get the benefit of them; for it would be possible to come into town once a week or so for a lesson, and so get encouragement for work at home.

Your real education is not finished at eighteen when you leave school or come out of the school-room. On the contrary, it is only then beginning. The school education has furnished you with tools, but now the question comes how you are to use them. If you can go to classes or lectures they will be a great help to you, but even these will not be enough. Your education is now in your own hands. The whole world of knowledge lies open before you; it is for you to choose whether you will enter in. You will have difficulties to contend with on all sides. Difficulties from outside, for others have many rightful claims upon you. Difficulties from within, for your own indolence and love of enjoyment will constantly tempt you away from serious work. The strength of your character will be shown in the way in which you meet these difficulties. First of all you must learn to arrange your time well, to make use of every moment that is not claimed by others. Your aims must be quite definite. It is no good to wish to study in the vague; some clear plan of reading must be formed and pursued with steadiness in spite of interruptions. Those who know clearly what they want to do can make use of every half-hour, and can return with ever fresh zeal to their work even after weeks of

interruption. If your strongest tastes are artistic, do not pursue music or drawing merely as accomplishments. Make a real study of them; do not aim only at playing or painting a little yourself, but learn to understand the best music and to appreciate the great schools of painting. It is not necessary to have a great deal of time for real study. Of course, the more time the better, but the important point is to work hard in such time as you can get. Two hours, or even one hour's hard work a day will do a great deal for you.

Besides your own special object of study you will easily find time for plenty of general reading, so as to store your mind with the best thoughts of the past as well as of your own day. Those who want to read can always find time for it in these days when books are everywhere. Get into the habit of picking up a book whenever you get a chance; even turning over the leaves will teach you something.

Do you ask why you should do all this, instead of simply using the days to get pleasure out of them? Many reasons could be given in answer to this question. I will only give one. Few are able to add much to the knowledge of the world, all can add much to its happiness. You will do this best if you study to train and develop your whole nature. Intellectual work will keep your mind bright, will fill your life with interest, and so will make you more able to add interest and brightness to the life of others. Girls are apt to be morbid, introspective, discontented. The best cure for such feelings is work, and entrance into the large world of knowledge. Our own sphere may be small enough, but those who can read need never live in a small world. We shall best escape from our own littleness when we try to learn. Study and work for yourself is not selfish if it so stimulates your whole nature as to make you more fit for the great work of life, service.



INTERRUPTED COMMUNICATION.

QUITE ANOTHER STORY.

A SEQUEL TO 'VERY YOUNG.'

Jean Hulton

I.

THE SILVER GATES.

SOMEWHERE in Aboukir Bay, at the bottom of the sea, lie the silver gates. They were carried off during the great French war from a Roman Catholic church at Valetta, and were on board the splendid French ship, *L'Orient*, when she blew up during Nelson's sea-fight, the Battle of the Nile.

Now if you thought that there were sometimes clear and perfectly calm days when, sailing over that spot, you might see the dismasted hull incrusting with scoria, concealing not the shape, but only the material of her wooden bulk, you would perhaps like to do so. That was just such a thing as Fergus Capper had wished to do. And one happy day he did it.

But Andrew was not with him.

Unfortunate for Andrew; and he had thought he was so perfectly free to do as he liked. He found that no young fellow who has to go daily to a lawyer's office, or a bank, or any other kind of clerkship, was more tied, both as to time and place, than he was.

When last we heard of Andrew and Fergus they had just taken leave of their cousins, Daisy and Bell, and had managed to tell their mother that they wanted to travel, that they longed to see the world. She had consented to this partly, it must be owned, because Andrew had proposed that she should have his house to live in; and should rule in his stead and dispense his bounty and hospitality in his absence.

Rule was sweet to her, and rest no less. For the last few years of her life she had not had much of these, and had gone through a world of anxiety, straitened circumstances, and a certain loneliness in her lot; for her husband had long been too ill to interest himself, or to take counsel with her much as to how she should manage their small means, and their many sons.

She was still young, very little over forty, had good health, and an attractive appearance. She felt that it would be delightful to go about at ease, living in a delightful house, having money to spend, and servants to wait on her.

Andrew and Fergus made very remarkable plans. There was a distinct promise that the elder should only stay away one year, and the younger three.

But even the Arctic regions they hoped to get a dip into, and then there was Nineveh, and every fellow they agreed would like to see America. The very Victoria Nyanza itself did not exhaust the programme, for Fergus was quite determined to see India, and perhaps Cashmere too.

In their long and frequent discussions together, it seemed at first impossible to give up any of these remote places. America went first; Andrew thought that could be done at any time; then Nineveh got pushed into the background, it would take too long; and as the best part of the fun would be to see things together, they would see the very best things first.

"Nineveh was so jolly old," as Fergus said, "that it would wait, and not be likely to change; but then the Victoria Nyanza was so jolly new, that if a fellow did not see that within a very few years, it would be so much changed that it would be enough to break a fellow's heart. There'll be steam-ploughs in the swamps about it, and stores where they'll sell bread made with their German yeast—ten years hence. Not a hippopotamus will be able to lift up his head in peace and snort, without seeing a windmill near the margin, which he'll take for some ravenous unknown bird, and choke himself with mud in his efforts to get away from its ravages. Only fancy his horror when he hears it creak, and sees it begin to go round."

They did not want to start for a couple of months. They went to London together and bought their outfit; when they came back and this was unpacked, it was remarked that nothing came out which was

at all fit for the Arctic regions. These had been, as an American would say, "crowded out" by the more habitable parts of the globe.

The next brother, Tom, who was in a chronic state of sulks because he was not to go too, frequently set the elder ones right as to the exact latitude and longitude of various places they were sure they meant to visit. It seemed as if he got that and a good deal of other learning up concerning them, on purpose to show what a shame it was that he was to be left behind. But so it was, and at last they started, taking care to let him know how lucky he was to be at home instead of at school for the half of that "half," on account of some trifling thing the matter with his eyes.

They thought it might be well on the whole to stay a couple of weeks first at Rome, that being near Brindisi. For Egypt they at last decided to visit first, and then they would go by the Suez Canal to India.

So at Rome they were, and had but just found time enough to acknowledge that they were a little disappointed in the slightly dusty old pictures, and a certain gauntness in the air of the statues, and the old buildings—when there came a letter to them of such startling importance that they ceased telling each other that things at Rome reminded them, more than they liked, of the British Museum—"which was an old shop they were totally tired of," and for a long while, that is half the night, could not decide what they would do.

This was the letter—

"HONOURED SIR,

"I never was so drove into a corner along of being slow with my pen, and not used to written long letters before, and what's worse, there being but two hours or rather better to do it in.

"Sir, you two gentlemen will be sorry, I should judge, mortal sorry, to hear as there has been an accident, not by any means that the mistress is in danger of her life. Thanks be to the Almighty; but Mr. Tom, he drove her out in your dog-cart, and the mare was fresh.

"The groom he did say both to Mr. Saunders and me, as we was looking on when the start was made, that the mare was fresh, too fresh she was, and that's the truth, and Mr. Tom not used to driving. We thought he didn't ought to give her her head.

"But, sir, the time goes on and I shan't tell you at all unless I look sharp; that in an hour or so the mistress was brought home in a hay-wagon very easy and comfortable, and doctor riding beside her, and her right leg broke both above the ankle and above the knee, and her face bruise. And Mr. Tom was brought home too; he got home soon after the mare, that actually jumped over that low gate as you know of into the yard, with the trap behind her.

"And, what I regret to say, he were too cheerful by half—'We must all have our experiences,' says he, just as a young fellow might say that had taken a drop too much, and he seemed to show as one that was incline to sing. We carried him up-stairs, and doctor does not pernounce much, but the spine, said he, was not as he could wish, your Ma, sir, not soever, is to be afraid of. She will walk again. So no more, sir, from your obedient humble servant,

"DANIEL CALLENDER.

"P.S.—Mr. Saunders, sir, was so upset in his feelings, he really could not write. Said he, 'Whatever shall we do? We can't send a telegram on account of their lingo.' And we agreed I should write to you, and he should write, sir, to such relations as we know the address of, so you'll hear shortly. The mare has broke her knees, and the dog-cart has gone to smash. Doctor have not been out of the house an hour; that is the cause why you have such a plain account of this here dispensation, for if we had a waited till some o' your relations could have wrote, you might have been gone on none of us knows where."

"Which shall it be, one, or both?" asked Fergus about midnight, when they had conned the letter over and over again. It was a faithful piece of service to have done, and had cost the gardener a good deal; there were many blots and some erasures.

Till Fergus asked the question it had hardly occurred to Andrew that they could part, but it evidently had to his brother, and almost at once the whole thing became clear to him. He must return, but why need he drag Fergus back?

"I wish you to go on at any rate," he said, decidedly. "If I find things no worse than Callender says, I might be able to join you in a month at Port Said, and we could go on to India together."

Fergus was deeply relieved ; an almost unfailing instinct, so far as Andrew was concerned, made him well aware that though he could take such journeying as they proposed without Andrew, Andrew could not get on half so well without him. Unless he was there for a companion and aid, it would not perhaps be done at all—besides, Andrew was paymaster. Fergus had more affection for Andrew than for anything else that breathed, but to give up Central Africa, or even North Africa, for him seemed a frightful sacrifice.

He drew a deep breath of supreme relief, and felt almost inclined to hug his brother ; but no, that would have meant too much, and after all Andrew was the eldest. If property has rights, it certainly has duties, as well as primogeniture.

"Very well, dear boy," he said at last, with a scarcely perceptible increase of colour in his dark cheek, "if you wish me to go on, of course I shall, and wait for you wherever we both agree."

Scarcely after seven o'clock the very next morning, Fergus and Andrew, having divided their luggage, got a hasty meal, and parted at the station, Andrew telegraphing from thence to Cousin Daisy, for he knew she would be aware of the accident by that time. He requested that an answer might meet him at the GARE at Paris, for she could answer without being daunted by the "lingo."

Fergus felt terribly dull, and knew it was his duty so to do. He declared that the tour was utterly spoilt, though he was to go on.

Andrew was not displeased to hear him say so, but for his part was not half so concerned for his mother and brother, for the simple reason that he was giving up all to go to them, and he could do no more.

He got his telegram at Paris from Cousin Daisy. It ran thus—

"No danger in your mother's case. She is doing well. Tom no worse than yesterday. Come straight here first."

It was dated from Mrs. E. Smith's town-house, where he knew she then was.

He occupied himself before he crossed in fumbling with his *Bradshaw*, and found that as he would go to London by one of the very best trains, he should lose little time if he stayed there awhile, for in any case, what with changes and country junctions, he

should not get home till nearly midnight if he stopped at Dover. So he did as he was asked.

"Well, it's nice after all to have relations," he thought, when, the hall-door of his cousin's house being opened, he saw Daisy and Bell cheerfully nodding to him in the hall as if to assure him that the news was no worse.

"Mother will be in directly," said Bell, "and we are going to dine at seven. It is now six—and you can go to bed, she says, directly after."

"Cousin Mary," added Daisy, "is going on very well."

"But's what the matter with Tom?"

"Saunders wrote and said he was a good deal cut about the face—and he's very feverish, that's why mother is out; she drove to an address they sent, to engage a nurse. We were to tell you so, and to say that if you start from this door to-morrow at seven you will be at home quite as early as they can see you."

Andrew was utterly tired, besides which there had been a rough passage. He was covered with dust, and more dishevelled than he had ever been in his life before.

"Well then, I'll go and dress," he said wearily. "Very many thanks."

He hardly looked the same young man when he came down into the drawing-room, from the room that had been prepared for him, and found the two girls alone.

In a few weeks, they told him, the doctor had said that Cousin Mary would most likely walk very well again.

It was Mrs. Hitchcock who had sent a letter that morning. Mrs. Hitchcock was Andrew's aunt, but only their cousin.

"She went down soon after Saunders wrote to her about the accident. She told mother that she was sure her sister would want her."

"Ah," says Andrew, "that was kind. But I wish I knew why poor Tom was so excited when they brought him home."

"Oh yes, mother was disturbed at that too; but when Saunders wrote again he remarked, as if it had not signified at all, that your tenant, that nice farmer you know with the tall wife . . ."

"Yes—well?"

"Well, he and she ran out to Tom, and sat on the road by him some time, and they gave him some very stiff brandy-and-water to bring him to,

—a good deal of it. And Saunders thought that might have been the reason.”

No doubt of it; but as Andrew ceased to be uneasy about his brother, he thought he perceived very plainly that he need not have come home and spoilt his tour at all. His mother had her sister with her, and Tom was cut about the face, and had been what Saunders called “a little fresh.”

“And so Aunt Hitchcock went down,” he remarked.

“Yes,” answered Daisy; “but she said it was very inconvenient, so she must . . .”

There was a peculiar twinkle in Daisy’s eye when she said this, and paused.

“Must what?” asked Andrew.

“Must take Antoinette down with her.”

Here both the girls burst into a titter.

“Oh,” said Andrew, looking a little out of countenance; not that he would have liked to acknowledge any peculiar significance in his aunt’s conduct, if they had not plainly hinted at it.

“What could put such a thing into your silly heads?” he exclaimed, the colour deepening in his handsome face.

“What thing?” said Daisy, innocently. “I don’t think it is at all fair that you should be constantly laughing at us, and not observe—or pretend not to observe—that you are in exactly the same case.”

“It is not at all the same case,” said Andrew, with mock gravity. “And I do assure you that I have not had one offer yet! But I say—you girls, I do think it is a great pity you are always thinking about being married.”

“I’ve had nine offers, counting the three from Tom Hitchcock. How can I help thinking about it?” inquired Daisy.

“Besides, it does not signify,” Bell put in—“because we told you we had made a resolution not to marry at all.”

“Unless to some one who really and truly loved us—and that, as Fergus said, we could not possibly discover,” said Daisy.

“Antoinette is pretty,” continued Bell. “She is just like that portrait of Cousin Mary, which was taken when she was first married.”

“Oh, well then,” said Andrew rising, and openly looking at himself in a pier-glass; “then she must be like me; everybody says I am the image of my mother. Like me,—that at least is a security.”

“How so, And?”

“I am only talking of things in general—things in the abstract; it’s contrast that people want as a rule in their husbands and wives, not likenesses. I am the same as other people, I shall want contrast; and now I think of it, Daisy, what a contrast Tom Hitchcock is to you!”

Daisy coloured and looked somewhat out of countenance.

“You called him a mercenary little toad,” said Bell, “and that’s just what he is.”

“Oh, well, yes, of course, he is little. He is about two inches shorter than I am—when I am with you, Bell, I feel that I am little too. Why do you go on growing so tall?—you should consider ‘that the half is greater than the whole.’”

“What does that mean?”

“In this case it means that the half of this extra height of yours would be better than all of it.”

“A couple of inches makes all the difference between you and Tom Hitchcock,” said Daisy in a conciliatory spirit; “you are just about the middle height.”

“And he has a handsome face, everybody would allow that,” Andrew added pensively.

“Oh, how can you be so horrid as to torment me about him!” said Daisy.

“Now, Bell!” exclaimed Andrew. “What! beginning to cry. Oh, you more than goose! ‘It’s not kind to Daisy,’ nonsense. Well, Daisy, I’ll make a compact with you; the name of Hitchcock—A. Hitchcock, or T. Hitchcock—shall not be mentioned by either of us to the other in the way of chaff any more.”

“Agreed,” said Daisy.

“No,” said Bell, “that’s not fair. I like to hear Andrew—and all the Cappers make game of Tom. I have done, since Fergus asked me whether he didn’t ever squeeze my hand.”

“He does, then?”

“Yes, when he thinks Daisy’s not looking.”

“And very prudent too. In case he fails to get ten thousand a year, do you mean to say that two is not worth having? But you girls have no sympathy with a young man’s natural aspirations. Daisy, is it decided when you are to be presented?”

“Oh yes, mother is so kind; she consents, and it’s not to be till I am eighteen.”

“Oh! by your mother—‘Miss Smith, by Mrs. Smith.’ It would sound better if it could be *Miss Smith of that ilk.*”

"But there is no ilk."

"If you were a boy, it could perhaps be 'The Smith of Glen what's-his-name.' It's a pity you have a place with a name that no Englishman could pronounce properly unless he had a hinge in his nose so that he could turn it round and finish it at the back of his head."

"It was dear papa's place," exclaimed Bell. "Boo-oo-oo!"

"Oh, Bell, dear," said Daisy; "how can you be so tiresome!"

"And it wasn't his place either," said Andrew. "I've often heard Cousin Daisy say he had only a long lease of it."

Here the said Cousin Daisy came in, and dinner was shortly announced.

Andrew was greatly tired, and being now more easy as to the effects of the accident, he shortly after went to bed and slept heavily, so long as the household would let him.

Then having been duly knocked up, helped with his packing, waited on at breakfast, and seen to the station before the ladies of the family were awake, he reached his own door about half-past nine, and felt that there was a certain gravity in the manners of his two old servants, Saunders and Callender, when he thanked them for their attentive kindness, which made him unwilling to ask questions.

He went at once to his smoking-room. His Aunt Hitchcock, he was told, was still at breakfast; he seemed to perceive by instinct that Saunders knew he did not want to see her. But his mother, he was told, "was mightily pleased when she heard you was coming. She took it very dutiful and kind of you, sir."

Presently his mother sent for him. She was not looking at all ill, was in bed of course, and seemed extremely low. If she had been well he might have called it cross. She shed tears when she talked to him, and complained grievously of her various discomforts.

But Tom?

Saunders was waiting outside to show him into Tom's room; he had been carried into the first that was reached at the top of the stairs, the best bedroom in the house.

He saw the strong elderly nurse who had been sent from London the evening before. Tom merely turned his head slightly and looked at him. "I hoped you would come," was all he said.

A tray stood on the bed—a tray with four short legs. Tom had been breakfasting on cold partridge, fried bacon, and coffee. He could eat well evidently; but his face had a changed expression which made him look ten years older, a kind of patient gloom which was sullen too, and altogether pathetic. He glanced after the nurse as she left the room.

"She's been hauling me about," he said in a low dull voice. "Pleasant for a fellow, isn't it?"

"Well, dear boy," said Andrew, "you'll soon be better. It was very unfortunate, but we must make the best of it, I suppose. I'm awfully sorry."

"Yes," he thought; "but I wish I knew *what* to be sorry for."

At that moment the doctor was announced, and Andrew left Tom, meeting Saunders outside, and being told that Dr. West wished to see him before he left the house. A pleasant capable-looking man was Mr. West.

"What is the matter with my brother Tom?" exclaimed Andrew, as soon as he came into the room.

"Well," said the doctor, quietly, "I almost thought he might have told you—for I feel nearly certain he knows, poor fellow."

"Is he in such danger, then?"

"Not of his life, but he will be a cripple, I am afraid, Mr. Capper. I see no hope of his ever standing on his legs again."

"Oh, how shocking!"

"Yes, and you will feel that I should naturally desire to have another opinion—a first-rate opinion."

"Of course, of course, any one you please; but is this wretched thing decided?"

"Well, you may be allowed a little hope, unless my view should be confirmed."

"I thought he seemed very dull and low."

"I have not said anything of this to his mother, she appears to forbode nothing; let her have a few more days to get on; and if *he* does not know, it should be broken to him. Your coming home so far must show him that you consider the matter most important."

Then as the young Squire said nothing, the doctor sat down as if to give him time to consider the matter.

"There will be a large fee," he presently remarked; "but that, I dare say, you are prepared for," and he named a well-known surgeon whom he meant to have down.

Andrew put that matter aside with a gesture. "It's an awful thing," he said, "to have to tell one's own brother, and he is barely seventeen, and never had a day's illness in his life."

"Well, it would hardly do to send his aunt to him. I understand from your butler that he positively declines to have her in his room, and in fact requested her to absent herself. He was feverish, and she actually took it amiss, and asked in a huff whom he would prefer. He said, 'The footman.'"

"I should not like to have a lady about me if I were ill," said Andrew, excusing him; "unless it were my mother. What must I say?"

"You can at least tell him that I asked for another opinion, and said the case was serious."

So the doctor took his leave, and the young Squire shortly went back into his mother's room, because he heard that his aunt and cousin were there. They were his guests, and he must now go and speak to them.

He knew every expression of his mother's face and every tone of her voice so well that he was quite aware in an instant of a certain uneasiness.

"Yes, but now Andrew is come," she was saying, "you and Antoinette need not shut yourselves up with me. You have been here four days already. I know he will sit with me this afternoon, and I should like you to take a nice long drive. It is quite mild."

Andrew permitted himself to smile furtively.

Antoinette was working at a tambourine-frame; she had on a blue dress of most becoming make, and looked extremely pretty. But, as Andrew had said, there was no contrast; she was very like his mother and hers. Mrs. Hitchcock, however, was stout, in fact almost ponderous. She was about ten years older than Mrs. Capper, and looked it. Andrew mentioned a certain drive that he should like them to take.

"Oh," said his aunt, "we can surely wait till you feel that you can go with us. I did not come here to enjoy myself taking drives in the country. We shall be quite satisfied to go about your pretty place—and if you only came down for half an hour for a game at tennis, that would be quite exercise and change enough."

"Tennis," exclaimed the young Squire. "I had no notion, aunt, that you ever played tennis."

His aunt drew herself up, she was irritated at

this speech; of course she had not meant to play herself, and she knew that he knew it!

"Oh, I hope you and Antoinette will take a drive, Lucia," said his mother in a conciliatory tone—and Mrs. Hitchcock somewhat abruptly consented. Andrew hardly knew whether his last speech had been most rude to his aunt or most dutiful to his mother. Yes; in his own mind he even used the word *dutiful*. "Poor dear mother!" he thought. "She does not know what is before her. Tom a helpless cripple for good and all. No; she shall not be made uneasy as regards Antoinette, I am determined." At that instant the luncheon-bell rang, and Andrew conducted his aunt down-stairs.

At luncheon he felt very dull. There was, however, only his little brother Martin present, so his aunt and cousin had him to themselves, and the judicious flattery of the elder lady, and the pretty face and the pretty ways of the younger, together with the deep interest she bestowed on his talk about Rome, at last put him into better spirits, so that he did not desert them till the carriage came round and he had seen them into it.

Then with a sigh he went up to his mother.

"You naughty boy," she said to him affectionately, and laughed; "how could you say such a rude thing to your aunt?"

"Perhaps I did it to please you," he answered. "But, mother, it was awkward for me your showing such anxiety to get Antoinette out of the house, just because I am in it. Oh, mamma, do you really think, if there was only one girl in the world, that I would not rather be hanged than marry *her*, and have Aunt Hitchcock for a mother-in-law?"

The mother smiled yet more contentedly.

"Haven't I seen Aunt Hitchcock politely nagging at you by the hour together, giving you her advice about us, when you were so much worse off than she was?—and, well, haven't I heard you say very *engaging* things to her too?"

"My dear!" said his mother in mild, very mild expostulation.

"Patronizing you too! Oh yes, I remember it well enough; just as if you could help being so much younger than she was; and just as if you were not *always* darning our socks, and patching our breeks; and soaping us up, and brushing us up. What would she have had, I wonder!"

"Well," said his mother, so much moved and pleased with this tribute that it almost consoled

her for the presence of her sister; "but she did know you were coming, Andy; she set off within an hour of the arrival of your telegram to Cousin Daisy. She was with her when it came."

"I had not seen her since I got the estate," said Andrew, thoughtfully. "She was so sweet; she seemed to appreciate one in such an affectionate fashion. Yes, now I think of it, her manners are wonderfully changed."

"You must look out, A. G. Capper," he thought to himself. "Tommy Hitchcock's mother is much more clever than you are."

"But, my dear," said Mrs. Capper, "now she and Antoinette are out of the house, you need not stay with me. Go to Tom and cheer him up. I am afraid he is more hurt than I supposed, for I hear that he has not begun to sit up yet at all."

So Andrew rose to go with no more words; there was no object just yet in making his mother miserable, and he must go and say something to Tom, for he had promised.

As he went down the corridor he saw that elderly nurse walking in a business-like fashion along the drive, and remembered that his aunt had said it was agreed that every nurse from the Institution she came from should have an hour each day for exercise.

He went into the room, and his heart sank when he saw Tom lying like a log, and his little dog sitting on his feet, watching him with dumb pathetic attention.

"Good dog," said Andrew, pulling the creature's ear. "You are sure Mumbo does not hurt your feet, old fellow?"

"Lying on them?" answered Tom, in the same low dull tone as before. "No; to tell you the truth, I should hardly know I had any feet."

Andrew uttered some exclamation of dismay.

Tom did not look at him, and after a pause went on in the same dim, far-away voice—

"You know the mare's broke her knees?"

"What do I care about that!" cried Andrew bitterly, and almost irritably.

"I know you don't," answered Tom, with just a little more life in his voice; "if she had broken her back you wouldn't have cared. She could have been shot—and I can't."

"Mr. West assured me that you were not in any

danger," said Andrew, and he knew not what else to say. He could not possibly face his brother, and he walked to the window.

"I say, And," said Tom, when he seemed to have been standing there some minutes.

"Yes."

"You needn't think I don't know."

"It's a very serious accident, of course, dear fellow," answered Andrew, with a catch in his voice, and not venturing to turn round; "we both know that."

"Yes; what's the use of your choking yourself about it? Why, I should not have expected you, even if I was to die, to do that."

"Shouldn't you?" was all Andrew could say, and presently Tom went on in the same dim tone, as if he wanted to make the best of it to his brother.

"It'll be a nuisance for you. Perhaps they may be able to strap me up somehow, so that I can sit in a chair—but as to walking!"

"I hope it may not be so bad as you think," exclaimed Andrew, mastering himself, and turning round. "There's a first-rate fellow coming down to-morrow to overhaul you—and, Tommy, Mr. West said we were not to give up hope; I was to tell you how serious it was, but you are not to give up hope till the new doctor has given his opinion."

"He thinks at any rate that I shall live then."

"He assured me of that; I told you so."

"And I am not quite to give up hope of getting well."

He turned his head on the pillow when he heard this, and instead of appearing pleased, all that dull calm left him, his lips began to quiver, his chest to heave, and he presently gave way to an agony of tears, and cried as if his heart would break. Andrew fetched him eau-de-Cologne, water to drink, salts to smell, but for a time the poor fellow could not recover himself. At last he struggled to speak, and while his little dog showed every token of distress and tenderness, and his brother leaned over him with alarm, the school-boy managed to utter these words—

"Bolt the door."

No; even at that extremity he did not want the nurse or anybody else to see how he was crying.

Andrew understood perfectly; the door was bolted, and he gradually recovered himself.

(To be continued.)

FAIRY JEWELS.

O WHITE moon, sailing down the sky,
I watch you when in bed I lie ;
I watch you on the calm blue deep,
And dream of you when fast asleep.
I fancy as I see you float
That you are some good fairy's boat,
And winds that round my window blow
Are the same winds which make you go.
Each star that shines for me so bright
For you is just a beacon-light.
I half believe that it is you
Who bring each day the morning dew ;
Each drop is so much like a gem,
I think the fairy gathers them,
And leaning over as you pass
Lets millions fall upon the grass.

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

F F.

ATALANTA SCHOLARSHIP ESSAY.

"HUMOUR AND PATHOS ARE CLOSELY AKIN."

THAT Humour and Pathos should be related may at first sight appear paradoxical, but to the nineteenth century student that will only lend to the subject an added interest. The "intellectual gymnastic" of each age varies. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the call was on the imagination; the reader had to detach himself from the living, work-a-day world to wander in a world of allegory and heroic romance, whose poetic conceits, if sometimes sufficiently artificial, were usually full of grace and fancy. Then followed an age of Reason. Rousseau's teaching was bearing fruit. No story but had its moral; no poem but had reason rather than rhyme for its object. With a fresh century arose a fresh school of thought, and fancy again was dominant, but fancy occupying herself in a real and not an imaginary world. No more Utopias, nor Fairy Lands, nor Halls of Eblis, nor Hills of Beulah. As a nation grows older it grows more introspective. Its cast of thought from the objective turns to the subjective. The "intellectual gymnastic" of the present age is a disentanglement or analysis of metaphysical and other confusions. Thus in the world of romance, the hero who is quite white or quite black no longer exists, but has given place to a neutral-tinted successor, on whose moral complexity rests the interest of the story. George Eliot, Dickens, Thackeray, have opened our eyes to the strange mixture of good and evil in human nature. We like a strange mixture of good and evil in our hero—if he is to interest us. We live in an age of toleration; we realize that there are two sides to every question. So too our tears and laughter are to be impartial; our sympathies no longer go solid. A hero who makes us laugh is all very well; so is a hero who can make us cry; but we prefer the character whose claims on us are more complex, who touches remoter chords of feeling—feeling so subtle that we hardly know whether its exercise be pleasure or pain. In short, the love of discovering congruity in apparent incongruity; of dissimilarity in apparent similarity; of reason in unreason, and unreason in reason; of success in failure, and failure in success; of poetry in prose, and prose in poetry; of pain in pleasure, and pleasure in pain—the love of paradox; in short—all this is characteristic of the literary tendencies of the present day.

Thus to illustrate the saying which is the subject of this paper could be more easily done from nineteenth century literature than from that of the eighteenth; and better from the books of the latter half of the nineteenth century than from those of the first half. But first, what is Humour and what is Pathos? Of the

former there have been many definitions. Apparently in every province of knowledge and thought there is some recognized debatable ground. In the region of metaphysics, a very favourite battle-cry is the distinction between reason and instinct. Another is, the distinction between humour and wit. The impartial beholder of a warm debate on the subject comes to the conclusion that Humour and Wit are very closely related. We may say that Humour sees incongruities and that Wit sees congruities; that Humour is like colour and Wit is like light; that Humour is chronic and that Wit is momentary. After much making of distinctions the fact remains—that these gifts are closely related. Like members of the same family, they may frequently be seen separately, but, like members of a nice family, they are seen at their best when together. Perhaps the best differentiation that can be made is that wit proceeds from the intellect alone, humour from the feelings as well. A man to be a wit has need only of a lively brain, but to be a humourist he needs a heart; and this brings us to our point, which is, that Humour and Pathos are closely akin. We have spoken of the chord of feeling. There are different strings in this chord. In a coarsely organized nature these strings are few and far between. Again, there are sensitive organizations whose mechanism is of quite another sort, whose chord of feeling is a complex, many-stringed instrument. But the difficulty is in the management of it, for strike one note, and behold the air is trembling and vibrating with a whole chord of passionate feeling. A single sound is not a possible thing, for, by some mysterious law of acoustic, each sound has a ready-made accompaniment in which one or two notes are specially dominant. Dropping figure, in all delicately constituted natures, is it not thus with the feelings? One feeling will generally call another into play—often one of rather opposite tendency. This may be partly from reaction, partly from that self-adjusting power which is a provision of nature for preserving the balance of sympathy and judgment. It is on this principle that the weakest are the strongest, and the foolish are the wisest, and the merriest are the saddest. Water must find its own level. So must feeling. The law of Hydropathics and of Sensation is much the same, only that of water is the simplest, mainly because it has usually sufficient outlet. Thus, to return to the subject of this paper, it is not surprising that Humour and Pathos should be closely akin. Humour, which on the whole is a laughter-moving power, must have its complement in an apprehension of the sad side

of things, or, as we call it, Pathos, which in its derivation means simply "feeling" or "suffering." No author better illustrates the kinship of Humour to Pathos than Browning, in whom the love of contrast and connection is carried to a high degree in the region of feeling as in that of fact. *Bishop Blougram's Apology* is one of the most amusing of his poems. The audacity with which the Bishop applies right arguments wrongly and bewilders his companion's brain, is a treat in the way of triumphant abuse of logic. Yet this man is so humorous, that from very necessity he is also pathetic, as in the lines on the actor who "played death on the stage," a passage which has the power of Calderon¹ and the pathos of Hans Andersen.² In *A Grammarian's Funeral* there is a characteristic union of the whimsical and the pathetic. The main idea of the poem—the idea of a man losing all life in preparing for it—is a sorrowful one.

"Others mistrust and say, 'But time escapes!
Live now or never.'
He said, 'What's time? Leave Now for dogs and apes!
Man has Forever.'"

The serio-grotesqueness of the treatment only enhances the real grandeur and pathos of this outburst of the resolute, wrong-headed old pedant.

In Thackeray, the greatest humorist of the age, we find so many phases and such various qualities of humour, that to distinguish one mood from another would be a study in itself. His temper is essentially mournful. He was too consistently unflinching in looking at things as they are, without delusion or illusion, to be otherwise than mournful. Pater,³ in one of his books, speaks of the "essential melancholy of the comedian"; might one not speak of the "essential melancholy" of the humorist? One or two of Thackeray's pictures remain always in the mind: one of these is the scene after Esmond's return, when Beatrix, in full toilette, is playing off on him all her little airs and graces, and he not only worships the ground she treads on, but the very shoe she treads with. And this pleases her, but his "dear mistress," Lady Castlewood, standing at a little distance, can hardly contain herself, and cries to Beatrix—"My dear, my dear, 'tis not your foot he wants, 'tis your hand!" Again, there is a sad humour, of quite another sort, in the declaration of Becky Sharp, that she could have been good—if she had had £5000 a-year! The writings of George Eliot too are full of this "higher humour," as Hutton calls it, which not only "sympathizes with the seamy side of things,"⁴ but also "skillfully blends the ludicrous and the pathetic, so that it is hardly possible to separate between smiles and tears." The theorizing of one of her heroines about "gells,"

who if plain are not wanted, and if pretty are worse than nothing, is very delightful. So too is poor Mrs. Tulliver among her cut jelly-glasses and her "chaney"; her despair at the idea of parting with it has something of the incongruous and the comic in it; as Tom and Maggie's reconciliation, over the slice of cake which they bite in turns has something touching and pathetic in it. Hawthorne, in his *House of the Seven Gables*, gives us a capital "character-piece" in the scene where the old maiden lady, Miss Hepzibah Pyncheon, who has "fed herself from childhood with the shadowy food of aristocratic reminiscences," is forced to seek more substantial sustenance by absolutely standing behind a counter and selling marbles and gingerbread. In her "dark-arrayed, pale-faced, lady-like old figure, there was a deeply tragic character, that contrasted irreconcilably with the ludicrous pettiness of her employment. . . . She stole on tip-toe to the window, as cautiously as if she conceived some bloody-minded villain to be watching behind the elm-tree, with intent to take her life." And when, her preparations concluded, she tremulously removed the bar from the shop-door—"then—as if the only barrier between herself and the world had been thrown down—she fled into the inner parlour, threw herself into the ancestral arm-chair, and wept." Here we have comedy, or at least triviality, overlaid with tragedy. Miss Edgeworth, in her *Castle Rackrent*, has a fine scene of tragedy, or potential tragedy, over-laid with comedy. Sir Condy tries to mend his means by marrying a lady of fortune, for whom he does not care in the least, while she, poor soul, is very much in love with him. At last he confesses he is bankrupt. Her wrath at discovering the deception he has practised on her knows no bounds. "My lady was in her tantrums for three days after; and would have been so much longer, no doubt, but some of her friends, young ladies and cousins, and second cousins, came to Castle Rackrent," so "she got well, and was as finely dressed and as happy to look at as ever." And all the young ladies declared her to be "the happiest bride ever they had seen, and that to be sure a love-match was the only thing for happiness, where the parties could any way afford it!"

It is amusing, now and again, to be behind the scenes; to listen with grave faces to what "the world says," and estimate the truth or falsehood of its judgments. But in real life we are apt to get enough of that tangle of the real and the artificial, the mean and the noble, the pathetic and the comic, which on paper interests us so much; and when thus brought home to us, we do not always find it amusing. . . . It takes us a little time to realize, and a longer time to be reconciled, to the fact that—to quote once more from the page of Hawthorne—"Life is made up of marble and mud."

GLADYS E. MEYRICK.

¹ Calderon's *Life's a Dream*, &c., Trans. by Abp. Trench.

² *Bilderbuch ohne Bilder*, von Hans Andersen.

³ *Imaginary Portraits*, Walter Pater.

⁴ Carlyle, *Hutton on Scott*.

"Honour of blood,
Without the ornament of knowledge,
Is but a glorious ignorance."

ENGLISH MEN AND WOMEN OF LETTERS.

VI.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

—
W. MINTO.

WHEN Oliver Goldsmith, a homeless, friendless, aimless, and reckless Irishman, unattached at the age of twenty-seven, recrossed the Channel after two years of study and wandering on the Continent, and turned his vagrant steps with indestructible ambition and hope towards London, the position of men of letters was not what it had been a generation or two earlier. A change which had been for some time in gradual process had been fairly completed. The bookseller had taken the place of the political patron. In the days of William and Anne, and for a time under the first George, places and pensions were freely given to men whose literary powers promised to be serviceable to rival leaders or parties or causes, to Harley or Somers, Jacobite or Hanoverian. To encourage letters was counted one of the first and most graceful of a statesman's duties. It was perhaps part of the classical fashion: the age prided itself on being Augustan, and it was fit and proper that Mæcenas also should have imitators.

Sir Robert Walpole, sceptical of the power of poets and elegant writers to make or mar administrations, and caring nothing for them on other

grounds, changed all this. Rougher instruments served his purposes, and were paid in downright cash, not in social courtesies and places of honour as well as profit. Goldsmith complained of the change in his first considerable work, *An Inquiry into the state of Polite Learning in Europe*. He made the neglect of authorship by men of rank and influence answerable among other causes for the decay of learning. "The author," he said, "when unpatronized by the great, has naturally recourse to the bookseller. There cannot, perhaps, be imagined a combination more prejudicial to taste than this. It is the interest of the one to allow as little for writing, and of the other to write as much, as possible. Accordingly tedious compilations and periodical magazines are the result of their joint endeavours."

Goldsmith's first experience of a bookselling employer in Griffiths of the *Monthly Review* was unfavourable, and he was smarting under it when he wrote this. In less than a year after the publication of his *Polite Learning*, his pen was much in request among booksellers, and he took a more cheerful view of the new order of things. "At present," he wrote in one of his *Chinese Letters*, "the few poets of England no longer depend on the great for subsistence; they have now no other patrons but the public, and the public, collectively considered, is a good and generous master. . . . A

writer of real merit now may easily be rich, if his heart is set only on fortune; and for those who have no merit, it is but fit that such should remain in merited obscurity. He may now refuse an invitation to dinner without fearing to incur his patron's displeasure, or to starve by remaining at home. Though he cannot boast of fortune here, yet he can bravely assert the dignity of independence." This last Goldsmith always did in a manly fashion: the first work that he published with his name, *The Traveller*, was dedicated not to any noble patron, but to his brother, a poor clergyman in Ireland, and it was the first time that a poem of any pretensions had been sent to so humble an address.

Two men before Goldsmith, who like him made their living mainly by "periodicals and compilations," had raised themselves to eminence—Johnson and Smollett. Both of them extended a helping hand to the new adventurer, though not before he had independently made good his footing with the booksellers. It is a curious sign of how London was becoming the centre of a united kingdom, that the first three men to raise themselves above the crowd of authors by profession were representatives of the three nationalities—Johnson an Englishman, Smollett a Scotsman, and Goldsmith an Irishman.

It was by a lucky accident that Goldsmith entered the service of the booksellers. His "knack of hoping" was sorely tried during his first year in London, and his ambition was reduced to the lowest point, the ambition to live by honest means, no matter how. He made his way to London in the February of 1756, and at the end of a year was an usher in an academy kept by a Dr. Milner, after being successively an apothecary's assistant, a practising physician in the slums of Bankside, and a press-corrector in the printing-house of Richardson the novelist. It would have seemed more in accordance with the fitness of things if the genius of the plain-looking drudge had been detected by Richardson, but it was really at Dr. Milner's that Fortune at last stood his friend, though she sent him help in a somewhat forbidding shape. At the worthy school-master's table he met Griffiths, the publisher of the *Monthly Review*, and was by him engaged as a regular hack, the terms of the engagement being that he should live in Griffiths' house, and work so many hours a day, writing whatever was wanted.

Goldsmith is often commiserated for the hard fortune that made him a bookseller's drudge. The

pity is probably misplaced. We may be perfectly sure that Goldsmith was never long unhappy when he had a pen in his hand. The man of whom Johnson said that "whatever he wrote he did it better than any other man could do," could never have been a dull and despondent workman, however humble the opportunity for the exercise of his gift. Whether it was a *Survey of Experimental Philosophy*, or a *History of England in a Series of Letters from a Nobleman to his Son*, he had, as Johnson said, "the art of compiling, and could put what he knew in a pleasing way"; he could not have done this if the labour had been distasteful. We may well believe that his delight in composition was often in inverse proportion to the amount of his knowledge. The literary tact with which he was able to disguise the limits of this knowledge must have been an unfailing source of pleasure to him.

We cannot then regard Goldsmith as having been unhappy in his literary drudgery. It is possible that in a perfect system of things his exquisite genius might have been more profitably and less perishably employed than in writing reviews and compilations and turning out "comic copy" for the periodicals. But if the choice lay between writing at ease under patronage, and writing on compulsion for the booksellers, it may be doubted whether he would have done as well under the first condition of production as he did under the second. He was often obliged, we may well suppose, to undertake uncongenial tasks, tasks which he would never have touched if he had been free to leave them alone; still, if we compare what he wrote for fame, pure and simple, with what he wrote on the spur of necessity, it is at least arguable that his best and most enduring work is to be found in the second of the two classes. In the first class we cannot put with certainty anything but his poems, the *Traveller* and the *Deserted Village*: we know for certain that he elaborated these for reputation's sake,—that it was to his verse that he looked for enduring fame, and it was probably to verse that his ambition would have turned if any kind patron had made him free to follow the pleasure of his will. In the second class of his productions we must doubtless include many writings that are now never looked at except by the literary historian—his reviews, essays, and tales in various periodicals of the time, the *Monthly Review*, the *Critical Review*,

the *Bee*, the *British Magazine*; and numerous compilations, the chief of which were his *History of Rome*, and his *History of Animated Nature*. No part of his fame rests upon these now, though elegant extracts might be made from them worthy to rank with the best specimens of the prose of his century. We should except perhaps the *Chinese Letters*, contributed to Newbery's *Public Ledger*, and afterwards published under the title of *The Citizen of the World*. It was by these essays, which began to appear in 1760, that Goldsmith first achieved distinction, and though they are of unequal merit, they contain two of his most enduring creations—the *Man in Black* and *Beau Tibbs*. But among the writings whose primary object was to provide himself with the means of living, we must include also the immortal *Vicar of Wakefield* and his plays; and in the absence of Doctor Primrose and Tony Lumpkin, with the associated characters whom they sustain in the highest heaven of invention, Goldsmith's fame would long since have fallen into faintness and obscurity. It must, of course, always be a highly speculative and indeterminable question what Goldsmith would have written if the bounty of a patron had given him place or pension, and set him free to follow his own course from the moment that he first made his mark in letters. The possibility is that if he had been free to do nothing, he would have done it with unbounded satisfaction to himself. At any rate, instead of lamenting his uncongenial drudgeries, we may fairly praise the wisdom as well as admire the independence that made him say, when he had an offer of countenance from the Earl of Northumberland, that he looked to the booksellers for support, that they were his best friends, and that he was not inclined to forsake them for others.

There is every reason to believe that if Goldsmith had been free to devote himself more exclusively to verse, and for that purpose had foregone play-writing and prose fiction, his position in literature would have been lower than it is instead of higher. It has been surmised that he might have anticipated the later emancipation of verse from the habits of the classical school. But there is nothing to support this either in his theory or in his practice of poetry. On the contrary, both show signs of reaction rather than progress. He gives no sign of any tendency to carry the ease and simplicity of the prose essay, as Cowper did, into verse.

Scattered through his prose writings are many unequivocal indications of his attitude towards Dryden and Pope. It is a very prevalent belief now, seeing that no great poet appeared in the interval, that the supremacy of Pope remained unquestioned till the advent of Wordsworth and Coleridge. But long before this, as a matter of fact, there were signs that the public were weary of the classical school, and longing for something new, and that poets were striving, though in vain, to supply the public demand. Joseph Warton, whose *Essay on Pope* was published in 1756, was the chief mouthpiece of this feeling; but how general it was is proved by Goldsmith's speaking of "the critics" in general as being "the enemies of Dryden and Pope." Now Goldsmith himself stood up along with Johnson as a champion of the old school. Discussing, in an essay in the *Bee* (1759), what period in English literature best deserved the title of the Augustan Age, he "gave his vote for the reign of Queen Anne, or some years before that period." The writers of that period, he contended, furnished "the true standard for future imitation." Elsewhere he attacks two of the channels through which the poets of the time were trying to escape from the ruling tradition—experiments in blank verse, and attempts to revive the diction of an earlier poetry. He was thoroughly at one with Johnson in his detestation of blank verse; and, like Johnson, Goldsmith carried his convictions into his own practice. The *Traveller* and the *Deserted Village* are written with studious adherence both in rhythm and in diction to the school of Pope. This was unconsciously recognized in the comments of his friends on the first appearance of the *Traveller*. Johnson pronounced it "the finest poem in the language since Pope." "There is not one bad line in that poem," Langton said; "not one of Dryden's careless verses." Both of them went back to the masters of the classical school for their comparisons.

There are, it is true, various passages in Goldsmith's critical essays that would seem to many readers to indicate a sympathy with the principles of the later developments of poetry. He suggests Wordsworth's theory of poetic diction when he praises Parnell in his life of that poet because "he has considered the language of poetry as the language of life, and conveys the warmest thoughts in the simplest expressions." But this praise of

Parnell was directed by counter-implication against—not the classical school, but—"misguided innovators" upon the practice of that school, by whom he probably meant Gray, Collins, Akenside, and the Wartons. In one of the first reviews that he wrote, a review of Gray's Odes, he tendered to "this rising poet" the advice that Socrates used to give to his pupils, "*Study the People.*" Similarly, in his *Inquiry into Polite Learning*, he said, "Let us, instead of trying to write finely, try to write naturally." To those accustomed to the prevalent strain of criticism since it has been the fashion to decry the eighteenth century, this would appear to be inconsistent with Goldsmith's admiration for Dryden and Pope as the standards for future imitation; but the truth probably is that their language did not appear unnatural and artificial to him. At any rate there can be no doubt that he adopted it. All the arts by which poetic expression was "raised above the vulgar style," the close-packed description by carefully-chosen epithet and circumstance, which cannot be realized without some thought—

"Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods, whose birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling":

the ingenious antitheses—

"Few other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wanderings but relieved their pain":

the elevation of common things by abstractly allusive figures—

"The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round":

all these and other arts of the classical school were practised by Goldsmith with as exclusive a care as was shown by any poet of the classical school. The *Traveller* and the *Deserted Village* are graceful and stately poems, but it is a misnomer to speak of them as showing a departure from the classical school in point of simplicity—in simplicity of style at least. Goldsmith is undoubtedly more simple in sentiment than Dryden or Pope, and this may betray us, if we are prepossessed in favour of simplicity, into ascribing to the style what really belongs to the subjects and the sentiments. The truth probably

is, that nobody can now read the *Traveller* or the *Deserted Village* without reading into them the simple-minded, tender-hearted Goldsmith, who is known by his prose and the anecdotes of his delightful and lovable personality.

It is to Goldsmith's prose that we must go to find the full expression of his genius. The versification of his poems is smooth and melodious; they contain several rhetorical couplets which are often quoted by patriots and politicians, and his sketches of the Village Pastor, the Village School-master, and the interior of the village alehouse, are perfect in their manner, and characteristic of the author's kindly sentiment as well as his wit. But, take the poems as wholes, they exhibit Goldsmith just a little on stilts, say with very high heels to his shoes, in his scarlet roquelaure and gold-headed cane, affecting the solemn moralist—certainly not awkwardly, as Boswell ill-naturedly said he did the fine gentleman, but with much native grace and stateliness, still with hardly weight enough to support the character. His survey of different nations, for example, in the *Traveller* is not altogether free from that "disgusting solemnity of manner," which in his *Polite Learning* he complained of as a defect of the poetry of his time. We would rather hear the author of the *Bee* on the temper of the French, or Lien Chi Altangi or the Vicar of Wakefield on the excesses of the spirit of freedom in the English. He is not less graceful in his prose, and it has much more ease, less stiffness and constraint. Among the laboured epigrams of the poems, there is nothing quite so happy—apart from the question of its truth—as this: "When I see an Englishman laugh, I fancy I rather see him hunting after joy than having caught it." Such pearls are constantly dropping from Goldsmith's pen in his prose.

All Goldsmith's prose is pleasant reading. George Primrose, the "philosophic vagabond," when he tried book-writing, aimed at fame as well as bread, and consumed his time in "efforts after that excellence which takes up but little room," when diffuse production would have been more profitable; in this he resembled Goldsmith himself. *Nullum fere scribendi genus non tetigit: nullum quod tetigit non ornavit.* But two of his prose writings are now the main props of his reputation, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, and *She Stoops to Conquer*. In connection with these master-pieces, it is interesting and instructive to read his remarks on 'Taste' (*Essay* xii.), and on

'Sentimental Comedy' (*Essay* xxii.), and his *Essay* in the *Bee* on 'The Characteristics of Greatness.' These early critical writings show that Goldsmith, whether or not he had, as Johnson said, no "settled notions," did not write at random; but had from the first clear conceptions of what he meant to do, and what he meant to risk in the doing of it. In writing of 'Taste,' he gives a catalogue of simple and natural themes for an artist's imagination, which a false taste for artificial splendour and glitter would banish from literature—"the ingenuous blush of native innocence, the plain language of ancient faith and sincerity, the cheerful resignation to the will of Heaven, the mutual affection of the charities, the virtue of beneficence extended even to the brute creation." The novelists of the time in their search for fine sentiments, exciting adventures, and the manners of high life, had neglected this humble field; Goldsmith occupied it brilliantly with the *Vicar* and his family, "all equally generous, credulous, simple, and inoffensive," and these delightful creations have held it unchallenged ever since. Similarly, in his *Essay* on 'Sentimental Comedy,' which he found in possession of the stage, with its "pathetic scenes and tender, melancholy conversation," and hatred of everything "low," he complained that it threatened to banish humour from the stage, and destroy the faculty of laughter. To create occasions for the exercise of this neglected faculty was the object of his comedies. The *Good-Natured Man* was a success; *She Stoops to Conquer* was a triumph. "I know of no comedy for many years," Johnson said, "that has so much exhilarated an audience, that has answered so much the great end of comedy—making an audience merry." Horace Walpole would not admit that it could properly be called a comedy—it was "the lowest of all farces"; still he admitted that "the situations are well managed, and make one laugh." "Did it make you laugh?" Goldsmith himself asked of a friend who had said that he would not presume to judge of its merits. "Exceedingly," was the answer. "Then," said Goldsmith, "that is all I require."

It has often been pointed out as a blemish that some of the incidents, both in the novel and in the play, are improbable. Goldsmith himself seems to

have felt that in this respect he was sinning against critical laws. He appealed to the readers of the *Vicar* to forgive his "absurdities" for the sake of his good things. "The way to acquire lasting esteem," he argued in the *Bee*, "is not by the fewness of a writer's faults, but by the greatness of his beauties; and our noblest works are generally most replete with both." But the truth is that some of the so-called "improbabilities" in the *Vicar* are not faults. We may agree with Dr. Johnson that it is "a fanciful performance," with "nothing of real life in it, and very little of nature," and yet not admit that "it is very faulty." It is an idyl, not a story of real life: the Primrose family, though there is nature enough in their weaknesses to redeem them from insipidity, and take away every suspicion of namby-pamby, are idyllic in their goodness. They are creatures of a world in which good and bad fortune are not dealt out in ordinary measures. Goldsmith takes us into this world and keeps us there till he has made his delightful family as happy as we wish them to be. Who ever quarrelled in the course of the actual process with the rapidity with which things suddenly turn in their favour when at the worst? Whose enjoyment of the transformation was ever disturbed by the thought that the crowd of happy coincidences that brings them all together at the prison, each in the nick of time, was violently improbable? It is so, no doubt; but the hurry of happy accidents at the end is so exactly what we want for these innocent victims of the world's cruel ways that we do not stop to think whether such things happen in real life. The suddenness and completeness of the change from gloom to joy, is of a piece with the simple goodness of the characters—they deserve it—we acquiesce delightedly in the dispensation. The question of probability is really a critical *ignoratio elenchi*, unless the story is so conducted as to raise the question uncomfortably for the reader. Here, on the contrary, it was more likely to have been raised if they had been kept longer on the rack. It was artistically necessary that they should all be made happy together, and too much care to make the story appear probable might have destroyed the illusion.

SCHOLARSHIP COMPETITION QUESTION.

Dr. Johnson says of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, that it is "a fanciful performance, with nothing of real life in it, and very little of nature."—Discuss this criticism, and give your own opinion with regard to the truth of it.

BOOK SELECTED.—Goldsmith's Works (Morley's Universal Library, Routledge).

Papers must be sent in by March 25, and must contain not more than 500 words.

AUTHOR SELECTED FOR APRIL.—Pope.

SEARCH QUESTIONS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

I.

What presents were given to Cambynskan, King of Tartary? In what English poem is there a reference to this king and the gifts?

II.

To what places do the following lines refer? and give author and work from which they are taken.

- (1) "Sun-girt city, thou hast been
Ocean's child, and then his queen."
- (2) "The Niobe of nations."
- (3) "This precious stone set in the silver sea."
- (4) "Companion of the morning star at dawn,
Thyself earth's rosy star."

III.

Mention the author and work in which the following characters appear—John Billett, Good Mrs. Brown, Brooks of Sheffield, John Ridd, Dr. Goodenough, Richie Moniplies, Mrs. Bormalack, Martin Lightfoot.

Answers to be sent in by March 15, and to be addressed to the Superintendent R. U.

IV.

To whom do the following quotations refer?

- (1) "So courteous some, and some be liberal,
Some witty, wise, valiant, and learned some,
But king of all the virtues thou alone."
- (2) "With my own power my majesty they wound,
In the king's name the king's himself uncrown'd;
So doth the dust destroy the diamond."
- (3) "Silent when glad; affectionate though shy;
And now his look was most demurely sad;
And now he laugh'd aloud, yet none knew why;
Some deem'd him wondrous wise, and some
believ'd him mad."
- (4) "The good stars met in your horoscope,
Made you of spirit, fire, and dew."
- (5) "O child of Paradise,
Boy who made dear his father's home,
In whose deep eyes
Men read the welfare of the time to come.
O rich fortune, sourly crossed!
Born for the future, to the future lost!"

ANSWERS TO SEARCH QUESTIONS (FEBRUARY).

I.

He swept the crossing from the Bank to Cornhill.
[Thackeray's *Memoirs of C. J. Yellowplush*.]

II.

Sir Tristram. [Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*.] Also,
Richard I. [*Ivanhoe*.]

III.

These lines occur in Gray's *Progress of Poesy*, and refer to the "heroic couplet" first used in its full perfection by Dryden.

IV.

"The Presbyterians," said Mr. Dempster, "are a sect founded in the reign of Charles I. by a man named John Presbyter . . . a miserable fanatic who wore a suit of leather." [George Eliot's *Scenes of Clerical Life*.]

V.

1. Mr. Croaker [Goldsmith's *Good-Natured Man*.]
2. The Duke of Wellington [Tennyson].
3. Amy

Wentworth [Whittier]. 4. Lady Geraldine [Mrs. Barrett-Browning].

VI.

"She had a little conservatory, and a little pinery, and a little grapery, and a little aviary, and a little pheasantry, and a little dairy for show, and a little cottage for ditto, with a grotto full of shells, and a little hermitage full of earwigs, and a little ruin full of looking-glass, 'to enlarge and multiply the effect of the Gothic.'" [Miss Edgeworth's *Absentee*.]

VII.

1. Lady Godiva says these words before her ride [Landon's *Imaginary Conversations*].
2. Constance on being summoned to the king [*King John*].
3. Lucifer, haranguing his followers [*Paradise Lost*].
4. Mercutio, wounded in the duel with Tybalt.
5. Despair, trying to persuade the Red-Cross Knight to kill himself [*Faerie Queene*].

"O world as God has made it! All is beauty.
And knowing this is love, and love is duty."
'Guardian Angel.'

"This world's no blot for us
Nor blank—it means intensely, and means good.
To find its meaning is my meat and drink."
'Fra Lippo Lippi.'

THE Brown Owl is an enthusiastic bird. He sends forth his hoot in a tone of exultant confidence, certain that it will carry instant and unfailing conviction to all who are fortunate enough to be within earshot. May I, therefore, who now sail under his colours, or rather write under his feathers, be pardoned if I too am enthusiastic in the cause I have to advocate.

I wish to advocate for all young folk the claims of the study of nature. By the study of nature I mean, not the poring over books on science, nor minute investigations in the laboratory or the museum, but the habit of taking an interest—earnest, deep, and real—in all natural objects and natural operations. I want you to be, with Wordsworth's Boy, to every mood of nature,

"As sensitive as waters are
To the sky's influence in a kindred mood
Of passion: and obedient as the lute
That waits upon the touches of the wind."

I want you to feel that

"The earth
And common face of nature speak to you
Rememberable things."

And I want you to have an eye ever restless in its search for the beauty and the wonder of the world—

"An eye
Which from a tree, a stone, a withered leaf,
To the broad ocean and the azure heavens
Spangled with kindred multitudes of stars,
Could find no surface where its power might sleep."

Do not think, however, that I am advocating the study of nature to the exclusion of the study of mankind. Remember that he who wrote the words that I have quoted wrote also the *Two Voices* and the *Sonnet to Milton*.

First of all, then, I would have you cultivate the spirit of interest—for you may cultivate as you may stunt, or even destroy, the varied germs of your nature. The child is generally brimful of keenest interest in the natural sights and sounds of the busy, restless world around him; and we may encourage or snub this early tendency of the mind. The latter is, no doubt, the easier course. Snubbing requires no knowledge and leaves a comfortable sense of superiority; encouragement needs more knowledge than some of us possess. It requires patience and sympathy; and since the young philosopher will no doubt press on with questions which cannot be answered, even by the wisest of us, there remains, alas! but little sense of superiority, nay, rather a sense of distress, that man should be so ignorant that a child can ask questions in reply to which we can but answer, "I do not know."

But some will say, "May not snubbing after all be best? Who wants his child to spend his life in collecting beetles, or labelling bits of rock, or spending his time over dried vegetables? There are more important things in life than these to perform." But I have not found that those who have to understand nature's ways are more liable than others to leave important things undone, or to do them ill. Did Charles Kingsley fail in these respects?

I want you, I even implore you, to cultivate this interest in, this sympathy with, nature in all her moods and in all her manifestations. I would have you dull to no aspect of nature. I would have you know how the clouds are formed in the sky, and why they sometimes lie in wreaths on the mountain sides or in the valleys, sometimes form billowy masses near the earth, sometimes spread out in long streaks along the horizon, sometimes float in fleecy fragments in the upper regions of the atmosphere. I would have you know (from observation and not from reading only) what the rain-drops are doing in helping to model the surface of the earth, and what the collected rain-drops in streams and rivers can effect. I would have you understand why it is that in different parts of England you find different kinds of scenery. Why the scenery of the Isle of Wight differs from that of the Isle of Man, why the South Downs, the Cotswolds, the Mendips, Exmoor; and the mountains of Wales all have their peculiar and characteristic stamp. Believe me, if you will be at the pains to learn how the elements of scenery are constituted, how form is dependent upon structure, you will find your interest and delight in the bays and promontories of our coast-line, the hills and valleys of our inland districts, increased and deepened many-fold.

I would have you, too, study the trees, and shrubs, and flowers with which nature invests and decks so lavishly and so gladly the bare bones of her sculptured scenes. Don't say that you love the flowers so well to mar the effects of their beauty by a knowledge of their structure. Think you that Linnaeus, when he thanked God that he had been permitted to see the golden gorse, had lost his love of the beauty of flowers by his knowledge of their structure? Depend upon it, that is but half enjoyment that leaves untouched the intellectual faculties.

And then I would have you observe, with ever-renewed sympathy, the animal world around you—the kitten that plays about our room; the dog that gambols round us in our walks; the horse that lends us so willingly his strength; the patient oxen and the "mild and innocent" sheep; the hare and the white-tailed rabbit; even the rats that infest our barns, and the mice that make us dream of ghosts; the domestic fowl and all the choir of woodland songsters; the snake that glides through the grass and the lizard that runs across our path; the frog that croaks in the ponds and the ugly jewel-eyed toad; the fish that dart through the water; the sea-anemone that looks like a flower in the sea-side pools; the crab, the limpet, and the star-fish on the rocks; the spider in his silken web; the butterfly that flits through the summer air, and the bee that, "as he hums along, seems to be talking heavily of the heat;" the midges that pester us on summer evenings, and all the myriad minutiae of insect life. I want you to take an interest in them all, each in his due degree. Each has his secret to tell you if you will only learn the language in which he tells it. But you must listen with sympathetic ear. Sympathy is one of the great and beautiful bonds of life to life. Without sympathy you cannot study even a bumble-bee aright. I told the other day a story, which is perhaps worth repeating, of a young pupil-teacher who was dealing in stern severity with a class of somewhat refractory small urchins. "Don't you think," said a clergyman standing near, "that you would be more successful if you showed a little more sympathy?" I am sure you would lead them to obey you more readily." "Sir," replied the pupil-teacher, "I bend them to my will." Now do not, I beg you, go and study nature in that spirit. It is one of the peculiarities of nature that she will not be moulded to one's will. One must humour her. If you refuse to put yourself into sympathy with her, you may as well let her alone. But if you do go to work sympathetically—that is, moulding your spirit to hers—you will induce her to whisper you the very secrets of her heart. I am sure that if you will only thus study nature you will find that you have added a new joy to life.

Not only so. I am persuaded that your appreciation of literature will be deepened. In descriptions of nature you will be able to distinguish true gold from baser metal. You will see the force of a hundred analogies, which would otherwise have

escaped you. Our great modern writers have nearly always been students of nature, and he only can rightly appreciate their works who is also a student of nature.

And if you are tempted to go deeper, and to come nearer to the heart of things, it is only in and through a study of nature that you can hope to understand what has been done during the last half century in philosophy. Within that time a new philosophy based on a deeper and wider study of nature has arisen, and has deeply influenced all our best thoughts. Only the student of nature can hope fully to appreciate its teaching.

Lastly, in the study of nature, you will find, I hope, a deep religious inspiration. On this subject I dare not speak at length, even if I had here the space, lest perchance I should say too little, or too much. Few, I think, can stand untouched by a deep feeling of reverence in the presence of the wonders and the mysteries that are opened up by the study of nature. And here, perhaps, I may be permitted to reiterate a hope, which I have elsewhere expressed, that with all our advances in science we shall always keep our hearts open to the simplest and commonest daily occurrences. "The daily light, fresh as a young child every morning, and dignified as the mellowness of age at even,"—I quote from James Martineau,—"the weariness of nature as she drops her leaves, the glee with which she hangs them out again, the silver mists of autumn, the slanting rains of spring, the sweeping lines of drifted snow, all are as the natural language of God—the turns of His Almighty thought—to the spirit that lies open to their wonder." And again—"The modest flower nestling in the meadow grass; the happy tree, as it laughs and riots in the wind; the moody cloud, knitting its brow in solemn thought; the river that has been flowing all night long; the sound of the thirsty earth, as it drinks and relishes the rain. These things are as a full hymn when they flow from the melody of nature, but are empty rhythm when scanned by the finger of art."

Again I say, Let us all so live our life that our spirits may "lie open to the wonder" of these things; then will the "empty rhythm" form an integral part of the "melody of nature"; then,

indeed, shall we be able to feel that "beneath the dome of this Universe we cannot stand where the musings of the Eternal Mind do not murmur round us, and the visions of His loving thought appear."¹

C. Lloyd Morgan.

* * *

SYLVIE and Bruno, Lewis Carroll (Macmillan).

There are few sweeter children to be found, either in or out of Fairyland, than Sylvie and Bruno; at the same time the book is disappointing. It is meant to inform, to instruct, to enlighten; but its information is given in the form of a medley, its instructions are somewhat irritating, and its flashes of light are perhaps too brilliant for our weak vision. Grown people cannot help being disappointed in the book, principally because they expect so much from Mr. Carroll. There are some children, however, who, seeing with a clearer vision, will skip the homilies and the love-story, and revel in the fairy tale which runs like a bright chain of the purest gold through the volume. Sylvie and Bruno appear to perfection here, and Mr. Carroll is once more the Magician

who conjured up scenes at the back of the Looking-Glass, and caused Alice to be almost drowned in her own tears. Once more he is the old friend who imparts truths to make a boy or girl better for a lifetime with the delicate tap of his fairy wand.

¹ This paper invites discussion. All letters or remarks must reach the Editor not later than March 20, and must have the words "Brown Owl" on the cover.

It seems a pity he should leave a country to which he alone of all men possesses the key. For there never will be another Alice, nor perhaps in her way, although she does not quite come up to Alice, another Sylvie. Mr. Carroll complains that copyists have trenched on his domain, but surely the copies must have been of the feeblest and most shadowy order, as one cannot recall their existence. Sylvie's and Bruno's adventures in their fairy world can only be described in their creator's words. These children are Mr. Carroll's own, the babies of his brain, impossible to imitate, and yet like, so like, every baby in all the nurseries in the world.

Mr. Carroll's preface to the volume is full of interest. In it he explains some of the motives which prompted him to tell the present story. It is written, "not for money and not for fame, but in the hope of supplying for the children whom I love some thoughts that may suit those hours of innocent merriment which are the very life of childhood; and also in the hope of suggesting to them and to others some thoughts that will prove, I would fain hope, not wholly out of harmony with the graver cadences of life."

His preface has some valuable suggestions with regard to books desirable to be written. Amongst

others he proposes that a Child's Bible should appear, with carefully selected passages, and full of pictures. The principles of selection would be that religion should be put before a child as a revelation of love.

He does not think it necessary to apologize for the graver thoughts introduced into his books, and one of his sentences comes with the solemnity of an undying truth. It is this—

* * *

"It seems quite possible to lead for years together a life of unmixed gaiety. . . . A man may fix his own times for admitting serious thought, for attending public worship, for prayer, for reading the Bible: all such matters he can defer to that 'convenient season' which is so apt never to occur at all; but he cannot defer for one single moment the necessity of attending to a message, which may come before he has finished reading this page—'*This night shall thy soul be required of thee.*'"

* * *

The songs in the present volume are not so many as in Mr. Carroll's earlier works. Those

introduced, however, are quite up to his own standard. Only Mr. Gilbert can compete with Lewis Carroll in this peculiar form of genius. The 'Musical Gardener' has been quoted in almost every review; perhaps also the 'Three Badgers,' but with Harry Furniss's inimitable illustrations I cannot help reproducing the latter verses here.

* * *

"THERE be three Badgers on a mossy stone,
Beside a dark and covered way;
Each dreams himself a monarch on his throne,
And so they stay, and stay—
Though their old father languishes alone,
They stay, and stay, and stay.

There be three Herrings loitering around,
Longing to share that mossy seat;
Each Herring tries to sing what she has found
That makes life seem so sweet.
Thus with a grating and uncertain sound,
They bleat, and bleat, and bleat.

The Mother-Herring on the salt sea wave,
Sought vainly for her absent ones:
The Father-Badger, writhing in a cave,
Shrieked out, 'Return, my sons!
You shall have buns,' he shrieked, 'if you
behave—
Yea, buns, and buns, and buns!'

'I fear,' said she, 'your sons have gone astray.
My daughters left me while I slept.'
'Yes 'm,' the Badger said, 'it's as you say;
They should be better kept.'
Thus the poor parents talked the time away,
And wept, and wept, and wept.

Gently the Badgers trotted to the shore—
The sandy shore that fringed the bay;
Each in his mouth a living Herring bore—
Those aged ones waxed gay;
Clear rang their voices through the ocean's roar,
'Hooray, hooray, hooray!'

* * *

THE following letter has been received, on a subject of widespread interest—

To the Editor of "*Atalanta*."

COLONIAL GUILD OF AID.

"SIR,

"The difficulty of finding employment for women, especially of the middle classes, which has attracted so much attention of late years, is largely increased by the fact that many of those seeking work are utterly unskilled. They have had no training in any kind of work, or even in business habits, and in this strait many of them apply to us to assist them to emigrate, under the delusion that their *unskilled* labour will be highly paid in the Colonies. This, I need hardly say, is very far from being the case. The real demand in the Colonies is for women well trained in woman's special department—household work. Domestic servants are always sure to find places, and women of a higher class have a far better chance of good situations as helps, children's nurses, etc., if they are not afraid of the same kind of work, and have been trained in house-work, cooking, needle-work, laundry-work, baking, and dairy-work. The Church Emigration Society, therefore, in connection with The Guild of Aid, has established a 'Training Home' at Zeals, near Bath, where middle-class girls can be most thoroughly trained in all these branches of work on very reasonable terms; and when their training is complete, they are sent by the Church Emigration Society, under efficient protection, to the Colonies, either to situations already found, or to those districts where they will find it easiest to obtain work; and we are very anxious to make this known.

"Protected parties, under Matrons, are sent periodically to Canada and Australia.

"Yours truly,

"C. E. DENISON."

* * *

THE idea of a Correspondence Class has been taken up with enthusiasm, but before finally deciding on the matter the Editors would like to receive further communications containing the views of readers who have not already expressed them. The class cannot be formed unless a great many join. Girls are also invited to declare their preference with regard to subjects for correspondence.

L. T. Meade.

*" Lift up, lift up your voices now !
The who's wide world rejoices now ;—
Christ is risen ! "*

EASTER MORNING.

ATLANTA

VOL. III.

APRIL, 1890.

No. 31.

WILLOW WOODS, we hail you!

Many daintily formed green leaves have met,
Strawberry leaf and violet,
'Tis a little too cold for the nightingale yet;
Philomel, he'll not fail you!

G G 2

Fairy windflower, wood anemones,
 Delicate company under the trees,
 Snowflake ruffled by a merryfoot breeze,
 Frolicsome singing aërial glees,
 Frail white stars of the wildwood !

Every frail face looking a different way,
 O'er you arriveth a silver ray ;
 Bronze boughs embroider a pearly gray,
 Luminous air in the wildwood.

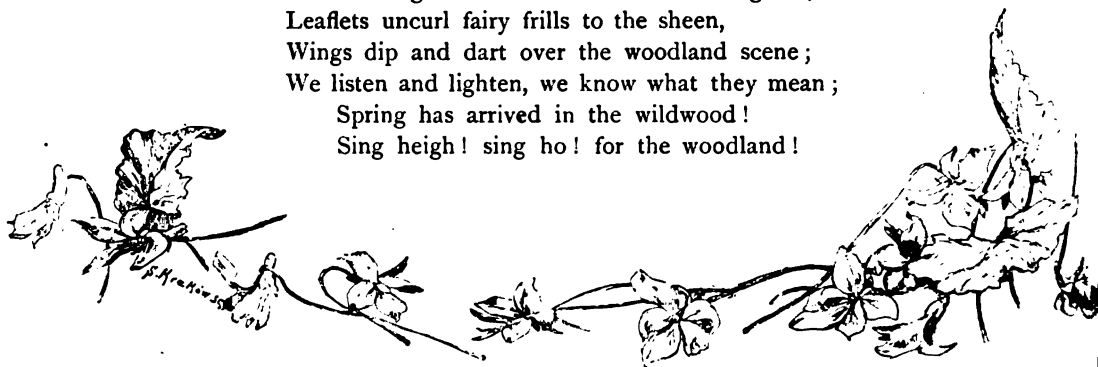
O white windflower with the purple dyes,
 Your candour of innocence meets mine eyes,
 And bids the bowed heart in me arise ;
 You are kin to the little ones, humble and wise,
 Young, newly-born in the wildwood !

The joy of our Earth-mother thrills through the groves ;
 A long cooing sound of woodland doves !
 Feathered folk serenade the fair nest-lying loves,
 Call young flowers in the wildwood.

We are glad you are here again lovely and gay,
 Dull was the winter when you were away ;
 We never have had any heart to play,
 While you were afar from the wildwood ;
 And now we are off to the woodland !

Come along, little children ! blithe birds are singing,
 Budding leaves with a magical melody ringing,
 Flowers faint censers of odour swinging ;
 Come along, little loves, to the wildwood !
 We may find fairy forms in the woodland !

All the boughs are alive with a luminous green,
 Leaflets uncurl fairy frills to the sheen,
 Wings dip and dart over the woodland scene ;
 We listen and lighten, we know what they mean ;
 Spring has arrived in the wildwood !
 Sing heigh ! sing ho ! for the woodland !



*"Over where the clear laughing water races,
Where the herbs are all like delicate laces."*

A ROUGH SHAKING.

George MacDonald.

XXXII.

A BAD PENNY.

BY this time darkness had fallen, and it would be long before the moon rose. Weary to the very bones, Clare had thrown himself on the bed beside the baby. The dog had jumped up and laid himself at Clare's feet, as if the place had been his from time immemorial, as it had perhaps according to time in dog-land. The many pleasures of that blessed day would have kept Clare awake had they not brought with them so much weariness. He fell fast asleep.

Tommy had not had a happy day: he had been found out in evil-doing, had done more evil, and had all the day been expecting punishment. When he forsook his duties, he hoped all would go well without him; but all had gone ill for him; things were worse than he knew; wrath was heaped up against him—deadly wrath in the eyes of Tommy, for it took the shape of the water-but. He went out in the hope of finding something to eat, and had not had a mouthful of anything but spongy turnip, and dried-up mangel-wurzel, or want-root. If he had been minding his work, he would have had a piece of good bread—so good that he would have wanted more of it, whereas, when he had eaten the turnip and the beetroot, he had cause to wish he had not eaten so much! He had been set upon by boys bigger than himself, and nearly as bad, who, not being hungry, were in want of amusement, which they proceeded to take out of Tommy, just as Tommy would have taken it out of the baby had he dared. They bullied him in a way that would have been to his heart's content, had he been the bully instead of the bullied. They left him crying. He actually wished he had stayed with the baby—with which wish came the thought that it was time to go home. He must get back before Clare, and if nothing had happened to the baby there was nothing to fear. For as to what had

taken place in the morning, he knew Clare's forgivingness and despised him for it. If he found the baby dead, or anything happened to her that he could not cover with lying, it would then be time to cut and run in good earnest!

So off Tommy went for home, but on the way the awful fact came upon him that there was but one way into the house, and that implied a downright gaze into the eternal gulf of the water-but.

Clare woke up suddenly—at a sound which all his life would wake him from the deepest slumber. His hearing was naturally sharp, and was now sharpened by their doubtful position. He thought he heard the whimpering of a child. The baby was fast asleep, and instantly he thought of Tommy. He seemed to see him shut out in the night, and knew at once how the thing had happened: he had gone out like himself without thinking how he was to get back, and dared not go near the water-but! He jumped out of bed, put on his shoes, and in a minute was over the wall and walking round the outside of it, looking for the deserter.

The moon was not up, and the night was dark, yet he had not looked long before he came upon him in the lane, crouching down against the wall.

"Tommy!" said Clare softly.

Tommy did not reply. The fear of the water-but was upon him—a darker fear than the night, a worse evil than hunger or cold—and by his own transgression Clare and the water-but were one.

"You needn't think to hide, Tommy; I see you, you bad boy! After all I said, you ran away and left the baby to the rats! They've been biting her horribly—one at least has. You can stay away as long as you like now; I've got a better nurse. Good-night!"

Tommy gave a great howl.

"Hold your tongue, you rascal!" cried Clare in a whisper. "You'll let the police know where we are!"

"Do let me in, Clare! I'm so hungry and so cold!"

"Then I'll have to put you in the water-but!"

"If you don't promise not to, I'll go straight to the police. They'll take the brat from you and put her in the workhouse!"

Clare thought for a moment whether it would not be right to kill such a traitor. His mind was full of history-tales, and, like Dante, he put treachery in its own place, namely the deepest hell. But with the thought came the words he had said so many times without thinking what they meant—"Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us," and he saw that he was expected to forgive Tommy. He said to the culprit solemnly,

"Tommy, I forgive you, and will be friends with you again; but I have said it, and I was right to say it, and into the water-but you must go! I can't trust your word now, and I think I shall be able to trust it after that."

Before he had finished the words, Tommy lifted up his voice in a most unearthly screech.

Instantly, as quickly as quietly, Clare had him by the throat, that he could not utter a sound.

"Tommy," he said, "I'm going to let you breathe again presently, but the moment you begin to make a noise, I will choke you as I'm doing now."

With that he relaxed his hold of him. But Tommy, who had paid no heed to what Clare said, began a second screech the moment he found passage for his breath, and was immediately choked. After two or three vain attempts, he finally desisted.

"I won't go!" said Tommy.

"But you must, Tommy. After what you have said, you shall. And you're going head over in the but to begin with. We're going to it now!"

Tommy threw himself upon the ground and kicked; he dared not scream. If Clare let go he would fall right through into the vast empty place where the moon was!

Clare threw him over his shoulder, and found him not half the weight of the parcel of linen. Tommy would have bitten like a weasel, but he feared Clare's terrible hands. He was on the back of Giant Despair, in the form of one of the best boys in the world. He took him round the wall and over the fence into the blacksmith's yard. The smithy was quite dark.

"Please, I didn't mean to do it!" sobbed

Tommy from his back, as he bore him steadily up the yard. It was all Tommy could do to say the words, for the thought of what they were approaching sent a scream into his throat every time he parted his lips to speak.

Clare stopped.

"What didn't you mean to do?" he asked.

"I didn't mean to leave the baby."

"Then who carried you away from her?"

"I mean I didn't mean to stay away from her so long. I didn't know how to get back."

"I told you not to leave her! And you could have got back perfectly, you little coward, if you hadn't been afraid of the water-but!"

Tommy shuddered, and said not another word. Hanging over Clare's back he knew by his stopping that they had come to the heap. There was but the wall between that heap and the water-but! Up the heap he felt himself slowly, shakingly carried, and was gathering his breath for a final utterance of agony that should rouse the whole neighbourhood, when Clare, having reached the top of the wall, seated himself upon it, and Tommy restrained himself in the hope of what a parley might bring. But it was only to wheel round on the pivot of his spine, as he had seen them do on the counter in the shop, and sit with his legs dangling down beside the water-but. Then he took Tommy from his shoulder and laid him across his knees; and Tommy, perceiving there were yet words to be said, and hoping to get off with a beating, remained silent.

"Your hour is come, Tommy!" said Clare. "If you scream, I will drop you right in and let you go. If you don't scream, I will hold you. If you scream when I take you out, in you go again! I do what I say, Tommy!"

The wretched boy was nearly mad with terror. But now, much as he feared the water, he feared yet more for the moment him in whom lay the power of the water. Clare took him by the heels.

"I'm sorry there's no moon, as I promised you," he said, "she won't come up for my calling. I should have liked you to see where you were going, and I'm sorry not to keep strictly to what I said. But if you ain't an honest boy after this, I shall soon have another chance, and next time we will wait for the moon!"

With that he raised Tommy's feet and legs, holding him by the ankles, and would have worked his

body off his knees over the but. Tommy, however, clung to them fast.

"Leave off, Tommy," he said, "or I'll let your legs go, and tumble you right in."

Tommy yielded, his fear so far overcome by a greater fear. Clare let him hang for a moment over the black water, and slowly lowered him. As he came close to it, Tommy clung to the side of the but.

"Leave go," said Clare, and himself let go one leg.

Tommy let go, and his terror would have burst in a frenzied yell, but the same instant he was up to the neck in the water, and lifted out again. He spluttered and gurgled and tried to scream.

"Now, Tommy," said Clare, "don't scream, or I'll put you in again."

But Tommy never believed anything said to him without compulsion. The moment he could, that moment he screamed, and that moment he was in again. The next time he was taken out, he did not scream. Clare laid him on the wall and he lay still, pretending to be drowned. Clare got up, set him on his feet in front of him, and holding him by the collar, trotted him round to the door, and dropped him into the garden. He was quiet enough now—more than subdued. For the present he was incapable of mischief, or even of meditating revenge. But when they entered the nursery, the dog, reckoning Tommy a rat of worse nature, flew at him in one leap from the bed, as if he would swallow him alive, and Tommy proved himself quite alive by the yell he gave.

"Quiet, Abdiel!" said Clare.

The dog turned, jumped on the bed, and lay down again close to the baby.

Clare, who, I have said, was in old days a great reader of *Paradise Lost*, had already given him the name of Abdiel.

"Please, I couldn't help yelling!" said Tommy very meekly. "I didn't know you'd got him!"

"I know you couldn't!" answered Clare. "Dry yourself, and tell me what you've had to eat to-day."

"Only a bad turnip and a bit of wormy beetroot. I'm awful hungry."

"You'd have had something better if you'd stuck by the baby, and not left her to the rats!"

"There isn't any rats," growled Tommy.

"Will you believe your own eyes?" said Clare,

and showed him the skin of the rat Abdiel had slain. "I've a great mind to make you eat it, you worthless boy!" he added, dangling it before him by the tail.

"Shouldn't mind," said Tommy. "I've eaten a rat afore now, and I'm that hungry! Rats ain't bad eating. I don't know about the skin!"

"Here's a piece of bread for you, and you shall go to bed. But you shan't sleep with honest people like baby and Abdiel. You shall lie on the hearth-rug. Here's a blanket and pillow for you!"

Clare covered him up warm, thatching all with a piece of loose carpet. He was soon fast asleep.

But from that moment, or, rather, at the first moment of consciousness the next day, all terror of the water-but had vanished from the little vagabond's mind. He was now, however, thoroughly afraid of Clare, and his conceit that though Clare was the stronger he was the cleverer, was put in abeyance.

XXXIII.

HOW THINGS WENT FOR A TIME.

CLARE'S next day at the shop went much as the preceding—only that he was early at work. When the dinner-hour came, he ran home, and was glad to find Tommy and the dog mildly agreeable to each other. He had but time to give baby some milk—her appetite was small, for she was not growing fast—and Tommy and Abdiel a bit of bread each.

His look when he returned, a look of which he himself was unaware, but which one of the girls, who had, at a time not long past, been herself hungry for weeks together, could read, made her ask him what he had had for dinner. He answered simply that he had had no dinner.

"Why?" she asked.

"Because there wasn't any."

"Didn't your mother keep some for you?"

"No; she couldn't."

"Then what will you do?"

"Go without," answered Clare with a smile.

"But you've got a mother?"

"Oh, yes! I've got two mothers. But their arms ain't long enough," replied Clare.

The girl wondered: was he an idiot, or what people call a poet? Anyhow, she had a bun in her pocket, which she had meant to eat at five

o'clock, when those who slept in the house had their tea: she offered him that.

"But what will you do yourself? Have you another?" asked Clare, unready to take it.

"No," she answered; "why shouldn't I go without as well as you?"

"Because it won't make things any better. There will be just as much hunger. It's only shifting it from me to you. That will leave it all the same!"

"No, not the same," she returned. "I've had a good dinner—as much as I could eat; and you've had none!"

Clare was persuaded, and ate the girl's bun with much satisfaction and gratitude.

When he had his wages in the evening, he spent them as before—a penny for the baby, and five-pence at Mr. Ball's for Tommy, Abdiel, and himself.

Observing that he came daily, and spent all he earned, except one penny, on bread; seeing also that the boy's cheeks, though he was plainly in good health, were very thin, Mr. Ball wondered a little: a boy ought to look better than that on five pennyworth of bread a day!

They were a curious family—Clare, and Tommy, and the baby, and Abdiel. Clare was the head and the heart of it, and had to provide for all: in ways of honesty Tommy could do nothing. But the only thing sad about it was, that Clare should be upheld by no human sympathy, no gratitude; while he was so high above his family, that, though he never once thought he was lonely, he could not help feeling lonely at times. Not once did he wish himself rid of any single member of his adopted family. It was living on his very body; he was growing a little thinner every day; if things had gone on so, he must before long have fallen ill; but he never thought of the matter.

He had no human sympathy or gratitude, I say, but he had both from Abdiel. The dog never failed to understand what Clare wished and expected him to understand. In Clare's absence he took on himself the protection of the establishment, and was Tommy's superior.

Though Tommy was of no use to earn bread, Clare did not therefore allow him to be idle. He insisted on his keeping the place clean and tidy, and in this respect Tommy was not quite a failure. He even made him do some washing, though little could be accomplished in that way where there

was so little to wash. Now that Abdiel was there, he had the run of the garden, and often went out for an hour or two without Clare's knowledge, but took good care to be back before his return.

One day, a bale of goods happening to be unpacked in his presence, Clare begged the head-shopman, who was also a partner, for a scrap of wrapping-stuff; and he, having noted how well he worked, and knowing they could not get another boy to do so well for so little, gave him a large piece of the soiled canvas. Now Mrs. Porson had taught Clare to work,—as I think all boys ought to be taught, so as not to be helpless without mother or sister,—and with the help of a needle and some thread the friendly girl gave him, he soon managed to make of the packing-sheet a pair of trousers for Tommy, of a primitive but not unserviceable cut, and a shirt for himself, of fashion more primitive still: he made a hole in the middle of a piece of the stuff through which to put his head, and another hole on each side through which to put his arms; hemmed them all coarsely round; then put on the garment, and let the voluminous mass arrange itself as it might, under as much of his jacket and trousers as still cohered.

My reader may well wonder how, in what was called a respectable shop, he could be permitted to appear in such poverty; but Mr. Maidstone disliked the boy so much that he meant to send him away the moment he found another to do his work, and gave orders that he should never come up from the basement except when wanted to carry out a parcel. His still, solemn, pure face was a rebuke to his master, who, however, did not in the least recognize the cause or nature of his own dislike. But a change was at hand, coming in a way quite unforeseen by Mr. Maidstone.

XXXIV.

CLARE DISREGARDS THE INTEREST OF HIS EMPLOYERS.

THINGS went on as I have described for nearly a month, every one thriving but Clare. Yet was Clare as peaceful as any of them, and much happier than Tommy, who was a vagrant at heart.

One day, a lady, attracted by a muff in the shop-window labelled with a very low price, entered, and requested to see it closer.

"We can give you a choice of several of the

sort, madam," said the shopman. "It is one of a lot we bought cheap, but quite uninjured, after a fire."

"I want to see the one in the window," the lady insisted.

"I hope you will excuse me, madam," returned the shopman. "The muff is in a position hard to reach. Besides, to take anything down after the window is dressed for the day, we must ask leave, and the master is out. But I will bring you the same fur precisely."

So saying, he went, and returned with a load of muffs and other furs, which he threw on the counter. But the lady had heard that "there's tricks i' the world," and persisted in demanding a sight of the muff in the window. Being a "tall personage," and of great coolness, she carried her point. The muff was hooked down and brought to her—not graciously. She glanced at it, turned it over, looked inside, and said,

"I will take it. Please bring a bandbox for it."

"I will, madam," said the man, and would have taken it from her hand. But she held it fast, sought her purse in her pocket, and laid the price on the counter. The shopman saw that she understood too well, took up the money, went and fetched a bandbox, put the muff in it before her eyes, and tied it up. The lady held out her hand for it.

"Shall I not send it for you, madam?" said the shopman.

"I do not live here," she answered. "I am on my way to the station."

"Here, Jack," cried the man to Clare, who was that moment descending to the basement, "take this bandbox, and go with the lady to the station."

If his transaction with the lady had pleased the man, he would not have sent such a scarecrow to attend her. But she did not belong to the town, and they might never see her again! When Clare, however, came forward, and looked up smiling in her face, the lady, who was prepared to insist on carrying the box herself, was at once aware that she could trust him. Both failed to see the man watching for the moment when she should turn her back, to substitute another bandbox for the one Clare carried; but his signs having failed to reach him, he did not venture to follow them. Without a look on either side, Clare walked straight out of the shop and along the street behind the lady, she looking round occasionally to see that he was still following her.

They had not gone more than half-way to the station, when out of a side street came a bigger boy, whom Clare knew as one employed in the packing-room. He carried a box exactly like that which Clare had in his hand. He came softly up to him from behind, and holding out his box, would have taken the other from him, saying in a whisper,

"Look spry! she don't twig! It's all right! Maidstone sent me."

But by this time Clare was getting a little cautious. He felt that the lady's interests were in his care, and that he could be party to nothing done behind her back. He had not time to think, but knew it his duty to stick by the bandbox. If we have come up through the animals to be what we are, Clare must have been a dog of a good, faithful breed, for he did right now as by some ancient instinct. He held fast to the box, and said not a word. The boy gave him a great punch. Clare clung the harder to the box. The lady heard something, and turned her head. But the boy had his back to her, and was walking away. Clare's face was flushed.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

"I don't rightly know, ma'am. He wanted me to give him my bandbox for his, and said Mr. Maidstone had sent him. But I couldn't, you know!—except he asked you first. You did pay for it—didn't you, ma'am?"

"Of course I did, or he wouldn't have let me take it away! But if you don't know what it means, I do.—You haven't been in that shop long, have you?"

"Not quite a month, ma'am."

"I thought so!"

She said no more, and Clare followed in silence, wondering not a little. When they reached the station, she took the bandbox, and looked at the boy. He returned her gaze with his gray, wondering eyes, as she searched in her pocket for a shilling. Unable to find less than a half-crown, she was not sorry to give him that instead.

"You will not mention that I gave you anything?" she said.

"Not except they ask me," he answered. "But ma'am," he added, his face in a glow of delight, "is all this for me?"

"To be sure," she answered. "I am much obliged to you for—carrying my parcel. Be a good, honest boy whatever comes, and you will not repent it."

"I will try, ma'am," returned Clare.

But in truth he did not know what it was to *try* to be honest: he had never been tempted to be anything else, and had seldom the idea of dishonesty in his mind as a thing to think about, except in relation to Tommy. Do you say, "Then it was no merit to him"? Certainly it was none. But who was thinking about merit? Not Clare. He is but a sneak who thinks of merit in himself. Such a man or boy could not do a gentlemanly deed without thinking himself a fine fellow! It might be a merit in many a man to act as Clare did, but in Clare it was pure rightness—or, if you like the word better, righteousness. If that is what you mean by merit, I have nothing to say, except that I do not like the word, because you do not use it correctly. But if by merit you mean something to build pride and self-conceit upon, then your merit is but brass.

Clare little thought what awaited him. Had there been any truth, any appreciation of honesty in his vulgar heart, Mr. Maidstone could not have done as now he did. When his messenger arrived with the news of how he had been foiled, he said nothing. But his lips grew white, and he closed them fast; and when Clare, as innocent as unsuspecting, opened the door, he was met by a blow that dazed him, followed by a fierce kick that sent him on his back on the curbstone. Almost insensible, but with the impression that something was keeping him from his work, he returned to the door. But, as he laid his hand on it, it opened a little, and his master's face, with a hateful sneer upon it, shot into the crack, and spit in his. Then the door was shut so sharply that his fingers caught a stinging pinch. At last he understood: he was turned off, and the day's wages lost!

What would have become of him now but for the half-crown the lady had given him! She was not *quite* a lady, or she would have walked out of the shop, and declined to gain by frustrating a swindle; but she was a good-hearted woman, and God's messenger to Clare. He bought a bigger loaf than usual, at which, and the time of the day when he bought it, Mr. Ball wondered; but neither said anything—Mr. Ball from indecision, Clare from eagerness to get home to his family.

XXXV.

THE POLICEMAN.

BUT, alas! Clare had made another enemy—the lad whose attempt to change the bandboxes he had foiled. The fellow followed him, lurkingly, all the way home—on the watch for fit place to fall upon him, and punish him for doing right when he wanted him to do wrong. When he saw him turn into the opening that led to the well, he thought now he had him. But when he followed him in, he was not to be seen! He did not care to cross the well, not knowing what might meet him on the other side; but here was news to carry back! And to his master here was a chance, not merely of indulging his dislike and revenge, but of invalidating whatever Clare might reveal to his discredit!

Clare and the baby and Tommy and Abdiel had taken their supper with satisfaction, and were all asleep. It was to them as the middle of the night, and was indeed past ten o'clock, when Abdiel all at once jumped right up on his four legs, cocked his ears, listened, leaped off the bed, ran to the door, and began to bark furiously. The door opened; he was blinded by the glare of a bull's-eye lantern, and received a kick that threw him to the other side of the room with all the bark out of him. A huge policeman strode quietly in, sending the glare of his bull's-eye all about the room like a vital, inquiring glance, discovering one after the other every member of the family. So tired was Clare, however, that he did not wake until seized by a rough hand, and at one pull dragged standing on the floor.

"Take care of the baby!" he cried, while yet not half awake.

"I'll take care o' the baby, never fear!—and o' you too, you young rascal!" returned the policeman.

He roused Tommy, who was wide awake, but pretending to be asleep, with a gentle kick.

"Come along!" he said; and Tommy got up, rubbing his ferret eyes.

"Where to?" asked Clare.

"You'll see when you get there!"

"But I can't leave baby!"

"Baby must come along too," answered the policeman, more gently, for he had children of his own.

"But she has no clothes to go in!"

"She must go without, then."

"But she'll take cold!"

"She don't run naked in the house, do she?"

"No; I keep her in a blanket; but the blanket ain't mine, and I can't take it with me."

"You're mighty scrup'lous!" returned the policeman. "You don't mind taking a whole house and garding, but you wouldn't think o' takin' a blanket!—Oh, no! Honest boy *you* are!"

He turned sharp round, and there was Tommy taking a vigorous sight at him, courageous as a lion behind anybody's back. He dropped on the rug sitting.

"We've done the house no harm," said Clare, "and I will *not* take the blanket. It would be stealing!"

"Then I will take it, and be accountable for it," rejoined the man, "if that will satisfy you."

"Certainly," answered Clare. "You are a policeman, I know, and that makes it all right."

"Rouse up then, and come along. I want to get home."

"Please, sir, wouldn't it do in the morning?" pleaded Clare. "I've nothing to do now, and could easily go then. That way we should all have a sleep."

"My eye ain't green enough," replied the policeman. "Look sharp!"

Clare said no more, but took the baby up. With a sinking, but still courageous heart, he wrapped her closer in her blanket, and clasped her in his arms. He could not help her crying, but she did not scream; she had found no good of that.

"Get along," said the policeman.

Clare led the way with his bundle, sorely incommoded by the size and weight of the wrapping blanket, the corners of which, one after the other, would keep working from his hold, and dropping and trailing on the ground. Behind him came Tommy, a scarecrow monkey, with mischievous face, and greedy beads for eyes—type not unknown to the policeman, who brought up the rear, big enough to have had them all cut out of him, and yet pass for a man. Down the stairs they went, and out at the front door, which Clare for the first time saw open, and so out by the gate into the street.

"Which way, please?" asked Clare, turning half round with the question.

"To the right, and straight ahead. The likes o'

you might know the way to the lock-up without astin', young un!"

Clare made no answer, but walked on obedient. It was a sad procession—comical indeed, but too sad when realized to continue ludicrous. The thin, long-bodied, big-headed, long-haired, long-tailed dog at the end gave it a quite suitable termination.

There was no moon; nothing but the gas-lamps lighted Clare's *Via dolorosa*. But he hugged the baby and went on, laying his cheek to hers to comfort her, and receiving the comfort he did not seek.

They came at last to the *lock-up*, a new building in the rear of the town-house. There this tangle of humanity, torn from its rock, and afloat on the social sea, drifted trailing into a bare brilliant room. Cast down but not destroyed, Clare stood with all his misery patent to eyes too much used to misery to reap sorrow from the sight of it. The head policeman—they called him the inspector—received the charge, that of house-breaking, and entered it. Then they were taken away and locked up,—all except the faithful Abdiel, who following again received one of the kicks which that day rained on the family—on each member of it except the baby, who, small enough for a mother to drown, was too small for a policeman to kick. The door was shut upon them, and they were left to await the magistrate of the morning.

Their quarters were clean enough, but chill. Drearily passed the night for Clare. His baby slept in his arms, Tommy snored on the broad wooden bench, but Clare kept wide awake. He was not anxious about the morrow; he had nothing to be ashamed of, therefore nothing to fear; but he could not sleep.

XXXVI.

THE MAGISTRATE.

THE dawn came at last, and soon after the dawn footsteps, but they approached only to recede. When the door at length opened, it was but to let a pair of eyes glance round on them, and close again. The hours seemed to be always beginning again, and never going on. But at the long last came the big policeman. To Clare's loving eyes, how friendly he looked!

"Come, kids!" he said, and took them through a long passage to a room in the town-hall, where sat a formal-looking old gentleman behind a table.

"Good morning, sir!" said Clare, to the astonishment of the magistrate, who set his politeness down as impudence. Nor was the mistake to be wondered at; for the baby in Clare's arms hid his face, and the old gentleman's eyes fell first on Tommy; and if ever *scamp* was written clear on a countenance, it was written clear on Tommy's.

"Hold your impudent tongue!" said a policeman, and gave Clare a cuff on the head.

"Hold, John," interposed the magistrate; "it is my part to punish, not yours."

"Thank you, sir," said Clare.

"I will thank you, sir," returned the magistrate, "not to speak till I put to you the questions I am about to put to you.—What is the charge against the prisoners?"

"Housebreaking, sir," answered the big man.

"What! Housebreaking! Boys with a baby! Housebreakers don't generally go about with babies in their arms! Explain the thing."

The policeman said he had received information that unlawful possession had been taken of a house commonly known as The Haunted House, which had been in Chancery for no one could tell how many years. He had gone to see, and had found the accused in possession of the best bedroom—fast asleep, with signs that they had so used it for some time. So he had brought them along.

The magistrate turned his eyes on Clare.

"Is this true?" he said.

"Yes, sir."

"What right had you to be there?"

"None, sir. But we had nowhere else to go, and nobody seemed to want the place. We didn't hurt anything. We drove away a multitude of moths, and destroyed a lot of grubs; and the dog killed a great rat."

"What is your name?"

"Clare—Porson," answered Clare, with a little intervening hesitation.

"You are not quite sure?"

"Yes; that is my name; but I have another older one that I don't know."

"A bad answer! The name you go by is not your own! Hum! Is that boy your brother?"

"No, sir."

"Your cousin?"

"No, sir; he's not any relation of mine. He's a tramp."

"And what are you?"

"Something like one now, sir, but I wasn't always."

"What were you?"

"Not much, sir. I didn't *do* anything till just lately."

"Is the infant there your sister?"

"She's my sister the big way; God made her. She's not my sister any other way."

"How does she come to be with you then?"

"Some one threw her in the water—but beside the house. I heard the splash, and got her out. Just think, sir! She would have been drowned!"

"Why did you not take her to the police?"

"I never thought of that. It was all I could do to keep her alive. I couldn't have done it if we hadn't got into the house."

"How long ago is that?"

"Nearly a month, sir."

"And you've kept her there ever since?"

"Yes, sir—as well as I could. I had only sixpence a day."

"And what's that boy's name?"

"Tommy, sir.—I don't know any other."

"Nice respectable company you keep for one that has been well brought up!"

"Baby's quite respectable, sir!"

"Hum!"

"And for Tommy, if I didn't keep him, he would steal. I am teaching him not to steal."

"What woman have you got with you?"

"Baby's the only woman we've got, sir."

"But who attends to her?"

"I do, sir. She only wants washing and rolling round in the blanket; she's got no clothes to speak of. When I'm away, Tommy and Abdiel take care of her."

"Abdiel! Who on earth is that? Where is he?"

"He's not on earth, sir; he's in heaven—the good angel, you know, sir, that left Satan and came back again."

"You must take him to the county asylum, James!" said the magistrate to the tall policeman.

"Oh, he's all right, sir!"

"Please, sir," interrupted Clare eagerly, "he was the angel I named my dog after!"

"They had a little dog with them, sir."

"Yes—Abdiel. He would have been a prisoner too, but they wouldn't let him in. He's a good dog—better than Tommy!"

"So, like all the rest of them, you can afford to keep a dog?"

"He followed me home because he hadn't anybody to love," said Clare. "He don't have much to eat, but he's content. He would eat three times as much if I could give it him; but he never complains."

"What do you work at? You say you have sixpence a day!"

"I *had*, sir. I was in Mr. Maidstone's shop till yesterday."

"Please your worship, I'm told he was turned away from there."

"I was, sir."

"For what?"

"I don't quite know, sir."

"A likely story!"

Clare made no reply.

"Answer me directly."

"Please, sir, you told me not to speak except you asked me a question."

"I said, 'A likely story!' which meant, 'Do you expect me to believe that?'"

"Of course I do, sir. I expect you to believe what I say."

"Why?"

"Because it is true."

"How am I to know it is true?"

"That I don't know, sir. I only know I've got to speak the truth, and I think you've got to know it, sir."

"You've got to prove it."

"I don't think so, sir; I never was told so; I was only told I must speak the truth; I never was told I must prove what I said, though I've been several times disbelieved."

"I should think so indeed!"

"By people who did not know me."

"Never by people who did know you?"

"I think not, sir."

"That's because you could not read their thoughts."

"Were *you* not believed when you were a boy, sir?"

Now the magistrate's doubt of Clare arose from the fact that, although now he was more careful to speak the truth than are most people, it was not his habit when a boy, and he had suffered severely in consequence. He was annoyed, therefore, at his question, set him down as a hypocritical, boast-

ful prig, and was seized by a strong desire to shame him.

"I remand the prisoner for more evidence. Take the children to the workhouse," he said.

Tommy gave a sudden full-sized howl. He had heard no good of the workhouse.

"The baby is mine!" pleaded Clare.

"Are you the father of it?" mocked the big policeman.

"Yes, I think so: I saved her life.—She would have been drowned if I hadn't looked for her when I heard the splash!" protested Clare, his face drawn with grief and the struggle to keep from crying.

"She's not yours," said the magistrate. "She belongs to the parish. Take her away, James."

The big policeman came up, and Clare made no resistance, for fear of hurting her, beyond withdrawing her from his outstretched hands while he put him a question or two.

"Please, sir, will the parish be good to her?"

"Much better than you."

"Will they let me go and see her?" he asked, with an outbreathing sob.

"You can't go anywhere till you're out of this," answered the big policeman, as, not ungently, he took the baby from him.

"And when will that be?"

"That depends on his worship there."

"Hold your tongue, James," said the magistrate. "Take the boy away, John," he added to the other policeman.

"Please, sir, where am I going to?" asked Clare.

"To prison, till we find out about you."

"For keeping the baby to myself?—I didn't know the parish wanted her!"

"Take the boy away, I tell you!" cried the magistrate. "His tongue goes like the hopper of a mill!"

In the meantime, James, carrying the baby on one arm, was pushing Tommy before him by the neck with his other hand. Tommy howled much more than he wept, and rubbed his red eyes with what was left him of cuffs.

"Don't let anybody hold her upside down, policeman!" cried Clare. "She don't like it!—Oh, baby! baby!"

But here John took him by the arm, and hurried him to the door by which they had entered from the station.

When the big policeman issued with his charge, there was Abdiel hovering about like a creature with his spring wound up so tight that it wouldn't go off. When he spied Tommy, he rushed at him. Tommy gave him a kick that rolled him over.

"Don't want *you*, you mangy beast!" he said.

Abdiel kept away from him after that, but followed the party to the workhouse, where also, to his disgust, plainly expressed, he was refused admittance. He returned to the door by which Clare had vanished from his eyes, and lay down on its threshold. I suspect he had an approximate canine theory of the whole matter. He knew at least that Clare had gone in with the others at that door; that he had not come out with them at the other door; that, therefore, in all probability, he was within that door still.

The police made inquiry at Mr. Maidstone's shop. Reasons for his dismissal were there given involving no accusation: there was no desire in that quarter to have the matter searched into. There was therefore nothing to set down to the discredit of the boy, beyond his running to earth in the neglected house like a wild animal. Some of the magistrate's family were moved with the story of the baby; and after three days he was set at liberty.

XXXVII.

THE WORKHOUSE.

HE walked into the street with a white face and a dazed look—not from any hardship he had experienced during his confinement, for he had been in what to him was clover, but because he had lost the baby and Abdiel, and because his mind had been all the time in perplexity with regard to the proceedings of justice: he did not and could not see that he had done anything wrong, was no whit shaken with regard to what it had been his duty to do. Throughout his life it never mattered much to Clare to be accused of anything, but it did trouble him this time to be punished for doing what was right. He took it very quietly, however. Indignation may be a sign of innocence, but it is no proof of righteousness. A man will be fiercely indignant at an accusation that happens to be false, who did the very thing last week, and is ready to do it again. Indignation, I repeat, however natural, may be of no value, and is no proof of a genuine

love of fair play. Clare hardly resented anything done to himself. His inward unconscious purity held him up, and made him look events in the face with an eye that was single and therefore fearless. The man who has no mote in his own eye cannot be knocked down by the beam in his neighbour's; while he who is busy over the mote in his neighbour's may stumble to destruction over the beam in his own.

White and dazed as he came out, the moment he stepped across the threshold, Clare met the comfort of God waiting for him. His eyes blinded with the great light, for it was a glorious day in the beginning of June, he found himself assailed in un-knightly fashion below the knee; there, to his unspeakable delight, was Abdiel, clinging to him with his fore-legs, and wagging his tail as if, like the lizards for terror, he would shake it off for gladness! What a blessed little pendulum was Abdiel's tail! It went by the weights of the universe-clock—devotion and joy. It was the escapement of that delight which is of the essence of existence, and which, when God has set right "our disordered clocks," will be the very consciousness of existence.

Clare stood for a moment and looked about him, for the needle of his compass went round and round, having no north to choose. He could not go back to the shop; he could not go back to the house; there was not one place better than another for him on the face of the wide world! Yes, there was! How could he forget! Baby was in the workhouse! Had he not been thinking of her there all the time! Off he set to find the workhouse. Abdiel at his heel, and baby in the workhouse, he was himself again, strong and well! There are worse places than a prison when you have done nothing to deserve being put in it. A palace may be one of them. You get enough to eat in a prison; in a palace you do not; you get too much! These were not Clare's reflections as he hurried along, but they came to him afterward. My reader must not forget that Clare, though so fresh to the world, had been a great reader for one so young, and could encounter new experience with old knowledge. In his mind stood a pile of fir-cones, and dried sticks, and old olive wood, which the merest touch of experience would set in a blaze of practical conclusion. For whatever Clare learned he acted upon, which alone makes man or boy understand aright.

When he reached the workhouse, they told him it was not the day to see the inmates; but the tall policeman had given him a hint, and he requested to see the matron. She, knowing the story of the baby, was so pleased beside with the boy's manners and looks, that his sad clothes pleaded for and not against him, and she took him at once to the room where the baby was with many more, telling him he must prove she was his by picking her out. Neither was it wonderful that Clare, who had studied and knew the faces of animals so well, should know his own baby the moment he saw her, notwithstanding she was now decently clothed, and, having been well cared for, had already improved in appearance. The nurses were all pleased, and declared they had never before known any man, not to say boy, who could tell one baby from another.

"Why," rejoined Clare, "my dog Abdiel could pick out the baby he was nurse to!"

"Ah, but he's a dog!"

"And I'm a boy!" said Clare.

He descried her on the lap of an old woman, seeming to him very old, who was at the head of the nursery-department. Old as she was, however, she had a keen eye, and a handsome countenance, with a quantity of white hair. Unlike the rest of the women, though not far removed from them socially, she knew several languages, so as to read and enjoy books in them. Now and then a great woman may be found in a workhouse, like a first folio of Shakspeare on a bookstall among—oh, such companions!

"Let me take her," said Clare modestly, holding out his hands for the baby.

"Are you sure you will not let her drop?"

"Why, ma'am," answered Clare, "she's my own baby! It was I took her out of the water—but! I washed and fed her every day—not that I could do it so well as you, ma'am!"

She gave him the baby, and watched him with the eye of a seeress, for she had a wonderful insight into character, and that is the root of prophecy.

"You are a good and true lad," she said at length, "and a hard success lies before you. I don't know what you will come to, but, with those eyes, and that forehead, and those hands, if you come to anything but good, you will be terribly to blame."

"I will try to be good, ma'am," said Clare simply. "But I wish I knew what they put me in prison for!"

"What, indeed, my lamb!" she returned; and her eyes flashed with indignation under the cornice of her white hair. "They'll be put in prison one day themselves that did it!"

"Oh, I don't mind!" said Clare. "I don't want them to be punished. You see I'm only waiting!"

"What are you waiting for, my son?" asked the old woman.

"I don't exactly know—hardly more than what I was put in prison for. I was never told, but I'm waiting for something."

"The something will come, child. You will have what you want! Only go on as you're doing, and you'll be a great man one day."

"I don't want to be a great man," answered Clare; "I only want to wait till what is coming does come."

The woman cast down her eyes, and seemed lost in thought. Clare talked loving nonsense to the baby as he dandled her gently in his arms.

"Well," said the old woman, raising at length her eyes with a look of reverence in them to Clare's, "I can't help you, and you want no help of mine. I've got no money, but—"

"I've got plenty of money, ma'am," interrupted Clare; "I've got a whole shilling in my pocket!"

"Bless the holy innocent!" murmured the woman. "—Well, I can only promise you this—that as long as I live the baby sha'n't forget you; and I ain't so old as I look."

Here the matron came up, and said he had better be going now; but if he came back any day after a month, he should see the baby again.

"Thank you, ma'am," replied Clare. "Keep her a good baby, please. I will come for her one day."

"Please God I live to see that day!" said the old woman. "I think I shall."

She did live to see it, though I cannot tell that part of the story now.

XXXVIII.

ABDIEL.

So Clare went once more into the street, found Abdiel waiting for him, and stood on the pavement, not knowing which way to turn. The big policeman had told him he had better leave the town at once, for no one would give him work after what had happened; and Clare, believing his counsellor,

was only waiting for a choice to come to him. In a moment he bethought him that, having come in at one end of the town, he had better go out at the other. He followed the suggestion, and Abdiel followed him—his head hanging and his tail also, for the joy of recovering his master had taken all the remnant of wag there was in his clock. He had no more frolic or scamper now than when Clare saw him first. How the poor thing had subsided it were hard to tell. It was much that he had escaped death from ill-usage. Meanest of wretches are the boys or men that turn like grim death upon the helpless. Except they change their way, helplessness will overtake them like a thief, and they will look for some one to deliver them and find none. Traitors to those whom it is their duty to protect, they will find themselves in more pitiful plight. But will they believe it before their fate has them by the throat?

Clare saw that the dog was famished. He stopped at a butcher's and bought him a scrap of meat for a penny. Then he had elevenpence with which to begin the world afresh. He was not hungry himself, and would wait. Out therefore on the highway they went, in a perfect English summer day, with all the world before them, and much to discover. True, it was not an oyster for Clare to open, either with sword, pen, or *sesame*; but he might find a place on the outside of it for all that, and a way over it into a better—one that he *could* open and get at the heart of. The sun shone as on the day of the earthquake—deep in Clare's dimmest memorial cavern—shone as if he knew, come what might, that all was well; that if he shone his heart out and went dark, nothing would go wrong; that for the present everything depended on his shining his glorious best.

"Come along, Abdiel," said Clare; "we're going to see what comes next. At the worst, you know, doggie, what hunger is, and that a good deal of it can be borne pretty well—though I'm not fond of it any more than you, doggie! We'll not beg till we're downright forced, and we won't steal. When that comes next, we'll just sit down, and wag our tails, and die.—There!"

He gave him his last piece of meat, and they trudged on for some time without speaking.

The sun was very hot, for noon was past an hour or two, when they came to a public-house, with a pump before the door of it, and a trough for the

horses and cattle to drink from. But the handle of the pump was locked with a chain, to keep men and women from having water instead of beer. Clare grew very thirsty when he saw the pump, and imagined the rush of a thick sparkling curve from its spout. He looked longingly at the trough, but the water there was unclean, and, thirsty as he was, he could scarcely regard it even as a last resource. He went into the house.

"Please, ma'am," he said to the woman at the bar, "would you allow me to pump myself a little clean water to drink?"

"I suppose you think I've got nothing to do but serve tramps with water!" she answered, throwing back her head, till the tip of her cocked nose was at right angles with the horizon.

"I'm not a tramp, ma'am," said Clare.

"Show us your money, then, for a pot of beer, like other honest folk."

"I'm afraid I told you wrong, ma'am," returned Clare. "I'm afraid I am a tramp after all; only *I'm* looking for work, and *they're* not, I fancy."

"They all *say* they are," answered the woman. "That's always their story!"

"I've got elevenpence, ma'am; and could, I dare say, buy a pot of beer, though I don't know the price of it; but I don't know when I shall get any more money, and that must serve Abdiel and me till we do."

"Always the same. Always able to keep a dog! What right have *you* to a dog, when you ain't able to pay your penny for a glass of beer?"

"Don't be hard on the young 'un, mis'ess; he don't look a bad sort!" said a man who stood by with a pewter pot in his hand.

Clare wondered why he had his cord trousers pulled up a few inches and tied under the knees with a string, so as to make little bags of them. It held him thinking for a mile after they left the place, and then he discovered that it was to keep them from tightening on his knees when he stooped, and so incommoding him at his work.

"Thank you, sir," he said. "I'm not a bad sort, and I didn't know it was any harm to ask for water. It ain't begging, is it, sir?"

"Not as I knows on," replied the man. "Here, take the lot!"

He offered Clare his nearly emptied pewter.

"No, thank you, sir," answered Clare. "I am thirsty—but not so thirsty as to take your drink

away. I can get on to the next pump. That mayn't be chained up like a bull!"

"Here, mis'ess!" said the man. "This is a mate as knows a neighbour when he sees him. I'll stand him a half-pint. There's the penny."

Without a word the woman threw the penny in the till, and drew Clare a half-pint of porter. Clare took it eagerly, turned to the man, said, "I thank you, sir, and wish you good health," and drained the pewter mug. He had never before tasted beer, or any drink stronger than tea, and he did not like it. But he thanked his benefactor again, and went back to the trough. "Dogs don't drink beer," he said. "I suppose they know better!"—and with that he lifted Abdiel and held him over the trough. He was not so fastidious as his master, and lapped for a moment or two busily. Clare set him down, and they pursued their uncertain way.

He did not know what kind of employment to seek. But the shabbiness of his clothes would be a greater bar to indoor than to outdoor work, and his hope was to get something to do once more on a farm. He applied at several, but in vain. He did not look so able as he was, and boys were not much wanted along that road. He never complained and never entreated; to beg for work seemed to him but beggary, and to beggary he would not descend until driven by approaching death. But now and then some tender-hearted woman, oftener one of ripe years, struck with his look—its endurance perhaps, or its weariness, mingled with hope—would perceive the necessity of the boy, and offer him the food he did not ask—nor like him the less that he gave a share to Abdiel, never doubting that what came to one was for both.

(To be continued.)

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE COLLEGES FOR WOMEN.

EVA KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN.

WHETHER old or new-fashioned methods of education are to be preferred ; whether a girl should be brought up at home, or at home and High-school, or at boarding-school ; what she should learn, and how she should learn it—these are all debatable and debated points ; every one is, however, agreed on the main point, that some sort of direct training she must have till she is eighteen or nineteen, and it is with regard to her destiny after that age that opinions chiefly differ. Having done with the school-room, should she also have done with any but indirect education ? Is she to go to the University, like her brother, whose three or four years there are not the least important of his life ; or had she better stay at home as her mother and grandmother did at her age ?

This question was lately discussed with much ardour at a small debating society, the members of which were girls who for the most part knew nothing of college life, but a majority of whom were disposed to think, on theoretical grounds, that the domestic qualities must suffer thereby. "Man," proclaimed one eloquent speaker, "Man is born with a pen in his hand : Woman, with a needle in her hand." The inference was obviously against a University education for the latter. Finally, instead of the original motion in its favour, there was carried an amendment to the effect that it was good only for "exceptional" women.

Perhaps this view would be the right one if a taste for study were an exceptional quality in girls ; without it, indeed, the time at college would not be of much use, and in any case it would probably be a pity that it should be considered a necessary part of every girl's education, as of a boy's, irrespective of talents and tastes. But, given this taste, there are few arguments in favour of college training which do not apply to the sister as much as to the brother ; her mind is just as much in need of development as his ; she has just as many rough corners to be rubbed away in free intercourse with equals ; she is equally capable of profiting by the stimulus of

advanced work and varied companionship. As to the qualities conveniently described by the term domestic, it may safely be affirmed that if she has them not after a short residence at college, she had them not before. Supposing, then, that this is the view taken by her parents, and that they are willing that she should go to the University, there are four colleges from which they and she can choose. Each of the four has its special characteristics and recommendations ; and now that Oxford has opened all her examinations to women, Cambridge has no longer the advantage in this respect which she possessed until two years ago. Those who dislike the idea of large numbers will prefer one of the Oxford colleges, in neither of which are there more than forty students, while the numbers at Girton and Newnham (Cambridge) are at present about one hundred and one hundred and fifty respectively. Perhaps, too, it is correct to say that at Oxford the regulations for students with regard to walking in the town, going to college chapels, &c., are rather stricter than at Cambridge ; but in both places the principle of fully trusting the students, and avoiding the multiplication of small rules and prohibitions, has been found to answer well.

If Oxford has been fixed upon as the University, it remains to decide between the two Halls, Lady Margaret and Somerville. Of Lady Margaret Hall, the distinguishing characteristic is that it is a Church college, its founders having aimed, as did their chosen patroness (the Countess of Richmond, mother of Henry VII.), at promoting "the alliance between religion and the studious life." In the first prospectus issued, the new college was described as "an Academical House on the principles of the Church of England (with provision for the liberty of members of other religious bodies), which shall secure to students the advantages of a common life, with the ways and tone of a Christian family, the protection of certain rules as to hours, society, &c., general supervision of studies, definite religious instruction, and the advice and assistance of a lady

of experience and other high qualifications acting as Lady Principal." There is a little chapel attached to the college, in which are held daily services and weekly classes in religious knowledge, which the students are expected to attend. The house, though consisting of two distinct parts, an original white building and later red brick addition, somehow contrives to look picturesque, and it stands in a garden of its own, overlooking the river Cherwell and meadows beyond. For those who prefer an undenominational college, there is Somerville Hall, which in this respect resembles Girton and Newnham. Somerville is about ten minutes' walk from Lady Margaret, and it boasts grounds which are three acres in extent, and contain, for the accommodation of staff and students, two blocks of buildings, known as the Old Hall and the West Buildings, besides two cottages adjoining the Old Hall.

The Cambridge colleges, longer established, and intended for the accommodation of larger numbers, are naturally more imposing in appearance than those already described. Girton, with its smooth lawns and tennis-courts, its outlying fields and plantation, its dark red buildings with tower and archway—Girton is almost beginning to assume an air of antiquity, and has at all events lost the raw look of a brand-new institution. Its distance of three miles from Cambridge must be taken into consideration by the student whom we are imagining in search of a college, and who, if she does not look upon the long walk or drive to lecture as an advantage, will perhaps for this reason prefer Newnham, which is within ten minutes' walk of the town. There are three separate Halls at Newnham, the erection of each in succession having been rendered necessary by the increasing number of students. It is a fine group of red-brick buildings; two of the Halls, Clough Hall and Sidgwick Hall, being connected by a cloister or covered way, while the Old Hall stands on the opposite side of a road which may possibly some day be included within the college grounds.

Enough has, however, been said about the external aspect of the colleges, for, after all, it is of the life to be led within their walls that the future student will be most anxious to learn, though little enough can be told her here. She will be full of surmises and expectation as, on the first day of her first term, a fly conveys her from the station and deposits her at the door of one of the buildings

above described. She has corresponded with the Head of the Hall in which she is to be, even if she has not had a personal interview, and she is not treated like a stranger on her arrival. If she arrives in the afternoon, there is tea in Hall, and plenty of older students will be ready to look after her, show her all there is to be seen, and generally make her feel at home. Then she must be introduced to her own private abode. At Girton every student has two rooms, a study and a bedroom, but at the other colleges the rule is that one room should serve both purposes, though at Newnham there are a few of the double sets. The student can arrange and beautify her room as she pleases, but the college provides all necessary furniture, including the bed, which turns into a sofa by day. The first whole day at college acquaints her with the routine of her future life. The hours at all the colleges are, with small variations, as follows:—Prayers, or chapel, at 8, followed by breakfast; luncheon, from 12.30 to 2; tea at 3 or 4; dinner at 6.30 or 7; tea at 8. All these meals take place in the dining-hall, excepting that at Girton the students always have tea, and can have breakfast, in their own rooms. Lectures for the most part take place in the morning. The student will have had to pass an entrance examination, and will probably more or less have settled her course of study before coming to college, but she will be advised as to what lectures to attend by her Principal, and the resident lecturer on the subject she wishes to take up.

It has already been said that the regular University examinations are now open to women at both Oxford and Cambridge, so that, although she cannot obtain a degree, a girl can, if she likes, go through exactly the same course of study as her brother, be it classics, mathematics, science, history, or modern languages. On the other hand, she can, if she prefers it, at Oxford, take the special lectures and examinations provided by the "Association for the Education of Women in Oxford," and, at Newnham, work for the Cambridge Higher Local Examinations for Women. At Girton the students take none but the regular University examinations. The whole course at both Oxford and Cambridge occupies at least two years, at most four, and the three terms of which the academical year consists are each of about eight weeks in duration. Her work is of course the student's main interest; she

attends lectures, some in her own college, some in the other colleges; she has papers to write; she reads by herself, or sometimes with another student. There are good libraries attached to each college, but for wider reading it is possible to get an order for the Bodleian or the Cambridge University Library, as the case may be. Fellowship in work is a great delight; there are always plenty of equally interested people with whom to talk over the last lecture, or next set of questions; and the students of different branches are fond of forming societies, such, for instance, as an historical society, where perhaps a paper is read once a fortnight; or a classical society, where a Greek play may be discussed. Indeed, many societies flourish, and give expression to the ready interest in all manner of subjects, which perhaps strikes a visitor to one of these colleges as being one main characteristic of the students. There are, among others, musical societies for the musical, and debating societies for those who like to talk; indeed, the concerts and debates are among the chief events of the college year.

All work and no play is by no means the ruling principle; at each of the colleges the students dance among themselves on one evening in the week, and there are plenty of other forms of diversion. Acting is in favour at Girton, where, a few years ago, the students gave a very successful representation of the *Electra* of Sophocles. In the October term of 1886, the Lady Margaret students

acted *The Merchant of Venice*. There are lawn tennis courts and a gymnasium attached to each college, and annual tennis matches take place between Oxford and Cambridge. Lady Margaret Hall has a boat upon the Cherwell, and as no students may use it who cannot swim, to swim they nearly all of them learn. It is altogether a very happy life, and that it is so considered by the students is shown by the eagerness with which they embrace any opportunity of revisiting their old haunts. At Newnham especially prevails the custom of inviting former students to spend a few days in college, and not a term passes without a visit from some of them. Each student, no doubt, naturally and properly, considers her own college and Hall to be the most desirable place of residence, and there is a certain rivalry between the colleges. Friendly, however, the rivalry is, for the aims and interests of all are alike, and all have been of late years drawn together by a common work—something on the lines of Toynbee Hall—in one of the poorer districts of London. Training for special work is of course not given at college, but the habit of work is acquired, and the habit of setting about duties in a workmanlike manner. This, after all, is a key which will open the door leading to any kind of work—home duties included—and it is one with which the authorities of these Colleges may be well content that—University distinctions apart—their students should be equipped.

*"Whiteness of a bride among her gauzes gleaming,
Lustres like the stars in Berenice's hair,
Vesture of the Northern Light about her streaming."*

DONATI'S COMET.

OFTEN when I sat there, knitting at my
stocking,
Voices chimed about me, singing as I wrought,
Soft the slender needles, clicking, interlocking,
Marked the measure, kept the tune of my sweet
thought;

Tunes my father's violin breathed for us at
even,
Tunes the darling Dietrich's tiny bow caressed,
Tunes that in my brother's soul, as stars do up in
heaven,
Bloomed to lovely being and hung serenely
blest.

Often as I sat there, a silent child, unnoted,
No one heedful either of my joy or pang,
In my thought I warbled, clearly and full-throated,
Faces thronging round me listening as I sang;

Faces like the great rose Dante saw in dreaming,
Full of joy and wonder all the rapturous throng,
Not because of me, indeed, in any seeming,
For the voice was but the breath of the dear
song.

Six and ninety years, I count; and yet the
blushing

Faces are before me, smiling their applause,
Still I hear those clapping hands like great seas
rushing—

For my brother said it should be, and it was.

For my brother Wilhelm never once forsook me,
Thought of me when rapt among his melodies,
Over many waters came at last and took me
Over windy ways and white and rushing seas.

Knew I naught thereafter but that I stood there
singing,

Blessed and unconscious as the cherubim,
All my happy heart into his music flinging,
I was nothing, nothing, but a voice for him!

When he hushed the singing, since the stars were
waiting,

Could I let him tread those mysteries alone?
Night by night beside him, slumber still belating,
Did I serve him wholly, strength and will his
own.

Night by night beside him, no matter what the
weather,

Though the ink froze fairly in the horn I held,
Something of the strain those stars once sang
together

Catching, as the great glass searched those deeps
of eld.

Music of the choral spheres better worth than
singing,

Measured flight of constellations shining hoar,
Voice of heavenly order from vast of space out-
ringing—

When I heard its murmur once I sang no more.

What was I that I should share those mighty
wonders?

'Twas my brother's right to roam through
heaven's high hall;

He was master of those sweet and silver thunders,
I his hand, his pen, his swift-obeying thrall!

Into strangest mazes of signs and symbols hasting,
Infinite numbers the familiars of my notes,
In those regions where stupendous lines go wasting
Through the eternities that are their asymptotes.

Every conscious power to that new learning giving,
Lost, indeed, too deeply to be proud or glad,
Haply, I forgot in those days I was living,
I but breathed to do the work my brother bade.

Whiteness of a bride among her gauzes gleaming,
Lustres like the stars in Berenice's hair,
Vesture of the Northern Light about her stream-
ing—¹

What was I that this last marvel spoke me fair?

"Since to serve another you have fondly given
All you are and hope," she seemed to say to me,
"I the furthest flaming firmament have riven,
That your eyes alone my loveliness should see.

"Through the wastes of splendour ever fleeting
drifting,

On my way to keep my tryst with the great sun,
All the films and veils about my glory lifting—
Many eyes have sought me, yours alone have won.

*"Often when I sat there, knitting at my stocking,
Voices chimed about me, singing as I wrought."*

If I gave him sunshine, kept the wind from blow-
ing,

Fed him as the runnel feeds the lusty root—
No, ah, no! I only on his stem was growing,
And the great oak carries so its air-born fruit.

Strange it was, then, when along in the clear star-
light,

All the summer midnight sweeping purple space,
Suddenly a phantasm, glimmering in the far light,
Filled the field and hung a moment in her
place.

"For they, in shade themselves, to others opening
heaven,

All at once shall heir heaven's opulence of light."
Then a cloud as subtle as the starry seven
Mounted, and the spirit fled into the night.

More than half a century since, the stars I've greeted,
Many a comet soaring in her monstrous play,
Many ancient nebulae's shining bounds I've meted—
I am old, so old, I seem as old as they.

¹ This figure was suggested to the author by the representation of Donati's Comet which faces this ballad.—ED.

I am waiting, I am weary, half in blindness.
 Ah, what yearned-for vision Death may give me
 now—
 Yesternight the king saluted me with kindness,
 I to-night may see my brother's glorious brow!
 I with him to-night through outer space go
 fleeting,
 Learn what mighty Saturn has to do with years,

The awful dark at last in Scorpio may be meeting,
 Master all the hidden secrets of the spheres!
 How the shining beings throng and swim around me,
 Streaming mist of starbeams, wings of whitest
 flame!
 Deep to wide deep opens, fetters fall that bound me,
 And I go to the Great Source from whence I
 came!

DUMPS.

MRS. PARR.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE 15th of April. The date of a day that I shall never forget. It will be marked in my memory as long as I live. We had had what is called a hard winter—the snow and cold lingered much later than is usual, and were succeeded by continuous rain and mist. Dumps and I seemed never to get out of four walls; it was not safe for him to walk in such weather, and there was little pleasure for me in going alone. Suddenly there came a change, a tremendous wind blew for days; then the sun began popping his face out, and in a great hurry drawing it back again, together with many other signs which the learned in such matters declared to mean a change in the weather; and one morning we woke to see that they were right, only that it seemed as if we had jumped into summer without a spring. Ah! it was then I felt sorry for Dumps, not to be able to jump and run, and be the real mad-cap I felt; and the worst was that he felt it too. I could see that the minute we met, for his face was full of sunshine, and his eyes, which always tell you so much, were quite dancing with a new expression.

"Dumps!" I said, as I ran over to the window out of which he was leaning, "isn't this lovely? What do you think?"

"Lots," he said, with a great sigh of content.

"Yes; but what do you think I think?"

Probably this was beyond him, as he only turned on me a questioning look without giving me an answer.

"Why," I continued, "that this is the very day for us to go to Sharrows; I do so want you to see it, and I believe you could manage it easily."

"How far?" he asked in a tone of suppressed eagerness.

"To the first entrance; well, not so very much over a mile." I believe, conscientiously speaking, I should have said just under two miles. "And then when we are there we can just go as far as you like, and there are sure to be cut down trees lying about for us to sit on if we are tired."

"But I shouldn't be tired with that," said Dumps, energetically; "I've often stumped five miles with grandfather, and almost to the last the old man could step out pretty briskly."

By this time I knew a great deal about grandfather and—I believe, as much as he had to tell—about Dumps himself. He knew nothing of his father, who had died almost suddenly when he was a baby. His mother he remembered better—particularly her death, which, though at the time he was but a child, was impressed on his memory. Grandfather was not his real grandfather. He was the relation who had brought his mother up, and after her death he took Dumps to live with him in a pretty little cottage at a place a long way from Mallett, called Gosling's Green, and that cottage now belongs to Dumps, and one day he means to ask papa to let us go together to see it. Papa is still very curious in questioning me about what Dumps has said. Of course I tell him some of the things he asks, but about others I say nothing.

They could not interest papa. Perhaps he would laugh, or refer to it so that it would seem as if I was betraying the confidence of my friend, who, I am sure, would feel hurt with me, as I should with him, because I too tell him things that I should not like to have repeated to an older person like papa, who has a way of looking at you at times, and of making you feel supremely foolish. He does not mean it, I know; that is, he does not mean you to feel it as I feel it; but—well, everything is different when you cannot trust people, and therefore, although they are not told me as secrets, a great many things that Dumps says to me I am not going to say to papa. In the first place, to be quite frank, papa does not treat him in quite the way I should like him to. He has two manners with him, one as if he would like to be very kind and full of fun with him; the other abrupt, short, as if he had taken offence at something he had done. Then I wish he would not suggest that I should get an influence over him. Of course we have an influence over each other—I with him, and he with me. I am the first real friend he ever had, he is my first real friend, so that the mere suspicion of any object in this would take all our pleasure away. Nurse is nearly as fond of Dumps as I am. She says she would never have believed that she could get so foolish about a boy, nor would she have “if it hadn’t been for his affliction, poor dear.”

How odd it is that we so quickly become accustomed to things! I seldom or ever now remember that Dumps is not like other people. It is only on a day like this, when my body seems to have got a fresh supply of life, when I, sober Sylvia, long to fly across the meadows until I am out of breath, to clamber up the hedges, stand on the top and give a spring which brings me ever so far on the other side, to—but stay, I am forgetting that I now carry a dress which nearly touches the ground. I have the dignity of my grown-up garments to sustain. To quote Miss Spratt, I must be on the *qui vive* to remember that I am “nearly seventeen, and almost a woman.”

* * * * *

Well, Dumps and I start off gaily, chatting as we go along the road, I planning a way that might make it possible for him to get a good view of the house. For this we must take the Lover’s Walk through Sharrows woods, which will bring us to “My Lady’s Garden.” Not the my lady of to-day,

but one who lived long, long years ago, and who fashioned this quaint old garden with flower-beds, cut into patterns of rings and hearts, and love-knots, and box-trees and yews clipped to represent birds and animals. It is the quaintest, primmest, most old world place I have ever seen. It has been my delight since I was a tiny child, and whenever I know that “the family” are from home I try to get a look at it. This is the case now, for only two days ago Jacob brought back the news that the Sharrows carriage was at the station, and that he saw my lady on the platform. That means that they are off again to London, and that Dumps and I may—notwithstanding all the warnings to trespassers—see whatever we can without being challenged or disturbed.

It is an understood thing that the Mallett folk may enjoy a liberty at Sharrows which is denied to strangers. It is also understood that to wander near the house when the family are at home would be an abuse of this privilege.

“Dumps,” I say, “I do hope you will think Sharrows lovely. Of course I have not seen many other places, but I can’t believe there are any prettier than this. Look back now—do,” and as we turn I feel I have reason for my enthusiasm. The trees are all bursting into green, the ground is covered with thick moss, out of which stand clumps of primroses. Later on we shall hardly catch a glimpse of the sky, which seen through the interlaced boughs looks now like a blue canopy. Just along this walk art has paid a little homage to nature; but on either side beyond everything is left to grow and run wild; and I point out to Dumps where we will go for blue-bells, and deeper in still where lilies of the valley are to be found. I doubt if Sir Felix himself feels more pride in exhibiting the beauties of Sharrows than I do, and although I have a silent, I have an appreciative, listener whose eyes take in all the beauties that I point out to his view. At length the garden is reached, and then I am quite satisfied, because Dumps feels towards it as I do. It takes him, too, back to our favourite days of knights and fine ladies, and fills him with a pleasant sense of dreaming, which makes him say—

“Let’s go in and walk up a bit further.”

I hesitate.

“I don’t know whether we may,” I say.

“Why, who’s to hinder us? I thought you said they were all away.”

"Yes ; so they are—only the entrance at the other side is the one you're expected to go in by—that is if you go in at all."

"Don't they expect you to go in, then?"

"Some people they do, because of course they know them—like the Rector and Miss Olivia ; but we don't know them—not to visit them, I mean."

"Why don't you know them? You're as good as anybody."

"Oh, Dumps, now you mustn't—that's being a Radical, and I've enough to do in fighting with papa about that."

"What does he say?"

"Never mind what *he* says—what *I* say is that of course some people are born above others. Well, we are born above some, and we don't want to know them, so why should the others want to know us?"

Although the logic of my argument is not very clear, Dumps understands what I mean.

"That doesn't prove anything. You don't look down on those below yourself like the grand folks do."

"I only know this, that none of the grand people can look down on papa more than he looks down on them. You can never get him to admit that any one of them has a single good quality."

"Well, I don't suppose they have. Grandfather always maintained that rich people had no natural feelings ; he used to say they'd put aside their own flesh and blood if it interfered with their pride."

"Dumps," I say, reproachfully, "you know how talking like this vexes me," for it was not our first argument on the subject by many—"if you go on it will take all the pleasure out of our day."

"Well ; but you know it was you who began it."

"I."

"Yes ; didn't you make out that if we went in to the garden, this lady, who is so beautiful, would be very angry?"

"Angry! She! Most certainly not."

"Then why don't we go? If it was your garden, and we two were somebody else, would you keep it all to yourself?"

I answer this question by jumping the little ha-ha, and going in. Evidently my temper is ruffled. I don't look back to see how Dumps has managed, but that he is all right I know by the crunching of the gravel beneath his crutch. For several minutes we walk in single file, then a division in one of the

beds offers two paths. We take different ones, and so meet side by side.

"Oh, Sylvia, don't you see 'twas only to tease you. I didn't mean you to be vexed really. Let's go out again, we haven't done any harm."

Dumps looks at me so sweetly that I feel what an ill-tempered creature I have been.

"No, no," I say hastily, "I am very glad that you made me come ; it was quite right of you ; I feel it was my own stupid pride prevented me."

But he would not have that.

"I don't always agree with what you say," he said, "but what you feel is always right, I know. I fancy that's often the way with girls."

"If so I don't believe boys often tell them so."

"Why, don't you like it?"

"Of course I do—it's flattery—and to show you how I love that, I mean that we shall roam the garden over—go everywhere, so that if we never come again, we shall have seen all that is here."

CHAPTER IX.

It was eleven when we left home, now the clock has just struck three, and Dumps and I are still in "My Lady's Garden." We have had such a happy time, drawn perhaps a little nearer together because of that spurt of disagreement at the beginning. Fortunately nurse had turned a deaf ear to our assurance that it was impossible that we should feel hungry, and had sent us off with a nose-bag, which meant a good substantial luncheon. This we had devoured hours before, and I am not quite certain that a very decided inclination to partake of something more was not the primary cause of our thoughts turning towards home.

"We needn't go back by the same road," I said, when our return is decided on.

"No," returned Dumps stoutly ; "what I want is to go by the way where we can get some blue-bells. I should like to take nurse a bunch." I regard him furtively.

"Do you mind stiles?" I say.

"Stiles!—wait till you see me get over one. I'll beat you."

"All right—then I know how we'll go. We'll get out of the garden down the path nearest the avenue—where the two big clipped foxes are that made us laugh so."

At the recollection of these fantastically grotesque animals we laugh again, and Dumps being in the gayest of moods, he further challenges me to a race across the meadows with him, declaring in the high-pitched voice he has when excited—and he gets excited very quickly—that I haven't a chance with him; that he will beat me easily. We are walking by a path close to the hedge of holly which shuts in the garden from the woods beyond. At marked intervals the holly has been allowed to grow into trees with ball-shaped, bushy heads, each of which effectually screens anything behind them. Perhaps the holly is getting old, or else it is not given so much care as it once was used to. Anyway, near the roots the leaves no longer grow thickly, and good-sized gaps may be seen; also here and there slight divisions show, as if somebody at some time had forced a way through, and others since had followed the example.

Suddenly in the midst of our noisy talking something seems to start from the ground. In an instant I see it is a largeish dog scrambling from under the hedge. The noise makes Dumps turn quickly, and in so doing he swings round his crutch, which the dog, thinking he means to hit him, seizes with his teeth, and then with a spring he puts his paws on Dumps' shoulders. I scream with agony to some one forcing himself through from the other side. "Oh, save him, save him!" I cry, for already my companion is on the ground with the ferocious beast—in reality a most inoffensive animal—sniffing at his prostrate body.

"Ion! Ion! come here, sir; you beast, I'll be the death of you," and down came a stick on the unfortunate Ion which forced me to say, "Oh, don't please, he didn't mean it, perhaps—it was the crutch I think enraged him."

Howling at the misinterpretation put on his actions—for when we got to know him better, we knew that he had felt confident that his prompt behaviour would be approved by his master—the dog was dragged away. I, kneeling on the ground with my eyes fixed on Dumps, the pallor of his face filling me with terror, was imploring him to speak—to tell me was he hurt—did he hear me?—and getting no answer or sign of life, I cried despairingly, "Oh, what shall I do? It's killed him—I think he's dead—he's—" and looking up I stopped suddenly—paralyzed, awe-stricken—for it was Sir Felix who had returned, and was now close to me.

In my fright I had not recognized him; now that I did, I felt as if the power of speech had left me. Mixed up with my terror about Dumps was an overwhelming humiliation that I should be found by him trespassing where I must know I had not the right to be.

"Poor fellow!" he said, bending over him; "poor lad! but," taking hold of my arm reassuringly, "don't frighten yourself so. He has fainted; that is all, I assure you."

The kind pity in his tone completely overcame me. I burst into a fit of crying.

"To think of that brute of a dog," he said.

"No, no," I sobbed, "it isn't the dog's fault. We oughtn't to have been here at all. We thought you were away. Our man Jacob said he saw Lady Deloraine at the station, and I like this garden so much that I wanted him to see it, and we came; and then it looked so pretty that we were tempted to come in."

"And why shouldn't you? It's quite true my mother is away, but I'm very glad to see you, and he'll be all right soon. I'll carry him to where we can get some water—that'll bring him to. I've seen fellows at football go like this before; and we're close to the house, and then he can get rest, and when he's himself I'll drive you home."

Surely he cannot know who we are. I feel that I must tell him. I would not for the world that there should be any misunderstanding. While I hesitate, he asks his name. "Dumps," I tell him. The name evidently makes him smile.

"Here, Dumps," he says cheerily. "Now then, old chap, I'm going to carry you; come on."

But before he can raise him, I begin—"Of course I know that you are Sir Felix Deloraine"—he nods his head and looks round at me—"but I thought that perhaps you might not know who I am."

"Yes, but I do though. You're Miss Carleton. Mr. Carleton the lawyer's daughter. Why, I recollect you as long as I can remember, ever since we were both about so high. How is it you don't come to Sharrows to church now? I haven't seen you there since last October."

Without waiting for my answer he has lifted Dumps from the ground, and is carrying him along. I pick up the crutch and follow after.

CHAPTER X.

CAN all this be real, or am I dreaming? I, Sylvia Carleton, talking, and quite familiarly too, with my lady's son—with Sir Felix Deloraine! It seems impossible; I can barely refrain from giving myself a pinch to see if I shall not awaken.

The fountain to which Sir Felix carries Dumps is just beyond the maze, the intricacies of which are quite familiar to him, although that morning, being in, it had taken Dumps and I the best part of an hour to get out again. There is not space for us to walk side by side, and as we go Sir Felix every now and again throws over his shoulder a word of encouragement to me.

"I think I see a little more colour in him," he says; "he'll be all right soon. Is he often taken like this? Is he a relation of yours? He doesn't live here, I know, because I've never seen him before?"

By this time we have reached the fountain. Dumps is gently laid on the ground, his face well sprinkled with water, his collar unfastened; and while we talk with lowered voices we wait the result.

"He couldn't get out much in the winter," I say, to account for the reason that he hasn't been seen.

"And you didn't go out much either. I suppose you stopped in to keep him company?"

"Not altogether I didn't. I believe the real truth is, I am not over fond of my own society, and I hadn't any one to go out with me."

"Do you skate?"

"No—at least a little I do. I began one winter, and then a thaw came, and since I have never had an opportunity."

"What a pity! Why didn't you come to the pond here with the Clarkes? You know them, don't you?"

"Yes, very well indeed."

"Do you like them?"

I can't say no, it would seem so ill-natured, and yet I do not want to say yes. I do not wish Sir Felix to think that I resemble the Clarkes in any way. Of late, since they have grown older, many things the girls do and say irritate me, so I temporize by answering—

"Lucy and Ellen used to be very nice children, but I don't see much of them. I lead a very

lonely life; until he came" (signifying Dumps) "I was almost solitary."

"He looks a pleasant little chap."

"And he is," I say quickly, "and very clever."

"Are you clever?"

"No," spoken most decidedly.

"I'm glad of that, because I'm a duffer in my way. I suppose it's because I haven't been to a public school. My mother could not bear to part with me. I've had tutors and that sort of thing. My uncle thinks it has been an awful failure; he says I am a milk-sop when I ought to be a man." And he laughs good-humouredly, and adds, "But it doesn't affect me; I know what I mean to be, and what I mean to do."

I am going to answer, when with a little sigh Dumps opens his eyes, and looks with languid questioning from one of us to the other.

"Where am I?" he faintly murmurs.

"You're all right," I say; "do you feel better?"

He nods his head.

"Who is he?" he asks, turning his eyes towards Sir Felix.

"A friend you haven't seen before," answers Sir Felix, anticipating me. "How do you feel about standing—do you think you could manage it yet?"

"I'm almost afraid to. If I stand up too soon I may go faint again. How did I get here?"

"I carried you, as I'm going to do again into the house close by, where you can lie down on a sofa until you feel quite right. Now, shall I lift you? Will you come?"

"She's coming too?" and Dumps looked at me.

"Certainly, we're all going together. Now, both arms round my neck." And he bent down and lifted him as gently as he had before. "This time I shall walk quicker," he said to me, and he sets off almost at a run, as if the frail burden he bears is but a feather's weight to him. And I running behind them and saying to myself, "But can it be that I am going into the house? Her house! What will she think? What will papa think? What will they both say? And yet to refuse would be impossible. No; come what may, I could not refuse. Sir Felix is so simple, so natural, so much what I should be in offering the hospitality of our own house, that to make an obstacle on the score of the inequality of our stations would be vulgar, ill-bred in me."

We have crossed the avenue, and reached a door

which, though not the principal entrance, leads into the hall. Here Sir Felix pauses, and Dumps opens his eyes, saying in his proper voice, which is as sweet as a singing bird's—

"Oh, how strong you are! I'm as comfortable as if I was in bed."

"That's right," and Sir Felix pushes open the door, and sets his back against it so as to allow me to pass in.

"But I say," pipes Dumps, addressing us both, "this is the big house, isn't it? May we go in? You thought they wouldn't care that we should even be in the garden."

My face grows scarlet. I begin to stammer a reply, which is drowned by Sir Felix saying—

"On the contrary, I'm delighted to see you here; only I wish that my brute of a dog had not knocked you down."

Perhaps it is his manner, or the manner of the servant who comes forward—any way the suspicion of his identity evidently dawns upon Dumps.

"You have not told me who you are," he says anxiously, detaining Sir Felix by the hand, after he has lain him down on a big sofa drawn up near to the fire, blazing on the hearth of the huge fireplace.

"Oh, you want to know my name—Felix Deloraine."

"Felix Deloraine!" Dumps repeats with awe. "Sir Felix Deloraine are you?"

"Yes," he laughs, "that seems more than you can swallow. I evidently don't come up to your expectations, Dumps."

"Oh, but you do, and a great deal more," and with that expressive face of his Dumps looks at me as if to say, "How could you so mislead me?"

Sir Felix sees the look.

"Then already you have heard of me?" he says quickly; "and from whom?"

"From Via," says Dumps innocently, Via being the name by which he calls me.

Oh, Dumps, Dumps, my dear little friend, do you guess that I am longing to give a good shake to you? Was any one ever put in a more embarrassing situation, for Sir Felix, looking straight at me, says—

"Not a very favourable impression, it seems, Miss Carleton."

"Sir Felix!" I say in remonstrance to this accusation. "Dumps, you shouldn't; I can't think

what you mean;" but he only smiles at me and closes his eyes.

The rest and warmth is soothing to him; I believe he is falling asleep, leaving me to get out of this hobble as best I can.

"Evidently he's let the cat out of the bag," says Sir Felix, teasingly. "I believe he's going to drop off asleep. We'll go a little further away so as not to disturb him."

I obey, and reply to some trivial question he puts to me, but I am not going to let the imputation pass.

"Sir Felix," I begin, "you mustn't misunderstand—what I am sure Dumps did not mean. Of course it is true I have spoken about you, because everybody in Mallett speaks about you."

"Certainly," he says cheerily, "and I speak about them. I don't say I know every man, woman, and child there, as I do at Sharrows, but the most of them I know. I know you, you see."

"Yes," I say, smiling faintly, "but it was just as if I had given a wrong impression of you, and that is not the case. There is no one," I continue irrelevantly, "that I admire half as much as Lady Deloraine—well, how should I? She is the most beautiful person I have ever seen."

A pleased look comes into his face.

"I'm glad you think that—I think the same."

"Ever since I was a little child," I continue, "I've quite worshipped her. She has always stood for all my beautiful heroines—Marie Antoinette, Mary Stuart, Charlotte Corday, Madame Roland—all for me were Lady Deloraine."

"But what an unfortunate set you've hit on."

"Oh, but those are only the historical ones, the heroines in tales and novels were just the same. She stood for all when she was young."

"She isn't old now—it's only her hair. If that was altered she—"

"Oh, but I wouldn't have her altered for the world. Dumps hasn't seen her, and it was wanting to describe her that—I spoke of you."

"I'm not a bit like her, am I?"

"Not in the least, that is, not in appearance."

"Oh, and in manner less still. We are almost exactly opposite in tastes, in ways, in opinions, and yet we get on capitally, and love each other dearly."

"How strange!" I say; "that is just like me and my father—we almost always see things differently."

"Fancy!" and he laughs cheerily; "but tell me, on what do you disagree?"

"Oh, we don't disagree, but—well it's like this—papa is a terrible Radical."

"Quite right, so am I."

"You, Sir Felix! impossible!"

"Not at all so. I don't mean that I'm one of those who want to divide everything, that wouldn't suit me. I couldn't agree to give up this dear old house and everything about that belongs to me; but there are other ways beside that. Why shouldn't we all here mix together? If people are nice, one is as good as another, and I like those who live about Sharrows and Mallett fifty times better than those I know in London. *You* don't like London, do you?"

"I was never there," I sigh lugubriously.

"And you don't want to go?"

"Yes, but I do. I want to see hundreds of things that are to be seen there. One feels so ignorant to have never been beyond a little country town."

"You won't find another such town—that I can tell you."

The pride in his tone amuses me.

"Perhaps not," I say, smiling in return. "Of one thing I feel sure, I shall never see any place I think equal to this," and I look admiringly around me.

The great oriel stained glass window fills up one end of the hall. Through it the light falls in rays of rainbow hues, flecking the armour and the great family portraits which cover the walls. The polished staircase has a wonderfully carved balustrade, and the doors on the landing are hidden by tapestry hangings, the one which I can best see being Jacob and Rebekah at the well.

"Have you never been here before?" says Sir Felix, fully appreciating my admiration.

"Never."

"Then come with me, and I will show you all over the house."

Involuntarily I spring up, and then recollection coming I stand immovable.

"Well," he says, seeing my hesitation, "what is it now?"

"You must know how much I should like to go," I answer, "but you must not mind my saying no, because I feel it would not be right with Lady Deloraine away."

"Of course if my mother were here I should naturally first ask her permission, but the house belongs to me, and I can ask any one I please to look over it."

But I shake my head. "No," I say, "I couldn't go;" and then, fearing he may wrongly interpret my refusal, and ask me to do something else to which I cannot give assent, I blurt out, "Of course I know it may only be my fancy—because Lady Deloraine and my father seem to be in some way opposed to each other; but I have thought she always rather avoided looking at me, or if she did so, she did not look very cordially." My face had grown as red as a peony; perhaps it was the reflection from it that made Sir Felix look red also. "And then," I add, "she might consider it a liberty. I hope she won't mind our coming here as we have done—I thought of it—but it seemed impossible to refuse an offer that you made so kindly."

"My mother," he says hesitatingly, "has often a more haughty manner than she means to have. I know she does not like your father, although I never heard her say why; but with regard to you—"

"Very likely she does not even know me," I say, finishing his sentence for him.

"Not know you!" he bursts out, laughing suddenly. "Why you were the cause of the first punishment I believe she ever gave me. I was a little chap about so high—six or seven perhaps, not more, and I wanted to send a valentine to you, which my nurse had given me. My lady would not permit it, but insisted if it was sent it should be sent to my cousin Frida, whereupon I tore it into atoms, giving as my reason that nurse said I was to send it to my little sweetheart, and my little sweetheart was you."

CHAPTER XI.

WHY does to-day seem different to yesterday? Why does the world seem brighter, larger, more full of life to me than it did less than twenty-four hours ago, when Dumps and I started for our Sharrows holiday? I felt happy then—but it is a different happiness I feel at waking this morning; a contentment, a quiet, a dreaminess which puts an end to all thought of bodily exertion, and fills me with the wish to think.

How many times have I gone over everything

that was said and done from the moment that Ion—I already feel quite attached to that dog, who is to be made to beg our pardon and to be introduced to us properly—knocked poor Dumps down, until half-past five o'clock, when the invalid was deposited at our own door, having been driven from the house in my lady's little pony-carriage, I following with Sir Felix on foot.

During the whole evening Dumps and I continued to talk. There was no end to the questions he had to ask about what had taken place when he was faint, and afterwards when he fell asleep; and I was only too happy to tell him everything, every single—stay though—not every single word. No; I did not tell him about the valentine, and yet it was that which pleased me most. I wonder why? Is it because I am vain? I fancy that a little so I am. Yet what I feel does not come from vanity alone. There is a sense of rejoicing that, without my knowing or their knowing, the people I have been most interested in all through my life have not been, as I believed they were, utterly oblivious of me.

After Sir Felix had intrusted this little event of his childhood to me, we seemed to grow more frank with one another, and spoke of many things that newly-made acquaintances seldom touch on. I used to think no other child in the world was as lonely as I; and Sir Felix, I find, has felt the same; and Dumps had the thought as well, so that we three, so wide apart in many other respects, have one thing in common.

Before we left the house I walked round the hall to have a good-look at the pictures—all portraits of former Deloraines—and then a funny thing happened which interested us greatly. Sir Felix was relating to me the histories of the most famous of his ancestors, and had just been telling me of the cruel Sir Rupert, who was always fighting or murdering somebody, when I seemed suddenly to look upon the face of some one I knew.

"Why, it's Dumps," I cried; "it's like him exactly. Don't you see that the eyes and the expression are just the same?"

"Yes, I do think they have a look of one another."

Not knowing Dumps' face as I did, of course Sir Felix was not struck by the resemblance.

"Oh, but it's wonderful," I continued; "do tell me about him, what he's called, and what he did.

I'm sure he wasn't wicked. He never wanted to fight with or to kill anybody."

This was in allusion to the very bloodthirsty dispositions the originals of the other portraits seemed to have had. But before I got my answer Sir Felix turned to make sure that our sleeping friend had not awakened; the prudence of this was shown by hearing him say—

"That's right; you've opened your eyes again. And how do you feel now?"

"Quite well," said Dumps cheerily; "I've been listening to what you've been telling Via for ever so long."

"And did you hear me say that that one," we had gone to his side, and I was pointing to the picture, "was like you?"

He gave a nod of assent in reply.

"It's because he's such a melancholy little chap," he said; "that's why."

"He was awfully clever," said Sir Felix; "the only one of us that was. He studied tremendously when he grew up." Then with a little hesitation he added, "The nurse let him fall soon after he was born, so he couldn't be a soldier—the thing to be in those days; but we're just as proud of him—more so, I think; he's our scholar, Sir Marmaduke."

Dumps and I gave a cry together.

"Why, it's his name!"

"My name!" came out in concert.

"Nonsense."

"But it's quite true," I said excitedly; "Marmaduke is his name, only he wouldn't let us call him so; he would have us call him Dumps."

"Because it suits me better," said the little fellow wistfully. "Don't you think so?"

"I think it's a very nice name," said Sir Felix, to whom he had appealed, "and I like it;" and how I liked him for the way he looked and spoke then! What can have made me take so little notice of him before? "May I call you Dumps?" he added. "Will you let me?"

Oh, Dumps! what a beautiful expression came into your face then! No words could have said what your eyes said. The look you gave him brought tears to me; it was as if your heart spoke, and our hearts understood your meaning. Dear little friend, how fond I have grown of you! You have just quietly taken your place in my life; I could not do without you. Whatever papa decides on it must

not be anything to take you away. We are agreed on that point; we mean never to be separated from one another.

On our way home Sir Felix said he should write to my lady, and tell her all that had happened that day, and when she returned he hoped that I would go to the house again; he knew that his mother would ask me. I wish I felt quite so certain of the same. She hardly ever goes away without him; but this time she had some business which is a great worry to her. What a pity she does not have papa for a lawyer, he is so clever! So she thought it would bore Sir Felix less to be left at home with Mr. Bethune—who, beside being Rector, is his tutor—close by to keep him company.

The person next to ourselves most excited by all that has taken place is nurse.

"Whatever will your pa say?" she keeps repeating. "I do hope he won't show any foolish pride, 'cos it's a chance that mayn't never happen again."

"What chance, nurse?"

"Why, for you to go among the people you've a right to. As I've said scores of times, they might give themselves all the airs they please, but they couldn't rob you of the blood that's in your veins. Your poor dear ma could hold her head as high as anybody here or elsewhere."

"Oh!" I say quickly, beginning to enter into her meaning, "I never want to go anywhere where they look down upon papa. I belong to him quite as much as I belong to my mother."

"Yes, child, that's true; I s'pose you do, and yet you've a good deal more of the one in you than you have of the other. If ever it is permitted for

angels to watch over those below, she's hovered about and around you, Sylvia. You were the one beam of sunlight in her married life."

"You speak, nurse, as if she had been unhappy; but how could that be, when she loved papa so dearly as to leave everybody else for him?"

"Ah! my dear, hers wasn't the first heart that has led its owner astray; but I trust it's the last in this family. It's a bitter thing, Sylvia, to defy those you owe duty to, and there's more than love to look for in the man you marry. He ought to have a claim on your respect—your esteem—feelings that last longer than mere love blinded by a handsome face and an enticing tongue."

Nurse says these words very solemnly, and they drop into my heart and lie heavily there.

How is it that almost as children we get to a knowledge of things about which no explanation has ever been given? I feel that my mother lived long enough to know that her marriage was a fatal error. I feel that in some way my father deceived her; but I also feel and know that remorse must have swiftly followed her death, and that he has sought to make up by tenderness to her child for any suffering he ever caused her.

Nurse wipes away the tears that have gathered in her eyes, and I put my arms round the dear old soul's neck, while she hugs me closely to her.

"What I say is meant for your good, Sylvia, though I know I put it in a very poor way. When I hold up your mother I don't do it to pull down your father; but you're old enough to be told now that when he talks about paying people back, and wiping off old scores, there's two sides to everything, and revenge isn't a Christian quality."

(To be continued.)

QUITE ANOTHER STORY.

A SEQUEL TO 'VERY YOUNG.'

Jean Ingham

II.

"THE MERRY DAYS WHEN WE WERE YOUNG."

"NO, not to-day," thought the young Squire, "I need not write to Fergus to-day to put off returning. As well wait till after this opinion has been given."

But when it had been given the two doctors had not spoken half so decidedly either to Tom or to himself as he had expected; and on reflection he perceived plainly, as he thought, that the difference between them really had been as to whether his poor young brother would survive at all, not whether he would ever walk again.

"He has every comfort and luxury possible, sir," said the great man, drawing on his gloves. "And—and I shall hear from Mr. West frequently. As to your ordering any sort of chair or sofa?—No, sir, I think that would be premature. He has youth on his side, and must be kept from brooding if possible."

Tom was too much exhausted during the rest of that day to take much notice of his fellow-creatures; he liked to have his dog on the pillow, and that was all. But when Andrew came in the next morning after breakfast, he found him quite cheerful, and playing at dominoes with the nurse.

Presently there was a knock at the door—another—and a little yapping and squeaking was heard outside. The nurse went to open it.

"Tommy!" exclaimed little Martin, "Saunders thought you'd like to see your puppies."

The good woman let him in with one little fox-terrier puppy under each arm. Callender's grandson, a boy about his own age, followed with two more. Yes; Tommy evidently did like it.

"Grandfather says they'll be woth three or four pound a piece, and did ought to go to London to the dog show when they be a little bigger, sir," said Danny Callender.

He was quite lifted out of himself in the joy and pride of having something to do with these precious

little animals, which, being set on the counterpane, crawled towards Tom and licked him, and then set their small white teeth in the fine linen sheets. The dog Mumbo immediately jumped off the bed, and walked into a corner in a high state of sulks.

"Blessed little beggars!" exclaimed Tom, ecstatically. "They'll never know much about me though," he went on ruefully, "for of course I can't have them up in this room often," and he looked round the handsome apartment.

"Why not?" said Andrew. "Martin, you and Danny may bring them up every morning about this time to see their master."

"Oh, well, if you don't mind," said Tom, "I should like it."

"Well now," said the nurse, joyfully, "see what it is to get a country patient, so fond of dogs, and cats too,—but specially dogs,—as I am, and never get a chance to see 'em. Why, sir, I'll be bound there's such a thing as a mackintosh in the house: it could be spread on the bed when they're coming, and then you could feed them as easy as not, both with their milk and their food, pretty dears."

Andrew thought the kind creature was speaking more in Tom's interest than in her own.

"Yes, Mrs. Blount," he answered, "a mackintosh shall come up to-morrow morning."

In the meantime the three boys and the nurse kissed and fondled the puppies one after the other, and Mumbo occasionally made a grumbly noise, interspersed with a yap or two from his place in the corner.

"May I come in?" said a persuasive voice at the door.

"Say 'yes,'" whispered Andrew, "this is as good a time as any, and you must see her sometimes."

So Tom did say "Yes," and the stout aunt came in with Antoinette behind her.

The nurse rose and brought forward two chairs. It proved afterwards that this was not "as good a time as any," for Mrs. Hitchcock's eyes took in

everything; and as to the puppies on the bed, she was annoyed and horrified. And then there were the two little boys, both with shoes much the worse for clay and mud.

"I can very easy sweep that up, 'm," quoth the nurse, when she saw Mrs. Hitchcock's look of dismay.

She carried her eye round the room, noticed and allowed them to rest on a breakfast-tray with the remains of a luxurious breakfast left on it still in the room, a fire with the hearth not yet swept up, and some empty medicine-glasses left about.

"I hadn't had time to *redd* up when the master he came in," said the nurse.

Andrew saw her colour, and felt that she cared more for one look of disapproval from his aunt than from anything he might see or say. She knows I am almost, *as it were*, a boy, was his thought; but she just suits Tom. And I hope Aunt Hitchcock won't disgust her with the place. After all, what right has she to object if I don't mind the dogs and the clay? So he looked up and said suavely—

"Sit down, Mrs. Blount. Who has so good a right to make herself at home in this room as you have?"

Mrs. Blount looked at him, and her whole countenance changed.

"Thank you, sir, I'm sure," she said, and she sat down; but she made a courtesy to him first, saying, "I had a-rung for the maid that in general reds up the room, for it's not my place to do it. I expect she did not come in because you was here, sir."

Mrs. Hitchcock now looked most gracious; the nurse was mistress of the situation, and appeared, as well as the aunt, cousin, Squire, and Tom, to listen to the discourse of the small brother Martin, who with his young ally Danny was giving an account of the digging out of a rat's nest from one of the bunks outside the hot-house.

"The old rat bit Callender on his thumb," said Martin.

And the other little urchin piped out, "Grandfather didn't care no more than nowt."

"Why not?" asked Tom, amused at his eagerness.

"'Cause them rats make holes in the drains, and lets the water through to *his* grapes! They won't do that no more,—they're drowned."

After this, boys, puppies, and the ladies, with Andrew, had a hint to withdraw from the nurse. Mr. Tom must be got ready to see the doctor; and likewise have his draught, and rest a bit.

As they came down-stairs, the boys with the yapping puppies under their arms, Andrew said—

"You can ask your grandfather, Danny, to send in a fine bunch of grapes for Mr. Tom's lunch; and tell him I say that he's to give you and master Martin each one of the biggest pears he can find in the fruit-house."

The little fellows both looked up with incredulous delight; they had come up rather on the sly. Martin hoped for nothing better than to escape a chiding—for Saunders had said no more than that *some day* he might possibly be allowed to take them into Mr. Tom's room; he had immediately enlisted the other little urchin in the affair, and they had watched their opportunity, and slipped up-stairs when nobody was looking. And now, behold, they were to be rewarded.

"Do you think mother would like to see them?" asked Martin.

"No," said Andrew, "I'm sure she wouldn't. There, take them away."

"Wasn't it lucky?" he went on to Antoinette. "It's the first time I've seen poor Tom laugh since I came home."

"It was quite an inspiration," she answered, in a tone of the sweetest sympathy.

"Antoinette's rather a nice girl," thought the young Squire, "considering her mother."

After that Antoinette was often made welcome to come and sit by Tom; but excepting the first time, her mother did not accompany her. She never ventured inside that door again, for two or three days after the visit of the puppies, while his nurse was out for her walk, Tom had them both with him when little Martin's well-known thump was heard.

"Come in," shouted Tom.

Martin put in his beautiful little face.

"Oh, Tom!" he exclaimed, "there's another nest found. Oh! such rum little things; Danny's got them in his cap."

"Poor little creatures," said Mrs. Hitchcock, thinking of nothing worse than young birds.

"Bring 'em here," said Tom.

And the gardener's grandson bore in half a dozen pink, skinny little wretches, with hardly any down on them; they were accommodated in some wool in his cap. Rats, of course.

"Callender says we must look out," said Martin, "for they can bite like anything."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Hitchcock, turning ex-

tremely pale and shuddering. "Oh, my child! help me out! help me!"

The boys, including Tom, were too much absorbed to notice this for the moment; and Mrs. Hitchcock had been successfully pulled up by her daughter, and trembling all over, was gazing towards the door, when one of the little creatures, not quite so infantine and helpless as had been supposed, suddenly sprang out of the cap, and began to career about the bed. Then Aunt Hitchcock totally forgot her dignity. Another was presently out, and sprang down to the floor with a thump that one would have thought must have made an end of him; but no, he scuttled across the carpet, and Mrs. Hitchcock screamed, and tried to get up on to a chair.

"Here, you monkeys. Ring the bell! ring, I say. Aunt, they can't hurt you!" exclaimed Tom.

Martin set the cap down on the bed and rang with a will; but before the nurse ran in, followed by both Saunders and the footman, the little rats were loose all over the room. Antoinette was in tears, and Mrs. Hitchcock had fainted away.

There was a great deal of fanning and clapping of her palms; smelling-bottles were applied to her nose, and then the footman, called off from chasing the young rats, assisted Mr. Saunders in lifting her on to a sofa.

Meanwhile, the little boys were supremely happy, though, to be sure, each of them got a bite; but Mumbo on the whole was the hero of that occasion, for he shortly jumped upon the bed, and presented one of the little beasts quite dead to his master; in fact, before the boys had accounted for three of the quarry, Mumbo had laid the other three in a row on his pillow.

The nurse looked anxiously at Tom, but his enjoyment of the chase was manifest.

There was only one rushing about the room, and there was joyous barking not a little still, when Mrs. Hitchcock opened her eyes and sighed deeply.

"Now then, miss," said the nurse, "we had need get your ma out of the room as fast as we can, or she will go off again to a certainty."

So the stout lady, with the aid of Saunders and the footman, was wheeled away to her own room, her attentive daughter following; and almost immediately after Danny Callender uttered a yell, which spoke for the excellence of his lungs. He had got hold of the last rat and it had bitten him; but Mumbo soon finished him, and laid him in the row beside his brothers.

"It was awkward for me, so it was, Mr. Saunders," said the nurse, when, some days after, she was taking a cup of tea with the butler in his pleasant little carpeted parlour.

"Well, so it was, ma'am; but, by all I hear, the young master himself is totally pleased with your medications."

"And I've long made up my mind," continued Mrs. Blount reflectively, "not to heed a side wind, when, as one may say, I'm coming right up the river with a spring tide."

"You're right, ma'am. Still, if we'd known the rats could run, we'd better by half have let 'em go up in a cage than in that young urchin's cap."

"I hear *she*," said the nurse (*she* was Mrs. Hitchcock), "she told Mrs. Capper the nurse was in a manner more neglectful than could be wished. What a shame it was there should be all that messing in that best bedroom. Silk curtains and all to the windows, a handsome carpet, and bright bars to the grate, is not fit for a sick room. 'Twas that maid that reds up the rooms told me—she heard it. 'O,' says Mrs. Capper, poor soul,—little knowing,—'it'll soon be over, Lucia. Those sprains and bruises, or whatever they are, can't last long, and then he can go up to the room he had before.'"

"D'ye think he'll live through it, ma'am?"

"Well, you see, Mr. Saunders, when doctors differ, as the saying is, a nurse can't hold by both of them. I think he'll live and sit up. I told the young master so this blessed morning. He was pleased. He's a good sort."

"So he is," said Mr. Saunders cordially.

"But she have not appeared so well ever since that fainting fit. Seems to me she's looking out for rats and mice everywhere."

"Well, ma'am, far let it be from me to make an interregnum between you and your young gentleman; but p'raps—p'raps, I say, and say no more, she don't get quite as much sleep as she might wish for." Mrs. Blount coloured and looked attentive. "I was waiting at dinner—was it three days ago? I think it was,—when Miss Antoinette was talking very much, she was, about Mr. Tom. They had two or three folks in that day; Miss had her pink on, and looked like a rose. 'Yes,' says Mr. Capper, 'I was pleased to-day when Tom asked me to let him have my flute. It showed he felt able to amuse himself, poor boy.'"

"Ay, he did. The young Squire brought it down, and a lot of music. 'I'll give it you,' said

he ; and they were oiling and screwing and blowing at it for ever so long. And it's true, Mr. Saunders, the patient was very restless that night. It may have been ten o'clock when he had a bad bout of pain. After that he said he couldn't sleep, and asked me to give him the flute."

"And he was playing on it a good while after midnight, wasn't he?"

"Well, yes, but he's a long way from his ma's room. She couldn't ha' heard him."

"But there's only the dressing-room between him and Mrs. Hitchcock."

"That's right, Mr. Saunders."

"And it was just the same last night, wasn't it? I came out and listened, for I sleep on the ground-floor. 'No,' I said, 'it's not "waits," too dismal,' for it seemed such a wailing demonstration, and I got out into the hall, and then higher and higher up the front stairs, and I said, 'that's "The merry days when we were young," if ever I heard it blown up before.'"

"Well, he did seem to play the same tune a very great many times, I do allow ; and it was not as you might say cheerful, that's true, sir. He's learning it, I expect."

"Nobody could sleep near that, ma'am."

"I could, but then I'm used to catch up my sleep when I've a chance. I went both nights into the dressing-room, for I sleep there with the door open, and laid myself down ; and when the noise of the flute had done it woke me, and I slipped out and saw him gone to sleep, and the flute beside him. I took it away and turned down the lamp, but whether that was two o'clock or later I couldn't say."

Mrs. Hitchcock was a very affectionate parent, even rats and mice were not enough to make her give up, as she thought, her daughter's interests. When the flute wailed long, and there were a great many false notes in the night, she sometimes wavered, especially when the same tune was played more than a dozen times, with generally the same mistake at the same point in it. Then she sometimes thought she must and would go ; but turning her face, and seeing her pretty daughter fast asleep beside her, she would leave her decision to the morning, and then she generally decided to stay on, even though not a single word was said by her sister or Andrew expressive of a wish to keep her there.

"No," she would consider, "I must do my duty by my child, however much Mary may dislike it.

Certainly Andrew is more inclined to joke and flirt with her—seems to like her singing better, and goes with her more about the garden than he did. To be sure he never rides or drives with her, but that would attract his mother's attention. I never—no, I never did see a son so completely under his mother's thumb as he is. Perhaps, if it came to pass he would be just as much under mine. In such a case Mary would live in the dower-house, and if the thing was inevitable she would not visit her displeasure on Antoinette—only on me. Besides—" Here she laughed, but she did not finish her sentence.

When Andrew had said, "I need not write to-day to put off returning," he had felt much more sanguine both as to his mother's speedy recovery and as to Tom's condition than he could be after. In another day he felt, as in school-boy phraseology he expressed the matter, that "it was no go." He wrote to Fergus, asked him to go on to Cairo, and "do Egypt," go up the Nile for instance, and then in three or four months he might join him, and they could go somewhere together.

Fergus was almost wrath about it at first. It seemed such a shame that Andrew should be kept at home. However, he would make his "yarns" as long as he could.

He speedily got over to Malta, and so to Alexandria, by a somewhat cheaper line than the well-known P. & O., for now Andrew was gone he wanted to see as much as he could for the money.

He was so immensely happier than he had ever been in his life ; every hour was so full, for luckily he was not sea-sick, that it seemed impossible to do more than jot down mere scraps to make a sort of journal ; but within three days of getting to Alexandria, having seen what he thought truly worth describing, he shut himself up. The mail was to go out the very next morning, and he wrote the first long letter he had ever produced in his career. Yes, he was determined to do his duty by Andrew.

"DEAR A.,

"I must not waste words. Hope dear mother is better, and Tom too. Unless he's still very seedy, he will like to get *James's Naval History* and see where I've been, &c.

"First, I crossed from Malta. Oh, you fellows! I never could have imagined anything so glorious as this is! Well, crossing, I made acquaintance

with a stupid family—a tiresome old father, with the Romanest nose you ever saw, always trying to improve them. They had lots of books, maps, and handbooks—I liked to have the use of them.

“The Pharos of Alexandria! Ha! we passed almost close to it. There was a pale blue sea, absolutely calm, the reflection of it seemed to lie out on the water for miles. We steamed through it and broke it, and just before we got in, the whole water and the air and the shore turned the brightest pink you ever set your eyes on, and the whole world appeared to be transparent; it was still this colour when three or four stars shot out, and quivered just as if they were alive.

“Well, I was tired, and I slept like anything till one of the boys—the Mansfield boys—banged at my door. His father had hired a launch with two or three other people; would I pay my share and go too? They were going to see the sunken ships out in Aboukir Bay—the ships of that French fleet, you know, which were sunk under Nelson when he commanded at the Battle of the Nile. I did not know anything particular about it, but I said I would join. Poor little wretch, he had been so sea-sick that he hardly cared for anything yet, excepting to eat and drink. They used to shake him up though, and make him look when there was anything special to be seen. Sometimes he cried in his misery;—he is barely fourteen. The two girls are prigs. Excepting their father, I never saw more universal fools; they never enjoy anything for fear they should lose some of it. They are miserable, like their father, unless they sweep up every scrap of wisdom and annex it, and remember it too.

“I had some breakfast, and dashed out into the sunshine to see Africa. Curious sensation being in Africa. We were not to start till the light was right, so as to get to the ships about three or four o'clock, I understood, and they are six or seven miles out to sea.

“So I went forth on my first expedition. I don't consider myself exactly in the light of an African explorer yet, but I saw some unexpected things, in fact they were so evident that they almost slapped me as it were in the face. Your Egyptian is so very brown, and the calves of his legs are so small, and the whites of his eyes are so very white, and he jabbers so. The streets and buildings a little disappointed me, they are so uncommonly like the photographs, but the light is so clear. I held up my

hand and could almost see through it. And the women, going about bundled up like feather-beds, looked so queer. Now one thing I did feel indignant at, they are some of them extremely fat. You never see them represented as fat in a picture. I was so angry that I said aloud—

“‘It's a shame. I did not come all this way to see them roll about like porpoises.’

“‘Yes, it is a shame,’ said somebody standing close behind me, and I saw a pretty American girl, who seemed to have been running after me. She could not find her hotel—where was it? could I help?

“‘It was the same I was in, so she stayed with me, and we enjoyed ourselves a good deal; for of course I never lose my way—I am thus marked out for an explorer.

“Well, I took this Miss Hislop home to her people—an uncle and a sister. They wanted me to have lunch with them; I told them of the expedition, and they wished to go too. So I ran to Mr. Mansfield, and got that managed. Then we gave our minds to finding something about the Battle of the Nile, and all that. I said I thought it was nearly a hundred years ago; but I could not come nearer than that. But they have read English history, and remembered it rather better than I did. Also they knew something about a paper which had come out in *Blackwood's Mag.* about these very ships.

“They said one of the French ships was called *La Sérieuse*. But we thought, and do still, that there were at least two sunk beside the flagship, the celebrated *L'Orient*.

“However, we did not see more than one; but that is anticipating. One of the girls (mine) is very pretty, they called her Tammy, the other is a one-er. She treated me as if I was a mere boy. She is ugly; her name is Julie. The uncle is a complete nobody; we all decided that he should go too—so of course he did. I can't tell it all.

“Well, think we are on board. The polish of the pale blue sea was such that you could hardly look at it. It spread out like the largest looking-glass that ever was invented; it spread out and scarcely trembled at the edges. Here and there a long way off, a sweep, like a wedge, of white ducks, flew on.

“The Mansfields were serious; oh, that Roman nose, how Mansfield *père* talked through it, and exhorted the girls.

“‘You remember, my dear *gurls*, of course, that Nelson was Rear-Admiral of the Blue at that time?’

"Of course, father."

"Then Tammy walked up to him, and asked the exact date."

"Nelson," he said, with pity unspeakable at her ignorance, 'Nelson defeated the French at the Battle of the Nile on the first of August, 1798.'

"She shivered a little, his air was so cold and grave, but she presently said—

"And how is it that we are going straight to the place? I see no buoy or anything to guide us."

"There were proper bearings taken, careful bearings," said the elder of the two *gurls*.

"Oh!"

"Yes, of course."

"Tammy sneaked off with me."

"Never mind," she said, 'we know now, and you didn't dare to ask yourself.'

"The little wretch of a launch, which was just like a shabby, dirty steam-tug, went blundering on, and sent rings all round us, just as a duck does when it swims on a pond. We felt how small the thing was, and how small we were compared with the world, which was all so vast, and empty, and light about us."

"Not taking the least notice of us, or aware of us at all; however, we met with a nice Englishman, who was up in the whole affair, and told us without any scorn."

"It was nearly sunset," he said—I remembered it all as he told us—"when Nelson and his fleet sighted the French fleet at anchor. Most of Nelson's ships got safely through the passage into Aboukir Bay, so that they were nearer to the shore than the enemy; but some remained north-east of the French, so that those poor beggars had them on both sides. By early starlight the fight began, and they blazed at one another, so that the shore and the little towns all about were light with the glare, and stunned with the noise. Two at least of the French ships had been sunk, and some had surrendered, when about midnight the great French three-decker, *L'Orient*, bearing the Admiral's flag, caught fire, and blew up with such an awful explosion, that both French and English ceased firing for some time, and there was not a sound to be heard but the splash of her spars and pieces of her rigging and her timbers as they came down blazing from an immense height, and fell upon the other ships, both friends and foes."

"Well, after this awful pause they began to thunder at one another again, and in the midst of

it, and while neither side ceased, *L'Orient* began to sink. A great cry went up, and both Nelson and the French manned boats to pick up her crew, and did so as well as they could even in the midst of the heavy fire; but she settled more and more, and soon, in about eight or nine fathoms, went down."

"And there she is lying on the sandy bottom of Aboukir Bay to this hour. In fact, it is only a little more than fifty feet of water that she lies in."

"We looked down presently over the bulwarks, for the little tug stopped her engines, and we heard that she was close over the place where one of the smaller ships was known to lie. Our launch seemed to be drifting on very slightly by her own impetus, and the water, now it was absolutely still, became inexpressibly clear. I could see the bottom perfectly well; we noticed a whole shoal of longish green fish swimming under us, when suddenly I saw lying on the bottom, a little way off, not upright, but her keel towards us, and slightly on her side, a ship. I seized Tammy by the wrist."

"Look!" I exclaimed, 'there she is.'

"This was not *L'Orient*, they told us, but the other, a treasure-ship called the *Maza Mundo*. She was in about forty feet of water. Every one rushed to the fore part of the launch as she floated on, and became silent. You never saw anything in your life so pathetic. Tammy began to cry. It was very extraordinary. The ship had the effect of not being made of wood, but of a delicate kind of stone; all her port-holes could be clearly seen in the translucent sea; you could see every plank under this casing as it lapped over the next."

"One does not often see the bottom of the ocean, to be sure; and you may depend on it, there's an extraordinary silence down there."

"Well, I can't explain to you how it was, or why it was. It was not that I was sorry for the French, but for us all. We last such a little time, and all we do is of so little consequence; now it seemed as if we had come here that this might be shown to us."

"However, when we had looked a good while, and heard that this ship, if it was the one supposed, had a lot of treasure in it, we went on; and when the water was all one flood of rose-colour, the engine stopped again. And now I'll tell you something extraordinary: we saw the shadow of our own launch at the bottom of the sea! It was lengthened out of course a good deal, as our own

hadows were, seen on the deck, but there could be no doubt what it was. After stopping and going on—and muddling about a little—we again caught sight of a ship. She stood straight upright, and his was *L'Orient*.

"A much larger thing, a grand old three-decker, out with a sort of gulf amidships, where the great piece of deck, with her masts and rigging, had been blown out. She also looked as if she had been made of stone. They say she is full of treasure, or in her hold is known to be the silver she was bringing out for the payment of the French sailors' wages; and also she had on board two enormous silver gates that had been stolen out of a church at Malta.

"The red light of the sun appeared to get down into the very depths of the sea, and all her port-holes (three tiers of them) were edged with rose-colour.

"Well, it was all most beautiful, and that wreck was grander and more shapely than the other; but it was not the first, and I did not feel that kind of pathos in it; and while we were speeding back to get over the six miles in time for the hotel dinner, I saw something I wanted to point out to the nice one of the two Hislops. I incautiously called to her—

"‘Tammy.’

"You should have heard how the other one flew at me. Well, I made all sorts of excuses. I didn't want after a little while to be bothered with the subject.

"The elder one was terribly in earnest. Tammy only laughed. At last I said—

"‘Well, I've made as many apologies as I can; and after all, what does it signify? for you know very well that when we have once parted to-night I shall never see any of you any more so long as I live.’

"The uncle immediately answered—

"‘What'll you bet?’

"‘Nothing,’ I said; ‘I mean to spend every shilling I have in seeing the world, so if I meet you after that I shall have nothing to pay with.’

"‘No matter,’ he answered; ‘bet, sir. And it shall be *heads I lose, and tails you win*.’

"‘Very well, then,’ I said; ‘I bet you a sovereign that we shall never meet again.’

"Well, I've no more space. I go on to Cairo to-morrow. Love to mother and you all.

"Your affectionate brother,
"FERGUS CAPPER."

(To be continued.)

OLD-FASHIONED GIRLS.

Stories from the Old Tales and Novels.

EDITED BY L. T. MEADE.

LADY JULIANA DOUGLAS.¹

OME hither, child," said the old Earl of Courtland to his daughter, as, in obedience to his summons, she entered his study: "come hither, I say; I wish to have some serious conversation with you: so dismiss your dogs, shut the door, and sit down here."

Lady Juliana rang for the footman to take Venus; bade Pluto be quiet, like a darling, under the sofa; and, taking Cupid in her arms, assured his lordship he need fear no disturbance from the sweet

creatures, and that she would be all attention to his commands—kissing her cherished pug as she spoke.

"You are now, I think, seventeen, Juliana," said his lordship, in a solemn, important tone.

"And a half, papa."

"It is therefore time you should be thinking of establishing yourself in the world. Have you ever turned your thoughts that way?"

"N—no, papa, not exactly in the way of establishing myself," replied the lady, hesitatingly.

"That is well; you have left that for me to do, like a good, wise little girl, as you are. Is it not so, my pretty Jule?"

"Perhaps, papa; but I—I don't know . . ." She stopped in evident embarrassment.

"It is right you should know, however," said the earl, knitting his brow, "that I can give you no fortune."

"Oh, I don't in the least care about fortune, papa," eagerly interrupted his daughter, who knew about as much of arithmetic as of alchemy.

"Don't interrupt me, and don't talk nonsense, child," said Lord Courtland, peevishly. "As I can give you no fortune, you have, perhaps, no greater right than many other pretty portionless girls to expect a very brilliant establishment."

This was *said*, but not *thought* either by the father or daughter.

"At any rate, I don't in the least care about that sort of thing," said the lady, disdainfully; "else, if I chose . . . but I assure you, papa, I don't at all care about what is called a brilliant establishment."

"Indeed! and pray what *do* you care for, then?" inquired the earl, opening his eyes to their utmost extent.

"Why, I shouldn't at all mind being poor," said Lady Juliana, assuming a most heroic air.

"You shouldn't at all mind being poor!" repeated his lordship, in utter amazement. "You shouldn't at all mind being poor! Do you know what you are saying, child? Do you know what it is to be poor?"

"*Perfectly*, papa," was pronounced by her ladyship in a tone of the most high-flown emphasis.

"You do? You have tried it then?"

"No, papa; but I can easily imagine what it is."

Lord Courtland hemmed. "Then I suppose I am to understand that you prefer the single state and poverty?"

"Dear papa! you quite misunderstand me; I only meant that—that it was nothing to be poor when—when . . ."

"When what?" demanded the earl, angrily.

"When united to the choice of one's heart," answered the lady, in a very romantic key.

"The choice of a fiddlestick!" exclaimed Lord Courtland, in a rage. "What have you to do with a heart? What has anybody to do with a heart when their establishment in life is at stake? Keep your heart for your romances, child, and don't bring such nonsense into real life—heart indeed!"

Lady Juliana felt she was now in the true position of a heroine: a handsome lover—an ambitious father—cruel fortune—unshaken constancy. She sighed deeply, even dropped a tear, and preserved a mournful silence.

The father proceeded in a solemn tone: "You ought to be aware by this time, Julia, that persons of rank must be guided entirely by family considerations in the connections they form."

"Of course, papa, one wouldn't marry any but a person of good family, and tolerable fortune, and in the best society. . . ."

"Pooh! these are nothing," cried the earl, contemptuously; "people of birth must marry for the still greater aggrandisement of their family—for the extending of their political influence—for . . ."

"I don't in the least care about politics, papa; and I am determined I never will marry anybody who talks politics to me—I hate politics!"

"You are a little fool, and don't know what you will do, or what you are talking about. What does your wise head or heart know about these things? What do you know of the importance of political family connections?"

"Oh, thank heaven! I know nothing about the matter," replied Lady Juliana, in a peevish tone. "Have done, Cupid!"

"I thought not; so you have only to be guided by those who do know—that's all, my dear!"

"Have done, Cupid!" cried the lady, still more fretfully, to her favourite pug, who was amusing himself by tearing the beautiful veil that partly shaded the head of his fair mistress.

The earl tried to be facetious. "And pray, my pretty Julia, can this same wonderful wise little head of yours tell you who is the happy man with whom I am about to form an alliance for you?"

"For me, papa!" exclaimed Lady Juliana, in a flutter of surprise; "surely you are not serious?"

"Perfectly so—come, guess."

¹ *Marriage*, by Miss Ferrier, born 1782, died 1854.

Had Lady Juliana dared to utter the wishes of that heart, she would have been at no loss for a reply ; but she saw the necessity of dissimulation ; and, after naming such of her admirers as were most indifferent to her, she declared herself quite at a loss, and begged her father to put an end to her suspense.

"Now, what would you think of the Duke of L——?" asked the earl, in a voice of half-smothered exultation and delight.

"The Duke of L——!" repeated Lady Juliana, with a scream of horror and surprise; "surely, papa, you cannot be serious; why, he is red-haired and squints, and he's as old as you, and . . ."

"If he were as old as sin, and as ugly too," interrupted the enraged earl, "he should be your husband; and with my consent you never shall have any other!"

The youthful beauty burst into tears, while her father traversed the apartment with an inflamed and wrathful visage.

"If it had been anybody but that odious duke!" sobbed the lovely Juliana.

"If it had been anybody but that odious duke," repeated the earl, mimicking her, "they should not have had you. It has been my sole study, ever since I saw your brother settled, to bring about this alliance; and, when this is accomplished, my utmost ambition will be satisfied. So, no more whining—the affair is settled; and all that remains for you to do, is to study to make yourself agreeable to his grace, and to sign the settlements. No such mighty sacrifice, when repaid with a ducal coronet, the most splendid jewels, the finest equipages, the most magnificent house, the most princely establishment, and the largest jointure, of any woman in England."

Lady Juliana raised her head and wiped her eyes. Lord Courtland perceived the effect his eloquence had produced upon the childish fancy of his daughter, and continued to expatiate upon the splendid joys that awaited her, in an union with a nobleman of the duke's rank and fortune; till at length, dazzled, if not convinced, she declared herself "satisfied that it was her duty to marry whoever papa pleased; but"—and a sigh escaped her, as she contrasted her noble suitor with her gay handsome lover—the admired of all admirers,—“but if I should marry him, papa, I am sure I shall never be able to love him."

The earl smiled at her childish simplicity, as he assured her that was not at all necessary; that love was now entirely confined to the lower orders; that it was very well for ploughmen and dairy-maids, and such *canaille*, to marry for love; but for a young woman of rank to think of such a thing was plebeian in the extreme!

Lady Juliana did not entirely subscribe to the arguments of her father; but the gay and glorious vision that floated in her brain stifled for a while the pleadings of her heart; and with a sparkling eye, and an elastic step, she hastened to prepare for the reception of the duke.

For a few weeks the delusion lasted. Lady Juliana was flattered with the homage she received as a future duchess; she was delighted with the *éclat* that attended her, and charmed with the daily presents showered upon her by her noble suitor.

"Well, really, Favolle," said she to her maid, one day, as she clasped on her beautiful arm a resplendent bracelet, "it must be owned the duke has a most exquisite taste in trinkets; don't you think so? And,

do you know, I don't think him so very, *very* ugly. When we are married, I mean to make him get a Brutus, cork his eyebrows, and have a set of teeth." But just then, the blue eyes, curling hair, and fine-formed person of a certain captivating Scotsman rose to view in her mind's eye; and, with a peevish "pshaw!" she threw the bauble aside.

Educated for the sole purpose of forming a brilliant establishment, of catching the eye, and captivating the senses, the cultivation of her mind, or the correction of her temper, had formed no part of the system by which that aim was to be accomplished. Under the auspices of a fashionable mother, and an obsequious governess, the froward petulance of childhood, fostered and strengthened by indulgence and submission, had gradually ripened into that selfishness and caprice which now, in youth, formed the prominent features of her character. The earl was too much engrossed by affairs of importance to pay much attention to anything so perfectly insignificant as the mind of his daughter. Her *person* he had predetermined should be entirely at his disposal, and he therefore contemplated with delight the uncommon beauty which already distinguished it; not with the fond partiality of parental love, but with the heartless satisfaction of a crafty politician.

The mind of Lady Juliana was consequently the sport of every passion that by turns assailed it. Now swayed by ambition, and now softened by love: the struggle was violent, but it was short. A few days before the one which was to seal her fate, she granted an interview to her lover, who, young, thoughtless, and enamoured as herself, easily succeeded in persuading her to elope with him to Scotland. There, at the altar of Vulcan, the beautiful daughter of the Earl of Courtland gave her hand to her handsome but penniless lover; and there vowed to immolate every ambitious desire, every sentiment of vanity and high-born pride. Yet a sigh arose as she looked on the sordid room, uncouth priest, and ragged witnesses; and thought of the special licence, splendid saloon, and bridal pomp that would have attended her union with the duke. But the rapturous expressions which burst from the impassioned Douglas made her forget the gaudy pleasures of pomp and fashion. Amid the sylvan scenes of the neighbouring lakes, the lovers sought a shelter; and, mutually charmed with each other, time flew for a while on downy pinions.

At the end of a few months, however, the enamoured husband began to suspect that the lips of his "angel Julia" could utter very silly things;—while the fond bride, on her part, discovered, that though her adored Henry's eyes were perfectly beautiful, yet sometimes she thought they wanted expression; and though his figure was symmetry itself, yet it certainly was deficient in a certain air—a *je ne sais quoi*—that marks the man of fashion.

"How I wish I had my pretty Cupid here!" said her ladyship with a sigh one day as she lolled on a sofa: "he had so many pretty tricks, he would have helped to amuse us, and make the time pass; for really this place grows very stupid and tiresome; don't you think so, love?"

"Most exceedingly so, my darling," replied her husband, yawning sympathetically as he spoke.

"Then suppose I make one more attempt to soften papa, and be received into favour again?"

"With all my heart."

"Shall I say I'm very sorry for what I have done?"

asked her ladyship with a sigh: "you know I did not say that in my first letter."

"Ay, do; and, if it will serve any purpose, you may say that I am no less so."

In a few days the letter was returned, in a blank cover; and, by the same post, Douglas saw himself superseded in the *Gazette*, being absent without leave!

There now remained but one course to pursue; and that was to seek refuge at his father's, in the Highlands of Scotland. At the first mention of it, Lady Juliana was transported with joy; and begged that a letter might be instantly despatched, containing the offer of a visit. She had heard the Duchess of M— declare nothing could be so delightful as the style of living in Scotland: the people were so frank and gay, and the manners so easy and engaging: oh! it was delightful! And then Lady Jane G— and Lady Mary L—, and a thousand other lords and ladies she knew, were all so charmed with the country, and all so sorry to leave it. Then dear Henry's family must be so charming! An old castle, too, was her delight—she should feel quite at home while wandering through its long galleries; and she quite loved old pictures, and armour, and tapestry—and then her thoughts reverted to her father's magnificent mansion in D—shire.

At length an answer arrived, containing a cordial invitation from the old laird to spend the winter with them at Glenfern Castle.

All impatience to quit the scenes of their short-lived felicity, they bade a hasty adieu to the now fading beauties of Windermere; and, full of hope and expectation, eagerly turned towards the bleak hills of Scotland. They stopped for a short time at Edinburgh, to provide themselves with a carriage and some other necessities. There, too, they fortunately met with an English Abigail and footman, who, for double wages, were prevailed upon to attend them to the Highlands; which, with the addition of two dogs, a tame squirrel, and macaw, completed the establishment.

Many were the dreary muirs and rugged mountains her ladyship had to encounter in her progress to Glenfern Castle; and, but for the hope of the new world that awaited her beyond those formidable barriers, her delicate frame and still more sensitive feelings must have sunk beneath the horrors of such a journey.

"What a scene!" Lady Juliana exclaimed, shuddering as she spoke. "What a scene! how I pity the unhappy wretches who are doomed to dwell in such a place! And yonder hideous grim house; it makes me sick to look at it. Do bid him drive on!" Another significant look from the driver made the colour mount to Douglas's cheek, as he stammered out, "Surely it can't be; yet somehow I don't know. Pray, my lad," letting down one of the glasses, and addressing the post-boy, "what is the name of that house?"

"Hooss!" repeated the driver; "ca' ye thon a hooss? Yon's gude Glenfern Castle."

Lady Juliana, not understanding a word he said, sat silently, wondering at her husband's curiosity respecting such a wretched-looking place.

"Impossible! you must be mistaken, my lad; why, what's become of all the fine wood that used to surround it?"

"Gin you mean a wheen auld firs, there's some o' them to the fore yet," pointing to two or three tall, bare, scathed Scotch firs, that scarcely bent their

heads to the wind that now began to howl around them.

"I insist upon it that you are mistaken; you must have wandered from the right road," cried the now alarmed Douglas in a loud voice, which vainly attempted to conceal his agitation.

"We'll shune see that," replied the phlegmatic Scot, who, having rested his horses, and affixed a drag to the wheel, was about to proceed; when Lady Juliana, who now began to have some vague suspicion of the truth, called to him to stop, and, almost breathless with alarm, inquired of her husband the meaning of what had passed.

He tried to force a smile as he said, "It seems our journey is nearly ended; that fellow persists in asserting that that is Glenfern, though I can scarcely think it. If it is, it is strangely altered since I left it twelve years ago."

For a moment Lady Juliana was too much alarmed to make a reply; pale and speechless, she sank back in the carriage; but the motion of it, as it began to proceed, roused her to a sense of her situation, and she burst into tears and exclamations.

The driver, who attributed it all to fears at descending the hill, assured her she "needna be the least feared, for there were na twa cannier beasts atween that and Johnny Groat's Hooss; and that they wad hae her at the castle door in a crack, gin they were ance down the brae."

Douglas's attempt to soothe his high-born bride were not more successful than those of the driver; in vain he made use of every endearing epithet and tender expression, and recalled the time when she used to declare that she could dwell with him in a desert; her only replies were bitter reproaches and upbraidings for his treachery and deceit, mingled with floods of tears, and interrupted by hysterical sobs. Provoked at her folly, yet softened by her extreme distress, Douglas was in the utmost state of perplexity,—now ready to give way to a paroxysm of rage,—then, melting into pity, he sought to soothe her into composure; and at length, with much difficulty, succeeded in changing her passionate indignation into silent dejection.

That no fresh objects of horror or disgust might appear to disturb this calm, the blinds were pulled down, and in this state they reached Glenfern Castle. But there the friendly veil was necessarily withdrawn; and the first object that presented itself to the high-bred Englishwoman was an old man, clad in a short tartan coat and striped woollen nightcap, with bleared eyes and shaking hands, who vainly strove to open the carriage-door.

Douglas soon extricated himself, and assisted his lady to alight; then, accosting the venerable domestic as "Old Donald," asked him if he recollected him?

"Weel that, weel that, Maister Harry, and ye're welcome hame; and ye tu, bonny sir!" (addressing Lady Juliana, who was calling to her footman to follow her with the macaw); then, tottering before them, he led the way, while her ladyship followed, leaning on her husband, her squirrel on her other arm, preceded by her dogs, barking with all their might, and attended by the macaw, screaming with all his strength; and in this state was the Lady Juliana ushered into the drawing-room of Glenfern Castle!

It was a long, narrow, low-roofed room, with a

¹ The Highlanders use this term of respect indifferently to both sexes.

number of small windows, which admitted feeble light, in every possible direction. The scanty furniture bore every appearance of having been constructed at the same time as the edifice; and the friendship thus early formed still seemed to subsist, as the high-backed worked chairs adhered most pertinaciously to the gray walls, on which hung, in narrow black frames, some of the venerable ancestors of the Douglas family. A fire, which appeared to have been newly kindled, was beginning to burn, but, previous to showing itself in flame, had chosen to vent itself in smoke, with which the room was completely filled, and the open windows seemed to produce no other effect than that of admitting the wind and rain.

At the entrance of the strangers a flock of females

manner, and provincial accent. After warmly welcoming his son, he advanced to his beautiful daughter-in-law, and, taking her in his arms, bestowed a loud and hearty kiss on each cheek; then, observing the paleness of her complexion, and the tears that swam in her eyes, "What, not frightened for our Highland hills, my leddy? Come, cheer up—trust me, ye'll find as warm hearts among them as ony ye hae left in your fine English *policies*"—shaking her delicate fingers in his hard muscular gripe, as he spoke.

The tears, which had with difficulty been hitherto suppressed, now burst in torrents from the eyes of the high-bred beauty, as she leant her cheek against the back of the chair, and gave way to the anguish which mocked control.

rushed forward to meet them. Douglas good-humouredly submitted to be hugged by three long-chinned spinsters, whom he recognized as his aunts, and warmly saluted five awkward purple girls he guessed to be his sisters; while Lady Juliana stood the image of despair, and, scarcely conscious, admitted in silence the civilities of her new relations; till, at length, sinking into a chair, she endeavoured to conceal her agitation by calling to the dogs, and caressing her macaw.

The laird, who had been hastily summoned from his farming operations, now entered. He was a good-looking old man, with something of the air of a gentleman, in spite of the inelegance of his dress, his rough

ported her almost merrily to it, while his aunts followed, all three prescribing different remedies in a breath.

"Oh, take them from me!" faintly articulated Lady Juliana, as she shrank from the many hands that were alternately applied to her pulse and forehead.

After repeated entreaties and plausible excuses from Douglas, his aunts at length consented to withdraw; and he then exerted all the rhetoric he was master of, to reconcile his bride to the situation love and necessity had thrown her into. But in vain he employed reasoning, caresses, and threats; the only answers he could extort were tears and entreaties to be taken from a place where she declared she felt it impossible to exist.

"If you wish my death, Harry," said she, in a voice

almost inarticulate from excess of weeping, "oh ! kill me quickly, and do not leave me to linger out my days, and perish at last with misery here !"

"Only tell me what you would have me to do," said her husband, softened to pity by her extreme distress, "and, if possible, I will comply with your wishes."

"Oh ! then stop the horses, and let us return immediately—do fly, dearest Harry, else they will be gone, and we shall never get away from this odious place !"

"Where would you go?" asked he, with affected calmness.

"Oh, anywhere—no matter where, so as we do but get away from hence—we can be at no loss."

"None in the world," interrupted Douglas, with a bitter smile, "as long as there's a prison to receive us. See," continued he, throwing a few shillings down on the table, "there is every sixpence I possess in the world."

Lady Juliana stood aghast.

At that instant the English Abigail burst into the room ; and, in a voice choking with passion, she requested her discharge, that she might return with the driver who had brought them there.

"A pretty way of travelling, to be sure, it will be," continued she, "to go bumping behind a dirty chaise-driver ; but better to be shook to a jelly altogether, than stay amongst such a set of *Outen-loads*!"¹

"What do you mean?" inquired Douglas, as soon as the voluble Abigail allowed him an opportunity of asking.

"Why, my meaning, sir, is to leave this here place immediately. Not that I have any objections either to my lady or you, sir ; but, to be sure, it was a sad day for me that I engaged myself to her ladyship. Little did I think that a lady of distinction would be coming to such a poor pitiful place as this. I am sure I thought I should ha' swooned when I was showed the hole where I was to sleep."

At the bare idea of this indignity to her person, the fury of the incensed fair one blazed forth with such strength as to choke her utterance.

Amazement had hitherto kept Lady Juliana silent ; for to such scenes she was a stranger. Born in an elevated rank—reared in state—accustomed to the most obsequious attention—and never approached but with the respect due rather to a divinity than to a mortal—the strain of vulgar insolence that now assailed her was no less new to her ears than shocking to her feelings. With a voice and look that awed the woman into obedience, she commanded her to quit her presence for ever ; and then, no longer able to suppress the emotions of insulted pride, wounded vanity, and indignant disappointment, she gave way to a violent fit of hysterics.

In the utmost perplexity, the unfortunate husband, by turns, cursed the hour that had given him such a wife ; now tried to soothe her into composure ; but at length, seriously alarmed at the increasing attack, he called loudly for assistance.

In a moment, the three aunts and the five sisters all rushed together into the room, full of wonder, exclamation, and inquiry. Many were the remedies that were tried, and the experiments that were suggested ; till, at length, the violence of passion exhausted itself, and a faint sob, or deep sigh, succeeded the hysteric scream.

Douglas now attempted to account for the behaviour of his noble spouse, by ascribing it to the fatigue she had lately undergone, joined to distress of mind at her father's unrelenting severity towards her.

"O the amiable creature !" interrupted the unsuspecting spinsters, almost stifling her with their caresses as they spoke. "Welcome, a thousand times welcome, to Glenfern Castle !" said Miss Jacky, who was esteemed by much the most sensible woman, as well as the greatest orator, in the whole parish. "Nothing shall be wanting, dearest Lady Juliana, to compensate for a parent's rigour, and make you happy and comfortable. Consider this as your future home. My sisters and myself will be as mothers to you ; and see these charming young creatures," dragging forward two tall frightened girls, with sandy hair and great purple arms ; "thank Providence for having blest you with such sisters !"

"Don't speak too much, Jacky, to our dear niece at present," said Miss Grizzy ; "I think one of Lady MacLaughlan's composing draughts would be the best thing for her—there can be no doubt about that."

"Composing draughts at this time of day !" cried Miss Nicky ; "I should think a little good broth a much wiser thing. There are some excellent family broth making below, and I'll desire Tibby to bring a few."

"Will you take a little soup, love ?" asked Douglas. His lady assented ; and Miss Nicky vanished, but quickly re-entered, followed by Tibby, carrying a huge bowl of coarse Scotch broth, swimming with leeks, greens, and grease. Lady Juliana attempted to taste it, but her delicate palate revolted at the homely fare ; and she gave up the attempt, in spite of Miss Nicky's earnest entreaties to take a few more of these excellent family broth.

"I should think," said Henry, as he vainly attempted to stir it round, "that a little wine would be more to the purpose than this stuff."

The aunts looked at each other ; and, withdrawing to a corner, a whispering consultation took place, in which "Lady MacLaughlan's opinion, birch, balm, currant, heating, cooling, running risks," &c. &c., transpired. At length the question was carried ; and some tolerable sherry, and a piece of very substantial *short-bread*, were produced.

It was now voted by Miss Jacky, and carried *nem. con.*, that her ladyship ought to take a little repose till the hour of dinner.

"And don't trouble to dress," continued the considerate aunt, "for we are not very dressy here ; and we are to be quite a charming family party, nobody but ourselves, and," turning to her nephew, "your brother and his wife. She is a most superior woman, though she has rather too many of her English prejudices yet to be all we could wish ; but I have no doubt, when she has lived a little longer amongst us, she will just become one of ourselves."

"I forget who she was," said Douglas.

"A granddaughter of Sir Duncan Malcolm's, a very old family of the — blood, and nearly allied to the present earl. And here they come," exclaimed she, on hearing the sound of a carriage ; and all rushed out to receive them.

"Let us have a glimpse of this scion from a noble stock," said Lady Juliana, mimicking the accent of the poor spinsters, as she rose and ran to the window.

"Oh, Henry ! do come and behold this equipage !" and she laughed with childish glee, as she pointed to a

¹ Hottentots.

plain old-fashioned gig, with a large top. A tall handsome young man now alighted, and lifted out a female figure, so enveloped in a cloak, that eyes less penetrating than Lady Juliana's could not, at a single glance, have discovered her to be a "frightful quiz."

"Only conceive the effect of this dashing equipage in Bond Street!" continued she, redoubling her mirth at the bright idea; then suddenly stopping, and sighing, "Ah, my pretty *vis-à-vis*! I remember the first time I saw you, Henry, I was in it at a review;" and she sighed still deeper.

"True; I was then *aide-de-camp* to your handsome lover, the Duke of L——"

"Perhaps I might think him handsome now. People's taste alter according to circumstances."

"Yours must have undergone a wonderful revolution, if you can find charms in a hunchback of fifty-three."

"He is not a hunchback," returned her ladyship warmly; "only a little high-shouldered; but, at any rate, he has the most beautiful place and the finest house in England."

Douglas saw the storm gathering on the brow of his capricious wife, and, clasping her in his arms, "Are you indeed so changed, my Julie, that you have forgot the time when you used to declare you would prefer a desert with your Henry, to a throne with another?"

"No, certainly, not changed; but—I—I did not very well know then what a desert was; or, at least, I had formed rather a different idea of it."

"What was your idea of a desert?" said her husband, laughing; "do tell me, love."

"Oh, I had fancied it a beautiful place, full of roses and myrtles, and smooth green turf, and murmuring rivulets, and, though very retired, not absolutely out of the world; where one could occasionally see one's friends, and give *déjeûnes et fêtes champêtres*."

"Well, perhaps the time may come, Juliana, when we may realize our Elysian deserts; but, at present, you know, I am wholly dependent on my father. I hope to prevail on him to do something for me; and that our stay here will be short; as, you may be sure, the moment I can, I will take you hence. I am sensible it is not a situation for you; but, for my sake, dearest Juliana, bear with it for a while, without

betraying your disgust. Will you do this, darling?" and he kissed away the sullen tear that hung upon her cheek.

"You know, love, there's nothing in the world I wouldn't do for you," replied she, as she played with her squirrel; "and, as you promise our stay shall be short, if I don't die of the horrors I shall certainly try to make the agreeable. O my cherub!" flying to her pug, who came barking into the room, "where have you been, and where's my darling Psyche, and sweet macaw? Do, Harry, go and see after the darlings."

"I must go and see my brother and his wife first. Will you come, love?"

"Oh, not now; I don't feel equal to the encounter; besides, I must dress. But what shall I do, since that vile woman's gone? I can't dress myself. I never did such a thing in my life; and I am sure it's impossible that I can," almost weeping at the hardships she was doomed to experience in making her own toilette.

"Shall I be your Abigail?" asked her husband, smiling at the distress; "methinks it would be no difficult task to deck my Julia."

"Dear Harry, will you really dress me? Oh, that will be delightful! I shall die with laughing at your awkwardness;" and her beautiful eyes sparkled with childish delight at the idea.

"In the meantime," said Douglas, "I'll send some one to unpack your things; and after I have shook hands with Archie, and been introduced to my new sister, I shall enter on my office."

"Now do, pray, make haste; for I die to see your great hands tying strings and sticking pins."

Delighted with her gaiety and good-humour, he left her caressing her favourites; and, finding rather a scarcity of female attendance, he despatched two of his sisters to assist his helpless beauty in her arrangements.

When Douglas returned, he found the floor strewn with dresses of every description; his sisters on their knees before a great trunk they were busied in unpacking, and his lady in her wrapper, with her hair about her ears, still amusing herself with her pets.

"See, how good your sisters are," said she, pointing to the poor girls, whose inflamed faces bore testimony to their labours. "I declare, I am quite sorry to see them take so much trouble," yawning as she leant back in her chair; "is it not quite shocking, Tommy?" kissing her squirrel. "Oh, pray, Henry, do tell me what I am to put on; for I protest I don't know. Favolle always used to choose for me; and so did that odious Martin, for she had an exquisite taste."

"Not so exquisite as your own, I am sure; so, for once, choose for yourself," replied the good-humoured husband; "and pray make haste, for my father waits dinner."

Betwixt scolding, laughing, and blundering, the dress was at length completed; and Lady Juliana, in all the pomp of dress and pride of beauty, descended, leaning on her husband's arm.

On entering the drawing-room, which was now in a more comfortable state, Douglas led her to a lady who was sitting by the fire; and, placing her hand within that of the stranger, "Juliana, my love," said he, "this

is a sister whom you have not yet seen, and with whom I am sure you will gladly make acquaintance."

The stranger received her noble sister with graceful ease; and, with a sweet smile and pleasing accent, expressed herself happy in the introduction. Lady Juliana was surprised, and somewhat disconcerted. She had arranged her plans, and made up her mind to be *condescending*; she had resolved to enchant by her sweetness, dazzle by her brilliancy, and overpower by her affability. But there was a simple dignity in the air and address of the lady, before which even high-bred affectation sunk abashed. Before she found a reply to the courteous yet respectful salutation of her sister-in-law, Douglas introduced his brother; and the old gentleman, impatient at any further delay, taking Lady Juliana by the hand, pulled rather than led her into the dining-room.

Even Lady Juliana contrived to make a meal of the roast mutton and muirfowl; for the laird piqued himself on the breed of his sheep, and his son was too good a sportsman to allow his friends to wait for game.

"I think my darling Tommy would relish this grouse very much," observed Lady Juliana, as she secured the last remaining wing for her favourite; "bring him here!" turning to the tall, dashing lacquey who stood behind her chair, and whose handsome livery and well-dressed hair formed a striking contrast to old Donald's tartan jacket and bob-wig.

"Come hither, my sweetest cherubs!" extending her arms towards the charming *trio*, as they entered, barking, and chattering, and flying to their mistress. A scene of noise and nonsense ensued.

Douglas remained silent, mortified and provoked at the weakness of his wife, which not even the silver tones of her voice, or the elegance of her manners, could longer conceal from him. But still there was a charm in her very folly, to the eye of love, which had not yet wholly lost its power.

After the table was cleared, observing that he was still silent and abstracted, Lady Juliana turned to her husband; and, laying her hand on his shoulder, "You are not well, love!" said she, looking up in his face, and shaking back the redundant ringlets that shaded her own.

"Perfectly so," replied her husband, with a sigh.

"What, dull? then I must sing to enliven you." And, leaning her head on his shoulder, she warbled a verse of the beautiful little Venetian air, *La Biondina in Gondoletta*. Then suddenly stopping, and fixing her eyes on Mrs. Douglas, "I beg pardon, perhaps you don't like music: perhaps my singing's a bore?"

"You pay us a bad compliment in supposing so," said her sister-in-law, smiling; "and the only atonement you can make for such an injurious doubt is to proceed."

"Does anybody sing here?" asked she, without noticing this request. "Do, somebody, sing me a song."

"O! we all sing, and dance too," said one of the old young ladies; "and after tea we'll show you some of our Scotch steps; but, in the meantime, Mrs. Douglas will favour us with her song."

Mrs. Douglas assented good-humouredly, though aware that it would be rather a nice point to please all parties in the choice of a song. The laird reckoned all foreign music, *i. e.* everything that was not Scotch, an outrage upon his ears; and Mrs. Douglas had too much taste to murder Scotch songs with her English accent. She therefore compromised the matter as well

as she could, by selecting a Highland ditty clothed in her own native tongue; and began to sing, with much pathos and simplicity, a verse or two of the lamented Leyden's 'Fall of Macgregor.'

"In the vale of Glenorchy the night breeze was sighing
O'er the tomb where the ancient Macgregors are lying:
Green are their graves by their soft murmuring river,
But the name of Macgregor has perish'd for ever.

"On a red stream of light, by his gray mountains glancing,
Soon I beheld a dim spirit advancing;
Slow o'er the heath of the dead was its motion,
Like the shadow of mist o'er the foam of the ocean.

"Like the sound of a stream through the still evening dying,—
Stranger! who treads where Macgregor is lying?
Darest thou to walk, unappall'd and firm-hearted,
'Mid the shadowy steps of the mighty departed?

"See! round thee the caves of the dead are disclosing
The shades that have long been in silence reposing;
Thro' their forms dimly twinkles the moonbeam descending,
As upon thee their red eyes of wrath they are bending.

"Our gray stones of fame though the heath-blossom cover,
Round the fields of our battles our spirits still hover;
Where we oft saw the streams running red from the mountains:
But dark are our forms by our blue native fountains.

"For our fame melts away like the foam of the river,
Like the last yellow leaves on the oak-boughs that shiver:
The name is unknown of our fathers so gallant;
And our blood beats no more in the breasts of the valiant.

"The hunter of red deer now ceases to number
The lonely gray stones on the field of our slumber.—
Fly, stranger! and let not thine eye be reverted;
Why shouldst thou see that our fame is departed?"

"Pray, do you play on the harp?" asked the volatile lady, scarcely waiting till the first stanza was ended. "and *à-propos*, have you a good harp here?"

"We've neither gude nor bad," said the old gentleman gruffly; "the lasses hae something else to do than to be drumming upon harps."

"We have a very sweet spinnet," said Miss Jacky, "which, in my opinion, is a far superior instrument: and Bella will give us a tune upon it. Bella, my dear, let Lady Juliana hear how well you can play."

Bella, blushing like a peony rose, retired to a corner of the room, where stood the spinnet; and, with great heavy, trembling hands, began to belabour the unfortunate instrument, while the aunts beat time and encouraged her to proceed with exclamations of admiration and applause.

"You have done very well, Bella," said Mrs. Douglas seeing her preparing to *execute* another piece, and pitying the poor girl, as well as her auditors. Then whispering Miss Jacky that Lady Juliana looked fatigued, they arose to quit the room.

"Give me you arm, love, to the drawing-room," said her ladyship, languidly. "And now, pray, don't be long away," continued she, as he placed her on the sofa, and returned to the gentlemen.

The interval, which seemed of endless duration to the hapless Lady Juliana, was passed by the aunts giving sage counsel as to the course of life to be pursued by married ladies.

The entrance of the gentlemen put a stop to the conversation.

Flying to her husband, Lady Juliana began to whisper, in very audible tones, her inquiries, whether he had yet got any money—when they were to go away, &c. &c.

"Does your ladyship choose any tea?" asked Miss Nicky, as she disseminated the little cups of coarse black liquid.

"Tea! oh, no, I never drink tea—I'll take coffee: but Psyche loves tea." And she tendered the beverage, that had been intended for herself, to her favourite.

A LITTLE STRUTTING AND PUFFING.

KK

"Here's no coffee," said Douglas, surveying the tea-table; "but I will ring for some," as he pulled the bell.

Old Donald answered the summons.

"Where's the coffee?" demanded Miss Nicky.

"The coffee!" repeated the Highlander; "troth, Miss Nicky, an it's been clean forgot. An' 'deed it's nae wonder, considering the confusion that has been in this hooss this day!" And he held up his hands, as if to bear testimony to what his tongue was unable to declare.

"Well, but you can get it yet?" said Douglas.

"'Deed, Maister Harry, the night's ower far gane for't noo; for the fire's a' ta'en up, ye see," reckoning with his fingers, as he proceeded; "there's parritch makin' for oor supper; and there's patatees boiling for the beasts; and . . ."

"I'll see about it myself," said Miss Nicky, leaving the room, with old Donald at her back, muttering all the way.

The old laird, all this while, had been enjoying his evening nap; but that now ended, and the tea equipage being dismissed, starting up, he asked what they were about, that the dancing was not begun.

"Come, my leddy, we'll set the example," snapping his fingers, and singing, in a hoarse voice,

"The mouse is a merry beastie,
And the moudiwort wants the e'en;
But folk sall ne'er get wit,—
Sae merry as we twa hae been."

"But whar's the girlies?" cried he. "Ho, Belle, Becky, Betty, Baby, Beeny—to your posts!"

The young ladies, eager for the delights of music and dancing, now entered, followed by Coil the piper, dressed in the native garb, with cheeks seemingly ready blown for the occasion. After a little strutting and puffing, the pipes were fairly set agoing in Coil's most spirited manner. But vain would be the attempt to describe Lady Juliana's horror and amazement at the hideous sounds that for the first time assailed her ear. Tearing herself from the grasp of the old gentleman, who was just setting off in the reel, she flew shrieking to her husband, and threw herself trembling

into his arms, while he called loudly to the self-delighted Coil to stop.

"What's the matter—what's the matter?" cried the whole family, gathering round.

"Matter!" repeated Douglas warmly, "you have frightened Lady Juliana to death;—what did you mean," turning fiercely to the astonished piper, "by blowing that abominable bladder?"

Poor Coil gaped with astonishment, for never before had his performance on the bagpipe been heard but with admiration and applause.

"A bonny bargain, indeed, that canna stand the pipes," said the old gentleman, as he went puffing up and down the room; "she's no the wife for a Heeland-man;—abominable blather, indeed! By my troth, ye're no blate!"

"I declare it's the most distressing thing I ever met with," sighed Miss Grizzy. "I wonder whether it could be the sight or the sound of the bagpipe that frightened our dear niece. I wish to goodness Lady MacLaughlan was here!"

"It's impossible the bagpipe could frighten anybody," said Miss Jacky, in a high key; "nobody with common sense could be frightened at a bagpipe."

Mrs. Douglas here mildly interposed, and soothed down the offended pride of the Highlanders by attributing Lady Juliana's agitation entirely to *surprise*. The word operated like a charm; all were ready to admit that it was a surprising thing when heard for the first time. Miss Jacky remarked that we are all liable to be surprised; and the still more sapient Grizzy said, that indeed it was most surprising the effect that surprise had upon some people. For her own part she could not deny but that she was very often frightened when she was surprised, and very often surprised at having been frightened.

Douglas, meanwhile, was employed in soothing the terrors, real or affected, of his delicate bride; who declared herself so exhausted with the fatigue she had undergone, and the sufferings she had endured, that she must retire for the night. Henry, eager to escape from the questions and remarks of his family, gladly availed himself of the same excuse; and, to the infinite mortification of both aunts and nieces, the ball was broke up.

"Bread of flour is good; but there is bread, sweet as honey, if we would eat it, in a good book."—RUSKIN.

ENGLISH MEN AND WOMEN OF LETTERS.

VII.

POPE.

RICHARD GARNETT.

THE history of Alexander Pope's literary reputation is one of the most remarkable examples of the uncertainty of literary judgments. To his contemporaries and immediate successors the question whether he was a great poet would have seemed ridiculous; they greatly preferred him in their hearts to Shakespeare and Milton. To many of a later generation it would have seemed ridiculous on quite another ground; and it has now taken its place along with the deed of Brutus and the scaffold of Charles, among the subjects of perpetual controversy.

In one respect, however, the question may be said to have been decided irrevocably in Pope's favour. No one ever disputes his claim to rank among great writers, acute thinkers, and consummate artists. Whether he be held a great poet or not, his position among the leaders of literature will hardly be affected. The discussion is less about Pope's individual merit than on the wider

theme of the definition of poetry itself. What is it? And what kind of excellence is rightly claimed as poetical excellence? Hence the controversy about Pope is much more interesting and important to young students of literature than such controversies usually are. It involves issues of the deepest kind, on which every one who cares for literature ought to have an opinion. And, as this opinion is best formed by reading Pope himself, the study of him is to be recommended quite apart from his treasure of wit, wisdom, and sound morality, and the intellectual stimulus generally to be derived from his writings, or even for the perfect picture he has left us of the age of which he was the chief literary representative.

To answer the question whether these consummate excellences constitute a first-rate poetical excellence, we must settle for ourselves what poetry is. And here it must be owned, that although no inquiry can be more interesting, or in a sense more useful to be undertaken, it is one that hardly admits of a satisfactory determination; or rather say it is determined for every one by influences beyond his control. There are two conceptions or theories of poetry, one or the other of which must

be innate in every one who is capable of forming an idea on the subject at all. For convenience' sake, we may call these the mechanical and the transcendental, though they might as well be called the physical and metaphysical, the Aristotelian and the Platonic, the rational and the mystic; for they are but analogies of that wide rift which traverses the whole world of mind, and divides mankind into two camps, according to the side of it in which men are found. To some poetry is so much intellectual force invested in writing verse. In its crudest form we have this definition in Dr. Johnson's ridicule of Milton for fancying that he could only compose at certain seasons of the year; in its more spiritual shape it appears in Carlyle's contention that every man of great faculty is potentially a poet. To minds thus constituted the proposition that poetry is in itself a definite reality, independent of intellect or judgment, or power of speech, though only to be realized by their aid, seems as absurd as the argument in *Martinus Scriblerus*, that a kitchen-jack performs its functions by an inherent meat-roasting quality, with which wheels and chains have nothing to do. Others, on the contrary, define poetry as Coleridge is made to define it in the verse of Shelley—

"He spoke of poetry, and how
Divine it was—a light—a love—
A spirit which like wind doth blow
As it listeth, to and fro;
A dew rained down from God above!

"A power which comes and goes like dream,
And which none can ever trace—
Heaven's light on earth—Truth's brightest beam:
And when he ceased there lay the gleam
Of those words upon his face."

This question is only one aspect of the eternal controversy which runs through all nature and morals, and never can be settled, because, in fact, each view is true, only one in the sphere of time and place, and the other in that of infinity and eternity. Which is first, the owl or the egg? Does the assemblage of beautiful parts constitute the Ideal, or does the Ideal determine the beauty of the parts? Is a good man good because he does good things, or does he do good things because he is good? The controversy is incapable of decision, if by decision we mean demonstration, or rather it is already decided for every one by his own mental constitution. It may therefore seem useless, as well as presumptuous, to hint our

own opinion. Yet, as it is sometimes possible to silence without convincing, it may be allowable to point out that an ancient and approved maxim—*Cuique in sua arte credendum*, every one knows his own business best—makes entirely for the loftier and more spiritual theory. For it is the theory of the poets themselves. Johnson and Carlyle could write most forcibly about poetry, but could not write poetry itself. Shelley and Coleridge could; and can hardly be supposed ignorant of the nature of what they did so well. Some little weight should certainly be allowed to this consideration.

Pope's place in his reader's estimation must be determined by the decision of this question: if intellectual vigour is made the criterion of genius, he must stand in the very first rank; if inspiration, he can only come into the second. In the former case he is on the same plane with Milton and Wordsworth; in the latter, only with Dryden and Byron. No poet has owed more to the sedulous and intelligent cultivation of his powers; none has owed less to the promptings and visitations of a Power from without. Not, indeed, that he performed the impossible feat of making himself a poet in spite of Nature; or contributes any support to the singularly inadequate definition of genius as "great general power accidentally receiving a bent in a particular direction." Great lawyers, engineers, and even generals may so be made, but not great poets. There is evidence enough in the anecdotes of his youth to prove that his bent to poetry was innate and irresistible. But this seems to have been the extent of his obligations to Nature. His works contain hardly one instance of a careless grace, an unstudied cadence, or an unpremeditated felicity. The ancient poet who associated some flower with each of the authors admitted into his anthology, would have found it difficult to suit a bard who, if ill-fitted with simple and natural growths, would be libelled by glaring and meretricious ones. An anthology of gems would suit him better, and such would be no bad definition of his poems if it be understood not of single gems disorderly heaped together, but of precious stones arranged with perfect taste in elegant devices. It was surely with unconscious irony that he amused himself with the construction of a grotto of spars and fossils, in which he spent more than a thousand pounds. Yet, though the artificial beauty of the glittering

grotto was by no means to be compared to the natural beauty of the stream lapsing by with its lilies and its dragon-flies, the boatman would do ill who disdained to land and look at it; and we shall err too if preference for simple nature and reverence for the inspiration that comes from above prejudice us, as they prejudiced Wordsworth and his too exclusive school, against one of the most brilliant manifestations of human faculties.

Extreme artificiality has a strong as well as a weak side. If on the one hand it cripples the poet in the world of Nature, on the other it equips him for dealing with the world of man. Not indeed in the broad and liberal sense of Shakespeare, where every man is a living piece of Nature, but in the restricted sense of society, where, moulded by fashion and convention, every man more or less contrasts with Nature, and appears in a measure an artificial product. This was never more the case than in the society which it fell to Pope to delineate, which had probably got as far from Nature in its creeds, tastes, customs, costumes, and everything that gave it individual colour as any society could without becoming offensive and monstrous. On the other hand, the cultivation of the intellect had attained a very high standard. From these data it resulted that the manner of a thing was looked upon as of more importance than the matter, and that Pope's definition of "true wit" practically passed as the definition of true genius—

"True wit is nature to advantage drest,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well exprest."

An impregnable definition if, instead of "nature," Pope had written "reason." But the idea that nature would be improved by dress runs through all he wrote; and as it was also the idea of which the society of his day was, as it were, the visible incarnation, it qualified him for dealing with the transient modes and features of that society in the same proportion as it disqualified him for dealing with the universal and eternal. We shall find little in Pope that is true of man everywhere; but we shall find much that is true of man in the artificial phases through which the conditions of human progress require him to pass, if he is not to continue in them for ever. We are still in these phases, and therefore, even as a contemporary observer, Pope is still very much for us. As a historian, as the record of a most interesting society

and a quaint but exquisite civilization, the world of powder and patches and pounce and canes and fans—faintly aromatic, as with dried rose-leaves, with the aroma of withered sweetness—he is more interesting still. As an acute thinker, keen and bright as steel, he is yet more so. As an artist in words, the most consummate example of the art of making things derive tenfold force from the way of putting them, he is most important of all, standing perhaps at the head of all English writers, and rivalling the best French masters of the *bon mot*. It is only as a poet that he seems to come short, and this in our sense of the term, not in his own.

Pope's mission thus not being, strictly speaking, a poetical one, it results that the most vitally important part of his work is that in which he makes the least pretence to inspiration, and is, in fact, least of the poet. The intellectual element of his nature, in which he is supreme, preponderates over the poetical, which is with him secondary. There are, nevertheless, two striking examples of the perfect union of the reasoning and the poetical faculties in his work, and these two (the *Essay on Man* and the *Rape of the Lock*) deserve to rank at the head of his writings. If the best, however, they are not the most characteristic, nor do they represent him in his especial character as the poet of his age. For this we must look to his satirical works, *The Dunciad*, *Moral Essays*, *Imitations of Horace*. Here we have Pope in his most characteristic attitude, the portrayer of manners, the censor of morals, the lampooner of foes, the panegyrist of friends, complimenting with an elegance and blasting with a virulence of which English literature had hitherto shown no example. Dryden, a greater poet, had doubtless displayed more robust energy; but the criterion of satiric merit is not so much energy as exquisiteness, and in this direction Pope has gone far beyond him, and in fact attained the utmost limit of achievement. Can anything be imagined to surpass in point and poignancy the famous character of Addison?—

"Peace to all such! but were there one whose fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires;
Blest with each talent, and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease:
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caused himself to rise;

Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
 And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
 Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
 Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
 Alike reserved to blame, or to commend,
 A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend;
 Dreading ev'n fools, by flatterers besieged,
 And so obliging, that he ne'er obliged.
 Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
 And sit attentive to his own applause;
 While wits and templars every sentence raise,
 And wonder with a foolish face of praise:—
 Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
 Who would not weep, if Atticus were he?"

This passage, and many others like it, cannot be surpassed. But their very perfection indicates one of the deficiencies which prevent Pope from ranking among the greatest poets. He is too perfect. He does everything for his reader, and leaves no scope for the reader's own imagination. He is like a Pompeian picture without a background, or a pyramid with no entrance for a glimpse of the blue sky. The greatest poets are great not only in virtue of what they say, but of what they leave unsaid. They suggest an infinite something behind. They are in communion with something greater than themselves, and their works are but the porch to an edifice. Pope leaves no room for sentiments of awe and mystery. He exhausts his subject so thoroughly that the subject must needs be small. As must ever be the case with a sincere worker, his workmanship is on a par with his subject. It is unimpeachable for the end he proposes to himself; but this end is cramped and contracted. In his hands the heroic couplet, a metrical form admitting of great variety, has become entirely monotonous. The sense is shut up within twenty syllables; and the pause recurs with fatiguing regularity at the same point of the line. All the graceful irregularity and wilful exuberance of the early masters of this form is pared away. Nothing more terse, brilliant, and polished than Pope's couplet, indeed, can be conceived; but it indicates that terseness, brilliancy, and polish had that exclusive place in his mind which they would not have held in the mind of a truly great poet. If it be replied that his subjects required them, this only proves that his subjects did not belong to the highest department of poetry. It would, so far as we can see, have been vain for him to have attempted distinction in any of the loftiest walks of verse save one. Epic and drama would have been artificial exercises for him, but the interest

which he could not feel for humanity he could feel for ideas. Once in his life he had a great inspiration, a lofty moral enthusiasm took possession of him, and he resolved "to vindicate the ways of God to man." The result was the *Essay on Man*, in which for the first and last time the brightness of intellect and wit is allied with the grandeur proper to exalted poetry. The poem has quite a special charm in the alliance of rapture and reason. Elsewhere we make much allowance for a poet vested in his singing-ropes; we do not test his expressions by the standard of strict accuracy, and we compassionate the pedantry that would insist on his in every respect delivering himself like a man of this world. But here, the more impassioned and emphatic the poet's language, the more closely he seems to adhere to ordinary good sense. There can be nothing more animated than a passage like this; yet, unless the poet's postulate of a Divine government be disputed, there can be nothing more sober and incontestable—

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
 Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;
 That, changed through all, and yet in all the same;
 Great in the earth, as in the ethereal frame;
 Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
 Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
 Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
 Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
 Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
 As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart:
 As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
 As the rapt seraph that adores and burns:
 To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
 He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.
 Cease then, nor order imperfection name:
 Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
 Know thy own point: this kind, this due degree
 Of blindness, weakness, Heav'n bestows on thee.
 Submit—in this, or any other sphere,
 Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear:
 Safe in the hand of one disposing power,
 Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
 All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
 All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;
 All discord, harmony not understood;
 All partial evil, universal good:
 And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
 One truth is clear, Whatever is, is right."

It does indeed seem absurd to deny the character of a great poet to the writer of verses like these, and we have to remember that such were by no means habitual with him. The intellectual power, the mastery of composition displayed in Pope's poems, are indeed everywhere much the same; but it is only in the *Essay on Man*, and perhaps in the *Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady*, that intellect and

inspiration are at one. It may seem strange to compare Pope with Wordsworth; yet the beaux of the former are in a sense the parallel of the peasants and pedlars of the latter—each are admirable, and we would not lose either; but it is only when the writer for too brief a space enters the regions of the universal that we can exclaim, *Onorate l'altissimo poeta*. Pope's *Essay on Man* might, but for too strong a smell of the lamp, pair off with Wordsworth's *Tintern Abbey* and his great ode; but in the region of tender pathos, where Wordsworth is so exquisite, Pope, alas! is nowhere, the above-mentioned elegy and *Eloisa to Abelard* excepted. This seems strange; for he was a man of very quick feelings, warmer of heart and more open of hand than Wordsworth, living too in society, notwithstanding a weakly constitution and a deformity that might well have made him a recluse. Yet his enthusiasm is rather for thoughts than things, and, except when resenting an injury, he values persons chiefly as the embodiments of his maxims. He subjugates the brain, but the eye and the pulse are safe from him.

In one other poem, nevertheless, Pope appears great, for here he is the creator of an ideal world. This poem is, of course, the *Rape of the Lock*, not only a most delightful poem, but a memorable instance of what can be performed by fancy united to wit, taste, and judgment. It is a world blown from a bubble, but one to which genius has imparted solidity and permanency. Pope's sylphs are as real as the characters of his satires; and the reason is his own belief in them while he was writing about them, and the earnest zeal with which he lavished all his resources upon their ethereal frailty—

"He summons straight his denizens of air,
The lucid squadrons round the sails repair:
Soft o'er the shrouds ærial whispers breathe,
That seemed but zephyrs to the train beneath.
Some to the sun their insect wings unfold,
Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold;
Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,
Their fluid bodies half dissolved in light.
Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
Thin glitt'ring textures of the filmy dew,
Dipped in the richest tincture of the skies,
Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes,
While ev'ry beam new transient colours flings,
Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings."

We ought not to part from Pope without some mention of the work which has perhaps contributed more than any other to make him popular, and yet has done more than any other to lower his character

with posterity. His translation of Homer is still the favourite version of the multitude, but has become more and more a bye-word among educated readers, in proportion as the real spirit of Homer has been imbibed by them. Yet this depreciated work, rightly considered, is one of the principal proofs that Pope was indeed a poet. So long as it is judged merely as poetry, it finds acceptance. Not until we compare it with the poetry which it professes to represent does it appear inept—a proof, surely, that it is good as a poem, though bad as a translation. The worst that can be said of Pope is, that he failed to anticipate the perceptions of a later day, after men's eyes had been opened by a revival which he did not live to see. But his version has great poetical qualities, and not only so, but Homeric qualities. Fire, rapidity, dignity are qualities so eminently Homeric that no translation which possesses these can be entirely unlike Homer; and Pope, always ardent, eloquent, energetic, displays them in a much greater degree than many later translators more deeply imbued with the spirit of Greek poetry. So long, indeed, as Pope deals with heroes, whether fighting or discoursing, he does pretty well; the great blot upon his version, and upon all his poetry, is the tameness and conventionality of his pictures of nature. The love of nature had for a time departed from English literature.

We cannot, however, estimate Pope's rank as a poet merely by the excellence of particular pieces. He stands for an epoch, he is the man whom that age of English letters which some have called the Augustan has chosen as its characteristic representative. Without him there would be a grievous gap in our literature; in this special representative character he is fully as important as Milton, or Wordsworth, or Tennyson, and much more important than many more richly endowed than himself with genius of the purely poetical species. He has, in addition, contributed more than any poet except Shakespeare to build up the national mind. With this great exception, no poet affords such a multitude of familiar quotations, no one has produced so many sayings which have deserved to rank as axioms, or have become so emphatically a portion of the intellectual equipment of the English nation. It is not often that such general and prevailing influence is accompanied with such supreme excellence in a single, and it may be a somewhat narrow, department of poetry.

SCHOLARSHIP COMPETITION QUESTIONS.

I. Give your own opinion as to Pope's rank as a poet. State reasons for your criticism.

II. Criticize in detail *The Rape of the Lock*.

WORK SELECTED.—Pope's Poems.

Only one question should be answered. Papers must contain not more than 500 words, and must be sent in by April 25.

AUTHOR SELECTED FOR MAY.—Moore.

SEARCH QUESTIONS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

I.

Give the seven degrees of quarrelling, according to the book of good manners.

II.

What is a "Kelso convoy"?

III.

Explain the reference in these lines—

"Hush! hark! I see a towering form,
From the dim distance slowly rolled!
It rocks like lilies in a storm,
And, oh, its hues are green and gold!"

IV.

Where do we read of the following ships—*The Long Serpent*, *The Cydnus*, *The Good Fortune*, *The Golden Hind*, *The Yungfrau*, *Hagenslaapen*, *The Covenant*?

V.

What passengers did Goldsmith in his *Reverie* see conveyed in the "Fame Machine" to the Temple of Fame?

VI.

Give author and work from which the following are taken—

(1) "Go, call a coach, and let a coach be call'd;
And let the man that calls it be the caller;
And in his calling, let him nothing call
But coach! coach! coach! Oh, for a coach, ye gods!"

(2) "Where is Cupid's crimson motion?
Billowy ecstasy of woe;
Bear me straight, meandering ocean,
Where the stagnant torrents flow."

(3) "Let him kill a lion with a pestle, husband; let him kill a lion with a pestle. . . . I'll be sworn, gentlemen, he will act you sometimes at our house, that all the neighbours cry out on him: he will fetch you up a couraging part so in the garret, that we are all as feared that we quake again."

(4) "I'll have no mutineers in my camp. I'll establish a spirit of trustful happiness and un murmuring content in this school if I have to flog every boy in it as long as I can stand over him."

VII.

Of whom was it said that she was "as headstrong as an allegory on the banks of the Nile"?

Prizes of Two Guineas and One Guinea are awarded half-yearly to competitors who gain the highest number of marks. The questions above are the first of a new series. All answers should be addressed to the Superintendent, R. U., *Atalanta*, 187 Piccadilly, W., and must be sent in by April 15.

ANSWERS TO SEARCH QUESTIONS (MARCH).

I.

A steed of brass, a mirror, a ring of gold, a naked sword [Chaucer's *Squire's Tale*]. The story is referred to in *Il Penseroso*.

II.

1. Venice [Shelley, *Lines in the Euganean Hills*].
2. Rome [Byron, *Childe Harold*]. 3. England [Richard II.]. 4. Mont Blanc [Coleridge, *Hymn before Sunrise*].

III.

Essays of Elia, *the Poor Relation*; *Dombey and*

Son; *David Copperfield*; *Lorna Doone*; *The Adventures of Philip*; *Fortunes of Nigel*; *All Sorts and Conditions of Men*; *Hereward the Wake*.

IV.

1. Sir Philip Sidney, written by Henry Carey.
2. King Charles I. [*Eikon Basilike*]. 3. Edwin [Beattie's *Minstrel*]. 4. Evelyn Hope. 5. Waldo Emerson [*Threnody*, written by Ralph Waldo Emerson].

THE FORGOTTEN GRACES.

FROM A MAN'S POINT OF VIEW.

IT is characteristic of Englishmen that having once taken up a hobby they ride it to death. No matter whether it be compulsory education, a new military weapon, or a muzzling order, it is no sooner adopted in principle than it is carried out to all lengths, reasonable and unreasonable, and it is only when his "fierce extremes" have wrought their inevitable mischief that attempts are made to mitigate the evil. One such horse which is now running its course is what, in default of a better definition, may be called the higher system of female education. Unfortunately, in our present every artificial social state, so keen is the struggle for existence among a section of the middle-classes, that not unfrequently all the members of a family, whether sons or daughters, are compelled to contribute their quota to the domestic exchequer. And it is "as plain as road to parish church," that the daughters are to compete with their brothers in government and commercial employments, they must compete also with them in the knowledge required for admission into those callings; and for such girls a higher training in purely scholastic subjects than that commonly accorded to girls becomes a necessity of the time. This want has been met by the establishment of the higher-education schools, which, had their scholars been

limited to girls seeking office and to the future instructresses of such, would doubtless have served a most useful purpose. But unhappily the hobby-horse, having been once mounted, is being ridden far beyond the boundary-fence of prudence. Not only are these schools throwing a wide net over the young girls of the country, but private schools are driven to compete with them in forcing their pupils on in the study of subjects which until lately have been reserved for the education of boys.

That the present competition in female employments is an evil, the best friends of the women of this country are beginning to recognize. In the commoner industries, the tendency which is observable towards replacing women by girls, and girls by those who are little more than children, is a cause of anxiety to all those who are capable of taking a wide view of social questions; and though the care of parents among the middle-classes will prevent such a *facilis descensus* in the social order, in the case of their own daughters, it is unquestionable that this same pressure which is at present forcing girls into employments will have the effect of reducing the age at which their younger sisters will seek to follow in their footsteps.

The higher-school training is paving the way to this result. But this is not the point on which we

wish now to lay stress. We have no quarrel with the higher-education-of-women advocates so long as they confine their efforts to those who legitimately require their services. Such girls as these, it may be supposed, have deliberately made up their mind to enter into the competition of life, and may therefore be considered to have, for the time being, stepped out of the paths which Dame Nature originally designed them to follow. But we confess to regard with alarm the tendency which the present general system involves of substituting masculinely scholastic subjects of study for the graces, refinements, and arts which are proper to women.

It may have an old-world sound, but it is yet true, that woman was made to be a complement of man. It is her part—and it is a part for which she is especially gifted—to add grace and refinement to life, and to afford relief to man in the midst of the more sordid cares of existence by the exercise of those lighter and elevating powers which give beauty and dignity to social intercourse.

“O woman! lovely woman! nature made thee
To temper man; we had been brutes without you.
Angels are painted fair, to look like you:
There’s in you all that we believe of heaven;
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love.”

The object of female education should, then, be to prepare women for the employment of those high and purifying influences which Nature has so peculiarly fitted them to exercise. These are the graces and adornments which compel a willing homage from men, and earn the admiration of their own sex. And these are they which are to be cultivated and encouraged by studies which enlighten the mind without oppressing it, by the exercise of the imagination, and by careful training in the arts and graces. But, alas! instead of these pursuits, girls are, under the present advanced principle, in danger of being subjected to so exclusively a mental training, that there is little or no time left for more than occasional “brilliant flashes” of feminine and graceful subjects. The natural result follows. A razor which is used to cut sticks with soon ceases to be as useful as an ordinary knife; and the girl who has unduly developed her intellect at the expense of those accomplishments which naturally belong to her sex, has lost that which leaves her poor indeed. And may not this be one reason why the percentage of marriages is less than it was formerly?

The girls who are subjected to the high-pressure system may be divided into two classes—those who turn out scholastic successes, and those who, having fallen short of this, have at the same time imbibed a tendency to regard with indifference purely feminine pursuits. The typical representatives of the first of these too often make the weight of their knowledge a burden on the society in which they are thrown. They, unconsciously no doubt, assume airs of superiority, and are somewhat brusque in their manner towards those who still possess a hankering after light conversation. They adopt some one “learned” person as the high-priest of their cult, and treat with a superior pity all those who fail to see the same exalted virtues in the object of their admiration. Their less endowed sisters follow at a distance in the wake of their more favoured companions. They have not reached the same mental culture; but they still claim unmistakably to be emancipated from old-fashioned ideas. They frequently are indifferent about their dress, or if they do bestow pains upon it, it is that they may attire themselves in garbs which must make the “angels weep.” They show a disposition to be careless about the attitudes they assume, and loll about without much regard for the effect produced on the onlookers. They are not always unacquainted with slang, and they imitate with more or less verisimilitude the manners of their brothers at the “Varsities.”

How different from these pictures are those women who by care and attention have added to their instinctive feminine intelligence grace, manners, and winning address.—Women whose presence is at once felt in whatever company they appear, who diffuse a charm wherever they go, and convert as by an alchemist’s wand the baser metals of society into pure gold. Fortunately we have many such women among us. But they are not among those who have burnt the midnight oil in the study of conic sections and abstruse philosophical questions. The probability is that they have never gone beyond the first four rules in arithmetic, and possess no more than a general idea of the philosophical systems; but incomparably happy are they in the possession of those pearls of great price—grace, sympathy, and quickened intelligence—which help them to adorn and beautify every sphere in which their lots may be cast. No home is so humble, and no society is so

exalted as not to be susceptible of the influence of such women, and there can be no more lofty career than the exercise of these refining powers.

But perhaps there are some who consider the family circle too narrow for the display of their abilities, and who seek to reach a more extended usefulness by studies such as we have spoken of. But if we consider for a moment what women have exercised the greatest influence on the present century, we find that they have not always by any means been conspicuous for depth of reading or profundity of knowledge, but simply for the cultivation of the exceptional feminine powers with which they were endowed by Nature. If we were called upon to name the four women who have been conspicuous during the present century for the influence they have produced on their own and the succeeding generation, we should unhesitatingly mention Jane Austen, George Eliot, Lady Holland, and Lady Palmerston. No one of these, with the exception of George Eliot, was what would be called a "learned woman"; indeed, Jane Austen declared herself to be the most ignorant woman who had ever dabbled in literature, and yet she created impressions which will last as long as English literature endures; and though the influence of the two last may be said to have died with them, yet during their lifetime they ruled the minds of men, and in the case of Lady Palmerston, directed the destiny of empires. And all because, being of the woman womanly, they cultivated with care and attention those gifts of observation, grace, and address which are in a greater or less degree the common heritage of their sex.¹

R. K. Douglas.

THERE is one fascinating way of learning the geography of our globe—that is, by travel. But there is also another, accessible to all, namely, by means of a good atlas. Messrs. Longman, at a moderate cost, have lately issued a volume which can abundantly satisfy the necessities of the traveller who only visits foreign countries in imagination. Their *New Atlas*, professedly for the use of schools, contains not only good maps, but an enormous amount of information with regard to the world's physical features, political outlines, and density of population. The editor in his preface explains his

This paper invites discussion. All letters or remarks must reach the Editor not later than April 20, and must have the words "Brown Owl" on the cover.

principal aims under three heads: first, the adequate representation of the physical features; second, the careful and somewhat exclusive selection of names; third, the facilitating of comparison as to size between the countries and regions included in the different maps. He effects his first object by having, where possible, separate maps of the same country—one map dealing only with the physical features, another with the political. His second object is reached by the omission of unimportant names from the map; these, however, are included in the index, with the latitude and longitude marked, so that their position can be ascertained if required. With regard to the third point, the maps are arranged on comparative scales, so that the relative sizes of the different countries can be seen at a glance. The Atlas is of a convenient size, furnished at the end with some valuable plates containing typical scenes from different parts of the world, specimens of vegetation, and ethnological types.

* * *

WARREN HASTINGS, Sir Alfred Lyall, K.C.B. (Macmillan), forms one of that delightful series, "English Men of Action." This volume gives a graphic sketch of Hastings' life in the Indian Peninsula. His story is told with great skill, and without that bias which is apparent in Macaulay's celebrated essay. The wonderful romance of those thirteen years, during which he saved India for his employers, the East India Company, once more finds an able narrator. His was the strongest human force that upheld the English supremacy, and finally established it in India. Warren Hastings had to fight against fearful odds; overwhelming difficulties were thrown in his way, not only by the natives, but by his own colleagues. His seven years' State trial and subsequent acquittal by the House of Lords are matters of history; in this volume they may be found in a condensed and readable form. Sir Alfred Lyall gives prominence to Warren Hastings' great force of character, and evidently regards him as an innocent and much-maligned man.

* * *

THE beautiful poem on Caroline Herschel in this number will be read with sympathy by all who know her story.

An interesting account of this devoted sister is to be found in Mrs. Fawcett's little book, *Some Eminent Women of Our Times* (Macmillan). In this short account her devotion to her great brother, Sir William Herschel, is told in forcible words. She helped him in all his labours, sinking herself completely in her zeal for science and for him.

Mrs. Fawcett records how on several occasions Caroline Herschel kept her indefatigable brother alive by putting bits of food into his mouth as he toiled. Once, when he was finishing a seven-foot mirror for his telescope, he never took his hands from it for sixteen hours. It is recorded of this pair of astronomers, that but for the merciful intervention of cloudy nights they must have succumbed at an early age. Caroline herself discovered eight comets.

* * *

A MEMBER of the Selborne Society writes as follows—

"If the *Brown Owl* will allow me a little space in her column of wisdom, I should like to say a few words about the Selborne Society.

"Only thirty-one of us have joined our branch of the Society, and in comparison with the many names one reads in the 'honour lists,' and other competitions, this is a very small number. Yet there are, I imagine, few girls to whom its work would be uninteresting.

"It goes without saying that girls living in the country love birds and flowers, and even town-bred young ladies that don't care for them are few and far between. Flowers are never likely to disappear from the earth altogether, but there are many species (uncultivated) which from having nearly all the blossoms plucked before the seed is ripe, are becoming very scarce. It is part of the Selborne Society's work to prevent this, by spreading more widely the natural history of flowers and plants, especially among country children, and by every other means in their power.

"In last year's *Atalanta* you read the article entitled 'Feathers and Fashion,' which pleads more forcibly for the birds than anything I could say. And most of you, no doubt, have heard of the massacre of swallows last autumn. How when they were migrating in great numbers to their winter quarters, they rested one night on some

telegraph wires in the south of France. They were watched, and in the night were captured—because it is the fashion to wear them. I scarcely understand how a woman can adorn herself at the expense of an innocent creature's pain, but to wear a swallow! Think how it would have returned in the spring to enjoy with us the warmer rays of the sun, to build its nest under our eaves, to feed on the insects which would otherwise harm our corn-fields, and to delight our eyes and ears with its graceful movements and chattering song. Who would have the heart then to take a gun and deliberately shoot it—to trim a hat? Those who buy the plumage of a swallow are as much to blame as if they had shot it themselves. I have often reasoned with my friends on this subject, and am almost invariably answered, 'What difference would it make if I were to give up wearing feathers? I am only one.' It is a weak answer and a thoughtless one. Of course it would be easy to give up wearing feathers without becoming a member of a society; but there is no saying so true as that 'Union is strength,' and with strength many great things may be accomplished, even a fashion altered.

"It is far from being an expensive society. The lowest subscription is sixpence, after paying which, and signing a paper (*not a pledge*), you become a member for life, or until you send in your resignation. Those who subscribe two shillings and sixpence and upwards yearly have the *Selborne Magazine* sent them every month. This is very interesting, and is a means of keeping the members in touch with one another.

"In conclusion I will copy from the paper which members sign, the objects of the Selborne Society—

"'To preserve from unnecessary destruction such wild birds, animals, and plants as are harmless, beautiful, or rare.

"'To discourage the wearing, and use for ornament, of birds and their plumage, except when the birds are killed for food, or reared for their plumage.

"'To protect places and objects of interest or natural beauty from ill-treatment or destruction.

"'To promote the study of natural history.'

"For the benefit of those who have but just begun to take in *Atalanta*, I will add that the Secretary of our branch is Miss K. M. WYATT, 20, Queen's Square, W.C."

L. T. Meade.

R. Paterson, sc.

LESBIA.

E. Gulland, del.

ATLANTA

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FLOWERS FROM A GARDEN.

HO shall have the daffodils in my garden growing,
Daintily be-frilled in white, with yellow furbelowing?
Baby boy and baby girl,
Each a little human pearl,
Golden heads and dancing feet,
Drops of life all perfect-sweet,
You shall have the daffodillies in my garden growing.

Who shall have the roses in my garden growing,
Pallid as the moonlight, as the sunset glowing?
Maid with soul as pure as they,
Tender, innocent and gay,
Youth, whose ruddy pulses beat
For truth, and love, and high conceit,
You shall have the roses in my garden growing.

Who shall have the heliotrope in my garden growing,
Scenting all the ambient air in its tranquil blowing?
Hands at rest from labour done,
Heads that snow has settled on,
Hearts the richer and more rare
For Life's petals fallen there,
You shall have the heliotrope within my garden growing.

Who shall have the pansies in my garden growing,
Dim with purpling depths of dark and one clear centre showing?
Ye, who one by one went hence
Out of any reach of sense,
Visionary forms who glide
Still and ever by our side,
Take, oh ! take the pansies in my garden growing.—BLUE JAY.



A ROUGH SHAKING.

George MacDonald.

XXXIX.

MALY.

TRAVELLING thus, meeting with kindness enough to keep him alive, but getting no employment, sleeping in what shelter he could find, and never missing the shelter he could not find, for the weather was exceptionally warm for the warm season, he came one day to a village where the strangest and hardest experience he ever encountered awaited him. What part of the country he was in, or what was the name of the village, he did not know. He seldom said anything beyond a polite greeting, but kept trudging on and on, as if the goal of his expectation were ever drawing nigher. Such was his mental condition from lack of nourishment, that he felt no curiosity as to the names of the places he passed through. Why should towns and villages strung on a road to nowhere in particular, interest him? But he did, long afterward, come to know the name of this village, and its topographical relations, for the place itself was branded on his brain.

He entered it in the glow of a summer noon, and had walked nearly through it without meeting any one, for it was the dinner-hour, and savoury odours filled the air, when a little girl came from a neat house in front, and ran farther down the street. He was very tired, very dusty, had eaten nothing that day, had begun to despair of having anything given him to do, and was wishing himself clear of the houses that he might throw himself down. But something in the look of the child made him quicken his weary step as he followed her. He overtook her, passed her, and saw her face. Heavens! it was Maly, grown wonderfully bigger! He turned and caught her up in his arms. She gave a screech of unutterable terror, and he set her down in the haste of keenest dismay. Finding, however, that he was not going to run away with her, she did not run farther from him than safe parleying distance.

"You bad boy!" she cried; "you're not to touch me! I will tell mamma!"

"Why, Maly! don't you know me?"

"No, I don't know you, you nasty, dirty boy!"

"But, Maly!—"

"My name is not Maly; it's Mary; and I don't know you."

"Have you forgotten Clare, Maly?—Clare that used to carry you about all day long?"

"Yes; I *have* forgotten you. You're a dirty, ragged, beggar-boy! You're a bad boy! Boys with holes in their clothes are bad boys—Nursie told me so, and she knows everything! She told me herself she knew everything!"

She gave another but milder scream, for, involuntarily, Clare had taken a step toward her. He put his hand in his pocket, searching, as in the old days when she cried, for something to take her thoughts from her grievance; but, alas, his pockets were as empty as his stomach! there was *nothing* in them—not even a crumb saved from a too scanty meal! But while he was searching, the little child, his heart's love—if indeed it was she—stooped, gathered a handful of dust, and threw it at him. The big boy burst into tears. The child mocked him for a minute, then ran back to the house, I suppose, for when Clare looked up again, drying his eyes with a rag, she was gone.

He felt no resentment—from that, love, old memories, and the strange gentleness of his nature, protected him. She was big and plump and rosy, but oh, how fallen from his little Maly! Clare thought of her poor mother—poor indeed, though up in the dome of the angels, if she knew the fate of her child! And if she did not know, what better did that make it! It was the worse, for she could not help! Clare, like most of my readers, had not yet learned to trust God for everything. But he was true to Maly. Miserable over her backsliding, he said to himself that evil counsellors were more to blame than she.

"But did she know me at all?" he thought; "or had she forgot me altogether?"

He had not gone much farther when he began to doubt whether the girl was really Maly, or another girl very like her. About half an hour after, he met a poor woman with a bundle on her bowed back, who gave him a piece of bread. When he had eaten that, he began to doubt whether he had met any little girl. He remembered that he often waked up, as he wandered along the road, to find he had been lost in fancies of old scenes or imaginary new ones; and that he did not at once realize that he was a poor lad on the tramp for work which he could not find: his conceptions were for a time stronger than the things around him. Hence he was occasionally comforted with the hope that he had not in reality seen Maly, and had imagined the whole affair. But how was it possible he should imagine such a horrible thing of his little sister? On the other hand, was it not more possible for a fainting brain to imagine such a misery, than for the live child to behave in such a fashion? Every day for many days he would torment himself thus; but by degrees the occurrence, whether imaginary or real, receded into the background, and he grew more conscious of tramping, tramping along. He grew more and more hopeless of getting work, but not more doubtful that everything was right, seeing he had done nothing to bring these things upon him.

His quiet content never left him; even at the worst pinch of hunger and cold he never fell into despair. I would not be supposed to attribute merit to him commensurate with this placidity, for he was constituted more hopeful and quiet in his nature than I ever knew another. That which he had merit in—and which again reacted strongly for quietness—was, that, not for a hungry boy's most powerful temptation, something to eat, would he even imagine himself doing what must not be done. He would not go into temptation. Thus he pleased the Power—let me rather say, ten times more truly—the Father from whom he came.

XL.

THE CARAVANS.

WITHIN a fortnight or so after the police had dismissed him, blowing him loose on the world like a dandelion-seed in the wind, Clare had an adven-

ture which not only gave him pleasure, but led to work and food and interest in life for a season.

Passing one day from a cross-country road into the highway, he came straight on the flank of a travelling menagerie. It was one of some size; and Clare saw at a glance that its horses were in fair condition, which was a good sign for the whole. The front part of the little procession had already passed the point where he emerged, and at the moment, an elephant was passing, with a caravan of feline creatures, as Clare afterwards learned, behind him. He seemed to draw it with absolute ease, but his head to be dragged earthward by the weight of his trunk as he plodded wearily along. A world of delight woke in the heart of the boy. He had read much about strange beasts, but had never seen one. His impulse was to run straight to the elephant, and tell him he loved him. For he was a live beast, and Clare loved every creature, common or strange, wild or tame, ordinary or wonderful. But prudent thought followed, and he saw it better to hover around, in the hope of a chance of being useful. Oh, the treasures of wonder and knowledge hidden within those thin walls of wood, so slowly drawn along the dusty highway! If only he could for a moment gaze on their live marvels! He had no money, but things came to him without money—not so plentifully as he could sometimes wish—but they came, and so might this! To find employment among those animals would be well worth the long waiting! Might not this be the work he had been so long looking for? For this, perhaps, he had been kept waiting—till the caravans should come along the road, and he be at the corner as they passed! He did not know how often a man may have to think thus, and see it come to nothing—because there is better behind, for which more waiting is wanted.

At the end of the procession came a bear, shuffling along uncomfortably. It went to Clare's heart to see how far from happy the poor animal appeared. "What a life it would be," he thought, "to have all the creatures in those caravans to make happy! It would be a life worth living!" It was a worthy ambition—ininitely higher than that of boys who want to do something grand, or skilful, or strong. But those who long to be rich—for their ambition I have an utter contempt. How gladly would I drive that meanness out of any boy's heart! To fall in with the work of the great, glad Creator, and help Him in it—that is the

only ambition worth having. It may not look a grand thing to do it in a caravan, but it takes the mind of Christ to do it anywhere.

Behind the bear, closing the procession, came a stoutish, good-tempered-looking man, in a small spring-cart, drawn by a small pony: he was the earthly owner of that caged life, with all its gathered discomforts. Clare lifted his cap as he passed him—a politeness of which the man took no notice, because the boy was ragged. The moment he was past, Clare fell in behind as one of the procession. He was prudent enough, however, not to go so near as to look intrusive. When he had followed thus for a mile or two, he saw, by signs patent to every wanderer, that they were coming near a town. Before reaching it, however, they arrived at a spot where the hedges receded from the road, leaving a little green sward on the sides of it, and there the procession came to a halt.

The day before, they had exhibited at a fair, and were now on their way to another to be held the next day in the town they were approaching: they had made the halt in order to prepare their entrance. To let a part of their treasure be seen, was the best way to rouse desire after what they kept hidden: they were going to take out an animal or two more, to walk openly into the town. Clare sat down at a little distance, and wondered what they were going to do. Former experience of tramps, however, had made the men suspicious, and it may be they disliked having their proceedings watched. Happily for Clare, it was the master who came up to him with a bearing that had something of menace in it. But the boy was never afraid, and a fresh hope started in his mind. He rose as the man approached, and took off his cap—a very ready action with Clare, which sprung from pure politeness, and nothing either selfish or cringing. But the man put his own interpretation on the civility.

“What are you hanging about here for?” he said rudely.

Now Clare had a perfect right to answer, had he so chosen, that he was on the queen’s highway, where no one had a right to interfere with him. But Clare had the habit—he could not help it, for it was natural to him—of thinking of the other party’s side of a question first—a rare gift, which served him better than he knew. For the other may be in the right, and it is a frightful thing to interfere with any man’s right. But a man’s own

rights are never of so much use to him as when he waives them.

“I beg your pardon, sir,” he said; “I did not know you wished to be alone. I never thought you would mind me. Will it be far enough if I go out of sight, for I am very tired? Besides, it is pleasant to know there are friends near!”

The man recognized in Clare the modes and speech of a gentleman; and having, in the course of his wandering life, seen and known a good many strange things, he suspected under the rags a history. But he was not interested enough to stop and inquire into it.

“Never mind,” he said, in quite an altered tone; “I see you’re after no mischief!” and with that walked away, leaving Clare to do as he pleased.

A few minutes more went by. Clare sat hungry and sleepy on the grass by the roadside. But before he knew, he was on his feet, startled by a terrible noise. The lion had opened his great jaws, and his brown leathery sides, working like a pair of bellows, had sent out of his throat a huge blast, half roar, half howl. When Clare came to himself he knew, though he had never heard it before, that it was the voice of the lion. He did not know that all it meant was, that his majesty had thought of his dinner. It was not indeed much more than a good gape. He stood for a moment, not at all terrified, but half expecting to see a huge yellow animal burst out of one of the caravans—he could not guess which: the roar was much too loud to indicate one rather than another. Presently he sat down again, but was no longer inclined to sleep. For a time, however, no second roar came from the throat of the captive monarch.

XLI.

NIMROD.

THAT there had been a fair not far off will partly account for what follows. As Clare sat resting, which was all he could do now, a roar of a different kind invaded his ears, coming along the road, and not from the caravans. He looked, and spied what would have brought the heart into the throat of many a grown man. Away on the road, in the direction they had come, he saw a cloud of dust and a confused struggle, soon resolving itself into two men, each at the end of a rope, and an animal between them attached to the ropes by a ring in his nose—a bull, namely—in great excitement,

bounding this way and that, and dragging and driving the men, doing his best in fact to break free, now from the one of them, now from the other, and now from both at once. It must have been torture to him to pull two strong men by the cartilage of his nose, had he not been in too great a rage to feel it much. Every other moment his hoofs would be higher than his head, and again hoofs and head and horns would be scraping the ground in a fruitless rush to send one of his tormentors into space beyond the ken of bulls. This way and that, with the swiftness of a scenting hound, he twisted and shot his huge body. The question seemed one of endurance between men and bull. Clare saw the bloody foam dropping from his nostrils, as at length the struggle came near enough for its details to be followed by the quiet, pale-faced boy who, full of interest in the strife, was not in sufficient spirits, having had no food that day, to run and meet the animal whirlwind, and watch closer its chances. It was yet a hundred yards away, when the bull, by a sudden twist, wrenched the rope from the hands of one of the men, who fell on his back. The other dropped his rope and fled. The bull came scouring down the road, straight for the caravans. Then a second roar, as of muffled thunder, issued from the leathery flanks of the lion. The bull made a sudden half-stop, scoring up the ground with his hoofs. It seemed as if in full career he started back. Then down went his head to charge, and like a black flash, with a bellow of defiant contempt and wrath for its accompanying thunder, he made straight for one of the caravans. He had taken the hungry lion's roar as a challenge to combat for supremacy, from some monster unknown.

The men busy about the caravans and wagons, caught sight of him coming, and in the first moment of terror at a beast they were not accustomed to, bolted for refuge behind or upon them. They would sooner have encountered their tiger broke loose. In another moment, with astounding shock, the head of the bull went crack against the near hind-wheel of the caravan drawn by the elephant, which stood patiently waiting for orders. The bull had not seen the elephant, or he would have made at him, not at the caravan. Or is it possible that his ear, finer than Clare's, distinguished the caravan whence the roar of challenge issued? For in that caravan, sure enough, was the lion, with the rest of the great cats, as his answer to the blow of the

bull's head, in a different way from his late sleepy leonine sigh, witnessed. Nor did he only respond; for every animal in the caravan took up the cry, and a tornado of terrific sounds burst from it, filling the quiet noontide with horror. The perturbation spread to the other caravans, and the roaring of lion, tiger, and leopard, the laughter of hyena, the howling of jackal, and the snarling of bear, mingled in hideous dissonance with the cries of monkeys and parrots; while certain strange gurgles made Clare's heart, lover of animals as he was, quiver, and his blood creep. The same instant, however, he woke to the sense that he might do something to prevent mischief. He ran to the caravans.

By this time the men, master and all, fully roused to the far worse danger that might follow the attack of the bull, caught up what weapons were at hand, and rushed to repel the animal. It might have been a fatal encounter for more than one or two of them, had not the enraged beast entangled his horns in the spokes and circumference of the wheel, from which he was struggling wildly, in terror of what might be approaching him from behind, to extricate them. Peril upon peril! what if, in the contortions of his mighty muscles, he pulled off the wheel, and the carriage toppled over, every cage in it so twisted and wrenched that its bearings gave way! The results were too terrible to think of! This way and that, and every way at once, he was writhing and pushing and dragging; while the beasts yelled, and the elephant turned slowly round with the shafts, to see what was the matter behind. If the bull and the elephant came to loggerheads, the latter yoked to the caravan, ruin was imminent. The master thought whether, the bull yet entangled by the horns, he had not better loose the elephant upon him, to break the bull's back with one blow of his trunk, and end the affray. His struggles to free his horns were more dangerous far than the horns themselves when free.

While he hesitated, Clare came running up with Abdiel at his heels, ready as any hornet to fly at bull or elephant, let his master but speak the word. But the moment Clare saw how the bull's horns were mixed up with the spokes and fellies of the wheel, a glad suspicion flashed across him: that was old Nimrod's trick! could it be Nimrod himself? If it were, the trouble was as good as over—if only they let him manage him as he only could.

The men stood about the animal, uncertain what to do, as he struggled and writhed, and tore at the

wheel to get his horns free, the terrible roars and howls and inarticulate curses going on inside all the time. For a moment Clare could not get near enough, and was afraid that if he called him where he could not see him, Nimrod would but struggle the more to get to him. Up rushed a fellow, however, white with rage and running, bang into the middle, and shook the knot of them asunder. It was one of the two from whom Nimrod had broken. He had a pitchfork in his hands, and seemed intent on running it into him. Clare flung his weight against him, threw up his fork, shoved him aside, and got close to the maddened animal. It was his past come again! How often had he not interfered to protect Nimrod, and his would-be masters also! With instinctive but unconscious authority he held up his hand to the little crowd.

"Leave him alone, one moment," he said. "I know him: I can manage him! Please do not interfere. He is an old friend of mine."

They saw that the bull had already stood still: he had recognized the boy's voice! They kept his furious attendant back, and looked on in anxious hope while Clare went close up to the animal.

"Nimrod!" he whispered, laying his cheek against the creature's neck, and a hand on one of his horns.

Nimrod stood like a bull in bronze.

"I'm going to get your horns out, Nimrod," he said next, and laid hold of the other with a firm grasp. "You must let me do as I like, you know, Nimrod!" he went on; and his voice, however little he may have understood it, evidently soothed Nimrod.

By the horns Clare turned and twisted his head, now one way, now another, Nimrod not once resisting push or pull; in a moment more he would have them clear. One of them was already free, and holding on to it, Clare turned to the bystanders.

"You mustn't touch him," he said, "or I won't answer for him. And you mustn't let either of those men there"—for the second had by this time come up—"interfere with him or me. They let him go because they couldn't manage him. He can't bear them; and if he broke loose from them again, it might be quite a different affair! Then he might distrust me!"

The men turned.

Looking at the man with the pitchfork, they saw from his expression that revenge was uppermost in his mind. They gave him to understand, there-

fore, that he must mind what he was about, or it would be the worse for him. The man scowled and said nothing.

Mr. Goodenough had at last sold Nimrod for a large sum, and his purchaser had committed him to the men to bring home.

Clare gently released the other horn, but kept hold of the one he held, moving the creature's head by it, this way and that. A moment more and he turned his face to the company, which had scattered a little. When the inflamed eyes of Nimrod came into their view, they scattered wider, but still hung on to see. Clare still made him feel his hand on his horn, and kept speaking to him gently and lovingly. Nimrod eyed his enemies, for such plainly he counted them, as if he wished he were a lion that he might eat as well as kill them. At the same time he seemed to regard them with triumph, saying in his big heart, "Ha! ha! you did not know what a friend I had! Here he is, come in the nick of time! I thought he would!" Clare proceeded to untie the ropes from the ring in his nose. The man with the pitchfork interfered.

"That won't do!" he said, and laid his hand on Clare's. "Would you send him rampaging over the country, and never a hold to have on him?"

"It wasn't much good when you had a hold on him—was it now?" returned Clare. "You see I know him!—Where do you want to take him?"

"That's my business," answered the man sulkily.

"I fancy you'll find it's mine!" returned Clare. "But there he is! Take him."

The man hesitated.

"Then leave me to do as I think best," said Clare.

A murmur of approbation arose. The caravan people all felt he knew what he was saying, and had power over bulls. But Clare did not pretend to have power over any other bull than Nimrod.

Before he had succeeded in removing one of the ropes from the animal's bleeding nostrils, Clare's fingers refused farther obedience, his eyes grew dim, and he lay senseless at the bull's feet.

"Don't tell Nimrod!" he murmured as he fell.

"Oh, that explains it!" cried the man with the pitchfork to his mate. "He knows the cursed brute!" For Clare had hitherto spoken his name to the bull as if it were a secret between them. Neither of the men had the sense to perceive that

the explanation lay in the bull's knowing Clare, not in Clare's knowing the bull. They made haste to lay hold of the ropes. But Nimrod stood motionless, looking down on his friend, now and then snuffing at the pale face, which the thoroughbred mongrel, Abdiel, kept licking continuously. Noses of bull and dog met without offence on the loved human face. It was well that the men had sense enough, or fear enough, not to let the bull feel the ropes, or at once he would have been raging like a demon.

The people of the caravan, understanding animals, and admiring both Clare's influence and management, hastened to his help, some of them even grateful for the deliverance he had wrought for them. One ran and got him some brandy, having tasted which, he sat up with a wan smile on his face, but presently sank backward.

"It's nothing," he murmured; "it's only that I'm rather hungry."

"Poor boy!" said a woman, who had followed her brandy from the house-caravan, afraid perhaps that some of it might go in occult directions, "when did you eat last?"

She had stood for a moment looking at the white face, where it lay almost between the fore-feet of the bull.

"I had a piece of bread yesterday afternoon, ma'am," faltered Clare, trying to look up at her.

"Bless my soul!" she cried. "Who's been a murderin' of you, child?"

She thought he was in company with the two men, and they had been ill-treating him.

"I can't get any work, ma'am, so I don't want much to eat. And now I think of it, I believe it was the gladness of seeing an old friend again, not the hunger, that made me feel so queer all at once."

"Where's your friend?" she asked, looking round to find him.

"There he is!" answered Clare, putting up his hand, and stroking the big nose that was right over his face.

"Can you rise?" said the woman.

"I'll try, ma'am; I don't feel quite sure."

"I want you to come into the house, and have a good square meal."

"If you would be so kind, ma'am, as bring me a bit of bread out here. Nimrod would not like me to leave him. He likes me, ma'am, and if I went away now, he might be troublesome again. Those men will never do anything with him: he doesn't

like them! They've been rough to him, I don't doubt. Not that I wonder at that, for he is a terrible beast to most people. They used to say he never was good with anybody but me. I suppose he knew I cared for him!"

The woman saw his eyes close again, and made haste to get him something. In a minute or two she brought him a basin of broth. He took it eagerly, but with a look of gratitude that went to the woman's heart. But before he touched it he broke in half the great piece of bread she brought him with it, and gave the larger part to his dog. Then he ate the other with his broth, and felt better than for many days. Some of the men said he could not be so very hungry to give a cur like that so much of his dinner; but the evil thought never entered the mind of the woman. Nimrod stood quiet while he ate. Perhaps there was in him a re-action from his late fury.

"You'd better be taking your beast away," said the woman, who by this time understood the affair, to the two men.

They were silent, evidently disinclined for such another tussle.

"You'd better be going," she said again. "If anything should happen with that animal of yours, and one of ours was to get loose, the devil would be to pay, and who'd do it?"

"They'd better wait for me, ma'am," said Clare. "I'm just ready!—They won't tell me where they want to take him, but it's all one, so long as I'm with him. He's my friend!—Ain't you, Nimrod? We'll go together—won't we, Nimrod?"

While he spoke, he had been undoing the ropes from the ring in the bull's nose. Gathering them up in his hand, he gave them politely to one of the men, and the next moment had sprung upon the bull's back, just behind his shoulders, whence leaning forward, he stroked his horns and his neck.

"Give me up the dog, please," he said.

The owner of the menagerie himself did as he requested. Then all stood and stared, half expecting to see him flung from the creature's back, and trampled under his feet. If Nimrod had been inclined, however, he could not easily have unseated Clare, who could ride anything he had ever tried—and he had tried everything strong enough to carry him, from a pig upward; but he was far from any wish to unseat his friend, who with hands and feet began to guide him toward the road.

"Are you going that way?" he asked, pointing,

and the men answered him with a nod, sulky still.

"Don't go with those men," said the woman, coming up to him, and speaking in a low voice. "I don't like the look of them."

"Nimrod will be on my side, ma'am," answered Clare. "They would never get him home without me. They don't understand their fellow-creatures."

"I'm afraid you understand them better than you do your own kind!"

"I think they are my own kind, ma'am. That is how they know me, and do what I want them to do."

"Stay with us," said the woman, coaxingly, still in the same low tone. "You'll have plenty of your fellow-creatures about you then!"

"Thank you, ma'am, a thousand times!" answered Clare, his face beaming; "but I couldn't leave poor Nimrod to do those men a mischief, and be killed for it!"

"You'd have plenty to eat and drink, and som'at beside!" she persisted.

"I know I should have everything I wanted!" answered Clare, "and I'm very thankful to you, ma'am. But you see there's always something, somehow, that's got to be done before the other thing!"

Here the master came up. He had himself been thinking the boy would be a great acquisition, and guessed what his wife was about, but was afraid she might promise too much for services that ought to be had cheap. Few scruple to take advantage of the misfortune of another to get his service the cheaper! It is the economy of hell.

"I shan't feel safe till that bull of yours is a mile or two off!" he said to Clare.

"Come along, Nimrod!" responded Clare, always ready to respond with the deed.

Away went Nimrod, gentle as a lamb.

XLII.

ACROSS COUNTRY.

THE two men came after at an easy pace. No sooner was Nimrod on the road, however, than he began to quicken his. He quickened it fast, and presently was trotting along swiftly. The men ran panting and shouting behind. The more they shouted, the faster Nimrod went. At last they were left out of sight, though Clare could hear them cursing and calling for some time after.

He had at first endeavoured to stop Nimrod, but the bull had apparently made up his mind that he had obeyed enough for one day. He would not heed a word Clare said to him, but kept on and on at a swinging trot. Clare would have jumped off had he been sure that would stop him; but, now that he would not obey him, he doubted if it would, and greatly dreaded leaving him to run about the country alone: there was no saying what mischief might come of it! On the other hand, he felt sure that while with him, though he could not stop his frolicking, he could keep him from mischief. He must therefore sit where he was.

For a few miles Nimrod kept the highway, now trotting along beautifully, now breaking into a canter; but all at once he turned at right angles in the middle of the road, cleared the skirting fence like a hunter, and took a bee-line across the fields, which as much as possible he kept to. When compelled to abandon it, he showed great judgment in choosing the place to get across into the next enclosure. On and on he went, over hedge after hedge, through field after field, always avoiding houses, till Clare began to wonder where all the people in the world had got to. Then a strange feeling began to come over him. He could not at first tell what it was. He had some time seen before the meadow he was crossing! Had he fallen asleep, and was he dreaming the jolly ride on Nimrod's back? What a strong creature Nimrod was! Would he never be tired? How odd it was! Were his senses going from him? It was like the strangest mixture of a bad dream and a good!

He could doubt or mistake the thing no longer! Everything was in its place! He saw why Nimrod was so obstinate! The dear old fellow was carrying him back to the place where they had been together so many happy days. They were near Mr. Goodenough's farm, and making straight for it! It seemed so strange! He had felt himself a measureless distance from it! But in his wandering he had taken many turns he did not heed, and Nimrod had come the shortest way. A flash of delight filled his heart at the thought of seeing again the places where his father and mother seemed yet to live, but immediately came the thought of Maly, and drowned it in bitterness. He could not look on those places any more! He knew then how worthless is mere place, when those who made it dear have departed. Father

and mother are home—not the house we were born in!

They were upon the farm where he had once had abundance of labour, abundance to eat, and abundance of lowly friendship. Nimrod was making for his old stall, a little wearily now, but dreaming probably of a golden age, in which Clare should be ever at his beck and call.

Clare had little inclination to encounter any of the people on the farm. He would indeed have been glad, from a little way off, to get a sight of his once friend and master, the farmer himself; but he would not willingly see “the mistress,” wearing, as he did, what to her would be ample proof that he continued as idle and worthless as she had always asserted him. He would let Nimrod take him to his old stall, there tie him up, and flee from the place!

The evening was now come, and in the dusk there was hope of gaining it unseen. The bull was breathing heavily, tired, though not dead-beat. Had he come the distance on hard roads, he would have been lame long ago; as it was, his hoofs were uninjured; but there was little danger, for a day or two, of his being troublesome.

When they reached his door, they found it closed; and Clare, stiff enough by this time, slipped off to open it. The same instant Nimrod began to paw the stones under his feet, and blow angry puffs from his wounded nose. When he opened the door, to his confusion Clare saw another bull in Nimrod’s stall! The roar that simultaneously burst from both was ferocious, and already Nimrod’s head was down to charge. It was a terrible moment for Clare; the new bull was fast by the head, and would be gored to death, unable to release it and turn it to his adversary! He could not let Nimrod be guilty of such unfairness! Besides, the farmer would think he had brought the bull back for the very purpose! He turned, and all but jumped on the horns of his friend, making him yield ground enough for the shutting of the door. He knew well, however, that not two or three such doors together would keep Nimrod from an enemy. With his back to the door he stood facing Nimrod, and talking to him while he heard the other bull inside struggling to free himself from the chain that bound him. It was indeed an anxious moment!—not for himself, indeed, though he stood between two horned rages, with but the thickness of a plank between his back

and one of them. A coward would have escaped in the gathering dusk, and left the two bullies to settle between them which had the better right to the stall—not without blood, almost as certainly not without loss of life, perhaps both bovine and human. But Clare was made of other stuff.

The noise of their bellowing, however, was such that before he could get Nimrod away, out came the farmer. All his men had gone to the village; there were only himself and his wife at home.

“What on earth is the meaning of this?” he cried on the threshold. But instantly he began to run, for he saw through the gathering darkness a darker shape he could not fail to recognize, roaring and pawing at the door of his old quarters, and a young lad standing between him and it, with marvellous courage and mortal danger. He understood at once that Nimrod had broken loose and come home. When he came near enough to recognize Clare, astonishment, and something more sacred than astonishment, held him dumb. Ever since the unjust blow that sent the boy away, his heart had in it a little hollow of remorse. All his former relations with him while his adoptive father yet lived came back upon Mr. Goodenough. He remembered him dressed like the little gentleman he always was, and there he stood, the same gentle fearless creature, in absolute rags! What if his wife saw him! The farmer had no fear of Nimrod in his worst rages, but he feared his wife in her gentlest moods. The uproar must surely bring her. But, happily for both, she had arrived at a critical moment in the cooking of the supper.

“Clare!” he stammered at last.

“Yes, sir,” returned Clare.

The farmer came nearer. Fatigue had again begun to overmaster Nimrod, and his thirst was great after his long run. He was much quieter. The farmer put his arm round the boy’s neck, and Clare, in his own natural, loving way, rubbed his cheek against the arm.

“I’m sorry I struck you, Clare!” faltered the big man.

“Oh, never mind, sir! That was long ago!” answered Clare.

“Tell me how you’ve been getting on.”

“Pretty well, sir! But, if you please, I want to tell you how it is I’m here with Nimrod. Only it would be better to put him up somewhere first.”

“It would,” agreed the farmer; and between them, with the enticement of a pail of water and

some fresh-cut grass, they got him into a shed, where they hoped he would forget the proximity of a usurper, and, with the soothing help of his supper, go to sleep.

Then Clare told his story. Mr. Goodenough stared, and asseverated that, if he had not known Clare for a boy that would not lie, he would not have believed the half of it. When he ended, "Come, Abdiel!" he said, and would have started at once.

"Won't you have something after your long ride?" said the farmer politely.

Clare looked down at his clothes, and laughed. The farmer felt confused.

"When did you have anything to eat?" he asked.

"I shall do very well till to-morrow," answered Clare.

"Well, if you will go, I'm glad to have the opportunity of paying you the wages you left behind you," said the farmer, putting his hand in his pocket.

"You gave me my food! That was all I was worth!" protested Clare.

"You were worth more than that! I knew the difference when I had another boy in your place! I wish I had you again! But it wouldn't do, you know!—it wouldn't do!" he added hastily.

With that he succeeded in pulling a sovereign from the depth of a trowser-pocket, and handed it to Clare. It was not a greatly generous gift, but it seemed wealth enorm to Clare. He could not help holding out his hand, but he was ashamed to open it. What the giver regarded as a debt, the receiver regarded as a gift. He stood with his arm out and his empty hand clenched.

"It's too much!" protested Clare, looking at it almost with fear. "I never had so much money in my life!"

"You earned it well," said the farmer magnanimously.

The moral cramp forsook the hand. Clare took the money with a hearty "Thank you, sir," and put it in his pocket, feeling the corners of it carefully, lest there should be a hole. But his pockets had not had half the wear of the clothes they inhabited.

"Where are you going?" asked the farmer.

Clare mentioned the small town in the neighbourhood of which he had left the caravans, telling Mr. Goodenough that the people of the menagerie

wanted him, he thought, to help them with the beasts. The farmer shook his head.

"That's not a respectable occupation," he said.

Clare did not understand him.

"Is it cheating?" he asked.

"No; I don't say that. I don't suppose they cheat worse than anybody else. But it ain't respectable."

Had he known a little more, Clare might have asserted that they did not cheat so much as a farmer with a horse to sell. But Clare knew next to nothing about wickedness—a defect that made many a man whom he had brains enough to fit out three times, regard him as a simpleton. Doing nothing underhand himself, he never suspected others.

Clare thought everything honest was honourable. If people said otherwise, he did not understand, and acted as he understood. A thousand dishonourable things are done, and largely approved, which Clare would not have touched with one of his fingers; he could see nothing dishonourable in having to do with wild beasts any more than with tame. If a boy wants to know what dishonourable things I include in that thousand, I answer him—"Look at the next thing you are asked to do, or are inclined to do; and if you have any doubt about it, DON'T DO IT." That is the way to know the honourable thing from the dishonourable.

Clare did not attempt to argue the question with the farmer. He inquired of him the nearest way to the town by road, and went—just in time to escape Mrs. Goodenough.

XLIII.

A THIRD MOTHER.

ABDIEL and his master trudged merrily along; for who ever had a sovereign for the first time in his life and did not feel rich? They had to sleep out of doors nevertheless; for by this time Clare knew that a boy in rags must mind whom he asks to change a sovereign. In the lee of a hay-mow, on a little loose hay, they slept, and slept well, Abdiel in Clare's bosom.

There was not much temptation to lie long after they were awake, and the loving companions were early on their way. It was yet morning when they came to the public-house where Clare had had his first and last half-pint of beer. The landlady stood

the newly-opened door with her fists in her sides, looking out on the fresh morning, lost in such thought as was possible to her—probably as to the chances that day of human flies for the human rider. Clare pulled off his cap as he passed, and bade her good morning. Whether it was that she knew she did not deserve politeness, I cannot say, but she took Clare's for impudence, and came swooping upon him in wrath. He stopped and awaited her approach, perplexed as to the cause of her sudden movement. The box on the ear which she dealt him was so unexpected that it almost knocked him down. But she had little satisfaction in it, for her ankle was instantly in the gripe of Abdiel's sharp teeth. She gave a frightful screech, and Clare, coming to himself, though still stupid from surprise, called off the dog. The woman went limping and raging to the house, and Clare thought it prudent to go on his way. He gave Abdiel a severe talking-to as they went; but though the dog understood much, I doubt if he understood that lecture. For Abdiel was one of the few, even among dogs, with whom the defence of friend or master is an inborn, instinctive duty; and nothing has any chance against the sense of duty in a dog. It may not be wide-reaching, but it is strong—and a strong sense of duty is the first thing with dog or man.

It was night before they reached the town, and they were a weary pair when the sounds of the brass band of the menagerie, mostly composed of the attendants on the animals, first faintly entered their ears. The fair was nearly over; but before they began to prepare for starting, they were giving the last invitation to the merry-makers to walk up and see strange sights. Its notes were just at the close when Clare and Abdiel arrived at the foot of the steps leading up to the platform where the musicians stood. Clare ascended, and Abdiel crept up after him unseen.

At a table in a small curtained recess on the platform sat the mistress to receive the money of those that entered. Clare laid his sovereign before her. She took it up without looking at him; but when she looked doubtfully. She threw it on her table, but it would not ring. She bit it with her white teeth, and looked at it again. She gave a

glance at the person who offered it. Her dull lamp flickered in the puffs of the night wind, and she did not recognize Clare. She saw only a white-faced, weary, ragged boy. She threw him back his sovereign.

"Won't pass," she said with decision, not unmingled with contempt. This was business, and she sat at the receipt of money, where too many men and women cease to be ladies and gentlemen.

Clare did not at first understand. He stood motionless and, for the second time that day, bewildered. How could money be no money?

"'Ain't you got sixpence?" she asked, as he did not move.

"No, ma'am," answered Clare. "I haven't had sixpence for many a day."

The moment he spoke, the woman looked him sharply in the face, and knew him.

"Drat my stupid eyes!" she said, fervently. "That I shouldn't ha' known you! Walk in, walk in. Go where you please, and do as you please. You're right welcome.—Where did you get that sov.?"

"From farmer Goodenough."

"Good enough, I hope, not to take advantage of an innocent prince like you! Was it for taking home the bull?"

"No, ma'am; I didn't take the bull home. The bull took me to his old home, where we used to be together. He didn't want to go to a new one."

"Well, never mind now. Give me the sovereign. I'll talk to you by and by. Go in, or the show'll be over, and you'll see nothing to-night. Look after your dog, though. We don't like dogs. He mustn't go in."

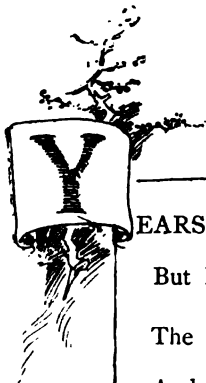
"I'll send him right outside, if you wish it, ma'am."

"It would be better. But will he stay out?"

"He will, ma'am."

Clare took up Abdiel, and setting him at the top of the steps, told him to go down and wait. Abdiel went hopping down, like a dirty little white cataract out on its own hook, turned in under the steps, and lay down till his master should call him. Whether he was disappointed at not seeing the wild beasts, I cannot say; but he had been expecting something, and of course he was disappointed.

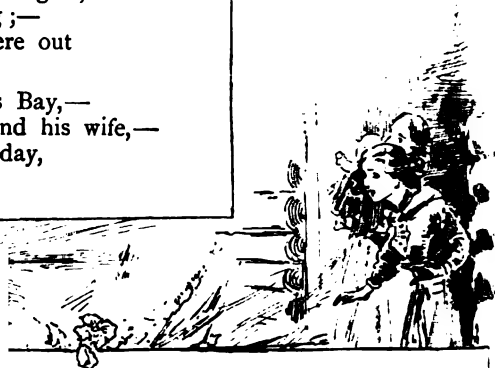
(To be continued.)



BY A. WERNER.

RIDE

YEARS have passed since my girlhood's prime—
Some in sorrow and some in glee—
But I never remember such a time
As the summer of 'Fifty-three.
The land was parched and fainting with drought ;
The flocks were dying on Banalong ;—
And they came and told us the blacks were out
On a raid—two hundred strong.
They had burnt the station at Barrington's Bay,—
They had speared Jim Robertson and his wife,—
And young Dick Wallace rode night and day,
And just escaped with his life.



reeking horse at our gate,
uted aloud to mother and me,
, and come, or you'll be too late—
crossing by Gundaree ! ”

on the upper run—
les, as the crow might fly—
each him by set of sun :
as none to ride but I !

he horses—black Gypsy the mare
—and for mother the tall old roan.
ith baby—Dick had Clare,—
ye ! ”—I was off alone.

er the crisp, burnt grass,
ugh the paddocks, and met no soul,
And crossed the level, to Scrub-Oak Pass
And the dried-up waterhole.

We'd got half-way through the Mallee scrub
On Marriott's land, with nothing to fear—
When I thought I saw the end of a club,
And heard the whizz of a spear.





Then I gathered my skirts, and set my teeth—
I durst not look unto either side:—
I knew it was riding for life and death—
And I'd reach that run, though I died.

I dropped the reins on my beauty's neck—
I drove my boot-heel into her flank,—
Already the foam began to fleck
Her sides, as they heaved and sank.

Whish! . . . Had it hit her? . . . It stuck in a tree,
Five yards ahead . . . I bent, and looked down;—
She never slackened her pace. . . . Ah me!—
There was blood on the edge of my gown.

"Oh! Gypsy lass! Oh! my darling!" I cried—
"It's death to him if we faint or fail!
Oh! help us, God!"—and that minute I spied
The shepherd's hut within hail.

Not a moment too soon, for another spear—
I knew it, though I seemed deaf and blind—
Struck her—another flew past my ear,
And I heard them yelling behind.

Everything seemed to whirl and flash—
I wondered, was I alive or dead?
And Gypsy came to the ground with a crash,
And I went over her head.

I caught a glimpse of a man at the door,
I was up—cried wildly, sobbing for breath,
"It will be too late in a minute more:
A horse!—it's for life or death!"

I stood and stared at the brave bright face—
The keen blue eyes and the curly head,
Dazed, unseeing, a moment's space.
And I don't know what I said.



"Wait here a minute—sit down and rest,—

You must save your strength for their sakes, you know!"

But, mad with the fire in my brain and breast,

CELEBRATED LADY NOVELISTS.



II. MISS FERRIER: THE AUTHOR OF "MARRIAGE."

IT is a strange and inexplicable fact that a name which, at the beginning of the present century, was honoured almost above every other name among female writers of fiction, has now faded into oblivion, whilst those of others, by no means so highly appreciated in their day, have steadily gained in the general estimation.

Miss Austen during her whole lifetime was but little accounted of, except by a comparatively small section of the reading public; Miss Edgeworth had to wait for the fame which subsequently came to her; Charlotte Brontë's MSS. travelled round and round the publishing world before they could gain a foothold in it; whereas the very first attempt of Susan Edmonstone Ferrier was received with heartiest prognostications by that notable publisher, Mr. William Blackwood, and flew through the press with such unparalleled rapidity as to hold at bay, as it were, the introduction with which its author had been requested to furnish it. She could not think of anything to say, we are told,—and meantime edition after edition of the work was being eagerly demanded.

That work was *Marriage*. *Marriage* alone ought to have made Miss Ferrier immortal. It raised her at once to a pinnacle, even as *Evelina* raised Miss Burney; but in the case of our present subject, there were no fallings off, no subsequent failures, to dim the lustre of the first success. Yet *Evelina* lives, and *Marriage* is forgotten! It is, we repeat, inexplicable.

In due course of time Miss Ferrier's second novel appeared, and *The Inheritance* was by common consent placed alongside of its predecessor, on which level *Destiny*, her third and last work, presently joined them. So far from there being in either of the two last-named tales any declen-

sion of the writer's powers, they did but exhibit these ripened and matured, and indeed so absolutely were all three on a par as to excellence, that it was—I say with sorrow it *was*, not it *is*—it was once a mere matter of taste which should be preferred by all lovers of first-rate fiction.

Yet when the name of this most charming, most pungent, most witty, most fascinating of novelists chances to arise among the youthful readers of this generation, how do they receive it? With acclamation—with enthusiasm? Nothing of the kind. Here and there one may be met with who hesitatingly "thinks" he or she has read some one or other of Miss Ferrier's novels; but when pressed to remember which, is indubitably confused, and hopelessly bewildered; while by far the greater number will boldly avow complete ignorance both of the writer and her works.

Now had *Marriage*, *The Inheritance*, and *Destiny* been long-winded tales, had they been written with a moral scrupulously prepared for the mind of the young person—(must we confess we ourselves had a loathing for such physic?)—had they, on the other hand, been one half as abstruse, argumentative, and theological as those which have such a hold on the libraries at the present date, this state of things could be easily understood. But if there is one thing Miss Ferrier is not, that thing is "dull," and if there is another, that other is hobby-ridden. She has no pet theory to advocate, no "views" to propagate. There is, in short, no "powder inside" any one of her bright, natural romances. She breaks away in a sportive gallop on the very first page of *Marriage*, and in the first chapters of *The Inheritance* and *Destiny*. Light as air she tosses off her characters; her volatile, heartless, high-bred lords and ladies being as deftly

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and truthfully limned as any of her queer denizens of the wilds; her grinning, chattering, superannuated London belle, Lady Elizabeth Malcolm, being as closely marked and mocked as that mean, revolting, shameless hanger-on of "pawtrons," Mr. McDow.

We pass and repass betwixt scenes illustrative of the exquisite vanity, the credulity, and the folly of the former, and others equally scathing—and equally diverting—depicting the smirking self-satisfaction, the greed, and the coarse vulgarity of the latter. Can any one who has ever read it, forget that terrible luncheon party at the Highland manse? It has been said that Miss Ferrier, in after years, regretted having delineated a character which she feared might seem to cast ridicule upon the sacred profession; but this we venture to think must either be a mistake altogether, or have been an error of conscience on the part of a good woman. It is not as a minister of the gospel that the Rev. McDow is shown up to contempt (and indeed his neglect of clerical duties is cuttingly commented upon); it is rather as being a disgrace to his order; as an insufferable hypocrite, trading upon the status it gave him; as an incubus too detestable to be borne when viewed in the light of a parish priest, that we have Donald McDow dissected for our benefit.

What a creature he is! Space forbids quotation, else we should gladly have transcribed the entire passage descriptive of the luncheon party above referred to, from the arrival of Captain Malcolm and his daughter, and their host's resolution that they should eat and drink, inspect his gooseberry-bushes, and hearken to his plans for "augmentation," instead of obtaining the sketch which had been the object of the expedition—to their final miseries beneath the roasted hare, the whole of whose "jisse had been burnt out of her body," the fat ducks whose necks had been "decorated by onion rings," the "muddy trout," the "mawkish wash" of a pudding with its "flavouring of peat-reek whiskey," and the jam puff which Miss Lucy would not "halve" with the enamoured McDow.

The whole scene is before the reader's eye. The tramping and hard breathing of the servant girl Jess, excited by so great a festivity; the sudden check upon her spirits caused by her master's demand for the "cut crystal jeelly dish bought at the Auchnagoil roup," (which had gone the way

of all "jeelly" dishes); the by-play of fierce contention in the back regions, provoking the bawling rebuke of authority from the parlour,—while at the same time we can almost smell the multiplicity of steaming odours with which that small, stuffy, close apartment gradually filled, making the outer air seem as the very breath of heaven itself, to the unfortunate father and daughter, when escape came at last!

The manse entertainment is perhaps the very best thing in *Destiny*, but another inimitable scene is that wherein McDow as a family man, accompanied by wife and daughter, "standing out with finery," forces an entrance, some years later, into the elegant retreat of Lady Waldegrave, the exquisitely fastidious and haughty Florinda of the tale, and is ushered into the breakfast-room, where a party of fine ladies and gentlemen are assembled for the morning meal. The little girl's efforts to upset the delicate crockery, her "thick mulberry paws" spreading all over the table, her drinking out of her mother's saucer with an avidity that threatened to "suck in the saucer also"—her whole appearance so unlike anything the high-born son and heir of the house had ever seen, that he inquired upon hearing that her brother's name was "Donald McCraw McDow"—"And is she called Donald McCraw too?"—oh, how delightful it all is!

As *Destiny* was Miss Ferrier's latest work, and as she only produced three, with considerable intervals between each, it might have been supposed that her genius would have culminated therein,—and perhaps it did. It is hard to say.

It is, we repeat, an open question. In *The Inheritance* we have a better story, a more stirring narrative, and an infinitely more interesting heroine, while at the same time there are episodes as brimful of sly, pointed satire, and broad farce, as any in *Destiny*.

In *The Inheritance*, "Bell" and "the Major" supply the best part of the fun. Miss Bell Black is engaged to a wealthy, baboon-visaged nabob, a certain Major Waddell; and her delight in her conquest, her ineffable conceit and complacency beneath the sardonic taunts of old Uncle Adam, whom it is her object to cajole out of at least a handsome wedding present, are a treat for any palate. Scarcely less of a treat is Miss Pratt, the arch-tormentor of her pompous kinsman, Lord Rossville; who arrives at his stately door in a

hearse with nodding plumes, "having been very thankful to get into it," as she explains, on account of the snowstorm,—meantime comfortably "toasting her feet" before the fire, and begging that the funeral *cortège* might be accommodated for the night—not at her expense.

We have said that the heroine of *The Inheritance* is Miss Ferrier's best heroine. The youthful countess is a really charming, natural, inconsistent girl, "a creature not too bright or good"; whereas both Mary Douglas and Edith Malcolm are severally rather "too good," and are not "bright" at all. Edith is too meekly mild for anything—Mary would provoke a saint. A shade, nay, to be honest, a good many shades, less perfection would have made both infinitely more attractive. But Lady Rossville is perfect; noble, truthful, generous-hearted—while apt to be led astray by the very ardour and trustfulness of her affections—womanly in her very weaknesses, and appealing to our sympathies in her very follies,—we follow her fortunes from first to last with unflagging interest and undiminished anxiety. Then, when restored on the last happy page to the "inheritance," which had once been hers by fraud, but was now become so by right, what a relief to the mind of the reader! It almost seemed too joyful to be true, and yet the *dénouement* is, after all, the simplest imaginable; nay, if Lindsay had only possessed a little less of that "mildness" which was fatal to the heroine of *Destiny*, he would all along have been seen to be the proper mate for the spirited, beautiful Gertrude. Colonel Delmour is too arrogant for anything.

Of *Marriage* we need not here speak, since the extracts which appeared in the last number of *Atalanta* will have sufficed to enable our readers to judge for themselves. None, we imagine, but must have enjoyed a merry laugh over the drollest of "aunties" and their London-bred niece. The former at least were drawn from the life, being taken from three ancient spinsters—the Misses Edmonstone, old family friends of the Ferriers, after whom our authoress was herself named. The Misses Edmonstone, and Miss Ferrier too, had long been in their graves, when at one time we ourselves were well acquainted with a family of Highland spinsters of high degree who so closely resembled Miss Becky, Miss Grizzy, and the other misses, that had not the point been settled so absolutely to the contrary, we should have believed to the end

of life that they had been the originals of the inhabitants of Glenfern Castle. Thus easy is it for mistakes on this head to arise.

In case it may be supposed that in these pages overmuch partiality is shown for a writer whose candle has, so to speak, been so completely snuffed out, (although new editions of her novels in cheap form have recently appeared,) a few of the verdicts of Miss Ferrier's notable contemporaries may here be given.

Sir Walter Scott was amongst her most ardent admirers. Some of his expressions of approbation were indeed so warm that they were in danger of being attributed to Sir Walter's own generous nature, rather than to the real merits of the book, by Mr. William Blackwood, himself enthusiastic over his new "find." But he was presently at ease on the subject. "On Wednesday," he wrote to a friend, "I dined with Sir Walter Scott, and he spoke of the work (*The Inheritance*) in the very highest terms. I do not always set the highest value on the baronet's favourable opinion of a book, because he has so much kindness of feeling towards every one; but in this case he spoke so much *con amore*, and entered so completely and at such length into the spirit of the book and its characters, as showed me at once the impression it had made upon him. Every one I have met who has seen the book gives the same praise of it."

Of *Destiny* Sir James Mackintosh, then in the zenith of his fame, thus wrote—"On the day of the dissolution of Parliament, and in the critical hours between twelve and three, I was employed in reading part of the second volume of *Destiny*. My mind was so completely occupied with its colony in Argyllshire, that I did not throw away a thought upon kings and parliaments, and was not moved by the general curiosity to stir abroad till I had finished the volume."

From "Christopher North" (Prof. Wilson) comes this in the far-famed *Noctes*—"Her novels have no doubt many defects . . . but they are all thick-set with such specimens of sagacity, such happy traits of nature, such flashes of genuine satire and easy humour, sterling good sense, and above all—God only knows where she picked it up—mature and perfect knowledge of the world, that I think we may anticipate for them a very different fate" . . . from that which, alas! has actually befallen them!

To offer anything but the briefest record of Miss

Susan Edmonstone Ferrier's homely, wholesome, personal life, or even of her literary career, is a task beyond our powers, since no biographical memoir of her has ever been attempted, and even the materials afforded by short articles and papers are of the scantiest.

We know when she was born, namely, in 1782; and when she died, namely, in 1854. We also know that her first novel, *Marriage*, was published in 1818, but that it must have been some time in course of composition, slowly simmering and mellowing, is evident from the fact that various portions of it were submitted to the eye of friendly criticism some years before that date. Indeed, so far back as 1810, eight years before the work properly saw the light, we find her writing all sorts of amusing details, dwelling upon her hopes and fears concerning it, and consulting her friend and "co-partner," Miss Clavering, regarding several of its characters. "Enchanting sight!" she cries, after picturing a vision of literary success. "Already do I behold myself arrayed in an old mouldy covering, thumbed and creased, and filled with dogs'-ears. I hear the enchanting sounds of some sentimental miss, the shrill pipe of some antiquated spinster, or the hoarse grumbling of some incensed dowager, as they severally inquire for me at the circulating library, and are assured by the master that "'tis in such demand that, though he has thirteen copies," (Thirteen copies! Shade of Mudie! what say you to that Arcadian epoch?) "they are insufficient to answer the calls upon it, but that each one of them may depend upon having the very first that comes in!! Child, child," runs on the gay pen, "you had need be sensible of the value of my correspondence. . . ."

And apparently Miss Clavering was so. But the value was not all on one side. This sensible and charming woman was the very person for a literary adviser and confidante. She had a greater experience and a wider range than was possible in those days to more than the lucky few. She was intimately connected with many families of rank, and was a welcome visitor both at their town and country houses; so welcome indeed, that she was able to effect an *entrée* into these for her gifted friend also. It was through her that Miss Ferrier obtained that close insight into the daily life of people of fashion, and that inspection at close quarters of their foibles and idiosyncrasies, which proved so valuable to

her in her writings. By herself and of herself she might have given us the spinsters of Glenfern, Uncle Adam and Miss Pratt, Glenroy and Molly Macaulay; but we venture to think that we should never have had Lady Juliana Douglas, and all the various painted butterflies who flit through the pages of *Marriage*, *The Inheritance*, and *Destiny*, but for the devoted and useful friendship of Miss Clavering. Visiting with her at the houses of many of the Scottish nobility—and visits were visitations in those times—Miss Ferrier would doubtless be quietly using her eyes and ears, while probably being taken but little account of by the disdainful subjects for her unsuspected satire. One, certes, little guessed what the homely daughter of the Edinburgh writer was about—though, perhaps, even had Lady Frederick Campbell, sister of the then Duke of Argyll, been aware that she was to be handed down to fame as the "Leddy Mac-laughlan" of *Marriage*, she would have been well content, provided the "girls" had been shown up equally in the same pages. No wonder that when consulted as to possible detection and offence, Miss Clavering, the lady's niece, gleefully rejoins—"Positively neither Sir Sampson's lady nor the foolish virgins must be displaced." No wonder also that Lady Charlotte Campbell, better known latterly as Lady Charlotte Bury, was so transported with delight over the portrait, that Miss Clavering was "seriously afraid that she would have a fit." Relations do enjoy these little *exposés*, you know.

As regarded her own family, Miss Ferrier was more fortunate than some of her literary rivals. Instead of being checked, laughed at, or ignored, she seems to have been joyfully believed in, even from the very outset of her career. On her father's side, moreover, she must have inherited some "printer's ink" in her veins. The friend of Henry Mackenzie ("The Man of Feeling"), of Burns, of Dr. Hugh Blair, and of many other members of that wonderful literary society which made "Auld Reekie" famous at that period, Mr. Ferrier must have early perceived in his youngest daughter a reflex of his own tastes. Edinburgh was to the end of life her home also; so doubtless she entered the charmed circle in due time.

Of ten children, Susan was the youngest, but though justly appreciated by brothers and sisters by no means devoid of talent, it would not appear that any of them shared her literary aspirations.

The one circumstance of any interest preserved regarding her childhood is, that she was the school companion and playmate of Lord Brougham, but we do not hear whether or not they ever met, or held any communication, in after years.

Whether Susan were handsome or plain, tall or short, robust or fragile, history sayeth not, but that whatever else she was, or was not, that Miss Susan Edmonstone Ferrier was a most delightful companion, overflowing with good-humour, brimful of mirth and mimicry, and well stocked with sense and native shrewdness—with all, in short, that makes a fellow-creature fascinating in society, and endearing in the home circle, is evident from every line that falls from her pen.

A brief sentence from Sir Walter Scott's "Diary" describes her as "a gifted personage, having, besides her great talents, conversation; the least *exigante* of any author-female, at least whom I

have ever seen among the long list I have encountered; simple, full of humour, and exceedingly ready at repartee, and all this without the least affectation of the blue-stockings." While another valued friend, and one who knew her intimately "through all the changing scenes of life," thus wrote, "I never left her darkened chamber¹ without feeling that I had gained something better than the book we might be reading, from her quick perception of its faults and its beauties, and her unmerciful remarks on all that was mean or unworthy in conduct or expression."

It is strange to think that these haphazard touches are almost all we have to go upon, when endeavouring to realize anything of the personality of a writer once so popular, so widely read, and so deservedly appreciated.

¹ For many years Miss Ferrier suffered from a serious affection of the eyes.

TOM AND KITTY.

BY THE REV. FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, M.A.,

Author of "Sent Back by the Angels," "Poor Folks' Lives," &c.

WHERE two white cots o'erarched with shade
 Their pale-blue smoke-wreaths blent,
 There played and strayed a boy and maid,
 Companions well-content.
 Together schoolward, shine or wet,
 They trudged the cart-ruts through;
 Above one book their ringlets met;
 One apple served the two.
 And oft across the hedge you'd hear,
 Or through the door ajar,
 "Is Tommy here?—then, never fear!
 My Kitty won't be far."

If Tommy's knuckles chanced to ache,
 As school-boys' knuckles do,
 The dominie, for pity's sake,
 Would nobble Kitty's too.
 When Tommy tumbled in the pond,
 And gasped, with horror mute,
 His playmate fond his visage conned,
 Then promptly followed suit.
 When Tommy smoked beneath the rick
 His furtive first cigar,
 They both crawled homeward, deadly sick—
 For Kitty was not far.

But years flowed by with silent stream,
 And work must follow play;
 Behind them like a land of dream
 Their vale of childhood lay.
 Her needle now must Kitty ply
 To earn a humble fee;
 And Tom must sigh a long good-bye—
 For Tom is off to sea.
 "To-night," she sobbed, "you'll sail away
 Beyond the harbour-bar;
 But when you pray, look up and say,
 'My Kitty is not far.'"

Two years went by—for him, two years
 Of range and change and stir;
 Of hopes and fears, of pray'rs and tears,
 And patient toil for her.
 And then beside the old lych-gate
 Two neighbours, looking out,
 Beheld a sailor walk and wait,
 A cheery lad and stout.
 "'Tis Tom," one said; "he's getting wed—
 God bless the honest tar!"
 The other gravely shook her head:
 "Then Kitty won't be far!"

DUMPS.

MRS. PARR.

CHAPTER XII.

ALTHOUGH the morning after our adventure is very fine, and the afternoon lovely, Dumps is not equal to going out, and I prefer to remain at home and keep him company. We are in our own particular room, the Den, busily employed in mounting specimens of dried flowers, which Dumps manages to do beautifully, for he has the cleverest fingers I have ever seen. Usually while we are thus employed he gives me a lesson in botany, but not to-day—to-day all our interests are centred on one topic, and our conversation is a repetition of—what *he* said—what *I* said—what *you* said; never of much interest except to those who have taken an active part in the events related. To both of us one question continued to repeat itself, although neither of us gave utterance to the words which ran like an under-current through all we said. When—how—where should we see Sir Felix again? He had said to me that he should like to know how Dumps was getting on, but I had not found the courage to ask him if he would call at our house. I was kept back by the feeling that any intimacy with us, however slight, would be an annoyance to my lady. Now I began to half regret what might seem to him a want of courtesy. Of course if he was so minded he could call at the door; but papa being still from home I feared it would never occur to Martha's mind to ask him to come in.

Our Den looks into the garden, projecting out from an angle—it belongs to the older portion of the house—and has latticed windows, which in the summer-time are smothered by roses and clematis. Such a tangle do they spring up into that you cannot catch sight of the sturdy ivy, which neither in winter or summer ever permits a stone to be seen. Just now the ivy has it all its own way, but its reign is almost at an end. Summer is drawing near, and the great suckers of roses are beginning to climb, and the dry wreaths of clematis are studded with bursts of green. The flowers will

soon come, and it seems fit they should; our mood is in touch with them. We chatter—we laugh—we tease each other in a pleasant way; I tell Dumps that I intend to call him Marmaduke; he calls me Miss Sylvia Carleton; and in the midst of this the door opens and Martha, looking very red and flurried, says, "If you please, miss, its——"

"Me," says a voice behind her, and as we both start round, in walks Sir Felix. "I wouldn't be taken into the drawing-room," he says in vindication of Martha's embarrassment, "and while I was having the struggle a nice old body came up and told the maid to take me here—to the Den—I know the name, you see."

"It's awfully untidy," I exclaim.

"Oh, I was prepared for that; she said I should find you in a rare litter, everything uppermost, and nothing at hand."

He has shaken hands with me; has put his arm round Dumps' neck, and given him a friendly tap on the shoulder; has spied out a chair—which for a wonder has nothing heaped upon it; has brought it over, and has sat down at the table.

"I'm so glad you've come," says Dumps, giving a little movement of his arms as if he was hugging himself with joy.

"Thank you, Dumps, it's very good of you. It's more than Miss Carleton has managed to say," and he looks at me with mock reproach.

"Miss Carleton feels so all the same," I answer, conscious of having grown a bit shy.

"I expected you would have asked me yesterday. Why didn't you?"

"It wasn't because she didn't want you to come," says Dumps chivalrously. "We have talked of nothing else but of you, and what we did and what we said."

"It was quite an event for us," I say by way of apology for this outburst of Dumps' confidence.

"And it was quite an event for me. I've wanted to know you for ever so long. I asked the Clarkes why they didn't ask you to go for walks with them sometimes," and then he laughs in rather an amused

way which makes me suspicious, and I ask—"What did they say?"

"Well, Bessie Clarke said you were such an old-fashioned little thing."

"And so I am," for I am not at all disturbed at the description given of me.

"You're nothing of the kind," says Dumps, sturdily; "you're not anything else but what you ought to be; you're a great deal nicer than the Clarks, or any of the girls about here."

"That's right," calls out Sir Felix, knocking on the table with his fist. "Bravo, Dumps! Well done, old fellow; always stand up for your friends."

"I shall always stand up for her," and Dumps nods his head defiantly, "and so will you too when you know her as well as I do; there isn't another girl in the world like Via."

"You've seen such a lot of girls," I say. "You excitable little bit of quicksilver, you forget that Sir Felix has friends and relations who are young ladies in London, and therefore most likely very different to me."

"All the worse luck for them, then."

"Go it," cries Sir Felix, amused at our earnestness; "two to one on Dumps, and don't spare the young ladies, whether they're my relations or not."

"That won't do, though," says the irrepressible Dumps, "because she's one of your relations too."

I give Dumps the most furious glare. If a look could annihilate a person, there would have been an end to the poor fellow for ever.

"She!" exclaims Sir Felix. "Who? Miss Carleton?" But Dumps has caught my eye, and his crestfallen face is expressing to me the deepest penitence for this untoward slip of his tongue.

"Come, come, now, no signalling between you two; just you explain yourself, Mr. Dumps; how a relation, eh?"

Poor Dumps is driven into a corner.

"I don't know," he says, stammeringly, "only her mother was—so I thought for the minute perhaps she might be too."

"Your mother!" and Sir Felix looks at me wonderingly. "Was that really so? Tell me."

"Oh!" I begin vexedly, "I dare say you do not know that my mother was a Miss Cuthbert of the Friary. My father ran away with her," and I am conscious of holding my head unusually high; "but it is not a thing we ever speak of, or claim in any way."

"In fact you are rather ashamed of us than otherwise."

"Well, no," I say, put on my mettle; "if you put it in that way it—it is rather you who have completely ignored me."

"But I never heard of it before," he says, amazedly; "and my mother, surely—but no, I feel quite certain that she has no idea of any such relationship. Your mother a Miss Cuthbert!—a sister of Mr. Trenham Cuthbert, who died a year or so ago!—after he had lost all his property?"

I give a nod of my head in reply.

"But," he continues, "I remember how angry my mother was with Mr. Carleton, because she thought it was through him that the estate went for so little money."

"Yes," I say, "my father has never been able to look over the slight cast upon my mother. I am afraid he feels very revengeful to every one related to or connected with her."

"In that case it is very good of you to have received me as you have," and his face flushes as he says so.

"But no; there is not a bit of credit due to me, because I do not share my father's feelings. On the contrary, I take the greatest interest in everybody in any way connected with my mother, and I am sure I am not wrong in doing so, because she never felt resentment of any kind. Nurse says she grieved, and was sore-hearted about herself, but never with her family. She always said if they had deserted her, she had first deserted them."

My voice is a little unsteady, and Sir Felix gives me an opportunity of recovering myself, while he says—

"Well, this is extraordinary, and the strange part is that I should always have felt as if I should like to know you. I've often said things about you to my mother, and when she has taken no notice, I thought it was because of your father. Well! grown-up people sometimes don't care for each other, do they? I know our vicar, Mr. Bethune, doesn't hit it off with Mr. Carleton; but he always likes to see you; and Mr. Preston and Miss Olivia are very fond of you. Whenever I have said anything to them, they've always said something nice about you; still they never mentioned that we were connected in any way."

"The connection is a very slight one," I say; and I think with pleasure of what he is telling me.

"Oh," he continues, "I shall be quite anxious for my mother to return; you will see how soon things will be different. I do not say she will alter towards your father—I dare say he wouldn't wish her to; but with regard to you—well, I know my mother—she is very stately in her manner, and people think her haughty and proud; but she has a fine character, she is generous, and good, and just, and she is very sympathetic to any one in trouble. She always says she has not had a happy life. She has been very lonely. Then the management of the estate gives her a great deal of anxiety, because we're far from rich. Oh! and lots of other worries that I don't know of, because she keeps them from me. I am certain you would like my mother, and that she would like you. You're the kind of girl who would be a comfort to her."

A comfort to my lady! If it never happens, and it is never likely to, I thank Sir Felix in my heart of hearts for thinking so; only unfortunately my gratitude is apt to take the form of a great lump in my throat, which just now won't be swallowed down, and blurs my eyes with tears, forerunners of a great shower of them which threaten to follow.

"Now," I say, struggling with my sobs, "I know I'm going to cry."

"No, no, Via; you mustn't."

Dumps is at once full of sympathy.

"Oh, please don't." Sir Felix, too, has evidently a masculine horror of tears. "What can we do—or say? Dumps, think of something, invent something; what's the good of having such a clever noddle if you don't make some use of it?"

"But I can't think of anything," says Dumps, despairingly, "unless—unless we go and have our tea. I can smell the toast making," he adds in explanation of this prosaic suggestion.

"Exactly the thing," cries Sir Felix, jumping up. "What it is to be a genius, Dumps! I knew that I was beginning to feel a void," and he indicates with his hand where the vacancy is felt; "but the word toast explains everything."

I am forced into laughing, although I am not entirely pleased with Dumps' invitation.

"I don't know that you are quite right in asking Sir Felix," I begin, but am interrupted by the innocent dear explaining that it's all right; there's sure to be plenty—because it's cake day.

"We shall have some little ones—with currants inside—split open, buttery."

Dumps eats about as much as a sparrow; but to listen to him now, you would think him a very valiant trencherman. The little fellow has the gift of true hospitality; he wants our guest to partake of the best we have, and rejoices that this is an afternoon of special dainties. Accustomed to see every one invited to stop to tea, or to whatever meal is going, there is no reason in his mind why Sir Felix should be omitted. Dumps is a true gentleman; it is I who am lacking in breeding, because I am oppressed, and embarrassed with fears that the meal will be too homely. Nurse may be too familiar, all may not be like what he is accustomed to have and to see. One thing ought to dispel these doubts, and that is the certainty that Sir Felix does not share them, for he screams with delight at every fresh communication. All but anticipation of the tea is apparently forgotten.

"I say, Dumps, look sharp. Now then—" Sir Felix stops suddenly. "I declare, Miss Carleton," he says, "I was going to call you by your Christian name."

"Why shouldn't you?" says Dumps; "yes, do."

"It's an awfully pretty name," says Sir Felix. "I'll try for once how it sounds in my mouth. Come along, Via!" and the name is lost in the burst of laughter that follows.

CHAPTER XIII.

It is very certain that we did not lose any of our gaiety by joining nurse's society. The dear old thing behaved most beautifully; for the first time in my life she made some hesitation about taking her accustomed place at the table; but this of course I would not allow.

"Why, it is with you we have come to take tea," I said, "and we have brought Sir Felix with us."

And then Sir Felix said something very nice to her, which put her into great good-humour. It is not altogether the words he says, but the way he says them that is so pleasant; then he is so cheerful and unaffected, and full of life and spirits, that without knowing it he infects us with the same, and we all bubble over with laughter and fun, and some would say foolishness; for afterwards I could not remember anything that had specially called forth such merriment. Yet there was something good in it all, for when we parted we were real

friends together, and Dumps and I having walked through the garden with him—going out from the far gate of which (the Abbey Gate we call it) makes the way to Sharrows much shorter—we both felt after watching him out of sight that we could never forget him, and that he would never forget us. Miss Olivia always says, “Youth is the time for making friendships,” and I have answered her sadly, saying I had never had the opportunity of making any. Now in the last few months I have made two, and I feel much more happy.

Later that same evening my father was expected home, and I was full of the surprise my news would give him. I felt a little anxious as to how he would receive it, still I believed that on the whole he would not be displeased.

He dined alone, because the journey—which I suppose was a long one—had tired him; but after dinner he sent for me to go down. To my surprise I found him sitting in an easy-chair doing nothing—not writing, not reading—a condition so unusual, that I burst out with—

“Aren’t you well, papa?”

“Well, my dear? Yes, perfectly. Why?”

“Oh, because you’re sitting like you are,” I answer vaguely, not finding it easy to put my reasons into words.

“Not occupying myself, you mean. I own it is not very natural to me, but I have earned my idleness by being very busy while away.”

“Have you been far off—to London?” I ask, inquiringly.

“I was in London a few days since,” he says, and his manner tells me that I am not expected to ask more. There is no mystery in this. My father has never been communicative; he goes away—he comes back—often that is all I know of his journeys.

“Well?” he says, looking at me; and I know that he means me to let my tongue run, and tell him all that has happened in his absence. This time I am not slow to accept the invitation, and I at once plunge into the details of Dumps’ accident, and all that it has led to.

I have said that I was doubtful how my father would receive it; but I am quite unprepared for the effect it has upon him. He is so agitated, so unlike himself, that the fear that he is unwell returns again to me. I look at him, and it seems

to me that his face looks older, more lined and careworn than I have ever seen it before.

“Papa,” I say, and I cannot help putting my arms round him, “you haven’t had any worry, have you, while you’ve been away?”

“A little disappointment perhaps,” and he smiles at me, “but it’s all forgotten in my amusement at listening to what you have to tell. And so Sir Felix has always noticed you, and wanted to know you?” His face lights up with pleasure as he says this, and with the wish to give him more I say—

“Yes; and once he got punished for wanting to send me a valentine, because he said I was his little sweetheart.”

There is a choking noise in my father’s throat, sounding so like a sob that I quickly untwine my arms, but not before I feel that he is putting me away from him, to get up and go to the far end of the room, to and fro which he walks for a minute or two, after which he returns, reseats himself, and says in his usual voice—

“And Dumps, how did he get on? I want to hear everything that you can remember.”

Thereupon I tell him all that took place, ending with the assurance of Sir Felix that his mother would be sure to like me, and that I should be sure to like her.

“Isn’t it very odd,” I continue after a pause, “that he should never have heard that we are in a way connected?”

It is the first time I have ever ventured on naming the relationship to my father.

“I don’t know that it is; the skeleton of the family is often more familiar to outsiders than to those who live close to its cupboard.”

“Well, if they have no worse skeletons than being forty-fourth cousins to little Miss Me, they haven’t much to complain of. I think Fortune has treated them very well.”

My father laughs his grim laugh.

“Ah! I fancy that my lady has had her bad half-hours like the rest of us; however, if she has the good sense to open her arms to the little fairy her son seems desirous of pushing into them, she may from this time sleep more soundly.”

The “little fairy” I know means me; but how can I affect my lady’s good or bad rest? I am speculating on this when my father begins questioning me afresh, making me repeat every circumstance, however trivial, as if I was in a witness-box.

Perhaps it is habit, because he is a lawyer; yet I never knew him quite so curious before; and gradually an uneasy feeling gets possession of me that what, out of the fullness of my heart, I am telling him, is going to be put to some account, and I draw in my horns as a snail does at the approach of danger.

"You'd better pay a visit to Miss Spratt to-morrow," he begins, seeing that I have got up at hearing the clock strike ten. "Get her to turn you out another new frock or two, and let them be better than anything you've had yet—silk, or something of that sort, such as girls in society wear of an evening;—she'll know."

"But what for, papa? My frocks are very nice, and I have quite as many as I want."

"Do as I tell you, my dear," and with an air of assertion which I very seldom see in him, he adds, "I don't choose that my daughter shall look second to any one."

Evidently he already counts on my going to The House as a certainty, while with me it remains more than doubtful.

"What I have told you, papa, is only what Sir Felix said. I don't think we can take it as granted. He can no more answer for his mother than I could answer for you."

"Sound argument as a rule, but this case happens to be an exception."

My face, I think, tells him that he has not convinced me, for he continues in a softer tone—

"My little daughter must leave the management of affairs in the hands of her father. All she has to do is to continue to keep up this unexpected friendship with Sir Felix. While my lady is away, see as much of him as you can. Clarke told me that old Bethune was laid up with gout, so he won't meddle with his freedom. You and Dumps go to Sharrows to-morrow. Ask him to come back with you; you need not say that I have returned; he might think I should interfere in some way. Come now, I haven't imposed such a very hard task on you. All you have to do is to make yourself agreeable to, apparently, a very agreeably-inclined young fellow—so be off with you," and he bids me good-night, and I go. But I am full of rebellion; my pride, my dignity, and a dozen other feelings for which I can find no name are up in arms. I have it in me to say that I wish Sir Felix and I may never meet again. Why do our elders so misunder-

stand us? Or is it only papa? Surely girls with mothers are more fortunate; mothers cannot make such mistakes. And I was so happy; now all our future seems fettered with a motive. I go slowly up-stairs with a heavy step. All my spirit is gone. I meet Dumps.

"Doesn't he want us to know him?" he asks anxiously, noting at once that something has gone wrong. How can I answer? What can I say to him? I would not for the world that Dumps should share the feelings that my father has given rise to in me. I know papa, I know that he has many, many more good qualities than any but I dream of—and then I love him as no one else can—so I give a shake of my head and say—

"No, it isn't that; but—I don't feel quite well, I think."

I am conscious of equivocating, and I am also conscious that although Dumps takes my hand and says, "Poor Via!" I have not deceived him.

CHAPTER XIV.

SEVERAL days have passed; during two of these I am not well, and the remainder are wet. Sir Felix and I have not met again.

My father, who fortunately for me is very much occupied, has not mentioned the subject since. Yet I see by his manner when we meet that he has not forgotten it.

Each morning while he takes his breakfast—which he does alone—I read to him. This morning he dismisses me with the meaning words—

"I suppose there is no reason that you should not take your walk to-day?"

No; not any, except the obstacle he has raised, which still rankles in me, so that instead of considering how I shall most surely encounter Sir Felix, I am thinking how best I may avoid him. This thought occupies me when Martha brings in a note. My face turns scarlet; I look at Dumps, who nods smilingly at me. We both know at once from whom it comes.

"DEAR MISS CARLETON [it runs]—

"I am going to the walk, this morning, which leads from the woods to the Lady Garden. I so wish you would walk there, as I have something I want particularly to say to you. Hoping to see you,

"Sincerely yours,

"FELIX DELORAINE."

I hand the note to Dumps.

"Of course you'll go," he says.

"Yes, I think we must."

"Shall I go with you?"

"Of course you will. I shouldn't go unless you went."

The matter being thus settled we get ready and start. At first I am a little disposed to be silent; the influence of my father's suggestions weighs upon me; but by degrees the beauty of the morning drives away these vapours, and I begin to take pleasure in all I see. Never have the woods looked more lovely; fresh and green, with dew-drops sparkling on each leaf and flower; the thrushes in full song pouring out their voices—everything about seems full of life, so that our spirits rise with every step, and by the time Sir Felix comes in sight we are primed for fun and laughter.

"We're very obedient, you see," I say to him; "we started off directly I had that note from you."

"I wanted to send it yesterday, but the rain came and—I couldn't ask you to come out in that," and then I see that he hesitates.

"Why didn't you bring it yourself, and come and see us?" puts in Dumps eagerly.

"Well, it wasn't because I didn't want to, my boy," and we are conscious of a sudden embarrassment having come to us all.

"Do you mind me getting the flowers for nurse now, Via?" says Dumps. "Last time I couldn't pick them, you know."

Dumps proposes this with the delicacy natural to him, and before I can say, "No; wait, and I'll go with you," he is quickly hopping away, leaving Sir Felix and me standing.

"You're very obstinate," I cry. "Dumps—stop, you tiresome boy."

But he continues to go on, and Sir Felix says—

"It is very good of him to be so thoughtful, for I would rather say what I want to say alone with you."

"Yes," I answer faintly, a presentiment of evil stealing over me; "what is it?"

"I am very vexed with my mother," he begins.

"Not because of me," I cry, interrupting him.

"Whatever happens please don't let *me* be the cause; that would be terrible."

"And your saying this only makes me feel it the more. I cannot think what has come to her. Except by a few words she hardly notices anything

I told her in my letter; but she desires I will join her immediately."

"And of course you will go?"

"Yes; I have never knowingly disobeyed her wishes, and this is almost a command; still I could not leave without speaking to you. Some explanation is due to you."

"No, not any," I say, resolutely. We are walking up and down a short space, not wishing to leave the spot where Dumps has left us. "I quite understand that my lady objects to your knowing me; but from the beginning I was prepared for that."

He gives a sigh of discontent, and after a minute's pause he says in an embarrassed way—

"It seems so hard to find fault with anything your parents are doing, or to suspect them of motives which you couldn't name, or let others share with you. Oh, it is impossible for you to know what I mean!"

On the contrary. Unhappily I know exactly; it is but another bond between us, and somehow the words slip out—

"Yes, I do; because I feel the same with my father."

"Do you think he would have objected to you knowing me?"

Evidently he has not heard of my father's return.

"No," I stammer; "I don't think so; it was the motive I was alluding to."

"I wonder if it could be the same."

I shake my head in positive denial; if he could guess my father's motive as I do, I should die with shame.

"Oh, I don't know," he continues, "it's more than likely, and then it puts such ideas into one's head—things you never thought of until they made you."

That is certainly true.

"I suppose you wouldn't think it right to tell me what it might be your father has in his mind?"

"No, I couldn't," I say quickly.

"Well, but you might say yes or no to whether it is in any way like my mother's scheme. There's a girl we know, and I can't bear her; and it riles me to listen to her being so sweet and so nice, all because she's an heiress, and might be got to exchange her money to be called my lady. She'll never be called Lady Deloraine though, I can tell her that."

"Oh, but to please your mother, you must try and like her if she wishes you to."

"I'm not going to try anything of the kind," he says flatly. "When I marry I intend to marry some one I like, and who likes me. I always felt that—although until I got this letter I didn't know who I wanted her to be."

Will the earth swallow me, so that he may not see how red my cheeks have grown?

"I think Dumps must have lost himself," I say, that being as idiotic a speech as I could have possibly hit on.

"I hope he has for a little time longer," says Sir Felix. "I haven't said half the things I meant to, and I can't even remember now what they were; but what I want you to promise is that you won't forget me, Via."

"I'm not likely to do that."

"You'll think of me every day?"

"A great deal more, I dare say, than you will think of me."

"I wish I could take a bet with you upon that. Why, since Ion knocked Dumps down I haven't thought about anybody else. Only—well—I never guessed the meaning of it all until that letter came full of suspicions and accusations, and that our meeting was a deep-laid scheme of your father's, which is simply impossible."

It is true that part is impossible. Yet I feel that my lady has some just cause for suspicion; and never will I join my father in injuring her; never will I steal away her son from her.

"We are friends," I say, "are we not?"

"Oh, yes; and a thousand times more, I hope." I let the latter part of the sentence pass.

"Well, then, we must be true to one another—help one another; it would be misery to me if I thought I caused your mother pain."

"But when she gets to like you?"

"Oh, then we'll talk of all this again; but until that time she must be obeyed. We must be strangers to each other—it is our duty—what you owe to her."

He turns away as if not knowing how to answer me, and I, equally ill at ease, feel that it is best that this interview is put an end to.

"Dumps, Dumps," I call, "come back; it's time for us to go."

"You're in a great hurry to say good-bye to me," says Sir Felix, half angrily; and then I think he

sees that my eyes are blinded with tears, which well over and run down my cheeks, for he seizes my hands. "Forgive me," he says; "I mean to do all you ask me to; but it's so hard when I like you as much as I do." I give a little nod that I am in sympathy with him. "Do you feel the same?"

"I do," I sob.

"Oh, that makes it ever so much better to bear. I don't mind as much if you're as sorry as I am."

"Quite as sorry," I say, and at that moment Dumps joins us. "We've got to bid Sir Felix good-bye," I begin falteringly.

"Aren't we to know each other, then?"

"No," says Sir Felix sadly; "but you must think of me all the same—every day mind; and make her think of me, Dumps, won't you?"

"Yes, that I will; she shan't forget you while I'm about."

"Some day, I feel sure, all will come right: until then—"

He stops and looks at me.

"Good-bye," I say, tearfully.

"Good-bye, Via; I shall always think of you as Via. Good-bye, Dumps."

"Good-bye," answers the little fellow; "for all that I'm glad we know each other."

"And so am I," I say.

"And I too," says Sir Felix; and he takes from my jacket the bunch of violets I wear, clasps again my hands in his own, and after a minute's pause turns away—and is gone.

CHAPTER XV.

So much has happened to personally affect me since the morning of that parting with Sir Felix, that I sometimes ask myself, Can I still be the same Sylvia Carleton? I look into my heart—my mind; examine my wishes and resolutions; and am puzzled by the strange jumble of mixed feeling which I find there. I used to assert that I was no longer a child; can this change in me mean that I am almost a woman?—and if so, am I glad or sorry? I am not able to find an answer.

Feeling sure that what I had to tell him would give him vexation, I went down that evening to meet my father with my heart beating with anxiety. For hours beforehand I had been trying to arrange what I had best say, so as to leave the smallest possible amount of blame with my lady.

"Come," he says cheerily, "the fine day has done you good, your cheeks are positively rosy. Because nurse is too old, and Dumps too lame, to enjoy walking, you stop indoors too much. How would riding suit you?—a horse of your own—eh? You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

"Oh, papa," I say delightedly; "but then whom could I ride with? With you?" Already my arms are round him. "Would you go with me?"

"Well, that might be managed sometimes; and at others—oh, you must look about. Whom do we know?"

"No one, I don't—do you?"

My father seems to reflect.

"No; we haven't many equestrians in our small circle. There's your newly-found friend, Sir Felix, you know. He is daily in the saddle."

In an instant the enticing picture of myself on horseback vanishes.

"Ye—es," I say faintly; "but then, of course, I couldn't go with him."

"Why of *course*? Jacob would be there to look after you, and there is nothing unusual for people who ride to arrange a meeting. I wish you always to be particular, but I don't want to see you grow up a prude."

"For one thing Sir Felix won't be here." Hesitation is useless, I shall have to undeceive my father. "He has gone away," I add, stolidly.

"Gone away!" he repeats. "How gone away? He was here yesterday."

"Yes, I know; but my lady wished him to join her in London, so he sent a note this morning asking us to meet him in the woods. He did not like to leave without letting us know."

"When are they coming back?"

"He didn't say."

"Had he told his mother about knowing you?"

"Yes; he wrote to her."

"And is that the reason that he is sent for?"

"I think it is."

My father sits silent, but the expression on his face changes until he looks another man.

"Repeat," he says in his dryest voice, "as nearly as you can the conversation which passed between you. Stay though; first let me see the note you received from him."

A horror seizes me that my father is going to legally sift this interview—that matter will be made

of it to put me to shame and confusion. In my terror I say hastily—

"But, papa, there is nothing to repeat. I have told you everything there is to tell, and as to my lady's share, Sir Felix simply said that he was surprised that his mother should take so little notice of what he had told her, and that she desired he would join her immediately. By that I naturally concluded that she did not wish him to know me, and did not wish to know me herself."

"And is that the conclusion he drew?"

"Yes, I think it was."

"And did the decision meet with his approval?"

"No; Sir Felix would have liked that we should remain friends, and at heart we shall still be so; but I know you would not have wished me to know him and his mother pass me by."

My father stretches his mouth until his lips are a thin line.

"My dear," he says meaningly, "when you next meet Lady Deloraine she will *not* pass you by."

"Oh, papa," I cry imploringly, "please, please spare me the humiliation of being in any way forced upon her. I have no wish to know my lady, or to be patronized by her. I know by what I have heard, that after you married my mother, my lady turned her back upon her—never again spoke to her."

"All quite true, Sylvia; and for that very reason I mean to have my revenge. Happily for Lady Deloraine's pride and peace of mind, my love for you is far greater than my hatred of her. For years I have been following a clue—the last threads of which only are wanting. Then I should hold in my hand that which would crush her, ruin her, bring her to the very dust."

He clenches his hand as he speaks, and I see it trembling with the agitation which I hear in his voice.

"Papa," I cry; and I go towards him, and in spite of his resistance try to lay my head on his shoulder. "No, no! you must not do this. You say your love for me is far greater than your dislike of my lady, then for my sake let her be. Think of the pain it would give to my mother—she whom God has taken from us—*she* who is at rest and at peace with every one—to know that on earth she was stirring up revenge and animosity."

"My dear," he says, still keeping me away from him, "you speak as a child."

"Yes; as her child, papa."

"And because you are her child, I am resolved to make amends through you for the wrongs she suffered through me. My lady's punishment will be a very mild one—far less than she deserves. Surely your own common sense must tell you that if such is my fancy, there can be nothing so very terrible in her son knowing, and she recognizing, the daughter of a woman who was a connection, I might almost say a relation, of her own."

"Certainly not; but remember, papa, I am your daughter too."

"That one fact constitutes my sole revenge. I am not afraid of my lady forgetting it either."

"And on those terms how could I ever be at ease with her—feel any real friendliness for one who at heart was at enmity with you? Forget all this, papa, or I shall bitterly regret that we were ever thrown in the way of Sir Felix; and he himself would feel that it was an odd way of repaying the kindness he showed to poor Dumps and to me."

"Poor Dumps, indeed!" and my father gave a hard little laugh. "What did Sir Felix think of him, I wonder?"

"He took the very greatest fancy to him, as every one does. Papa, Dumps must never go from us; to part with him now would be like losing a brother."

"You care for the little fellow, then?"

"Oh, I love him dearly; and there's nothing in the world he wouldn't do for me."

Papa looks at me fixedly, and as he does so his face grows softer, and I think I hear a sigh.

"What are you thinking of?" I say.

"Of days that are past, and of things that might have been."

"Might have been with Dumps?"

"Yes; his life too would not be the same if he had not such a heavy burden to bear."

"And his health too is so bad. He often speaks as if he would not live long; but not as if that made him sad as it does me."

"Tut, tut, tut," says my father hastily, "put such stuff and nonsense out of his head. I'll see Clarke and ask for some rules to be laid down for him, and you and nurse look well after him. Understand, Sylvia, Dumps' life is a very valuable one to me. Although I don't wish that repeated to anybody."

And in spite of my desire to get some further promise about my lady, my father will not permit me to remain longer with him.

"No, no," he says; "no more talking to-night. You must remember that I know the world better than you do. At your age it is natural that you should have your little head full of romantic impossibilities; but one day you will be thankful that your father had the sense not to listen to you."

So, reluctantly, and in no way convinced, I have to go. The door is half closed when my father calls me.

"If you should happen to hear anything of or from Sir Felix, tell me, you know."

I look at him in amazement.

"My dear, don't stare at me in that bewildered way, as if I had suggested some extraordinary impossibility; a dozen things might occur which would induce Sir Felix to write. Indeed, my experience is, that if a young fellow sends one note, another note is almost sure to follow."

And as I turn away, that my flaming cheeks may not be seen, my father gives a chuckle, as if he thinks what he has said is funny. Alas! it sounds anything but funny to me.

(To be continued.)



WARWICK BROOKES AND HIS PENCIL-PICTURES.¹

BY T. LETHERBROW.

WARWICK BROOKES, the artist, who drew the beautiful pencil-pictures of home, peace, and childhood that are now famous, was born in the stormy closing years of the reign of George III. His own childhood fell in the very darkest hours of this century, in the troubled days of Napoleon's wars, when bad, hard laws were made in Eng-

land, and bread was dear, and work uncertain. Warwick Brookes' parents were Lancashire factory-folk, and the little boy himself was born in Salford.

Salford is a historic borough; an ancient Danish settlement, a royal stronghold of Edward the Confessor, apportioned too and quaintly described in William the Conqueror's Domesday Book. King Canute once came riding through it, and one of his knights, Ranulphus de Trayford, settled there, on the banks of one of the three rivers that wind about the town, and in the family hall on its banks, a mile or two below, his descendants live still.

But, born in the very lap of History, and among the venerable temples of learning, little Warwick Brookes was not bred a scholar; he was never, as pupil, inside Salford's celebrated grammar school. The school to which he was sent was evidently inferior, since he was taught to write not with pens, ink, and paper, but with his finger in a box of smoothed sand. It was a part of the duty of the little scholar to carry a black-lead pencil to the master in order that the attendance-book might be marked. This operation the child viewed with intense interest; it was performed by the aid of an

instrument with which he then became acquainted for the first time, but which, in future years, in his hand was to picture those beautiful babies that Dante Gabriel Rossetti pronounced "triumphs, every one of them."

At this school the little six-year-old Warwick stayed only three years. The little lad went into a print-works to act as "tear-boy" to his Uncle Thomas, who was a block printer on calicoes. His duty was to dip a brush in colour and to keep supplied the colour-cloth on which the printer daubed his block before he applied it to the fabric.

His only books were the Bible and *Robinson Crusoe*; pictures he had none, nor any art-possession except a few silhouettes of pigs and horses, which a neighbour's lad used to cut out in paper, and fling in at the little window of his bedroom. They were clever in their way, and gave him great delight.

Once he told me that before he possessed a pencil, he used to go about the streets noticing the lines of buildings, cart-wheels, barrows, and

HOME-MADE PLAYTHINGS.

¹ The illustrations to this article are, with the exception of *A Cheshire Lane*, facsimiles of studies in pencil by Warwick Brookes.—Ed.

BABY AND SISTER.

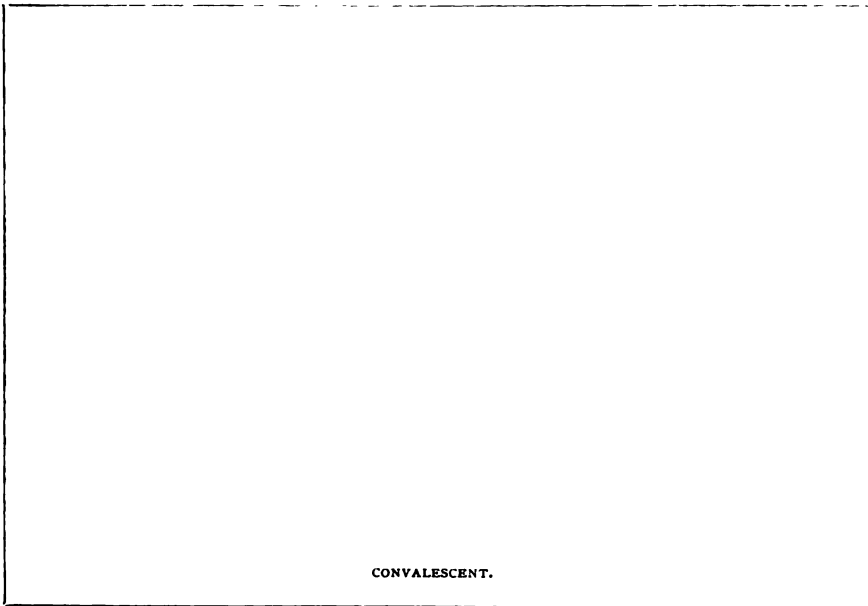
any common object, thinking how they ought to be put on paper, and that this habit never left him, and later he applied it to the human figure.

It was a golden day to him when for the first time he saw in a book-shop window, in the old marketstead of Manchester, an engraving from Sir Joshua Reynolds. He gloated on it, he worshipped it, he dreamed of it. It was more to him

than twenty South Kensington hand-books, and selected examples from the great masters. Indeed,

He himself had great aptitude for everything which required nicety of touch and manipulative skill; as a boy he made all kinds of playthings, theatrical characters, stage appliances, etc., better than any other boy. As a man, he was neat, precise, and delicate in whatever mechanical work he undertook, and in the various processes connected with drawing and painting in all their branches.

When at work, he often amused himself by making a patchwork drawing; that is, he would take up the nearest bit of paper when some figure-combination suddenly caught his eye, and sketch it down rapidly; such lines made in the heat of conception cannot well be copied; he therefore,



CONVALESCENT.

he used to shake his head mournfully over modern drawing systems. "Look at this," he said, holding up a copy of outline in the flat, of a vase. "This is what they give them to do. The lad has been weeks over it, and the master has gone over every line too. It would task my powers to do a thing like this, and it is no mortal use when done."

Nobody rejoiced more than he did over the development of painting, the national school system, and all the new aids for youth. But before his death he used to wonder how it was that with such numerous baits and incitements and medals lads did not do better; above all that they did not really care for their studies.

expanding the idea, added another piece of paper and yet another (sometimes several more), and then united them so deftly that the process was only discovered on close inspection.

In one thing Warwick Brookes was happier than the small toilers of our vast cities at the present day. Manchester was a comparatively little town then; you could see blue sky overhead from the workshop windows, and fifteen minutes brought

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you to green fields beside the river. Thither little Warwick, a small-limbed, big-browed child, with earnest eyes, would often wander with bigger boys on Sunday afternoon, watching the fish in the brook and pulling wild-flowers. Coming home on these quiet Sunday afternoons he would lay his bunch of lilac, may-flowers, or buttercups on the clean-scoured kitchen dresser in an old brown pitcher, and hover near to gaze on them with delight.

At this period the lad drew by instinct whatever came before him—his own hand, his mother's Delft plates and platters, the public-house sign, anything, everything. Often at the calico-works did he look with longing upon an inner sanctuary where the designs were made, and which the workmen irreverently termed "the conjuring shop."

In one place was noise, rough manners, distasteful vulgarity; in the other, order, repose, an atmosphere of art, and the windows looked upon green fields and the high moorland stream. But the idea of entering that sanctuary was too visionary to be entertained.

Some drawings of his, however, fell into the hands of the master; he was astonished, and exclaimed, "Have I a tear-boy who can do this?" The little draughtsman was sent for, set to work (a thing beyond his hopes!) and, ere long, apprenticed. The shepherd-boy of Vespignano found a friend in Cimabué, and the tear-boy a friend in the calico-printer!

He soon justified the step by making designs which became so popular that they were engraved several times, and, as time went on, he was advanced into work where artistic oversight was required.

It was a proud day for young Brookes when, as the head of the family (his father being dead), he was able to take home the wages of a journeyman, with his indentures which he had honourably served. Change was distasteful to him, and he remained with his first employer for fifteen years, during which he steadily advanced, by his own unaided efforts, in artistic skill.

At last a great awakening came in the visit of B. R. Haydon to Manchester for the purpose of lecturing on art. Full of learning and enthusiasm, his eloquence made a deep impression. He was horrified at the state of art, and of the arts of design, and wrote and spoke with energy in favour of the establishment of Schools of Design. As a result the first school was established in 1838, and Warwick Brookes, then thirty years old, was for the first time not only able to see, but to study, in the works of Phidias, the finest emanations of the genius of art which the world has ever seen, or will see.

In this school, under an able master, after his day's labour at designing patterns, he studied steadily during five

AMUSING THE BABY.

years, when the resignation of the master, and a change in the system, caused Mr. Brookes and a body of the best students to leave and set up an artistic republic of their own. This band of earnest, studious, gifted men worked together for more than twenty years, and during these years Mr. Brookes's delightful talent and unique style were developed. His continual endeavour was after Youth, Grace, and Beauty. The tragic and terrible were alien to the tranquil current of his thoughts. He was attracted by the elegant and the delicate. Omitting

what was vulgar and prosaic he strove rather to give the soul and the spirit.

All this while he remained at the pattern designer's bench. He resisted appeals to quit his business for the profession of art, and even declined tempting offers to go abroad in the pursuit of his ordinary calling. His mother he would not quit, her comfort he would not imperil. On this account, though a great lover of children, and delighting in domestic life, he remained a bachelor until well past the mature age of forty.

But one summer's day, whilst sketching in the sylvan glades of a forest in Cheshire, a woodland nymph appeared who effected a considerable change in his ideas and life-plans. Her father's cottage, to which he found his way, afforded a pleasant subject for his pencil, with its flower-garden and climbing plants. So too did the house, the calves, the sheep and lambs of the little farm. It was wonderful how many objects he found to sketch, inside and out, and how many visits he found it indispensable to make. He learned, in short, that one of these objects he could in no wise dispense with, and therefore, in 1852, he married and took the wood-nymph home.

A CHESHIRE LANE.

In 1853 Mr. Brookes lost his mother. Side by side they had journeyed for fifty years, and their first parting (of any moment) was their last.

Now, if ever, was the time for him to follow his bent and cleave to art! But the ambition for fame was not in his gentle nature. Besides, a family was growing up around him and precluded the idea. So, like William Blake, he went on working during the day at an alien business, and in the evening gave himself to the free enjoyment of his powers. The wonder is that one did not spoil the other!

His instruments were always of the simplest and least expensive; he had no elaborate paraphernalia, not even a lay-figure; was never troubled about a proper "light" or an "aspect"; had not a single

costume of any kind, no draperies, or studio "properties" of any sort.

But the human nature around him was as classic as in the days of Phidias. Grace of form, beauty of expression, and harmony of combination existed precisely as in the Attic days; all that was wanted was the seeing eye.

He never sat to his work, or used an easel, but stood and held his paper in his hand, and in this way

HIS OWN CHILDREN.

would make studies faultless in finish and lovely in texture.

But no young artist need suppose that such work as Warwick Brookes's can be got by mere copying of anything before him. "He once told me," says his friend, Dr. Crompton, "that he watched carefully for what was artistic." There is one of his sketches of one of his children in her nightdress. "Stop, mammy," he said to his wife, "keep her so till I have done."

"I never knew any man with a purer mind than Warwick Brookes," Dr. Crompton once said to me. And any one looking at his works must be sure that his love for his children and for child-life must have been of the warmest nature. The beam of love in his eye when his children were round him was charming; and the kindness of the man, and the tenderness of any little correction, were what one noticed at once.

This tenderness was shown in a hundred ways; among others by the patient manner in which he would sit, night after night, by the bed of a sick child, soothing its restless hours, and lulling it to sleep.

Most of his sketches were made from his own children. At one time one of his windows looked out upon a row of cottages, where the wives often sat at the doors with their children round them. He said that he often got ideas from them; some one asking him where his studio was, he answered,

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taking him to this window, "My own children and the steps of those cottages."

His pencil sketches are in texture the most lovely things that can be imagined. A friend asking him whose pencils he used, he said, "Half-penny joiners; I buy them from a man in the neighbourhood." Ah, the art was in the man. Yet, it must not be supposed that he had not availed himself of every opportunity and help within his reach. He had many illustrated works; and his walls were covered with choice things—photographs from Raphael, fine engravings and a few water-colour sketches by eminent men. His judgment of the works of other men was singularly sound. To go round an exhibition of pictures with him, and listen to his criticisms, was a high privilege. He was very small in person, and panted as he walked; but his eye would brighten and he would exclaim when he saw anything that he could commend. As to the teaching in schools of art, he had but a poor opinion of it, because it was so mechanical. No one could shade more beautifully than he did, but he said that far too much attention was given to it—that it was mere mechanism—good as far as it went—but in following it too far artistic teaching was neglected.

THE SIMPLE PROSE OF FAMILY LIFE.

"One day," says his physician, the good Dr. Crompton, "I saw him ill in bed. There were two windows opposite the bed, between which was a wash-stand, and over it a piece of muslin on a string to keep the wall-paper from being spotted. He said to me, 'I sent for my boy' (I forget the name), 'and said to him, "Dost thou see anything in that muslin?" and the boy said "No." I told him that he would never be an artist, then, for I could see figures dancing.' On his recovery, he made a drawing of these dancing figures which he gave to my wife—a thing of great beauty and worthy of Stothard."

This kindly critic was the most genial and "easily entreated" of companions. He had considerable musical ability. As a boy he was a chorister in a place of worship in Salford. At maturity his voice was bass; but the only musical accomplishment he cultivated was that of whistling; he remembered tunes with facility, and would sometimes gratify his friends by whistling long and intricate passages from operas without the omission of a semiquaver; the tone being sweet and delicate, and having a remoteness about it which added to the charm.

The current of his life, which had flowed on so peacefully for more than fifty years, was in 1865 rudely interrupted by the beginning of his long illness of seventeen years!

It was during the dark early days of this time, when the future of himself and his family bade fair to grow more and more clouded and uncertain, that he made the great and powerful friendships which lit with sunshine the close of his life. By the advice of Dr. Crompton, Mr. Nesmith, and Mr. Shields, his lovely pencil-pictures were photographed and published in a series; and through these he was soon made known to the best of the hereditary and intellectual leaders of London society, who liberally bought his drawings, and portfolios of photographs, and invited him to their town and country houses.

of a series of great measures through the House of Commons pressed, but the kind man made leisure to examine, appreciate, and enjoy the work of the artist, to correspond with him and, at his castle in Wales, in the midst of his family, to treat him with the greatest kindness and attention.

A greater contrast can hardly be imagined than that presented by these two figures, in earnest talk in the study at Hawarden. The statesman was a year younger than the artist; yet the one was a child in comparison with the other, who was versed in the law of all the ages, and in the multifarious branches of statecraft.

NEIGHBOUR CHILDREN.

THE PET LAMB

Sir Francis Grant, the President of the Royal Academy, Millais, Rossetti, Watts, and other eminent artists, marvelled at the fine quality of his art. For a series of years he enjoyed the most delicate hospitality of Lord Northbourne, which no doubt greatly prolonged his life, and often the "tear-boy" of the dark days of George III. found himself in the midst of the foremost statesmen of the Victorian era. Among the many services rendered by this kind nobleman to the artist, the most memorable was the bringing him to the notice of the Prime Minister of that time, the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. The cares of a vast empire and the passing

HIS OWN CHILDREN.

ON COTTAGE STEPS.

The student of Homer bade the student of Phidias to be of good cheer, assuring him that he should never want for anything.

Mr. Gladstone's active interest did not end here; the artist's work was shown to Her Majesty the Queen, who gladly purchased several specimens (as did her daughter the Princess Louise), and wrote to say how much she was charmed with them; and she also cordially assented to a proposal which Mr. Gladstone made, that Mr. Brookes should be granted a pension of one hundred pounds per annum, and that it should be dated for the previous year.

For eleven years longer, hopeful and happy to the last, Mr. Brookes worked on. Then came the end.

On the evening of his death, it is said that an Italian woman came and played on an organ in front of the house. The tune was unnoted, it might have been Burns's "Land o' the Leal." Fearing the noise might disturb him, they were

about to send her away, but he at once reproved them, saying, "Don't send her away; she is the country-woman of Raphael!"

On hearing of his death the Prime Minister wrote by return of post the following letter, and, on receiving a reply, forwarded a donation from the Queen's Bounty of a hundred pounds:—

10, Downing Street,
Whitehall.

Aug 14. 82

My dear Sir

My wife and I are much moved by your letter. We look back upon your father; his life; I may say, with an affectionate interest and regard. He was indeed noble, brave, and beautiful; and it seemed as if an earlier discipline, without internal

conflict, sufficed to wield him to the point at which he might escape from the flesh and from the pressure of the world to enjoy at once the vision of God.

Thus the goodness to inform us as to the health, & also as to the circumstances of your mother. (I believe she desires him) and family. I remain your very faithful servant
Warwick Brookes
W. B. Brookes

QUITE ANOTHER STORY.

A SEQUEL TO 'VERY YOUNG.'

Jean Hutton

III.

"AND WE NEVER COULD BEAR THE CAPPERS."

NOW Fergus had intended to amuse them all at home; Andrew as well as the invalids.

Andrew had the latter on his hands, and Fergus was deeply grateful to him for having let him escape and go on. He thought he would do his duty by him to the best of his ability. It was unlucky that his letter should have had much the reverse of a cheering effect, but so it was.

Andrew, who had begun almost to tolerate his aunt, to amuse himself with Antoinette, and occupy his time with his invalids, his place, and his dependents, felt for a few days after its arrival perfectly miserable. He went back for the time into boyhood, was a little brusque with his guests, loomed about in his grounds in a disconsolate fashion, and took such slight notice of the pretty cousin, that she observed the change with even more chagrin than her mother did.

Yes, the chance of his tour was over. He should not be able to join Fergus for a very long time. His mother did not yet know how slight Tom's chance was of ever going into any profession and getting his own living; did not know how utterly helpless he still was, and that he had sometimes hours of pain, after which he could not occupy himself even with the reading, talking, and playing at chess which generally helped to while away his time.

Tom was pleased, however, with the letter, and was found by Andrew two or three days after with it open before him, and Antoinette sitting by him. They had cut some corks into many little rounds, and each being divided in half was supposed to represent a ship. Tom, with the aid of some diagrams in a book of naval history, was going over the manœuvres, and following the details of Nelson's sea-fights.

Antoinette was very sick of it, but it had been of her own proposing; and though she longed as Andrew came in and out of the room to jump up and go with him, she knew that would not do at all; she must appear to devote herself to the invalid.

But she was destined to be unlucky that day. Andrew came in for the third time, and she could not help noticing that he seemed a little restless.

"I say, Tommy," he observed, "I'm going to London."

Tom looked up a little anxiously.

"It's dull if you're not here," he said in rather a pleading tone. "You'll not be away long?"

"Oh, no; only two or three days."

Here was a vexation! Antoinette coloured. "Two or three days!" she was on the point of saying, but happily checked herself.

"Well," she presently remarked, answering the least little look from the nurse, "I'll leave you, Tom, now, and we can finish this afterwards."

"I thought Miss never would go," said the ungrateful Mrs. Blount. "Now then, look here, sir, if you please." She showed the brothers some pictures of certain curious pieces of upholstery. "You see there's a sort of a screw or a winch in this, and when a patient's lying flat on his back and this is under him, with a small soft mattress on it, why you begin to wind if you please, and so he's gently heaved up without being touched. Then when he wants to lie flat again, you can take and wind him down. It's a lovely invention."

Andrew, after his interview with Tom and the nurse, came into the drawing-room to mention his intended absence to his aunt and cousin.

"Well, and so you are going away, you recreant knight," said his aunt, laughing, with rather an unsuccessful attempt to appear amused and pleased.

"Yes, aunt. The fact is, it is because you are here that I venture to do it. It is now time that Tom should have a sofa and some sort of chair too, and besides, there must be an apparatus for lifting him in his bed. But mother—(I was considering how I could go and choose them, and mother not think it odd)—when she happened to say she knew you were going to stay with her till after next Sunday."

Mrs. Hitchcock looked up surprised.

"Stay with *her*," she thought. "Oh, then, Mary puts it in that light."

"Yes. It seems you said you were so looking forward to hearing that missionary bishop who is to preach for his black or brown or yellow Christians, whichever they are, next Sunday morning."

"Ah, yes," said the aunt, "I did say so."

"So I said I had wished very much to go up to town just for two or three days, and as she was sure my aunt would be able to stay,—and she said, 'Go at once then, I shall not be dull.'"

("Of course you said so, Mary," thought Mrs. Hitchcock. "Yes, I know what it means.")

Antoinette did not pretend to look otherwise than annoyed and disappointed. She cast a reproachful glance at him, but he did not meet it; he was looking out at the window, and he sighed.

"No, he did not get this up himself," thought Mrs. Hitchcock; "but he would not have fallen into the plan nevertheless if he had cared to stay."

Andrew hung about for two or three minutes more, then he shook hands with his aunt and cousin and went off.

"Mother," exclaimed Antoinette, indignantly, "you cannot possibly now wish to stay beyond next Monday or Tuesday; we have been here more than three weeks."

Antoinette was so mortified and so angry that two large beautiful tears fell on her flushed cheeks. How handsome she looked, and how vexed her mother was!

"If you think your Aunt Mary has *made* him do this—" she began.

"I think nothing of the kind. It's only his manner to be so sweet and deferential to his mother. They all have it; but Andrew generally does just as he likes notwithstanding. And why did you call him a 'recreant knight'?" she continued, with a little angry sob.

"If he does not feel that he is one, it ought to be put into his head," said the mother in a low voice. "He sometimes paid you a good deal of attention, and I dare say, when I was not by—"

"No," interrupted Antoinette; "when we were alone he sometimes behaved like a great blunt school-boy; and besides, you know, mother, it was not his doing that I was here to be paid attention to, and so often left alone with him."

"My dear," said her mother, in a tone of remonstrance and reproof, "I think you are forgetting yourself."

"And we never could bear the Cappers when we were children," continued Antoinette, irrelevantly.

"We used to be always quarrelling. And besides that, Andrew is a year and ten months younger than I am. The manner in which those boys used to be always teasing us—"

"Here's a carriage; there's somebody coming to call," said Mrs. Hitchcock, looking up calmly. "I think it's Mrs. Delany."

Antoinette had wiped away the two angry tears, and her eyes looked all the brighter for them. But she was deeply mortified that her mother had, as it were, thrown her at Andrew as if she had been a ball, and he had not caught her! She felt almost undutiful for the moment, and permitted herself to say something which she knew her mother would be uneasy at, while the coming guests were already in the hall.

'And besides that, I feel almost sure Andrew knows about our Tom being so *in love* with Daisy.'

"Andrew knows that!" exclaimed Mrs. Hitchcock.

"I think he does. I am almost sure of it."

With that the visitors entered. They were very sympathetic and kind.

"And so the young Squire was out?"

"Yes, dear fellow; he had taken the opportunity, as his aunt and cousin were in the house to help with the invalid, of running up to town on some business."

"Might they see dear Mrs. Capper?"

"Antoinette should go up and see if she felt able to see the ladies of the party. She was dressed already, and on her sofa."

"The resources of science were so many more now than heretofore."

"Ah, yes; indeed."

Antoinette went up, and Mrs. Capper did see the visitors—a mother and two pretty daughters. When they were gone Mrs. Capper remarked to her sister on their beauty. "Andrew was quite struck with it," she said.

"I had not heard him mention them," observed Mrs. Hitchcock in her quietest tone. "And so he's off?"

"Yes, poor fellow, he has been very dull, almost low, since that letter from Fergus came. They had set their hearts on going together, and I felt that he wanted a little change to divert him from his disappointment. He's going to Cousin Daisy. He was always fond of her, and she'll take him to choose some kind of thing that it seems Tommy ought to have. I hope his nurse does not coddle

him too much. I sent for her yesterday to tell her so, and she seemed really quite out of countenance. It's a great temptation, you know, Lucia, to a nurse when she gets into such a comfortable place to make the case last as long as she can. However, she said she believed Mr. West would say he was satisfied with her."

Mrs. Hitchcock at that moment experienced such a sharp pang of pity for her sister, that she did not say another unpleasant word to her the whole evening.

The young Squire, meanwhile, had become more reconciled with his lot, mainly, no doubt, because he was amused and made welcome. Cousin Daisy felt what a good fellow he was, and was cordial and affectionate, while the two girls, being allowed to dine with him and their mother, were full of talk about the letter from Fergus; and when dinner was over and the party left alone, it appeared that 'Tammy' was the chief point of interest, and they began to discuss her at dessert.

"Such a name! That must be a pet name. What can the real name be?" said Daisy.

"Thomasina, I should think," remarked Bell.

"And a very ugly name too. However, it does not matter what it is. Not in the least."

"Not matter? Oh, Andrew!"

"Well?" said Andrew.

"To see you so coolly scraping the skin off your walnuts, one would think you took no interest in Fergus whatever."

Andrew looked up surprised, laid down his walnuts, dipped his fingers in the glass, and while he was drying them on his napkin, considered Daisy attentively.

"Anybody can see," said Bell in an oracular tone, "what's going to happen."

"My dear, how can you be so silly?" said her mother.

"It's Kismet, mother."

"Nothing can be so plain," exclaimed Daisy. "That's how, *exactly* how, in a story it begins, and when you read that sort of opening you may be sure something will come of it."

"Yes," said the mother, "but if he's not a boy—I beg his pardon, I mean a young man—in a story—"

"Then," interrupted Andrew, "you may be equally sure that nothing *will* come of it."

"I shall think it very unfair if it doesn't. Why did he tell us?"

"To fill the letter, of course."

"Well," said Daisy, "I shall think it extremely unfair if nothing does come of it, and I shall begin to save my allowance for the wedding present. He is to be away three years, you said, And."

"Yes."

"But then he has been away one month. Mother, will you stop a shilling every week of my allowance? In a hundred and forty-eight weeks that will come to seven pounds ten. No, I think it had better be two shillings a week."

"Very well, my love," said Mrs. E. Smith, composedly.

"He will have nothing to live upon," observed Andrew, "but perhaps that doesn't signify."

"Evidently not," observed Mrs. E. Smith.

"Oh," said Bell, "something will probably turn up for them to live upon. Or perhaps she's an heiress."

"No," exclaimed Andrew, "Fergus has his notions—" and then he checked himself suddenly.

"Come, come," said the mother, rising. "I think, girls, you have talked enough nonsense. We will go up-stairs, and Andrew can join us when he has finished his walnuts."

Daisy had one charming accomplishment—she played extremely well on the violin, and the evening passed off pleasantly enough. The next morning was devoted to the choice of the lift which Mrs. Blount had asked for, as well as to a peculiar chair, various props, and other comforts for Tom. Cousin Daisy went with Andrew to choose them, and the whole morning was spent over the matter. Then at luncheon-time, when he was lamenting that he had neglected his own violin, "which you gave me, you know, Cousin Daisy," Daisy the second proposed to practise with him.

Mrs. E. Smith made no objection.

"I never could imagine why you left off playing on it, And," she said.

"But consider what a little house that was. Father for years was disturbed by the jar and twang of a fiddle, or indeed of any other instrument. I soon found that out, though he hardly ever spoke of it. Well, so I put it away, and then at school there was no time."

She smiled.

"What a little fellow you were," she said, "when you first began to play. You could not have been more than six years old when, after you had played an air that delighted you, you snatched up the fiddle in your arms, patted it and kissed it."

"I must try to get up my music again," said Andrew.

"And so '*Fergus has his notions*,' has he?" thought Mrs. E. Smith, when after lunch she was driving out in the carriage. "It is manifest what those notions are. They are as much as may be the reverse of Tom Hitchcock's notions. As for Andrew, if my girls were his sisters, his manners to them could not well be more devoid of the least symptom of flirtation. I am not sure," continued Mrs. E. Smith, thoughtfully, "that I should mind *now* if it was not so. Bell is really too young for me to think of such a thing with reference to her at all. But Daisy—Daisy will be seventeen in a month. I am not sure, if they loved one another, that my darling would not be happier in her own rank of life than married to some great man's heir, not sure of herself, and her fortune perhaps used among other things to pay debts of a sort I could wish she might never so much as hear of."

In the meantime the three young people were in the great drawing-room, Daisy with her violin, and Andrew with Bell's. Bell was rather tearful that day; it was always annoying to her that she played so badly, and she handed her instrument to Andrew with such a tragic air as might have been appropriate if she had never expected to use it again, whereupon he immediately attacked her about her height, teasing her.

"You remember how seriously I talked to Daisy when she was in the country, about the way that she was shooting up; and now she has no sooner stopped growing, for which, by the bye, I am pleased with her, than you set off. You are certainly taller than she is now."

"I don't care," said Bell, almost sullenly.

"I shall never be friends with you again if you overtop me," he continued.

"Well, I can't help it," retorted Bell, half laughing.

"Oh, And," said Daisy, "there's one thing we so much want to know." Andrew was tuning the fiddle, and drawing from it the most distressing discords. He looked up. "Why did mother beckon you out while old Mactaggart was putting on the coals, and talk to you on the top of the stairs? You looked quite serious when you came in."

"Ah!" said Andrew, "it may possibly be that your mother had confided to me a most sacred trust. *Perhaps* I felt it. I did not weep though."

"Nonsense," said Bell.

"Well, I will tell you as you are a good heiress now and not tragical. She said that it was your half-holiday."

"Yes, of course it is. Why, they all know that," continued Bell.

"*They?*"

Both the girls were silent.

"And that you need not have the German governess with you this once if I would promise that you two should not be left alone. I laid my hand on my heart—at least I did nothing of the sort, but I promised. Tommy Hitchcock is always in town, and the Deans are just come up, I know. How natural that they should call on your half-holiday! How sweet is young affection!"

"*There*," said Bell, "you are always teasing us for talking about lovers and marrying, and we said to each other that we would not do it again, and now you have begun it yourself."

"Yes, but then I have never been your guardian before—that's an affecting position. I ought to exhort you a little."

"Oh, very well, but we are not in the drawing-room on other half-holidays, so we do not see callers. Oh, Andrew, what a shocking squeal!" said Daisy.

"Bell should not have left it out of tune then. Yes, Tom Hitchcock knows I am here; filial piety will induce him to call and ask how his mother is. The last time I saw him," continued Andrew pensively, "was when Fergus and I dined at Uncle Hitchcock's before we went abroad, and you happened—*happened*, I say, to be mentioned, and he gave a great sigh. It was almost like a large pair of bellows blowing."

"If you go on making such game of him you will really make me wish to take his part, poor fellow," said Daisy, laughing.

"Fergus says the cleverest part of Tom's 'involuntary flame' is that he *pretends* even to himself. He is like the man who, playing Othello, and having to black his face, blacked himself all over," continued Andrew.

"Ah," interrupted Bell, "to make even himself believe that he was a Christy minstrel."

"A what, Bell? Dear me, I remember sometimes how young you are, in spite of your stately height. No, my dear child, a Moor."

"Oh, yes, I remember, a Moor."

"Now, Daisy, I'm ready for our duet."

"I'm glad," said Daisy. "You made the fiddle howl almost as if it was alive."

Daisy and Andrew thereupon began to play, and got on very well for awhile, till he observed that both the girls were laughing. He inquired why.

"Why, because when we were last in Scotland, Algernon Dean begged us to play that very piece. He went down on his knees."

"I don't believe it. Not *both knees*!"

"He does not belong to me," said Daisy, evasively; "I think he belongs to Bell."

"But *not both knees*; even Tom Hitchcock does not do that."

"No, not exactly, always."

"Ah, sometimes one and sometimes the other; just so, keeps on one till that's sore, and then tries the other."

"It's what you'll do yourself when you have an 'involuntary flame,'" said Daisy, laughing.

"If one of my brothers had said so I should have answered, 'That's a story'—I might even have said, 'That's a lie'—but you being a young lady—"

"You will answer," Daisy interrupted, "'Yes, dear second-cousin-once-removed, you have experience; I shall.'"

"No mortal 'flame' shall ever make me do it," said Andrew, "unless I have a hassock—I shall have one properly arranged beforehand, a soft one." He kicked one towards her. "Look here, Daisy, is it like this?" and he suddenly plumped down on his knees upon it, cast up his eyes, and clasped his arms across his breast, with the bow of the violin still in one hand—

"*Mr. Thomas Hitchcock!*" said the old footman, throwing the door wide open, and as well as the visitor beholding this scene.

The footman actually gasped. The girls were so overcome with laughter that they could not in an instant recover themselves. But Tom Hitchcock by no means wanted for penetration. He perceived that Andrew as he got up from his knees had been laughing too, though he was very much out of countenance, and a little huffy; and he was soothed by the almost certainty that there must have been some joke.

For a few moments he did himself more credit than any of the others. This was certainly a blow, and his speaking countenance showed some agitation. He had a singularly handsome face, but he was too short for the size of his head; was not, in fact, well proportioned. His advantages were best seen when he was the only man present, or when he was not with such tall girls. His cousin, who

was nearly a year younger than himself, made him look rather thickset and stiff, for Andrew had an easy, graceful carriage, and was well proportioned.

Tom Hitchcock, however, was very well got up, had a flower in his button-hole, and looked quite a beau. His face got rather pale as he talked, looking at Daisy with something almost like tender reproach; indeed his sincere and intense desire to get that ten thousand a year for himself gave a natural pathos to the tone of his voice, and a sort of yearning to the expression of his fine eyes.

But he did not have much time to play them off, for in a very few minutes that footman threw open the door again and announced Lady Dean and Captain Dean.

Then Tom Hitchcock lost his advantage. Young Dean was a tall, "well set up" young man, had a fine yellow moustache, and the two young men hated and disapproved of one another to such a degree that it could not be concealed from any one else present, even from Daisy.

Disapproval is a word used advisedly. Each showed what a shame he thought it that the heiress at her tender age should be persecuted by the other.

Lady Dean tried to take Bell in hand, and draw the two other young men into conversation, so as to leave the field open for her son. But nothing was of any use; Daisy was rather shy, Algernon was stupid; nothing sweet could be said by one in the presence of his rival; and as for Andrew, who was evidently staying in the house, they could scarcely be civil to him. It seemed so hard such an advantage should be his.

He still had the bow of his violin in his hand, and Daisy had her fiddle beside her; the two stands with music on them were set out in the room. The young people had evidently been practising, and Andrew, who could not get over the recollection of his attitude when Tom first appeared, stood first in one part of the room then in another, softly beating time on his palm with the bow, and looking cross and foolish. He could not get out of the room; he had to stay with the girls according to his promise.

At last, after a call prolonged in each case on pretence of waiting for Cousin Daisy, the guests all rose to go; and when this same lady came in about ten minutes after, Andrew was performing a kind of war-dance about the room, brandishing the fiddle, and from time to time drawing from it the most excruciating howls, which alternated between a

squeak like a mouse and the most piteous wails ever heard.

"What a handsome young fellow he is!" was her first thought when she beheld him thus dancing "high and disposedly."

"Oh, Cousin Daisy," he exclaimed, "you should not have been so cruel to me. There! I shall never have the face to enter the Hitchcock doors again. Tommy will tell."

"And he couldn't get out of the room, mother," said Daisy.

"What does this mean?" exclaimed Cousin Daisy, in a most indulgent tone.

"Why it means," said Andrew, sitting down—"Oh, how could I do it?")—it means that *Tommy saw me with his own eyes imitating him* before his face! To be sure it was meant to be behind his back, but just as we were in the thick of it he marched in."

"Tom Hitchcock been here?" exclaimed Cousin Daisy.

"Of course he has. You said he would, and I should like to have fled, but I couldn't. Oh, I am covered with infamy!"

Thereupon, with much amplitude, as—"I stood here," and "he got that hassock," and "he had been doing nothing but laugh at us, which he always does," the whole scene, with all the previous remarks, was retailed to Cousin Daisy. For a few minutes she said hardly anything, then for once a suspicion came into her mind. Perhaps, was her thought, Tom Hitchcock turned pale not with anger, because he supposed Andrew was imitating him, but with jealousy, because he supposed him to be a rival. That was a great advance in the sordid spirit of the world for Cousin Daisy.

"Well now, darlings," she presently said, "go and have your tea with Fräulein, and mind you prepare for your French master better than you did last week."

"But we may dine with you, mother, as there'll be no one else but And?"

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. E. Smith, with the least little twist in her lips, with which, when she was slightly embarrassed, she used to keep back a smile.

"*And, indeed! no one else but And!*" However, she said no more; the girls kissed her and went away. Then, when she had handed some tea to Andrew, and the servants had drawn the curtains and left the room, she said to him—

"You and Fergus have made me feel before this

that you know almost more about my dear children than I do!"

"I certainly told Daisy," he began, as if excusing himself, "that she ought not to be so much under the dominion of Bell."

"Yes, she said so."

Then he went on—"She is very tender-hearted, and wants to keep Bell from fretting;" and as Cousin Daisy said nothing, he added, "They certainly did tell us for fun about all their cousins making love to them."

"Yes, and you said I ought to know it. I thought myself very much obliged to you, And. It had not occurred to me to guard them from their *cousins*."

"Not from their cousins, indeed! And why not?"

"I don't know; I suppose I trusted them. I did not let any other young men or boys have access to them."

"No, I heard that; not if you could help it, at least."

"And even the cousins did not see them very much," continued Cousin Daisy, twinkling away a tear.

"*I wonder what she means by 'very much,'*" thought Andrew. "*Tom Hitchcock and all the Hitchcocks saw them always when they were in London at least once a week. Aunt Lucia took care of that.*"

"*And I wonder whether he forgets that he is a cousin too,*" thought Mrs. E. Smith, but she said no more, and Andrew presently remarked—

"I am sure Daisy does not care a straw for any of them. And as for that cousin of hers, Captain Dean, I told her when he was gone that I thought he was rather a lout! He looked almost sulky. I am sure you need not be afraid of him."

"Oh, you think not; but he is a fine young fellow."

"Yes, but he came with his *mamma*. If I had not felt so savage myself, I should have been delighted to watch how the old woman flashed her eyes at him to make him *go it*, and then was so sweet to the others, trying to draw them round herself."

And now, after almost taking counsel with the young cousin, Mrs. E. Smith wondered in her simplicity all the time she was dressing at his penetration and the wisdom of his observations; and then, behold, they met at dinner, and he was unaccount-

ably young, younger in fact than she remembered to have seen him since he had been a mere boy.

"But then," he replied, when she could not forbear to laugh, and make some observations of this sort—"but then, I am not obliged to be grand here."

"Grand!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, I have to live up to the place somehow if I can, when I am there—and then there's Saunders."

"Your butler, do you mean?"

"Yes; what did you think of him?"

Cousin Daisy was surprised.

"I thought he seemed a very respectable person," she replied.

"Yes, and one could never think of sending him away; but at first—the first few days at any rate—I used to think I would rather run away and leave him there than have to face him."

"What used he to say to you?" asked Daisy.

"Why, he is always so horridly respectful; and then he used to ask me what wines I would please to have up, and I didn't know; and then he saw that I didn't know; and then I saw that he saw it—"

"Well?" asked Cousin Daisy, amused.

"Well, then, on a sudden I saw his stout old

visage change, as if he was afraid I might be huffy; and so I instantly knew, for the first time, of course, what it is to have a dependent."

"He should have brought you a list of your wines."

"He didn't. He said, 'We've often had young gentlemen here that liked Bass,' and he seemed so much to hope he had said the right thing. I heard afterwards that people had been *nasty* enough to say I was a more awful screw even than old Cousin Capper—they said it ran in the blood. Well, then the cook, a stout old party, came to the smoking-room door, and actually expected me to order dinner. There I cut up rough. I said I wouldn't; she was to send me up a proper dinner out of her own head."

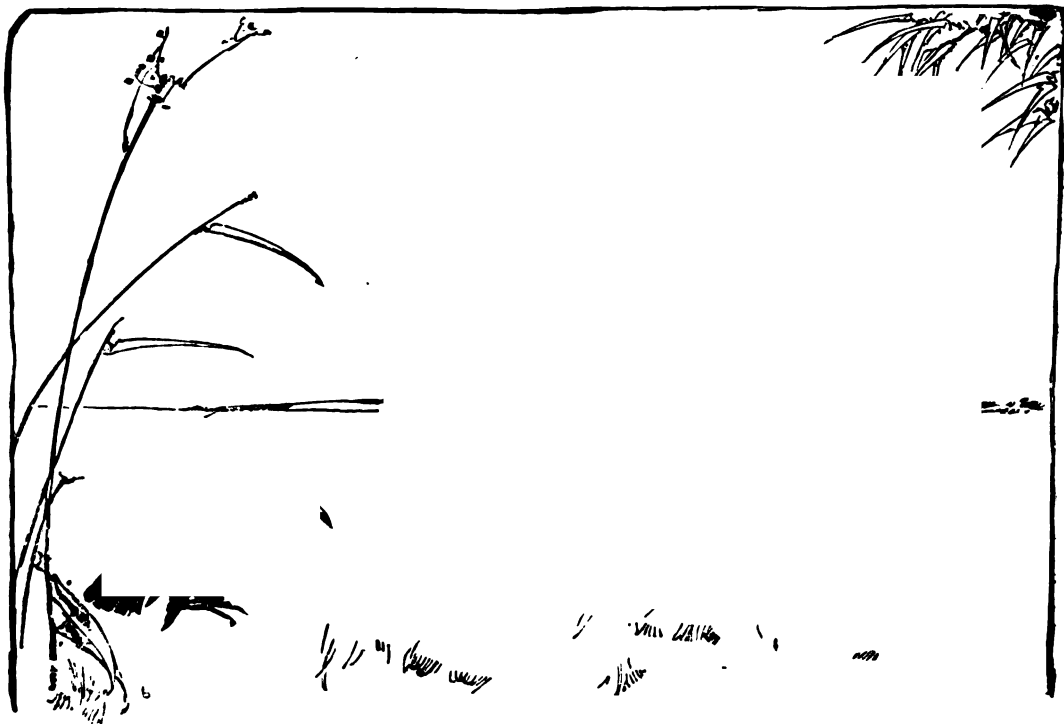
"I dare say she gave you enough," said Bell.

"She did. I used to think how we five could have enjoyed those dinners if we had set to work on them all together."

"You did not like dining alone then?" asked Daisy.

"No, I didn't. When Saunders and the footman were both waiting, I felt as if the prog would choke me. I was so glad when you invited me to go to Scotland, Cousin Daisy."

(To be continued.)



THE FAIRY PRINCE.

SOME roses tangled in the grass—
Some sunken stones—Oh! is it
The sweet old place, the dear old place,
That once I used to visit?
The farm-house with its porch and wall
And roof with woodbine covered,
The bench of hives, their tenant bees,
The flowers round which they hovered,
Sweet peas, sweet balm, sweet clover—
Why, but to name them over,
A fragrance fills the air,
As from some garden flitting,
And I again seem sitting,
A child with yellow hair,
Within the open doorway, all eagerness to see
If that proud prince, the Peacock, would spread his train for me.
That fairy prince, the Peacock!
Oh! never monarch knew
Such matchless gold and purple,
Such wondrous green and blue!
All shining as with jewels, rare colours blent in one,
Like some enchanter's vision he glistened in the sun.

And ivory towers and silver walls
In beauty rose before me ;
No more the shelt'ring woodbine leaves,
But waving palms were o'er me.
I saw (my splendour-loving heart
Held dear that Bible story)
The Peacocks of King Solomon
In all their Eastern glory ;
In palace courtways builded
Of cedar carved and gilded,
With psalteries sounding loud,
And grinning apes attendant,
'Mid splendour most resplendent,
And proudest of the proud,

They walked, the ancient kinsfolk in realms be-
yond the sea
Of that same prince the Peacock who spread his
train for me !

But like a vanished rainbow,
That royal bird to-day !
On wings of fire the farmhouse,
Long since, has flown away !
And I, a grave-faced woman, still linger as I
pass,
To pluck remembered roses from out the tangled
grass.

MARIAN DOUGLAS.

A BORN KING.

ADELA ORPEN.

IN all the strange vicissitudes of royalty during the past thousand years it has never happened but once before that a baby came into the world with a crown, so to speak, upon his head. The one competitor to little Alphonso's unique glory in this respect was a French babe, the son of Louis X., who was born five months after his father's death, and who for a space of eight days was King of France. Then he died, and the crown passed from his unconscious head to his uncle, Philip V. If not born kings, however, there have been both in England and elsewhere some baby sovereigns who lived and grew up notwithstanding their crowns. Amongst these, most famous and unfortunate was Mary Stuart, who, when only seven days old, became Queen on the death of James V., her father. Henry VI. was king at nine months old, and opened his first Parliament sitting in his mother's lap and playing with her ornaments.

In Spain the nearest approach to a baby king was undoubtedly Charles II., who succeeded his father, Philip IV., when only a few years old, and who may be said to have remained a child during the whole of his long, gentle, and pathetic life. It will be remarked that baby kings have seldom had happy lives or successful reigns. But that is because they were born some centuries too soon. They appeared upon the scene when the world still

demanded above all things that kings should be fighters and strong men. The child-king of Spain, on the other hand, came at a moment when what his country demanded above all things was a national centre-point, around which all parties could rally.

Alphonso XIII. is the most popular of sovereigns. Not only do his own subjects take delight in him, but elsewhere he is looked upon with affectionate kindness. He is the toy-king of Europe, and he belongs to us all.

Alphonso XII. died in November 1885, and his daughter, the Princess Maria de las Mercedes, a child of six, was proclaimed queen. The Spaniards do not like queens, although they have had at least one great queen on the throne, but they put up with the little Mercedes in the hope that hers would be only a short reign. And so it proved, for on the 17th of May, 1886, the king himself was born. Madrid was crowded with the holiday-makers who annu-

ALPHONSO XIII., KING OF SPAIN.

ally flock thither for the *fête* of San Isidro, the patron saint, on the 15th of May, and who stay for the races afterwards. Great therefore was the excitement when, about one o'clock in the day, the booming of twenty-one guns from the citadel announced that once more there was a king in Spain.

His Majesty's ceremonial duties began at once. For scarcely had he drawn his first breath before he was presented to some of his more important

subjects. Señor Sagasta, the prime minister, took him on a silver tray, and carrying him into the neighbouring apartment, duly presented him to the nobles and senators there assembled to await his advent. In a few touching words the minister introduced his tiny lord to the gentlemen, and ended by shouting "Long live the king!" a cry which was heartily taken up by all present. Whereupon the king, no doubt most uncomfortable on his tray of silver, cried lustily, and the hearts of all rejoiced; for it was thereby seen that he was a strong and healthy babe. After this trying ordeal, the king was delivered over to his nurse and other attendants, and his life began. The life of a royal baby during his first days can hardly be made to differ from the life of any other baby. Each must have a nurse and plenty of sleep. Raymunda, a healthy woman from the traditional Spanish nursing province, ably fulfilled her part, and the royal nursling thrived apace.

What should be the name of his Majesty? That was the great question of the moment. The Queen-Regent wished to call him Alphonso, after the dead father who had never seen him. But an Alphonso the Thirteenth was pronounced unlucky. The cabinet wavered between Charles and Philip, but eventually the mother carried the day. The Pope, who, by the way, is himself a number thirteen, offered to stand godfather, and on May 22nd the christening took place in the Royal Chapel. By the Queen's express command the galleries leading to the chapel were thrown open to the public, so that peasants and princes elbowed their way to the front to catch a sight of the imposing procession. At one o'clock his Majesty made his appearance, lying in the arms of the Duchess Medina de las Torres. A crowd of the *élite* of Spanish aristocracy, glittering in brilliant uniforms and gala toilettes, filled the body of the chapel and stood grouped around the font. Smallest, but perhaps most conspicuous of all, were the little sisters of the king, including the quondam queen, Mercedes, too young and innocent to have any feelings but those of joy at the birth of her brother. The names given to the little king were Alphonso, Leon, Fernando, Santiago, Maria, Isidro, Pascual, Antonio. Immediately after the ceremony of baptism, he was invested with all the Spanish royal orders, beginning with the Golden Fleece, and then at length the procession re-formed, and the baby was restored to the sheltering arms of his proud

mother. His household nominally consisted of numerous officers both civil and military, but in reality his Majesty's household was pretty well summed up in Raymunda, who never left him day nor night.

On the 28th of June, Alphonso XIII. made his first public appearance, driving through the streets of his capital with his mother to the church of Atocha, where the Queen attended a thanksgiving service. It is hardly needful to state that he was everywhere received most enthusiastically. A real sovereign king only five weeks old was a sight to soften the heart of a Carlist or a Republican. His Majesty's first shoes gave the occasion for another pretty ceremonial in which Spanish court etiquette, reduced down to a baby's size, ceases to be the ludicrous thing that it is. The king's first shoes were made of white leather embroidered with gold, and the day that he first put them on the Queen gave three hundred pairs of ordinary shoes to be distributed among the poor children of Madrid. Like a fond mother, she associates all the graceful acts of her royalty with his name. The king's first receptions were held from the throne of Raymunda's arms, but they were nevertheless conducted with all due gravity and decorum. Raymunda, by the way, maintained her position by royal favour after her maternal duties were ended. It had been intended to send her home when the king was weaned, but it seems she had taught his Majesty to intimate his desire to have her remain, and he being king, and his will therefore being law, she remained at court accordingly.

On the first of December, 1887, being then a year and a half old, the king in person opened his first parliament. The crush to witness the opening of that parliament was quite extraordinary, and some hundreds of ladies got pushed into the body of the hall to the chagrin and exclusion of the senators, the appointed occupiers. The king and his mother entered the hall to the sound of Charles V.'s royal march. The baby was dressed all in white, with a white bonnet upon his head, but when seated upon the throne this bonnet was taken off. By his side stood the queen dressed in black. While she read the royal speech, the little monarch surveyed the scene with gravity, looking first at his mother, and then at the assemblage, who, we may be sure, looked exclusively at him. When the reading was finished, his Majesty showed a desire

to be among the first to leave, but his mother took him in her arms, and then he remained perfectly quiet during the rest of the proceedings. There is something pathetic about this playing at being a king. The fair, innocent, white-robed babe, seated on the throne of black, cruel Philip II., presents a contrast bordering on the marvellous.

Generally the king lives in Madrid, a town famous for its keen searching air, and for his sake one could wish that the health reputation of the place were better. The royal palace, which was the residence of the Bourbon monarchs, was thoroughly repaired and furnished by the late king, and is now one of the most sumptuous in Europe. In April or May the court moves to Aranjuez, and there amid an elysium of green the king and his sisters can play—play beneath the shadow of the famous English elms, which are the pride of the place. The elms were brought back from England and planted by Philip II., when he returned from his dreary honeymoon with Queen Mary. Some of them have attained enormous size; one patriarch, it is said, measures ninety feet in girth.

In the autumn the royal family go to San Sebastian, the favourite Spanish watering-place, and when here, etiquette is somewhat relaxed. Queen Christina, the king's mother, is a clever woman, and no doubt estimates Spanish etiquette at its true value, for she is endowed with good German common-sense. But she knows there is nothing so impolitic as for a foreign queen to ridicule the customs of her subjects. One Austrian archduchess did so to her bitter cost. There can be no doubt that a great deal of Marie Antoinette's unpopularity was due to the sneers and jeers she indulged in as dauphiness. Accordingly, when one reads that, when the little king fell off his rocking-horse, and was picked up by the nearest attendant, that servant was instantly dismissed, one must not exclaim against the queen. In the Court of Spain there are certain individuals whose high privilege it is to touch the royal person, and for any one else to touch him is to infringe their ancient prerogatives, and to excite the anger and jealousy of the entire class. This has been so from time immemorial. When the queen of Charles II. of Spain used to go out hunting, she sometimes fell from her horse, and

she has been known to lie helpless and unaided upon the ground until the properly qualified person arrived to assist her to rise, and this though a hundred gentlemen stood around her! It must at first have seemed an extraordinary situation to the beautiful young princess, accustomed as she was to the exquisite politeness and ready gallantry of the Court of Louis XIV.

Alphonso XIII. is described as being a beautiful child, with fair curling hair, which, until recently, used to float about his shoulders. He is bright and cheerful in manner, notwithstanding his country and his crown. He has his little sisters to play with, but as a king of Spain cannot meet his equal, he can hardly be said to have any playfellows. The queen has to be painfully particular about whom she asks to play with his Majesty, for fear of hurting the feelings of every one else, or exciting the arrogance of the favoured one. The poor queen-mother's road is a hard one in many ways, but she treads it bravely and hopefully for the sake of her boy-king.

The irrepressible photographer is the king's torment. The child is "done" nearly every month in every possible position. Perhaps it may be the wearisome repetition of this wearisome proceeding which makes him look generally so very sad in all his pictures. The one in the sailor suit is the only merry one we have ever seen of his Spanish Majesty.

When in the beginning of the year he had the influenza, and for a few days it seemed as if the baby would never be other than a baby-king, the thrill of anxiety that went through all hearts showed what a pet he is. Beside his fever-stricken cot even rival political factions ceased from their wrangling, and ministers patched up their differences, because their child-king lay at death's-door. And how glad every one felt when he was himself again, and was able to play with his Eiffel Tower! Who can say what the future has in store for this little child? Kings have ere now by their strength often consolidated their dominions, maybe by his very feebleness the baby-king will do no less for his country. But whatever may chance, we wish him well, and cordially re-echo the cry which greeted his birth—"Long live the king!"

MARY STUART'S BOOKS.

PROFESSOR CHURCH.

IT is pleasant to turn from the stormy, unhappy life of the "Queen of Scots," to take a glance at Mary Stuart, the student and lover of books. Great personages who own books are not, indeed, always readers. George IV., for instance, had a magnificent library, which he had the good sense to leave to the British Museum, but he made very little use of it. Mary, on the contrary, was a reader. The love of letters was indeed in her blood. It was a taste which she inherited both from the Stuart and the Tudor side of her race; and her early years were spent at a court where, along with other less commendable things, literature flourished. Catherine de Medici, the daughter of a cultured house, superintended her education, and Ronsard taught her how to make verses.

The library which she collected—the collection must have been made during the brief period of peace which she enjoyed after her coming from France—no longer, alas! exists. There are five or six books scattered about Europe which probably belonged to it. One volume is at Glasgow, another in the British Museum, a third in the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg. But the collection was scattered for ever more than three hundred years ago. It had been already divided. Part was at Holyrood, part in Edinburgh Castle. In May 1568, Mary fled into England, and in the November of the following year the Regent Murray was present at the dismantling of Holyrood. A scribe was employed to catalogue the volumes. At the end of his list he enters the fact that "My Lord Grace himself took six sundry books," and "burnt six mass-books." The Castle collection, which was the larger and more valuable of the two, remained undisturbed for nine years longer. It was then catalogued; of its after fate nothing is known. Happily the catalogues themselves remain, and they have been lately published in an interesting volume that abounds in curious learning,¹ to which I am indebted

both for the subject and the substance of this paper, and to which I would refer readers who desire more ample information.

And of what kind, it will be asked, were the books which Mary Stuart collected and read?

In the first place they numbered in all some two hundred and fifty volumes. Some six or seven titles in the two catalogues (which it will be convenient to treat together) cannot be identified. The descriptions used by the scribes employed are not very scholarly. It is possible that the works no longer exist. Of the rest the most numerous division in this, as in most libraries, seems to have been the theological, including books of biography and devotion. Few of these are now known to any but experts; but we find among them two volumes of the works of St. Augustine of Hippo, the first and the last of a series of eleven published at Basle during the years 1489—1495; and St. Chrysostom's *Homilies on the Epistles of St. Paul*. The *Institutions of Calvin* also appears, as does Peter Martyr's *Treatise on the Sacrament*. Mary, though a fervent Romanist, evidently liked to acquaint herself with both sides of a question. The books that may be classed in this section number in all between thirty and forty.

The Greek and Latin classics are fairly well represented, both in the originals and in translations. Mary was a good Latin scholar. If Brantôme is to be trusted, she understood it and spoke it very well (*elle entendoit et parloit fort bien*). She must have done so, if, as he says, "when between thirteen and fourteen years of age, she declaimed before King Henry, the Queen, and all the Court, publicly in the hall of the Louvre, a Latin oration which she had herself written, and in which she maintained, contrary to the common opinion, that it was becoming to women to have knowledge of letters and the liberal arts." (Mr. Sharman thinks that a copy of this oration is described under the title, "Ane Oratioun to the King of Franche in the Quenis awin hand write.")

¹ *The Library of Mary Queen of Scots*. By Julian Sharman (Elliot Stock).

What she may have known of Greek we cannot say.

Of the Greek classics we find Homer, Herodotus, Sophocles, Euripides, Demosthenes, Plato, Lucian, and Athenæus; among the Latin there are Virgil, Horace, and Cicero. Of the last-named there is a complete edition, and two copies of the *De Officiis*, the greatest favourite, not only in that but in all ages, of the great orator's works. Among miscellaneous books which had a bearing on classical learning, we find Blondus' *Roma Instaurata*, an attempt made early in the fifteenth century to identify existing monuments in Rome with ancient descriptions of them, and published in Verona in 1482.

Various books which we should call "school books" appear in the list. One of these, my readers may remember, is mentioned in the *Abbot*, as helping to solace Mary's imprisonment at Lochleven. "Take me *La Mer des Histoires*," she says to Catherine Seyton, "and resume where we left off on Wednesday. Our Lady help thy head, girl, or rather may she help thy heart! I asked thee for the *Sea of Histories*, and thou hast brought *La Chronique d'Amour*." The *Sea of Histories* was a sort of historical handbook. "It performed the useful office of 'Mangnall's Questions,' or 'Maunder's Treasury,' for the period in which it flourished," writes Mr. Sharman.

The *belles lettres*, as represented by poetry and romance, show us some interesting items.

Of Italian poets we find a volume of Petrarch, but it is not the famous Sonnets, the *Orlando Innamorato* of Boiardo, and the *Orlando Furioso* of Ariosto. French poets are naturally well represented. Mary possessed the *Suthing*, i.e. the *Soupirs* of Oliver Magne; the works of Alan Chartier (the poet whom Margaret of Scotland kissed in his sleep); and, of course, some of the works of her favourite Ronsard. He had been, as has been said, her teacher in verse-making, and she had helped to bring him into favour, a favour so great that Charles IX. paid him as high a compliment as king ever paid to poet—

"Tous deux également nous portons des couronnes
Mais roi, je la reçois; poëte, tu la donnes."

There is even a volume which Mr. Sharman thinks may have contained the sonnets which Châtelard gave to the Queen. And there is the *Marguerites* of Margaret of Navarre.

The Romances in the collection numbered ten or twelve. The first item in the Edinburgh Castle catalogue is *The Saxt* (sixth) and last volume of the *Auld Chronicles of England in Frenche*. This book, otherwise the *Romance of Perceforest*, tells the curious legendary story of Britain beginning with Brute, the Trojan conqueror of the island, and going on to Lear and other fabulous persons. Better known books of the same class are *Amadis of Gaul*, in a French translation, the *Golden Legend*, *Launcelot of the Lake*, and the *History of Palmarine*, a book which, along with *Amadis of Gaul*, enjoyed the distinction of being excepted by Cervantes' "Curate" from the general destruction to which he doomed the literature of Romance. Under the same heading may be classed, though it has a more modern character, the *Decameron* of Boccaccio, which appears in a French translation.

Mary had a fair number of historical books, considering how few had at that time been published. Both Froissart and Monstrelet appear in the catalogues. Among the most interesting items in the miscellaneous class are a French translation of Erasmus' *Praise of Folly*, a *Little Buik of the Chas*, probably by Gaston de Foix (Charles IX. wrote a treatise on the subject, and may have consulted this volume and presented it to his sister-in-law), and, if we could only conjecture what the title means, *Ane Turk Buik of Paintree*. Mr. Sharman conjectures, but without any confidence, that it may have been a book of Turkish costumes printed in Germany. Is it possible that it may have been a manuscript, possibly of Persian origin, for the cataloguer may well have confounded all things Oriental under the common description of "Turkish"? Printed in Turkey it certainly could not have been.

I cannot conclude without thanking Mr. Sharman very heartily for a most suggestive volume.

ENGLISH MEN AND WOMEN OF LETTERS.

VIII. MOORE.

JUSTIN HUNTLY M'CARTHY, M.P.

AN amiable Carthaginian Latinist of long ago, whose name was Terentianus Maurus, among many things that have been no doubt deservedly forgotten, wrote one hexameter line which contains four words that have become very famous. "*Habent sua fata libelli*," those are the words; and seldom since the world began have four words been more terribly hackneyed. But, like most trite sayings, this saw of Maurus the Carthaginian perseveres from the very audacity of its veraciousness. It sticks like a burr because it is so incessantly appropriate. Books have their fate, and especially the

books of poets, and in consequence the poets themselves have their fate, and a hard and unjust one at times. No poet has ever suffered more from the inevitable reaction that follows upon great success than Thomas Moore. It was his fate to be idolized, eulogized out of all reason while he lived, and now in the days that pass he has fallen into a wholly unmerited, wholly unjustifiable neglect. The reaction that has come upon Byron after his European triumph and European sway, the reaction that always comes in the wake of a great poet's fame, and endures for a season, has come upon Moore with especial pitilessness. It would be absurd to say that nobody reads Moore nowadays, but certainly he seems to be very little read. This reaction, which is as inevitable to popular poets as the destiny to which even the Gods of Hellas were fore-doomed, this season of

neglect succeeding to a season of adoration, is not in itself a bad thing. The glory and the neglect establish a mean; the period of neglect in its turn passes away, and the poet takes his proper place in the Pantheon; a purified appreciation decides his final place and rank.

It is time for Moore to emerge from his season of neglect. He has been terribly out of date for some time. There is a mode in poetry as there is a mode in dress, and Moore has been out of the mode for a long time. It has been a kind of fashion with the nimble-witted to gird at Moore, or to praise, if they praised at all, with a kind of portentous air of patronage, which was almost worse to his sincere admirers than the girdings. Mr. Swinburne has spoken of Moore's "toad-faced Cupids." What he means by this I cannot imagine. The Cupids of Moore's *Anacreon* and of his own *Anacreonic poems* are certainly not in the least like the divine Eros of an earlier Hellenism, not in the least like that splendid youth with the sword who stands on the column in the British Museum, one of the greatest glories of that gaunt House of Art. But they are sufficiently like the loves of the poems which are called, and wrongly called, the poems of *Anacreon*. Moore had not a very Greek spirit, but he belonged to an age, and experienced an influence, that did not make for the old Greek spirit. The Hellenism of the time was still the Hellenism of revolutionary and pre-revolutionary France—the Hellenism which the Abbé Barthélemy set in fashion just before the meeting of the States-General in 1789 by his *Voyage of Young Anacharsis*, the Hellenism which was kept alive by the pencil of David and the Byzantine pen of André Chenier. Moore's odes of *Anacreon*, on which his popularity largely depended, and largely depend, do not indeed recall the best periods of Grecian song; but nevertheless they and their kindred renderings from the Greek have a beauty and a charm of their own which those who will have only to read to appreciate. Take, for example, that translation which he made of the epigram that Antipater of Sidon wrote upon the dead *Anacreon*—

"Around the tomb, oh, bard divine!
Where soft thy hallow'd brow reposes,
Long may the deathless ivy twine,
And summer spread her waste of roses!
And there shall many a fount distil,
And many a rill refresh the flowers;
But wine shall be each purple rill,
And every fount be milky showers:

Thus, shade of him whom Nature taught
To tune his lyre and soul to pleasure,
Who gave to love his tenderest thought,
Who gave to love his fondest measure;

Thus, after death, if shades can feel,
Thou mayest from odours round thee streaming,
A pulse of past enjoyment steal,
And live again in blissful dreaming."

We may gauge the measure of Moore's Hellenism very well if we examine his translation of an epigram from the enchanting Greek Anthology, an epigram by Philodemus—

"My Mopsa is little, my Mopsa is brown,
But her cheek is as smooth as the peach's soft down,
And for blushing no rose can come near her;
In short, she has woven such nets round my heart,
That I ne'er from my dear little Mopsa can part—
Unless I can find one that's dearer.

Her voice hath a music that dwells on the ear,
And her eye from its orb gives a daylight so clear,
That I'm dazzled whenever I meet her;
Her ringlets, so curly, are Cupid's own net.
And her lips, oh, their sweetness I ne'er shall forget—
Till I light upon lips that are sweeter.

But 'tis not her beauty that charms me alone,
'Tis her mind; 'tis that language whose eloquent tone
From the depths of the grave could revive one;
In short, here I swear, that if death were her doom,
I would instantly join my dead love in the tomb—
Unless I could meet with a live one."

All this, in the words of the distinguished Dousterswivel, is very witty and comedy; it is as pretty and as dainty as some rhyme by De Boufflers or Dorat, but it is much more in the spirit of eighteenth century Paris than of that of the Augustan Rome in which Philodemus lived, and held by Epicurus, and earned the praise and the censure of Cicero. If we turn to the Greek Anthology, we find that this was what Philodemus really wrote—"Philainion is small and brown, but her locks are curlier than parsley, and her skin is softer than wool. Her speech is more potent than the Cestus; she giveth all, and oft forbearth to ask for aught. Such as she is, I love Philainion until, O golden Cypris, I find one more fair."

It is obvious that the resemblance between what Philodemus wrote and what Moore wrote is but slender. The Greek expressed in six lines what Moore took eighteen to express, yet none the less Moore's is a very pretty and a very characteristic piece of work. If Moore did take liberties with his Greek originals, it was left to Father Prout to avenge the insulted shades. He harassed Moore's life for long enough by bringing forward alleged

Greek poems, from which he playfully insisted that Moore had pilfered the ideas for some of the most famous of his melodies. Very ingenious the apparent originals were, and more than one credulously minded person fell into Father Prout's trap, and believed that the ingenious humorist's clever fabrications were genuine Greek poems known to the learned, from which Moore had audaciously derived his inspiration. And thus perhaps was the shade of Philodemus the Epicurean placated for the affront offered him by the singer who converted Philainion into Mopsa, and an epigram of six lines into a lyric of eighteen.

It is of course only natural that the political poems of Thomas Moore have fallen into the shade. Political poetry—I mean in this regard humorous political poetry—is by the very laws of its being fore-destined to neglect. Even the poetry of the anti-Jacobin is now but the joy of a few; and Moore's political poems command, I should imagine, a still smaller audience. Yet how excellent they are, how dexterous, how cunningly acidulated, how mordant! They can only be fully appreciated by readers possessed of a pretty intimate knowledge of the political life and the political personages of the time when Moore wrote. But they will be always precious to the historical student of that time, for the side-lights they afford, for the illustrations they suggest, for the vividness which they impart to the political panorama of the epoch. Just as we know more of what Athens was really like from the rowdy muse of Aristophanes than from the majestic muse of Sophocles, so we may learn more of the thought of his time from the epigrams of Thomas Brown than from the melodies of Thomas Moore. The Fables for the Holy Alliance are as precious as a state-paper; the Intercepted Letters are more valuable than the Scholiast on Apollonius Rhodius whom Mr. Lang recommends to the attention of him who desires to fail in literature. The verses on the death of Sheridan are a triumph of justly merciless satire. There are no more stinging lines in literature than those in which Moore hurls his scorn upon the Prince Regent for his cruel neglect of Sheridan in his misery, and for his pitiful gift of two hundred pounds offered to the dying man, and declined for him by his friends.

“And thou, too, whose life a sick epicure's dream,
Incoherent and gross, even grosser had pass'd,

Were it not for that cordial and soul-giving beam,
Which his friendship and wit o'er thy nothingness
cast.

No, not for the wealth of the land which supplies
thee

With millions to heap upon Foppery's shrine;
No, not for the riches of all who despise thee,
Though this would make Europe's whole opulence
mine,

Would I suffer what—ev'n in the heart that thou
hast,

All mean as it is—must have consciously burned,
When the pittance which shame had wrung from
thee at last,

And which found all his wants at an end, was
returned.”

It was certainly unfortunate for the Prince Regent that he should have become the deserving victim of the satire of Byron and the satire of Moore.

If Moore sought to be Hellenic with the Anacreon poems, he sought to be Oriental with Lalla Rookh. It is not easy for a man of the English-speaking races to easily alter his nationality even in play. Moore naturally remained Moore while he was hymning Bathyllus, and drinking the Bibline wine; he remained Moore while he essayed the Caftan and wooed the Turki girl of Samarcand, and topped the yellow heady wine of Shiraz. Moore was not the kind of man to easily re-incarnate himself in the mould of alien minds. He made the pseudo-Anacreon like unto himself. His Persians and his Prophets, his Tulip Cheeks and Lights of the Harem, were all very modern, very English under their veil of Orientalism. They would even remain so in the Persian translation which is said to have been written, unless the Persian translator made as free a rendering as Moore himself. It was not indeed because Moore had never travelled in an Eastern land, or learned to read an Eastern tongue, that he failed to make his Orientalism convincing. There is another Irish poet, poor Clarence Mangan, who never slept beneath an Eastern sky, or learnt to decipher the strange script in which the poets of Islam—be they Persian, Turk, or Arab—shape their thoughts, but whose Oriental poems have got the something of the loving spirit and savour of the Orient. A man need not be as great a scholar as Bodenstedt to write songs in the Oriental spirit. After all, Goethe's West-eastern Divan is better than Bodenstedt's Mirza Schaffy. But Moore was not in that sense mimetic, and it would have taken more than the reading and re-reading of D'Herbelot's great book to make him into the

spiritual brother of Hafiz, or Ferdousi, or Omar-i-Khayyam. That Moore did, however, "get up" his scenery very thoroughly and brilliantly many a traveller testifies. When all is said and done, *Lalla Rookh* is very delightful reading, and is quite easy for us of a later day to understand its extraordinary success, and rather to endorse the praise it received in the past than to sympathize with the indifference with which it is treated in the present.

In the end, however, Moore's claim to remembrance will rest not upon his Anacreontics or his Orientalism, not upon his political satires, or the whimsicalities of his *Fudge Family*, but upon his Irish melodies. As they are to-day the best known, so they are the best of his writings. They are not indeed conspicuously national poems in the sense in which, for instance, Burns' poems are national poems. They have scarcely more of the Celtic spirit in them than there is of the Greek spirit in the Anacreontics, or of the Persian spirit in *Lalla Rookh*. They have not in them the lyric passion and the intense purpose of the poetry of Thomas Davies. Even Moore's warmest admirer may readily admit that in many cases the words he has written seem not exactly up to the level of the magnificent old Irish music to which he has fitted them. Moore himself tells how one day he was sitting with Robert Emmet, and playing over the old Irish air of the Red Fox, and as he finished Emmet sprang to his feet and exclaimed, "Oh that I were at the head of 20,000 men marching to that air." The words which Moore put to that air, "Let Erin remember the days of old," are graceful, tender, melancholy words; but they are not quite the words to suggest such martial enthusiasm as the brave breath of the old ballad tune stirred in the breast of Moore's ill-starred friend. It is curious to think that the very best of the Irish melodies are those which Moore addressed to the memory of that ill-starred friend. "When he who adores thee," and "O breathe

not his name," and "She is far from the Land," are to my mind the finest, the most eloquent, the most sincerely lyric poems that Moore ever wrote.

We must not, in considering Moore as a poet, forget his claims to recognition as a prose writer. He played many parts in his life; he sought after the laurels of the historian as well as the lyric laurels; he dreamed of being the writer of his country's history as well as the singer of his country's songs. His history is, however, practically forgotten. He was scarcely qualified for such a task, and his attempt to deal with the early legendary history of the country, without any knowledge of the language, through which alone the key to those materials could be found, was of course a failure. But in any subject with which he was really familiar, the richness and facility of his prose would have earned him a high place in literature if he had never rhymed a rhyme. His *Life of Lord Byron* is one of the most delightful biographies in English literature. It deserves to stand on the same shelf with Boswell's *Johnson*, with Lockhart's *Scott*, and with that latest successor and peer of these, Trevelyan's *Macaulay*. We must always regret the decision which resulted in the destruction of so much that would have thrown a light upon Byron's life; but what Moore did give to the world, he gave in a literary setting of the ablest kind. But of all his prose works, his exquisite romance, *The Epicurean*, best deserves praise. *The Epicurean*, like the poetry of its author, has suffered from unjust neglect of late. It is really a delightful story inspired by a rare fancy, fantastic, pathetic, thrillingly adventurous. Nothing that could make a romance delightful is wanting. Let any one who reads these lines, and who loves to wander in the wonder-world of fiction, turn to *The Epicurean*, if *The Epicurean* be unfamiliar, and then thank me for a new pleasure in the beginning and a new regret at the end.

SCHOLARSHIP COMPETITION QUESTIONS.

I. Give an outline sketch of the Romance of *Lalla Rookh*.

II. Mention any poems, or passages in poems, which seem to you most characteristic of Moore's genius. Give reasons for choice.

WORK SELECTED.—Moore's Poems.

Only one question should be answered. Papers must contain not more than 500 words, and should be sent in by May 25.

AUTHOR SELECTED FOR JUNE.—Byron. *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Cantos iii. and iv.

SEARCH QUESTIONS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

I.

What do you know about the following?—1. Mo-kanna. 2. Spumador. 3. Diggory. 4. Flibbertigibbet. 5. Cavall. 6. Armado.

II.

When advertising is reduced to a science, mention some of the forms it may take.

III.

Who wrote the following works?—1. Eothen. 2. The Bon Gaultier Ballads. 3. Frankenstein. 4. Festus. 5. Rosalynde; Euphues Golden Legacie.

IV.

What is the earliest known specimen of blank verse in English poetry? In what play was it used for the first time?

V.

What poem, and by whom written, did Gray call the "prettiest ballad in the world"?

VI.

Fill up the blanks in the following quotations, and say from where they come.

- (1) "The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
But * * never deviates into sense.
Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
Strike through and make a lucid interval;
But * * 's genuine night admits no ray,
His rising fogs prevail upon the day."

Answers to be sent in by May 15, and to be addressed to the Superintendent R. U. Reply papers should contain full name and address; many have been received without either.

- (2) "To mute and to material things
New life revolving summer brings;
The vernal sun new life bestows
Even on the meanest flower that blows;
But vainly, vainly may he shine,
Where glory weeps o'er * * 's shrine;
And vainly pierce the solemn gloom,
That shrouds, O * , thy hallowed tomb !

- (3) "When maidens such as * * die,
Their place ye may not well supply,
Though ye among a thousand try
With vain endeavour."

- (4) "I see—but not by sight alone,
Loved * * , have I won thee;
A ray of Fancy still survives—
Her sunshine plays upon thee !
Thy ever-youthful waters keep
A course of lively pleasure;
And gladsome notes my lips can breathe
Accordant to the measure."

- (5) "The * * to the * * gave
The darkened heart that beat no more;
They laid him by the pleasant shore,
And in the hearing of the wave."

- (6) "But on they went, and as the way they trod,
His swelling heart nigh made each man a god;
While clashed their armour to the minstrelsy
That went before them to the doubtful sea.
And now the streets being past, they reached the
bay,
Where by the well-built quay, long * * lay,
Glorious with gold, and shining in the sun."

ANSWERS TO SEARCH QUESTIONS (APRIL).

I.

First, the Retort Courteous; second, the Quip Modest; third, the Reply Churlish; fourth, the Re-proof Valiant; fifth, the Countercheck Quarrelsome; sixth, the Lie with Circumstance; seventh, the Lie Direct. [*As You Like It*, Act V. sc. 4.]

ward Ho! 5. *Guy Mannering*. 6. *Kidnapped* [R. L. Stevenson].

V.

Dr. Johnson; David Hume; Smollett. [*The Bee. A Reverie*. Goldsmith.]

II.

"A step and a half ower the door-stane." [*The Antiquary*, chap. xxx.]

III.

The St. John Wood Omnibus. [C. S. Calverley, *Fly Leaves*—"Waiting."]

IV.

1. *Ballad of King Olaf* [Longfellow]. 2. *Antony and Cleopatra*. 3. *Enoch Arden* [Tennyson]. 4. *West-*

- VI.
1. Henry Carey [*Crononhotonthologos*].
2. Horace and James Smith [*Rejected Addresses*].
3. Beaumont and Fletcher [*The Knight of the Burning Pestle*].
4. F. Anstey [*Vice-Versâ*].

VII.

Lydia Languish [*The Rivals*, Sheridan].

“COMING OUT.”

*“Standing with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet.”*

THAT is a very hackneyed quotation, is it not? It is so pretty, however, so pretty and “poetical,” so appropriate to the sort of notion people have long had and like to have about their girls, that it is not likely to get into disfavour in a hurry. It *is* very pretty, and so are the pictures it has more than once suggested. But is it *true*? I scarcely think so.

There are some girls—I myself have known a few—who are not in a hurry to be grown-up, and to “come out.” But even with these I do not think the motive of the “reluctance” is such as the poet infers. For they are not usually of the gentle, tender, retiring order of maidens. The girls I have known who “hated” to think of being “really grown-up” were rather of the Tom-boy, hoyden class, who could not bear the idea of long skirts and quiet movements, of “done-up” hair and neatly-buttoned gloves, of no more scaling of garden-walls with their brothers in the holidays, or riding of barebacked ponies round the paddocks. I fear I must plead guilty to a certain weakness for these dear Tom-boys—while they *are* Tom-boys, that is to say; for, curiously enough, though from causes not very far to seek, they are sometimes very disappointing when they *do* “come out.” The “hoydenishness,” to coin a word, develops or degenerates into fastness, or, what is still stranger and

quite as much to be deprecated, into vanity and frivolity of a deeper though less noisy kind.

“One would scarcely recognize Maud So-and-so,” you hear it said. “She is *so* spoilt, so ‘stuck-up’ and conceited. And do you remember how simple and unaffected—almost *too* unaffected—she was before she came out?”

Unaffected; yes, so she was, perhaps. “Simple”—she may have seemed so; but true simplicity has its roots deeper down. To be genuine and lasting they must strike in the soil of unselfishness and self-forgettingness. And if Maud was never taught to be unselfish; if, however unconsciously, she was allowed to grow up in a chamber of mirrors, to act and think and feel tacitly as if the universe revolved round her own little self, how can one wonder if the selfish child matures into the selfish woman, the real object of whose existence is to get as much pleasure and amusement out of life as she can?

But all girls are not thus specially selfish. Many—a great many at least—*wish* not to be so, and not a few are so without knowing it. And to a certain extent there is a sort of selfishness inherent in the mere fact of youth and health and vigorous life, which *scarcely* deserves so harsh a name. It is, in a sense, but a phase which has, like childish ailments, to be passed through. And youth and full health and beauty last but a short time at best. Heaven forbid that we should be hard upon their

assessors; it is no crime to be brimful of their delight while it does last, any more than it is a crime for the birds to carol in the spring-time, or for the flowers to smile up with their innocent faces to the sun.

But human beings are something more than birds and flowers! And this is why I would like to give a very few words of advice, or warning, any maidens on the verge of this momentous coming out," of which we hear so often.

It is not to spoil your fresh pleasure, or to shorten it, that I would speak. It is to enhance and make of it a stepping-stone to more lasting good.

There is, it seems to me, one great fallacy at the root of our treatment of girls at this stage. The whole system of thought and arrangement about them undergoes all of a sudden, like a transformation scene on the stage, a complete change. Hitherto, young as they were, they have been treated more or less as reasonable beings, with minds and consciences, and, to a certain extent, responsibilities. Their hours and duties have been carefully regulated by mammas and governesses; the studies for which they showed special aptitude have been paid particular attention to; they have been required to be punctual and regular; books of amusement—all amusements indeed—have been cautiously selected, and but moderately indulged in. But with the "hey presto" of "coming out" all changes. Duties, responsibilities, obligations, go to the wall. Blanche is "out"; henceforth, for the next two or three years at least, volition and pleasure are to be the order of the day. In some cases, that it is so comes from a sort of thoughtless subscribing to conventionality—"everybody" does it, so we do it; in others the motives are deeper and—though it is an ugly word to use I fear we must use it—coarser. The *butante* is to be dressed to the greatest advantage, and taken out into society with a very defined though seldom avowed object; in some other cases the motive though less worldly is, it seems to me, little short of cruel. On the principle acted upon we are told—I really do not know if it is wise or not—by confectioners, who allow their new apprentices to eat as many sweets as they please, that they may the sooner lose all liking for them, some parents and guardians exaggerate the amount of gaiety they provide for their newly-fledged

daughter. "She will the sooner tire of it, and settle down to rational things," I have heard it said.

Why should she be foredoomed to tire of it, poor child? Why should she not be taught to enter into amusements, after all many of them good things in their place, reasonably and sparingly, so that she need *never* "tire" of refined and genial social recreations? And *will* she tire of them according to this strange plan? In one sense, yes, only too surely and bitterly; in another, no, for these distorted "pleasures," even though no longer worthy of the name, are pretty sure to have become a necessity of her otherwise empty life. And whether she marry, or whether she do not, it will be a hard struggle, and one demanding unusual strength of character and determination, to get back to the sober and sensible path from which she *need* never have strayed.

That is the root of it. What should be the exception is made the rule; what should be the relaxation of life is made its business—everything is thrown out of gear, and everything suffers. It cannot but be so; thank God it must be so—we cannot go on *far* in a wrong direction without becoming conscious of it.

But what is to be done? It is always easier to describe an evil than to prescribe a cure. And I cannot say much. I can only suggest—to girls themselves, and, I trust without officiousness or presumption, to those who have the charge and direction of them—some simple ways by which a more satisfactory state of things may be induced. First and foremost, look well about you, dear Blanche, when you are released from school-room hours and rules, and say to yourself, "Now that I have my time more at my own disposal, let me try to use at least some small part of it for others." There must be, there is sure to be, *somebody* you can do something for every day—some one overburdened, perhaps in your own home, whose cares you may lighten by a little steady, *to-be-relied-upon* help. "Blanche has undertaken it, so it will be done." What a delightful thing to have said or thought of you! Or outside your own home—oh dear, the work there is to do in the world! *Some* of it you will surely get leave to bestow your little quota of ready and willing even though inexperienced efforts upon, however affection and anxiety may dread your "over-doing" yourself. You must be

dutiful and docile about it, remember, and very, *very* slow to judge others whose zeal seems to you lukewarm. A time may come when "greater things" may be put in your power, if in the small ones you show yourself faithful.

Then, again, do not think your studies are at an end with the school-room. Try and read *steadily*, even if though more than a very short time daily be impossible, some book or books which your good sense or the advice of others tells you is profitable. And in whatever you do, try—to the utmost of your power, and without infringing the rights of others to your time and your consideration—*try* to be regular. Be as early a riser as is possible for you; answer notes—necessary notes—as quickly as you can, while endeavouring not to increase the number of the *unnecessary* ones, in these modern times almost as great a tax as the empty visits to mere acquaintances, whom we have not leisure to cultivate into "friends." Never forget the few who have a real claim on you for long *unhurried* letters—above all Jack or Harry; we have most of us, alas! a Jack or a Harry far away, in these days of overcrowded professions (perhaps it is wrong to say "alas!"); away, somewhere, working hard, after his careless merry Eton or Harrow school-life, in the vague mysterious "colonies" we mothers and sisters know so little about, where, whatever our boys learn, they learn nothing better than to love "home" as they never loved it before.

And, though this is scarcely the place, nor is it within my present province to do more than touch in the very slightest way upon such subjects—never forget, in the midst of the whirl which perhaps you can scarcely escape, your first and highest and *realist* duties of all. It may be difficult, sometimes it is sure to be so—sometimes even it will seem all "of no use." But take courage; the greater the effort, the greater will be the help you may—oh, how certainly—rely upon.

It is a waiting time for you. Your future the next few years must, in one way especially, decide. And at your age you cannot map out your life. But even if more "play" is forced upon you than you would choose, think of it *as* such; never forget that somewhere and in some way God has work preparing for you to do, that you are a woman and not a butterfly, that even your present difficulties and distractions may be woven into the marvellous

web, of which a few straggling threads are all we are as yet able to catch hold of.¹

Louisa Molesworth.

* * *

MEMORIES of the Months, Hume Nisbet (Ward and Downey). This is an artistic volume, and has all the qualities and something more than the usual charm which distinguishes Mr. Nisbet's work both as artist and author. The pictorial arrangement is effective, and the verses catch very successfully the distinctive spirit of the months.

The Art Decorator, a new art serial (the Electro-type Company), may really be of service to that daily-increasing class of tasteful people who love to decorate their own homes with their own hands. The designs are very varied, so they appeal to widely different tastes, and are beautifully executed in colours.

* * *

NEW and cheap editions of Mrs. Gaskell's celebrated novels are now appearing (Smith, Elder, and Co.). Happy are the girls who have not yet read *Wives and Daughters*. What a treat is in store! How quickly will petty cares vanish, and small irritations, which come into all lives, subside under the charm of this wonderful writer, who takes every-day men and women, and shows the wonderful romance underlying many apparently common-place lives.

The same publishers are also bringing out an excellent edition of the poems of Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Amongst the half-forgotten books a word might be said for the works of Annie Keary. The author of *Castle Daly*, *A Doubting Heart*, and *A York and Lancaster Rose*, holds a place of her own in English literature. Her heart and sympathy both were great. Messrs. Macmillan have brought out a cheap edition of her books.

The new edition by the same publishers of the works of Charles Kingsley is nearly complete. The last volume issued is *The Hermits*, first printed in 1868. This volume contains much information with regard to the early Church.

¹ This paper invites discussion. All letters or remarks must reach the Editor not later than May 20, and must have the words "Brown Owl" on the cover.

Days and Hours in a Garden, by "E. V. B." (Elliot Stock), has reached its seventh edition. In these days of many books that fact alone suffices to prove its merit; but in itself it is the kind of tempting little volume one would like to have at hand on a summer holiday, to dip into, lay down, perhaps sleep a little over, but always return to with pleasure. The author has some of Richard Jeffrey's charm.

* * *

A WELL-KNOWN town in England has at last found an historian. *The History of the Town of Wellington* has been collected and arranged by Arthur L. Humphreys (Henry Gray). In his preface to this most interesting volume the author says that the collection and arrangement of the materials have occupied for several years the leisure moments of a busy life. His is the first history of Wellington; he asks his readers to take this fact into consideration when they judge his pages. Mr. Humphreys cannot understand why Wellington has been overlooked by historians. It is not, he says, a place of mushroom growth; it has existed for centuries, and in its peaceful history records much of the life of the nation.

"Set a man in the streets of a simple English town, and bid him work out the history of the men who have lived and died there—the mill by the stream, the tolls in the market-place, the brasses of its burghers in the church, the names of its streets, the lingering memory of its guilds, the mace of its mayor will tell him more of the past of England than the spire of Sarum or the martyrdom of Canterbury." So says the late J. R. Green, and Mr. Humphreys, who quotes this passage, has acted on his advice, and gives us a very cheering and pleasant insight into some of the old life of the nation. A novelist could gather much fresh material from these suggestive pages, and all readers interested in history and antiquity who peruse the volume will be grateful to the new historian.

* * *

ALAS for the shade of *Evelina*! Has the Old-Fashioned Girl lost all power to fascinate? If this is not the case, why should the following appeal be necessary?

"To-day we went to St. Swithin's Church, Walcot, which is close to Bath; in fact a portion

of the city, to see the tablets in the church to Madame D'Arblay (author of *Evelina*), and her husband and sister. The inscription on Fanny Burney's tablet is very difficult to read, as the black is almost off the letters. I asked why the tablet had not been re-blackened, and the sexton thought the cost would be too great. It could not cost many pounds to have all three tablets put to rights. It struck me that as the readers of *Atalanta* have been reading selections from Fanny Burney's writings they might like to have all the three tablets blacked as a token of their appreciation of her genius, and I think Fanny herself, if she knew of it, would rather it were done by enthusiastic girls than by casual people."

The Rector of St. Swithin's, Walcot, is the Rev. J. Eardley-Wilmot. He would probably be willing to receive donations.

* * *

STILL another appeal, but of quite a different character.

"DEAR SIR,

"May I take this opportunity of bringing before your readers a quiet work that some of the lady members of the London Young Women's Christian Association have been doing for several years past, amongst the young women in the work-rooms of many of our West-End houses of business, by means of a Flower Mission?

"We are anxious to extend its usefulness, and so would appeal to your many readers as to whether there are not some among them who could help us in this.

"Our needs are threefold.

"1. We want friends in the country to send us flowers.

"In the spring the fields are full of flowers, and the work-rooms are full of toiling hands.

"Who will help to meet the need with the supply?

"2. We want those who have time to spare to help to arrange the bunches.

"Surely there are many girls to whom this would be an agreeable occupation.

"3. We want those who can to visit the work-rooms with the flowers.

"We hope to establish centres in all parts of London, so as to be within reach of all living in the metropolis.

"Any one who is willing to help may com-

municate with me at 16A Old Cavendish Street, London, W.

"Yours truly,

"(Miss) J. G. WEATHERLEY,

"Sec. of Y. W. C. A. Flower Mission."

* * *

IN these days, when athletics form such a large part of a girl's education, the following practical hints by a London physician may be of interest.

"First, then, the younger a girl commences the better, and the better chance will she have of possessing in future a well-developed body. Those wonderful people called trapezists are trained from the age of four or five. Secondly, although the word 'athletics' sounds a strong one, it refers to nothing abnormal or unnatural. To teach a girl athleticism in some form best adapted to her years and size, is but to put her in the way of getting her body into that healthful form that nature designed it should assume.

"There are two forms of athletic exercises of extreme simplicity, but which, if properly gone into, and steadily carried out, will fit a girl for anything either on field or river. They are those obtained by the use of dumb-bells and the elastic band or chest-expander. Either can be obtained at any india-rubber shop, or even ironmongers.

* * *

THERE ought to be one or two sets of dumb-bells in the dressing-room of every girl who values her health. How to choose them. There are two sorts, if not three. One kind is solid all through, another opens at the balls, so that, as you get stronger and harder, you can increase the weight by adding shot. I prefer the latter, but the former are most common; and one thing must not be forgotten, namely, to get them light enough. Two or three pounds' weight will be about right for a beginner. After you have swung these about for half an hour every day for a month, you can send them back and exchange them for a pair a pound heavier. You only pay for the extra weight. But I cannot condemn in too strong language the folly of buying heavy bells to begin with. The arms ache with them, and sinews and ligaments are stretched, and even the nerves suffer.

"How to use them. This I cannot explain in so brief a space. I advise you to get *one* lesson in

motions, and follow it out with regularity day by day at the same time. If possible get illustrations or drawings of the motions on a card, and stick these in front of you while using the bells. Remember, too, that you must not jerk the arms about. Slowly and neatly does it. Count four seconds to every motion. Exercise in plenty of space, so that you may be sure not to smash the looking-glass with one hand, while you hit the maid under the ear with the other.

"Well, dumb-bells and chest-expanders are indoor and home exercises. But as one can have neither parallel bars nor other cumbersome calisthenic appliances in one's bedroom, I advise every girl who values her figure and beauty to join a gymnasium.

"Here are more hints. I'm giving you texts, condensed, compressed truths, each one of which, if expanded, would fill a book. Reading aloud while standing erect is most valuable exercise. So is taking a deep breath and bringing out a long-sustained note. Singing expands muscles. Stand and sing. Don't shriek. Open the mouth. Playing piano or organ is good. Sit erect. Don't sway. Playing the violin is better. Stand erect. Don't sway. Subdue sprawling elbows and study grace of movement in the bow-hand. Exercise eyes in youth by reading all kinds of print, and looking at things at all distances out of doors—trees or distant hills, houses in woods, larks against clouds, &c. I never met a short-sighted savage, nor have I ever seen a Somal Indian wearing an eye-glass. Over study hurts the sight, the mischief coming from the brain; reading in the gloaming or by white staring lights does the same, the evil coming from without. Read and study out of doors whenever the weather is fine. This makes things easier in every way. Walking is splendid exercise. It should be brisk and agreeable. A companion on tramp who can talk and exchange ideas is invaluable. Tricycling is the best and healthiest exercise in the world. Dancing at home is to be recommended. Swimming is grand summer exercise. Cricket for young girls should be in far more favour than it is. Lawn tennis is a delightful form of wholesome exercise. Rowing is one of the best exercises we know of. No need of chest-expanders, no need of shoulder bracers if you have a boat. Exercise half an hour before or two hours after meals."

L. T. Meade.

M. Ellen Edwards, Artist.

A SIMPLE STORY.

BY PERMISSION OF W. GILLILAN, ESQ.

Gough, &c.

ATLANTA

VOL. III.

JUNE, 1890.

No. 33.

THE SECRET OF THE NIGHTINGALE.

Berta Hunt

on felt like air,
year's young mirth ;
fair,
wave of earth ;

And a still green foam of woods rose high
Over the hill-line into the sky.
In meadowy pasture browse the kine,
Thin wheat-blades colour a brown plough-line.
Fresh rapture of the year's young joy
Was in the unfolded luminous leaf,
And birds that shower as they toy
Melodious rain that knows not grief,
A song-maze where my heart in bliss
Lay folded, like a chrysalis.
They allured my feet far into the wood,
Down a winding glade with leaflets walled,
With an odorous dewy dark imbued ;
Rose, and maple, and hazel called
Me into the shadowy solitude ;
Wild blue germander eyes enthralled,

Made me free of the balmy bowers,
Where a wonderful garden-party of flowers,
Laughing sisterhood under the trees,
Dancing merrily, played with the bees ;
Anemone, starwort, bands in white,
Like girls for a first communion dight,
And pale yellow primrose ere her flight,
Ushered me onward wondering
To a scene more fair than the court of a king.
Ah ! they were very fair themselves,
Sweet maids of honour, woodland elves !
Frail flowers that arrive with the cuckoo,
Pale lilac, hyacinth purple of hue,
And the little pink geranium,
All smiled and nodded to see me come :
All gave me welcome. "No noise," they said,
"For we will show you the bridal bed,
Where Philomel, our queen, was wed ;
Hush ! move with a tender, reverent foot,
Like a shy light over bole and root ;"
And they blew in the delicate air for flute.

Into the heart of the verdure stole
My feet, and a music enwound my soul ;
Zephyr flew over a cool bare brow—
I am near, very near to the secret now !
For the rose-covers, all alive with song,
Flash with it, plain now low and long ;
Sprinkle a holy water of notes ;
On clear air melody leans and floats ;
The blithe-winged minstrel merrily moves,
Dim bushes burn with mystical loves !

Lo ! I arrive ! immersed in green,
Where the wood divides, though barely seen,
A nest in one of the blue leaf-rifts !
There over the border a bird uplifts
Her downy head, billed, luminous-eyed ;

Behold the chosen one, the bride!
 And the singer, he singeth by her side.
 Leap, heart! be aflame with them! loud, not dumb,
 Give a voice to their epithalamium!
 Whose raptures wax not pale nor dim
 Beside the fires of seraphim.
 These are glorious, glowing stairs,
 In gradual ascent to theirs;
 With human loves acclaim and hail
 The holy lore of the nightingale!

A ROUGH SHAKING.

George MacDonald.

XLIV.

THE MENAGERIE.

A STRANGE smell had for some time been in Clare's nostrils, and as he went down the steps inside, the smell grew stronger. He did not dislike it; but it set him thinking why it should so differ from that of domestic animals. But he did not think long, for he was presently in the midst of what few boys had looked upon with such intelligent wonder as he. Clare had read and re-read every book about animals he could lay his hands upon. He had a great power too of remembering what he read; for he never let a description glide away over the outside of his eyes, but always made a picture of it inside his thinking-place: that is how he remembered so well. As he looked round him, he seemed to know every animal on which his eyes fell.

The place was by no means crowded, though there had been many visitors during the day, for it was now late. He had therefore no difficulty in seeing into all the cages that made the sides of the enclosure. Most of the creatures seemed restless, few sleepy: night was the waking time for most of them. How should a great roaming, hunting cat go to sleep in a little cube of darkness! "Oh," thought Clare, "what a delight it would be to help

them to bear it! I could bear it myself if there was somebody always kind to me!"

He had begun to feel that the quiet happiness he was once accustomed to, and about which he did not think much—partly because he was not selfish enough to think more than a little about himself—was his because it was *given* him. He had begun to see that it did not come to him of itself, but from the love of his father and mother. He had not yet begun to see that it was kindled in them by the Father of fathers and mothers—that God was at the root of all love. But he was beginning, not by growing more selfish, but by growing more loving, to prize every least kindness shown him. Naturally this re-acted on his desire to make the happiness greater and the pain less everywhere about him. He did not know how to do much for people yet, he thought; but he knew how to do something for some animals, and perhaps it was only necessary to know them all to be able to do something for them all!

Thoughts like these passing through his mind, and his gaze wandering hither and thither over the shifting, shifting life, his eye rested on a certain tenant of one of the cages, and his heart immediately grew very sore. It was a rather big animal, alone in its prison, of a blackish colour, and awkward appearance. Clare could not at first be sure

what he was, partly because he could not see him properly. But when he went nearer, he found that he had a big ring in his nose like poor Nimrod. To the ring was fastened a strong chain. The chain was bolted down to the floor of the cage. The floor was of iron covered with boards, which in their turn were covered with thick sheet-lead. The chain was so short that it held the poor creature's head almost within a foot of the floor. He could not lift it higher, or move it farther on either side; but he kept moving it constantly. It was a pitiful sight, and Clare went nearer still, drawn more by compassion, or indeed sympathy, than curiosity. He was a terrible brute, a big grizzly bear, ugly to repulsiveness. The snarling scorn, the sneering, lip-writhing hate of the demoniacal grin with which he received the boy, the only creature in the world that had for him any love, was hideous; and the rattling pebble-jarring growl that came from his devilish throat was the embodied murder of loathing. What if spirits worse than their own get into some of the creatures in virtue of the likeness between them! One day will be written, perhaps, a history of animals very different from any history attempted by mere student of zoology. Clare spoke to him again and again, but was unvaryingly answered by the same odious snarl, curling his lip under the nose-ring. It seemed to express the imagined delight of tearing him limb from limb.

"Poor fellow!" said Clare, "how can he be good-tempered with that torturing ring and chain? To be kept constantly in that position must make all his bones ache!"

But had he been set free, there would have ensued such a raging-bear-struggle to get at the nearest of his fellow-prisoners, as would have shown him a beast-bedlamite, an animal volcano, a furnace of madness; for the inspiration of the creature seemed pure hate.

The boy turned aside with quivering heart—sore for the grizzly's nose, and sorer still for the grizzly himself that he was so unfriendly.

Right opposite, a creature of a different disposition seemed casting defiance to all the ills of life. From the other side Clare saw his pranks, and was attracted by them. He kept bounding from side to side of his cage with great curving rainbow springs, agile and frolicsome as a kitten. But the light was poor, and Clare could not even conjecture

which of the cat-kinds he belonged to. When he had crossed the space, and drawn nigh to his cage, he saw that he was yellowish like a lion, and thought perhaps he was a young lion. He had no mane, and Clare judged him four feet in length without the tail—or perhaps four and a half. A little to one side was the real lion—a young one, it is true, but quite grown, with a thin ruffy mane, and lordly carriage and gaze. It was he whose roar had challenged Nimrod, giving the topmost flutter to the flame of his wrath. But Clare was so taken with the frolicsome creature beside him, that for the present he gave but a glance at the grand one as he walked up and down his prison, and turned again to the merry one disporting himself alone. He seemed to find his pleasure in great games with companions no one saw but himself. For minutes Clare stood regarding the exultant gladness of God's creature. A wild thing of the woods and plains, he made the most of the bars and floor and roof of his cage. No one careless of liberty could make such bounds as those; yet he was joyous in closest imprisonment! His liberty gone, his freedom contracted to a few cubic feet, his space diminished almost to the mould of his body, the great wild philosopher created his own liberty, made it out of the love of it in himself. Like a live, erratic shuttle he went to and fro unweaving, unravelling, unwinding, drawing out the knot of confinement, flinging out, radiating and spreading and breathing out space in all directions, by multitudinous motion of disentanglement! Space gone from him, space in the abstract should be his! He would not be dependent on condition! Space unconditioned should be his! Liberty for him should not lie in room, but in his own soul. Space should be but the poor outside symbol of his inward freedom! His mind to him a kingdom was. Not a grumble, not a snarl! He left discontent to men, to build their own prisons withal. A proud man with everything he longs for, if such a man there be, is but a slave; this creature of the glad creator was and would be free, because he was of free soul; prison-bars could not touch that by whose virtue he was and would be free!

The germ of all these thoughts was in the mind of Clare while he stood and gazed; and as he told me the story, their ripeness came thus, or nearly thus, from his lips; for he had thought much in lonely places.

As he gazed and sympathized, there awoke within him one of those strange consciousnesses of which all my readers have been at one time or another aware—that of being on the point of remembering something. It was not a memory that came, but a memory of a memory—the shadow of a memory gone, but trying to return. It gave another look to the happy creature before him. Both he and it seemed for a moment to belong to other times. Could he have seen such a creature before? He did not think so! He could never have been to a menagerie and forgotten it! If he had known such a creature, why should not his after-reading have recalled it, so that now he should know what it was? He could tell the lion and the tiger and the panther, but he could not tell this! The feeling lasted scarce an instant, and went no farther. No memory came to him. The foiled expectation was all he had. He could not even recall how it had felt; he could only remember it had been there. It was now but the shadow of the shadow of a dream—a yet vaguer memory than that thinnest of presences which at first tantalized him. It is strange we should remember what we cannot recall.

Perhaps the rousing of the odd, fantastic feeling was favoured by the slumber beginning to encroach on body and brain. While he stood looking at the one, all the wonderful creatures began to get mixed up together. He thought it better to go and search for some field of sleep, where he might mow a little for his necessity. He said good-night to the great, gentle, jubilant cat, turned from him unwillingly, and went up the steps. Almost every one was gone, but the young lion, as he thought him, was still gamboling in the presence of his Maker!

He thought to see the mistress of the menagerie as he went out, but she was no longer in her curtained box. He went out on the deserted platform, and down the steps, nor needed to call Abdiel, for he was already at the foot when he reached it, wagging his weary little tail.

They set out together to look for a shelter. Their search, however, was so much in vain, that at last they returned and lay down under one of the wagons, on the hard ground of the public square. It is a wonder that, sleeping so often out of doors, he never took cold.

XLV.

THE ANGEL OF THE WILD BEASTS.

WHEN Clare opened his eyes he saw nothing between him and the sky. They had dragged the caravan from above him, and he had not moved. Abdiel indeed waked at the first pull, but lay watching, still as a mouse, ready to rouse his master, but not a moment before it should be necessary.

Clare saw the sky, but he saw something else over him, better than the sky—the face of Mrs. Halliwell, the mistress of the menagerie. She was looking down on him with compassion mingled with severe self-reproach.

Clare rose in haste, saying, “Good morning, ma’am!” while yet but half awake, and staggering with sleep.

“My poor boy!” she returned, “I sent you to sleep on the hard earth, with a sovereign of your own in my pocket! I made sure you would come and ask me for it! You’re too good to go about the world without a mother!”

She turned her face away.

“But, ma’am, you know I could not have offered it to anybody,” said Clare. “It wasn’t good!—Besides,” he went on, finding she did not reply, “there was nobody but you I dared offer it to, if it had been as good as I thought it. They would have said I stole it—because I’m so shabby!” he added, looking down at his rags. “But it ain’t in the clothes, ma’am—is it?”

Getting the better of her feelings for a moment, she turned her face and said—

“It was all my fault! The sov. is quite good. It’s only cracked! I ought to have known better and changed it at first. Then all would have been well!”

“I don’t think it would have made any difference, ma’am. We would rather sleep on the ground than in a bed that mightn’t be clean—wouldn’t we, Abby?” The dog always gave a short little bark when he addressed him by his name.—“But,” he went on, “I’m so glad. I was sure Mr. Goodenough thought the sovereign all right when he gave it me!—Were you ever disappointed in a sovereign, ma’am?”

“I’ve been oftener disappointed in them as owned them!” she answered. “But to think o’ me an’

my husban' snug in bed, an' you sleepin' out in the cold night ! I can't abide the thought 'on it !"

"Don't let that trouble you, ma'am ; we're used to it !—Ain't we, Abby ?"

"Then you oughtn't to be ! and, please God, you shall be no more ! But come along and have your breakfast. We don't start till the last, so there's plenty of time to have it in peace."

"Please, ma'am, may Abdiel come too ?"

"In course ! 'Love me, love my dog !' Ain't that right ?"

"Yes, ma'am ! but not many people think so."

"A good deal depends on the dog. When folk brings up their dogs as bad as they do their children, I want neither about me. But your dog's a well-behaved dog, I know. Still, he must learn not to come in sight o' the animals."

"He will learn, ma'am !—Abdiel, lie down, and don't come till I call you."

The dog dropped like one dead, and there lay.

They had now reached the house-caravan, which was standing a little way off, drawn aside when they began to break up. They ascended the steps and entered what seemed to Clare an enchanting little room. It had muslin curtains to the windows, and a small stove in which you could see the bright red coals, and on which stood a coffee-pot and a covered dish. It did feel nice and warm after the nearly shelterless night !

The breakfast things were still on the table. As soon as Mrs. Halliwell had given her husband his, she went out to find the boy ; she would not touch her own until he could share it. She had been unhappy about him all the night, for he had told her he had no money but the sovereign. Where could the poor boy be ? she thought. Whatever had he done without money ? She little knew how seldom he could do better than he had done that same night ! When he got among hay or straw, that was luxury.

They sat down to their breakfast, and seeing how he ate, the good woman was confirmed in the notion that the boy was a gentleman.

"Won't you call your dog now," she said, "and let us see if he will come !"

"May I whistle, ma'am ?"

"Why not ?—But will he hear you ?"

"He has very sharp ears, ma'am."

Clare gave a low, peculiar whistle. In a few seconds they heard an anxious little whine at the

door. Clare made haste to open it. There stood Abdiel, looking up with the words in his eyes, as plain almost as if he spoke them—"Did you call, sir ?" The woman caught him and held him to her bosom.

"You blessed little thing !" she said.

And surely if there be a blessing to be had, it is for them that obey.

Clare heard and felt the horses put-to, but the hostess of this Scythian house did not move, and he went on with his breakfast. It was not so easy to eat nicely, but he managed very well. By the time he had done, they had left the last of the houses behind them. He helped Mrs. Halliwell to put away the breakfast things, and would have helped her wash them too, but whether she feared he would break some, or did not think it work fit for a man, she would not allow him.

Nothing had been said about his going with them ; she seemed to have taken that for granted. On and on they went, and Clare began to think he ought to take his leave : there seemed nothing for him to do. At least, he thought, he and Abdiel ought to get out and walk, and not burden the poor horses with their weight, when they were so well rested, and had had such a good breakfast. He told Mrs. Halliwell what he was thinking. But she said she wanted a little talk with him first ; and straightway proposed that he should enter their service, and do what he could in the caravan.

"You're not frightened of the beasts, are you ?" she said.

"Oh no, ma'am ; I love them !" answered Clare. "But are you sure Mr. Halliwell thinks I could be of use ? I know I could—more than he may be ready to believe ; but I could not bear him to take me because he was sorry for me !"

"You innocent ! People are not in such a hurry as all that to do good ! My husband's as good a man as going ; but that don't mean he would take a boy because he could get work nowhere else ! A fool of a woman might—I won't say ; but not a man I ever knew. No, no ! He saw the way you managed that bull !—a far more frightful and unreasonable creature than any we have to do with."

"Ah ! it's only because you don't know Nimrod, ma'am !"

"I don't, an' I don't want to ! Such animals ought to be put in caravans !" she added with a laugh.

"Well, ma'am," said Clare, "if you and Mr. Halliwell are of one mind, nothing would please me so well as to serve you and the beasts. But I should like to be sure about it, for when husband and wife are not of the same mind—well, it is uncomfortable!"

Thereupon he told her how he had stood with the farmer and his wife; and from that she led him on till she had his whole story—not unaccompanied with tears on the part of his new friend, for she was a tender-hearted as well as generous and friendly woman. She rejoiced to think that his sufferings should from that moment be at an end; and that they were not was no fault of hers. She was thenceforward, as Skymer always called her, his third mother.

"My poor, ill-used child!" she said. "But I'll be a mother to you, if you'll have me!"

"You wouldn't mind if I thought rather often of my other two mothers, ma'am—would you?" he said.

"God forbid, boy!" she answered. "If I were your real mother, would I have my own flesh and blood ungrateful? Should I be proud of him for loving nobody but me? That's like the worst of the beasts: they love none but their own little ones—and that only till they're tired of the trouble of them!"

"Thank you! Then I will be your son Clare, ma'am."

The next time they stopped, she made her husband come into the caravan, and then and there she would and did have everything arranged. When both her husband and the boy would have left his wages undetermined, she would not hear of it, but insisted that so much a week should be fixed at once to begin with. She had no doubt, she said, that her husband would soon be ready to raise his wages; but he must have his food and five shillings a week now, and Mr. Halliwell must advance money to get him decent clothes; he could keep his wages till they were paid for.

Everything she wished was agreed to by her husband. At the next town, Clare's new mother saw him dressed to her satisfaction, and to his own. She would have his holiday clothes better than his present part in life required, neither would she let his sovereign go toward paying for them: she would keep it ready in case he might want it! Her eyes followed him about with anxious pride,

as if she had been his mother in fact, as she was in truth.

He had at once plenty to do. The favour of his mistress saved him from no kind of work, nor had he the least desire it should. Every morning he took his share in cleaning out the cages, in placing water for the beasts, and food for the birds and such other creatures as fed when they pleased. He fed at the proper intervals as many as they would let him of those animals that had stated times for their meals; and found the advantage of this in making approaches to them. He helped with the horses also, with whose harness and all whose ways he was already familiar; and was soon known as a friend by every civilized animal about the caravans. In a word he did whatever was required of him, and much more. Not every one of course had a right to give him orders, but Clare was not particular as to who wanted him, or for what. He was far too glad to have work to look at the gift askance. He did not make trouble of what ought to be none, by saying, with the spirit of a slave, "It's not my place." He did many things he might have disputed, but never thought of it; saving, both for himself and others, a great deal of time and annoyance, and much quarrelling, and gaining many friends.

XLVI.

GLUM GUNN.

HE had but one enemy, and he was a natural one; for he was so different from Clare that he disliked him the moment he saw him, and it took but a day to ripen his dislike into hatred. Like Mr. Maidstone, he was repelled by the innocent boldness of Clare's expression. His fingers twitched, he said, to have a twist at the beggar's sheep-nose. Unhappily for Clare, he was of consequence in the concern, having money vested in it. He was half-brother to the proprietor, but a man so unlike him that he might not have had a drop of blood from the same source. He was an ill-tempered, imperious man; one who would hurt himself to have his way; a mere slave to what he fancied. For when a man *will* have a thing, right or wrong, that man is a slave to that thing—the meanest of slaves, a willing one. He was the terror of the men beneath him, and heeded no man but his brother—and him only

because he knew "he would stand no nonsense." To his sister-in-law he was civil: she was his brother's wife, and his brother was proud of her! He knew also that her part in the business was managed perfectly. It was reason therefore to stand as well as he might with her! Even such a man can feel friendly where self-interest is the mediator.

Clare had no suspicion of his worse than dislike to him. He took days to discover even that he did not love him—and that although the fellow had a bilious eye which, when its owner was idle, was constantly following Clare at his work. Idle he often was too, not from laziness, but from the love of ordering about, and looking superior.

He was a cruel man. There are persons, I fear not a few, who actually find their conscious existence pleasant in proportion as they make others miserable. He had no affection for any of the animals, regarding them only as property, with never a right;—as if God would make anything live without giving it rights! To Glum Gunn, as he was commonly called behind his back, the animals were worth so much money to sell, and so much more to show. Yet he prided himself in the fancy that he had a great power over them, possessed some occult superiority that made him their lord. It was merely a phase of the vulgarest self-conceit. He enjoyed posing to himself as a lion-tamer! He had never tamed a lion, or any creature else, in his life; but when he had a wild thing safe within iron bars, then he let him know who was his master! By the terror of his whip, and other things far more fearful, he compelled obedience. The grizzly alone, of the larger animals, he never interfered with.

From the first he received Clare's good-morning with a stony stare of silence; and the boy, thinking he did not like to be greeted by him, gave up doing so. This roused his anger and increased his dislike. He was not unwilling to have another boy, but any one petted by "that fool of a sister-in-law" would have been odious to him; and any boy would have found him a hard master: how much more did Clare, whom for his own sake he hated! He was indeed for a while protected by Gunn's unreadiness to have words with his brother, who always took his wife's part; but the tyrant soon saw that he might venture far.

When he found, by the boy's ready smile, that

he never resented anything, the brute, as many a boy would have done, set it down to cowardice; and when he saw that he never carried tales to his sister, instead of admiring him for his reticence, he took advantage of it, and set about making life bitter to him.

It was some time before he began to succeed, for Clare was hard to annoy. Patient, and right ready to be pleased, he could hardly believe offence intended. The thought was by his nature all but unthinkable to Clare. He let things pass and be forgotten as if they had never been. When, on one occasion, as he ran along with a heavy pail of water, Gunn put out his foot and threw him down, he rose with a cut in his forehead, and a smile on his face. He carried the mark of the pail as long as he carried his body, but it was long before he believed he had been intentionally tripped up. Had it been proved to him at the time, he would have taken it as a joke, unintentional of hurt. He did not see the lurid smile which passed over the man's face as he turned away, a smile of devilish delight at the discomfiture of a hated fellow-creature. Gunn put him to the dirtiest work—but only to find that it did not trouble the boy; he was rare gentleman enough to be unwilling another should have more that he might have less of the disagreeable. He used afterwards to say that no man had a right to require of any other man the thing he would think it degrading to do himself. He learned it from the New Testament. Nothing God has made necessary can possibly be degrading. It may not be right for this or that man, at this or that time, but it cannot in its nature be degrading.

At last, however, he discovered how to inflict the keenest pain on the tender-hearted boy, counted him the greater idiot that it was possible so "to get at him", as he phrased it, and promised himself endless enjoyment in it. But he did not know—how should he know—what love may compel!

Clare had to take his turn, and by and by it came to him oftenest, to be showman to the gazing crowd. Each of the men had his own way of filling the part. One would repeat his information like a lesson in which neither was he interested himself, nor expected any one else to be. Another made himself the clown of the exhibition, and joked as much and as well as he could. Glum Gunn delighted in telling as many lies as he dared:

it would hardly do to be suspected of making fools of his audience! Clare, who from past reading knew more than any of them concerning the creatures in their wild state, and who, by watching them because he loved them, had already noted things none of them knew, and was fast learning more, talked to the spectators out of his own sincere and warm interest; gave them from his treasure things new and old—things he had read, and things he had for himself discovered. Group after group of simple country people would listen to him intently, eager after every word; and as any peg will do to hang hate upon, this success was noted with evil eye by Glum Gunn. Everything served to increase his malignity. It grew the faster that he had as yet found no satisfactory outlet for it.

XLVII.

PUMMY.

I NEED hardly say that by this time all the beasts with any friendliness in them had for Clare a little more than their usual amount of that feeling. But there was one between whom and him—I prefer *who* to *which* for certain animals—a real friendship began at once, and grew and ripened rapidly till it was more than strong on both sides. Clare's new friend—and companion as much as circumstance permitted—was the same whose lonely gambols had so attracted him when first he saw the menagerie. Those gambols did not mean nothing as regarded the animal Clare had taken for a lion—in which he was not so far wrong, for the creature has often been called the American lion. The lovely creature—I say *lovely*, thinking of his disposition—was the puma, or cougar, peculiar to America, with a relation to the jaguar, also American, similar to that of the lion to the tiger. But while the jaguar is as wicked a beast as the tiger, the puma possesses, in relation to man, far more than the fabulous generosity of the lion. Like every good creature, he has been misunderstood and slandered, but a few have known him. He has doubtless degenerated in districts, for the wild animal must vanish before the human, and as his extermination proceeds, he must become less friendly to humanity; but an essential and distinctive characteristic of the puma is his no less than love for the human being, and that a much-enduring love.

Between such an animal and Clare, it is not surprising that friendship should at once have blossomed. He stroked the paw of the Indian lion the first morning, but the day was not over when he was stroking the cheek of the puma; while all he could do with the grizzly at the end of the month was to feed him a little on the sly, and get no other thanks than a growl of the worse hate. There are some men that would soonest tear their benefactors, loathing them the more that they cannot get at them. I suspect that in some way to us a mystery Glum Gunn and the bear were own brothers. With the elephant Clare did what he pleased—never pleasing anything that was not pleasant to his neighbour.

They came to a town where they exhibited every day for a week, and there it was that the friendship of Clare and the puma reached its perfection. One night the boy could not sleep, and, drawn by his love, went down among the cages to see how his fellow-creatures were getting through the time of darkness. There was just light enough from a small moon to let him see the dim outlines of the cages, and the motion without the form of any moving animal. The puma, at his solitary yet joyous gymnastics, was celebrating the rites of freedom according to his custom. When his attendant entered, he made a peculiar purring noise, which Clare took for a welcome, and ceased his play at ball—where himself was the ball. Clare went to him, and began as usual to stroke him on the face and nose; whereupon the puma began, like a cat, to lick his hand with his dry rough tongue. Clare wondered how it could be nice to have such a dry thing always in his mouth, but did not pity him for what God had given him. He had his arm through between the bars of the cage, and his cheek pressed close against them, when suddenly the hairy nose and cheek of the animal were rubbing themselves against his face. This went on for a time, and the end was, that Clare drew aside the bolt of the cage-door, and got in beside the puma. The creature's delight was greater than if he had found a friend of his own kind. They played together a long time, the puma jumping over Clare, and Clare, afraid to jump for making a noise, tumbling over the puma. The boy at length went fast asleep; and in the morning found the creature lying with his head across his body, wide awake but motionless, as if guarding

him from disturbance. Nobody was yet stirring; and Clare, who would not have their friendship exposed to every comment, crept quietly from the cage, and went to his own bed.

The next night, as soon as the place was quiet, Clare went down, and had another game with Pummy. Before their sport was over, he had begun to teach him some of the tricks he had taught Abdiel; but he could not do much for fear of making a noise.

The same thing took place, as often as it could be managed, for some weeks. Clare had as much confidence, so far at least as good intention was concerned, in Pummy as in Abdiel. If only he could have him out of the cage, that the dear beast might have a taste of liberty! But he did not know how Pummy might behave to others, and he had no right to risk other people's property and lives!

Clare did not always fall asleep in the cage, but now and then he did, and Pummy always lay down close beside him. Whether Pummy slept I do not know.

One night Clare started to his feet half-awake, roused by a terrific roar. Right up stood the cougar on his hind legs, flattening himself against the bars of the cage, every individual hair on end, his eyes like green lightning, snarling and spitting and yelling like the huge cat he was. Clatter, clatter, went his great claws on the iron, as he tore at the bars to get at something out in the dim open space. It was too dark for Clare to see what it was that thus infuriated him, but his ear discovered what his eye could not. Now and then, woven into the maddened noises of the wild creature, he heard the modest whimper of a very tame one—Abdiel, against whose small person, gladly as he would have been "naught a while", this huge indignation of might was levelled. Must there not be a deeper ground for the enmity of dogs and cats than evil incitement? Their antipathy has to be explained in that history of animals which will one day be written.

Clare had taken all pains hitherto that Abdiel should not intrude where his presence was not desired. He thought the dog had learned perfectly that never on any pretence, or for any reason, should he go down those steps he saw his master go down. The prohibition was a great trial to his loving heart, but it had not, until this night at least, been a trial too great for his loving will.

When last Clare went down, he thought he had taken his usual pains in fastening the door of his room, lest Abdiel might be tempted to think, when he saw nobody was about, that the law no longer applied. But he had not been so careful as usual; and Abdiel—for to be awake is enough to set some dogs snuffing about—interpreted the open door as a sign that he might follow his master. Hence all the coil. For pumas—whereby also must hang an explanation—have an intense hatred of dogs. Tame from cubhood, they never get over their more than dislike to dogs. With them, it is "Love you, hate your dog." It could not have been any individual jealousy, of which passion beasts and birds are very capable, for Pummy had never seen Abby before. But it may have been an inborn jealousy of the race, as more favoured by man than were pumas who loved him more passionately.

As soon as Clare saw what the matter was, he slipped out of the cage, and catching up the obnoxious offender—where he stood wagging all over as if his whole body were but a self-informed tail—sped with him to his room, where he gave him a serious talking-to.

But, alas! mischief was already afoot! Gunn had been waked by the roaring, and came flying with his whip. The puma was quiet the moment the dog was out of his sight. Doubtless he regarded his friend as his champion in distress, and blessed him for the removal of that which his soul hated. But his remaining excitement was sufficient to betray him to the eyes of the tamer of caged animals. Clare would have known by the roar itself which of them was in trouble! Glum Gunn had not even a little knowledge of the nature of the animals in his charge. He counted the cougar a coward, because toward man he had, like Clare himself, no resentment. For a man may strike him or wound him, and he will make no reprisals. He will let a man go on to kill him, and make no defence beyond moans and tears. Gunn knew nothing but that *this* puma would not touch *him*. He was not aware that if he turned the two into the arena of the show, the puma would kill the grizzly. The lion doubtless would be largely too much for him; but the puma persecutes the jaguar in their own country, as if he hated him because he was not, like himself, the friend of man. The Gauchos of the Pampas call him "The Christians' Friend". Gunn did not even know that the horse

is his favourite food. He will leap on the back of a horse at full speed, with his paws break his neck as he runs, and come down with him in a rolling heap. Neither did he know that, while submissive to man—as if the Maker of both had said to him, “Slay My other creatures, but do My anointed no harm,”—yet he could be provoked—though not to kill him.

Glum Gunn rushed across the arena, jumped into the cage of the puma, and began belabouring him with his whip. The beast whimpered and wept, and the brute belaboured him. Clare heard the change in his cry, and came swooping like the guardian angel he was. When he saw the patient creature on his haunches like a dog, accepting Gunn’s brutality without an attempt to escape him—except, indeed, by dodging his blows at his head so cleverly that he could not once hit him there—but showing no shadow of cowardice—when Clare saw this, he bounded to the cage, wild with anger and pity. But Gunn stood with his back against it, and he was reduced to entreaty.

“Oh, sir! sir!” he cried, in a voice full of tears. “It was all my fault! Abby came to look for me, and I didn’t know he disliked dogs!”

“Do you tell me, you rascal, that you were down among the hanimals when I supposed you in your bed?”

“Yes, sir, I was. I didn’t know there was any harm. I wasn’t doing anything wrong.”

“Hold your jaw! What *was* you doing?”

“I was only in the cage with the puma.”

“You was! You tell me that to my face! I’ll teach you to go corrupting the hanimals, and making them not worth their salt!”

He swung himself out of the cage-door in a towering passion, but Clare did not think it a time to run, with his friend in danger still. Gunn seized him by the collar, and began to lash him with his whip as he had been lashing the puma—only he was too close to him to be able to give him such stinging blows.

But with the first hiss of the thong came a tearing screech from the puma, and he flung himself in fury against the door of his cage. Gunn in his wrath with Clare had forgotten to bolt it. Like a huge shell from a mortar, the puma shot himself at Gunn. He was down. For one moment the puma stood swinging his tail in great sweeps, and looking down at him. But before Clare could lay hold of

the animal, he turned a scornful back upon his enemy, and walked away with a slow, careless stride, as if he were not worth thinking of more, leaped into his cage, and lay down. The thing passed in a moment, nor had Clare seen him touch the man except, as he thought, to throw him down with his weight. But the animal had not left the brute without the lesson he needed; he had given him just one pat on the side of the head with his terrible paw. Gunn rose, staggering. The skin and something more was torn half-way down his cheek from the temple, and the blood was streaming from the wound. Clare hastened to help him, but he flung him aside, muttering with an oath, “I’ll make you pay for this!” and went out, holding his head with his hands. As Clare shot the bolt of the cage, Pummy sprang up. His tail and swift-shifting feet showed his eager expectation of another romp. He had already forgotten the curling lash of the terrible whip! But Clare bade him good-night with a kiss through the bars.

Glum Gunn had to keep his bed for more than a week. When at length he appeared, adorned with the best art of the surgeon of the town, he was not beautiful to look upon. To the end of his evil earthly days he bore an ugly scar; and neither his heart nor his temper were improved.

Mrs. Halliwell questioned Clare about the whole thing, inquiring further and further as his answers suggested new directions. Nor did her catechism end without the discovery of her brother-in-law’s behaviour to her *protégé*, whom she loved the more that he had been so silent concerning it. She stood perturbed. One moment her face flushed with anger, the next turned pale with apprehension. She bit her lip, and the tears came in her eyes.

“Never mind, mother,” said Clare, who saw no reason for such emotion; “I’m not afraid of him.”

“I know you’re not, my boy,” she answered; “but that does not make me the less afraid for you. He’s a bad man, that brother-in-law of mine! I’m afraid he’ll do you a mischief. I’m afraid I did wrong in taking you! I ought to have done what I could for you, and not kept you about me. We can’t get rid of him because he’s got money in the business. Not that he’s part owner—I don’t mean that! If we had the money handy, we’d soon pay him off!”

“I don’t care about myself,” said Clare. “I don’t mean I like to be kicked, but it don’t make

me miserable. What I can't bear is to see him cruel to the beasts. I love the beasts, mother—even cross old Grizzly. But Mr. Gunn don't meddle much with *him*!”

“He respects his own ugly sort!” said Mrs. Halliwell, with a laugh.

After that, it was plain to Clare that the master kept an eye on his brother, and on himself and the puma. On one occasion he told the assembled staff that he would have no tyranny, and every one knew that among them was but one tyrant. Gunn saw that his brother was awake and watching: it was a check on his behaviour, but he hated Clare the worse. For the puma, he was afraid of him now, and went no more into his cage.

With the rest of the attendants Clare was a favourite, for they recognized that he was true and helpful, and constantly the same: they could always depend on Clare! Abdiel shared in the favour shown his master. They said the dog was no beauty, and had not a hair of breeding, but he was just like a human creature, only better than most, and it was a shame to kick him.

XLVIII.

GLUM GUNN'S REVENGE.

THEY had opened the menagerie in a certain large town. It was the evening exhibition, and Clare was going his round with his wand of office, pointing to the different animals, and telling of them what he thought would most interest his hearers, when another attendant, the most friendly to him of all, came behind him, and whispered that Glum Gunn had got hold of Abby, and was evidently going to do the dog a mischief. Clare instantly gave his wand to his informant, and bolted through the crowd, reproaching himself that, noting Abby was restless, he had shut him up, as he had never done before in the daytime; for, if he had not been shut up, Gunn would not have got hold of him. With trembling heart he hurried out.

When he reached the top of the steps, there was Gunn on the platform, addressing the crowd. It was plain to the boy, by this time not inexperienced, that he had been drinking, and, though not drunk, had taken enough to rouse the worst evil in his nature. He had poor Abdiel by the scruff of the neck, and was holding him out at arm's length while he spoke. The dog looked the very picture

of wretchedness. Except as to colour, he was more like a flea than like any sort of dog—with his hind legs drawn up, his tail tucked in between them, and his back curved into a half circle. In this uncomfortable plight, the tyrant was making a burlesque speech about him.

“Here you see, ladies and gentlemen,” he said, resuming a little, as he saw a few fresh spectators join the border of the crowd, “as I have already had the honour of informing you, one of the most extraordinary productions of the vegetable kingdom. It is not unnatural that you should be, as I see you are, inclined to dispute the assertion. I am, indeed, far from being surprised at your scepticism; the very strangeness of the phenomenon consists in his being to all appearance neither more nor less than a dog. But when I have the honour of leaving you to your astonishment, I shall have convinced you that he is in reality nothing but a vegetable. I would plainly call him what he is—a cucumber, did I not fear the statement would demand of you more than your powers of credence, evidently limited, could afford. But when I have, before your eyes, cut the throat of this vegetable, so extremely like an ugly mongrel, and when with those eyes you have seen that not a single drop of blood follows the knife, then you will be satisfied of the truth of my assertion, and, having gazed on such a fantastic jugglery of nature, will do me the honour to walk up and behold yet greater wonders.”

He ceased, and set about getting his knife from his pocket.

During this oration, Clare, watching Gunn's every motion, partially sheltered himself from his view behind a sham pilaster of the doorway. He saw that his friend was in mortal peril. One who did not know Gunn might well have taken the whole thing for a practical joke, as innocent as it was foolish; but Clare had not a doubt the core of it was cruelty. With the eye of one used to wild animals, and the unexpectedness of their sudden changes, he stood following every movement of his hands, that he might be ready to anticipate some action about to reveal itself: he watched like the razor-clawed lynx. While Gunn held Abdiel as he did, he could not seriously injure him, but he was hurting him dreadfully, for his strong fingers, like a live, writhing vice, were squeezing and worrying the skin of his poor little neck. Still it was better to wait the right moment!

When he saw the arm that held the dog drawn in, and the other hand move to the man's pocket, he knew that in a moment more, with a pretended cry of dismay from the murderer, the body of his friend would be dashed from him, his head half off, and the blood streaming from his neck. They were in a great part a vulgar people that stood about the platform, a crowd to be delighted with such an end to the joke.

The wretch had stooped a little, and a little relaxed his hold on the dog to open his knife, when with a bound that was not over ere the blow fell, and doubled its force, Clare struck him with his whole gathered strength on the side of the head. He had no choice where to hit him, and his fist fell on the spot so lately torn by the claws of Pummy. He fell, and lay for a moment stunned. Abdiel got away as he fell, and immediately began to jump on his master, glad to find the thing the joke he had tried in vain to think it all the time. Clare caught him up and dashed down the steps, just one instant before Glum Gunn rose, cursing furiously. Clare charged the crowd, and made his way through: it was not a time to be civil! Abdiel's life was in immediate danger! He might have judged his own in the same predicament, but his own did not occur to him. His sudden rush took the crowd by surprise, or those next the caravans would, I fear, have stopped him. Some started to follow him, but the crowd farther off had more in it of a better sort, and closed up behind him. All the women and most of the men took the part of the boy that loved his dog.

"What be you a-shovin' at?" bawled a huge countryman, against whom Gunn made a cannon as he rushed in pursuit. "Aw'll knock 'ee flat—aw wull! Let little un an 's dawg aloan! Aw be for un! Hit me an' ye choose—aw doan't objec'!"

Every attempt Gunn made to pass him, the man pushed his great body in his way, and he soon saw there was no chance of overtaking Clare. The wings of Hate are swift, but not so swift as those of fearing Love; and Help is far readier to run to Love than to Hate.

XLIX.

CLARE SEEKS HELP.

CLARE got out of the crowd, and was soon beyond sight of any one that knew what had taken

place. His heart exulted that he had saved his friend who trusted in him. He had not to think what a horrible thing it would be to have failed him in his need: he was so incapable of shirking any claim, that he never thought of what it would be to be faithless. He hurried on, heedless whither, his only thought to get away from the man that would murder Abby. The town was a long way behind ere the question what they were to do for supper and shelter presented itself. Already it had grown a strange thought, such a house of warmth and plenty had the caravan been to him. But comfort has its disadvantages; and Clare discovered, with some dismay, that he was not quite so free a man as before the luxurious life of the last few weeks: he feared both Abby and he would find themselves less able to bear hunger and cold. At the same time it was but to start afresh and grow abler. And even if they felt hunger more, he reasoned, it could not for some time do them so much harm; having fed so well for so long, they must have more capital to go upon. He must not be a coward, and gather evil instead of good from a season of prosperity! He was glad for Abdiel, though, that he had one superiority over him—namely, that he grew his own clothes. He had left his warmest behind him.

But here he was, to his shame, regretting the clothes he had left behind him, when he had lost a mother! It was a gleam of pleasure to think that she had his sovereign, and the wages due since his clothes were paid for. They would help, he thought in his ignorance of money, to give Glum Gunn his own, and set them free from him. Then he would go back and spend his life with his mother and Pummy. Poor Pummy! But though Gunn hated the puma, he was afraid of him now; and his fear would be the creature's protection! He had thought it was his own might that cowed the puma; he had not known it was the animal's human gentleness that made him submissive to man; he knew better now! So judged and hoped the boy, unaware of the depths of inventive cruelty in the heart of a man like Gunn. He clasped Abdiel to his bosom, and trudged on. They had gone miles ere it occurred to him that it might be more comfortable for both if each carried his individual burden. He set Abdiel down, and the dog ran and vibrated as if the change were a pleasant one.

But it was now late in the autumn, and they must if possible find some shelter. A farm-house came in sight, recalling so vividly Clare's early experiences of houselessness, that beasts and caravans, his mother and Glum Gunn, grew hazy and distant, and the old time drew so near, that he seemed to have waked into it out of a long dream. They were back in the old misery—a misery in which, however, his heart had not been pierced with the pangs of innocent creatures unable or unwilling to defend themselves from their natural guardian. There was no way for him to learn that for some weeks Glum Gunn would be unable to hurt one of them. His drinking, his late wound, and the blow Clare had given him, brought on a terrible attack of erysipelas.

When they reached the farm-yard, Clare knew by the aspect of things that the cattle were housed and the horses suppered. He crept unseen into one of the cow-houses: the bodies and breath of the animals would keep them warm. How sweet the smell seemed to him after that of the caravans! An empty stall was before him, like a chamber prepared for his need. He gathered a few straws from under each of the cows, taking care that no one of them should be the less comfortable for what he drew away, and spread with them for Abby and himself a thin couch on which to sleep.

But with the excitement of what had happened, and his wonder as to what would come next, the hunger too that had begun to gnaw at him, Clare could not sleep. And as he lay awake, thoughts came to him. Whence do the thoughts come to us? Of one thing I am sure—that I do not make or even send for my own thoughts. If some greater one did not think about us, we should not think about anything. What a wonder is the night! How it compels people to think! Surely somehow God comes nearer in the night! Clare began to think how helpless he was. He was not thinking of food and warmth, but of doing things for those he loved. It seemed to him very hard that he could but love, and nothing more. There was his mother! he could do nothing to deliver her from that villainous brother-in-law! There was Pummy, exposed to the cruelty of the same

evil man! and again he could do nothing for him! There was Maly! he could do nothing to make her father and mother glad for her up in the dome of the angels!

Was it possible that he really could do nothing?

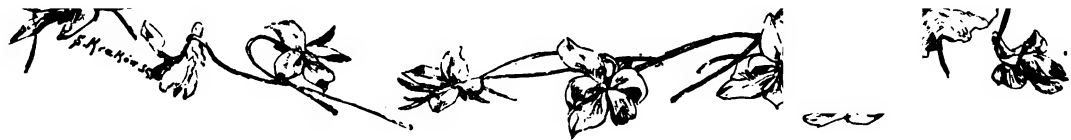
Then came the thought that people used to say prayers in the days when he went with his mother to church. For that matter he had been taught to say prayers himself, though he had begun to forget them when he had no bed to kneel beside. What did saying prayers mean? Did people pray because they were in trouble and could not help themselves? Did it matter that he had no church and no bedside? Surely one place must be as good as another, if it was true, as he had been told, that God was everywhere! Surely then He could hear him wherever he spoke! But if any one else should hear him! He need not speak loud! God would hear, however low he spoke! Then he remembered he had been told God knew our thoughts: if so, he could think a prayer to Him; there was no necessity for any sound at all!

From the moment of that conclusion, Clare began to pray to God. And now he prayed the right kind of prayer; that is, his prayers were real prayers; he asked for what he wanted. To say prayers asking God for things we do not care about is to mock Him. When we ask for something we want, it may be a thing God does not care to give us; but He likes us to speak to Him about it, and if it is not good, He will not give it to us, for it would hurt us. But Clare only asked God to do what He is always doing. His prayer was that God would be good to all his mothers, and Mr. Halliwell, and Maly, and Susan, and his own baby, and Tommy—and poor Pummy, and, if Glum Gunn beat him, to help him to bear the blows, and not mind them very much. He ended with something like this:

"God, I can't do anything for anybody! I wish I could! You can get near them, God; please do something good to every one of them because I can't. I think I could go to sleep now, if I were sure you had listened!"

Having thus cast all his cares on God, he did go to sleep; and woke in the morning ready for the new day that arrived with his waking.

(To be continued.)



He ♪ how should I know y'r true love
she O From many another one?
by His cockle hat & staf,
by His sandal shoe!

But chiefly by his face & mien,
That were so fair to view;
His flaxen locks that sweetly curl'd,
& eyes of lovely blue."

lady, he is dead & gone!
lady, he is dead & gone!
at his head a green grass turf,
at his heels a stone.

Within these holy cloisters, long
He languished & he dyed,
Lamenting of a lady's love,
& playning of her pride."

She
"art thou dead thou gentel youth?
art thou dead & gone?
& didst thou dye for love of me—
Break, cruel heart of
stone!"

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DUMPS.

MRS. PARR.

CHAPTER XVI.

A FORTNIGHT has gone by since this interview with my father, during which time I have had ample opportunity for reflection, although I have been anxious and occupied. Dumps has been ill—seriously ill—and much as I knew I valued him, until the thought came that we might have to part, I had not realized how far he had crept into my heart.

Papa—although in a different way—was as concerned about him as I was. He had meant to leave home again, but at once put off his journey, as if his business was quite unimportant compared with Dumps' recovery. Am I growing suspicious? like so many grown-up persons searching for a motive for all I see done? if not, why do I find it so impossible to accept as springing out of love for my dear friend much that my father does? Papa very seldom comes into his room, and when he does come, he seems not to know what to say—yet, not a wish, nor a want, does he leave ungratified. Every one is speaking of his goodness and his kindness, it is only nurse who says, "Whatever makes your pa worrit so over that lad? Anybody, to see him, would think he was goin' to lose a fortune by aught happenin' to him."

"Well, they might think just the same of you and me."

She shakes her head. "No fear o' that, my dear," and because I am conscious of not being wholly free from sharing the same suspicion, I do not prolong the conversation with her.

Happily Dumps' danger is over. He is slowly getting better, although still very weak and low, and then it is that I have ample leisure for dreaming. Dr. Clarke thinks I must be lonely, that I ought to get a good walk every day; and I fancy that it is at his suggestion that Lucy Clarke calls the following afternoon for me to walk to Sharrows with her. It is not long before she begins speaking of those I am anxious not to mention. She says—"The

place seems so dull without Sir Felix and my lady. We miss him dreadfully."

"Yes—do you?" I say absently, for I am divided between the wish not to seem deceitful, and the horror of having everything I may tell her repeated and discussed by the whole of the Clarke family.

Lucy does not appear to be quite pleased at my way of answering; evidently she was prepared for a greater amount of surprise from me.

"Well, it's very natural that we should," she says sharply; "he's always running in and out our house. I'm not so sure that my lady likes it,"—and the conscious air she puts on makes me resolve to keep my own counsel—"but, as mother says, you can't expect to tie your sons to your apron-strings for ever. Sir Felix is growing a young man now, and he likes the society of girls, at least he likes ours. I think it is because we're none of us stuck-up"—I know this to be a home-thrust at me—"that we get on so well together. It's a pity you don't know him, Sylvia." (Shall I tell her that I do know him?) "If you like, some day when we're going for a walk, if I can, I'll ask you to go with us."

I feel furious with Lucy. I can hardly control my voice to say stiffly—

"Oh, thanks; pray don't trouble yourself on my account. I shouldn't in the least care for it," and as I speak I feel my face grow scarlet.

She bursts out laughing.

"Well, I wouldn't get red and angry. I suppose you hate the Deloraines as your father does. We think it's that that makes Sir Felix ask so many questions about you. I shall tell him that we went for a walk together, and the offer I made you. He has often wondered why you never went with us anywhere."

"Really, Lucy," I say, "I cannot see why we need make Sir Felix the one object of our conversation. Surely there are more interesting things to talk about."

"I'm not so sure of that," and she puts on a

significant smile ; "he and I are great *friends*, you know. I wrote to him last week—I told him I would. He ran in on his way to the station, and began saying he'd no one to tell him anything about Mallett when he was away. So I said, 'Shall I write you all the news?' and he *was* so pleased he said, 'Mind, everything about everybody;' so of course I must mention you. I don't think I did in my last letter, though I told him about the lame boy being so ill."

I am getting so indignant with Lucy, that I feel sure the sooner I can conveniently part from her the better it will be for our so-called friendship. The mention of Dumps serves as an excuse for me. I tell her that I must walk quicker, that I must hurry back, as he may want me.

"Dear me!" she exclaims, "what a deal you make of him. Father says he couldn't be more fussed over if it was Sir Felix you'd got with you."

"I really don't know if we should *fuss* over Sir Felix so much."

"That is because you don't know him. Sour grapes, my dear."

I walk on in silent dignity. Although I try to put the thought from me, I am wounded, vexed, ruffled that Sir Felix has seemingly kept our adventure to himself. In my present mood I am inclined to be suspicious, and disposed to fasten grievances on anybody, more especially anybody who pays attention to, and makes a correspondent of, Lucy Clarke. The ugly green-eyed monster jealousy has so far got the better of me that I distort everything I see. Upon the various topics started I can find little else to say than yes and no; and Lucy, satisfied that she has seriously vexed me, gives zest to her good-bye by adding—

"You're neither as amusing nor as good-tempered as you used to be, Sylvia. If you were never different from this afternoon, neither Sir Felix nor any other young man would want to know you."

Happily experience has not supplied me with ready sharp retorts, so with "I'm sorry that you should think that, Lucy," I turn away, and walk quickly up the road to our house.

Nurse has often said that, much as I resemble my mother, I have my father's spirit, and to-day I think I also inherit his temper. I go to my room, and take off my hat and jacket. Standing in front of the glass to smooth my hair, I regard my own

reflection as if it was my enemy. I carry my head high, walk as uprightly as if I had swallowed a poker, have a general air of combativeness, and the desire to contradict anything any one may say; and in this amiable mood I open the door of the room in which Dumps is lying on the sofa.

He must have been watching for me, listening to my footsteps, for before I have fairly entered I hear his bird-like voice saying excitedly—

"Via, Via, oh, come here; look—do," and then my eyes fall upon a good-sized box lying before him, filled with lovely sweet-smelling flowers. "Guess who they're from," he cries, holding up a separate bunch of Maréchal Niel roses. "These are for you,—now you know, don't you? 'For Via,' do you see? in his own writing; and look at the direction—'Marmaduke Willett, Esq.," and he hugs himself in the way he has when anything specially delights him.

I scan the direction critically; there is no doubt about the sender. It is Sir Felix's handwriting, round, very legible, something in the school-boy fashion. "For Via" is written more carefully. I am still contemplating the one and the other, when Dumps says—

"Mr. Carleton brought up the box—he stayed while I opened it. I think he was pleased, particularly when he saw the bunch of roses for you; he fancied there must be a letter there, and told me to look. Oh, I knew I shouldn't find one," he adds, in answer to the expression which has come into my face; "but then, he doesn't know us, how should he? That's how I like it to be, nobody understanding—only us three—you, Sir Felix, and me."

"Well, I'm glad you've settled it to your own satisfaction," says nurse, who has been keeping Dumps company. "If I was to give my opinion,

'The rose is red, the violet's blue,
Sugar's sweet, and so are you,'

or somethin' o' that sort, wouldn't ha' been out o' place with a nosegay. But, la me! young folks nowadays is such a set o' Methuselems."

"But you're thinking of sweethearts, nurse," says Dumps, slyly.

"So I reckon was the sender of them flowers."

And out of the corner of my eye I see her wagging her head in my direction. Not for worlds would I permit a smile to cross my face; on the

contrary, I draw myself up and put on my most dignified expression. And she, seeing that I am not pleased with her allusions, says, by way of smoothing my ruffled plumes—

"You two are both vastly set on the romantic rubbish you read of in story-books; but let me tell you there's nothin' told in tales that can't be dittoed in real life, and many a genteel family has had their quarrels set straight by a Romiet and Julyan love-makin', for all the world as surprisin' and far-fetched as that one that people pay for to see acted at the play."

Dumps screams with merriment over nurse's Shakespearian pronunciation. The dear old soul has a fashion in speech entirely her own—a way of misnaming things which no amount of pains will make her correct or alter. Then he catches sight of my face, and I see by the look exchanged between them that something of this has been discussed before I joined them.

"Via," he says, penitently, "you don't mind, do you?"

"What would be the good?" I answer, vainly trying to keep up my melting anger. "Yes, I *do* mind though, I'm not in a good temper; Lucy Clarke hasn't agreed with me. Until you're well, if nurse can't go, I won't go out with any of them again."

"And quite right too," says nurse, who has a decided antipathy to the Clarkes. "A set of forward misses, they always was and always will be; 'ceptin' it's the father, there ain't a pin's point to choose between them;" and once set off, she begins a long tirade on the various misdemeanours of the family, during which Dumps asks in a lowered voice—

"Did she say anything about Sir Felix?"

"She hardly talked of anything else."

A great exaggeration on my part, for she had talked of many other things.

"Did she know about our going there, and he coming here?"

"No," I say shortly.

"Perhaps he hadn't seen her."

"Oh yes, he had. He asked her to write to him, and that's how he knew you'd been ill."

The curtness of my voice betrays my displeasure. Dumps looks at me wistfully.

"But you're not vexed with him for not telling the Clarkes, are you? I should have thought it

quite right to leave it to you. How does he know what you may wish?"

"Oh, I don't know myself what I wish." Nurse has gone out of the room, and I can speak more freely. "I'm discontented—vexed. I'm in a bad humour—not nice."

"And I thought I'd such a surprise, such a pleasure for you; that seeing these flowers would give you the same happiness they have given me, that they would tell you that though he is away, he still thinks of us."

"What is the good of his thinking of us, or we of him?" My pent-up bitterness will have its way. "We're not to know each other, not to speak; to live like strangers. Better to have remained as we were."

"No, no. Now, Via, we've agreed about that."

"Because my lady dislikes papa, she must vent her displeasure on me, and that makes him angry, and he threatens all sorts of things, so that I am miserable. Why can't Sir Felix come here as well as go to the Clarkes? Why shouldn't we be friends without people thinking anything more?"

I forget that Dumps doesn't know of my lady's fears, or the suspicions I have of papa's motives.

"Now you're vexed because nurse and I made a little fun about you," says Dumps, sorrowfully; "it was all out of love too, because he's nicer than any one else, and there's nobody in the whole world as good as you are."

"I'm nothing of the kind," I say tearfully.

"There now, you want to argue with me."

"I'm a jealous, small-minded, conceited girl."

"Yes, and now you're trying to pick a quarrel."

"Oh, Dumps," I say, flinging my arm round his neck, "I have been in such a dreadful temper to-day; I can't think what's coming to me, even Lucy Clarke remarked on it."

"Then I should just have told her to hold her tongue, chattering magpie! But I can't help laughing at Sir Felix asking her to write to him, and tell him about everybody. If she tells him about everybody, she *must* tell him about you and me."

A burst of sunshine seems let in on my despair.

"I never thought of that," I say naively.

"Didn't you? I did though. Oh, he's as sharp as anything, but I don't bear her any ill-will, since 'twas through her these flowers came to me."

"They are lovely!" and I bury my nose in the sweet blossoms.

"And don't you remember telling him how you loved Maréchal Niel roses?"

I nod in reply, holding the dainty bunch while I examine each flower separately, and then say, somewhat irrelevantly, "I am glad you invented the name of Via for me, and that nobody calls me by it but you and he."

So the cloud which overshadowed me lifts. I am myself again, and anxious—as is my wont if ever I have been cross with her—to make amends to my dear old nurse. Leaving Dumps to arrange his own nosegay, I run off in search of her.

CHAPTER XVII.

NURSE and I never take long in making friends again. I snuggle my face into her comfortable fat neck and say—

"I'm so sorry that I was such a pettish, cross thing."

"You, my dear! why, when?"

"Just now. You'll forgive me, won't you? I know you were only teasing me a little."

She puts her hand under my chin, and gently pats my cheek.

"Ah, my dear," and she heaves a deep-drawn sigh, "perhaps there's more reason in that teasing than you dream of. As things was goin' I thought best to let bygones be bygones, but now I see no cause why you shouldn't know, that if all had gone as I humbly believe Providence meant it to—though they say that in the end everything works together for good—as sure as you stand there, your dear ma would ha' been Lady Deloraine by this time."

"My mother, nurse?"

"Your own sainted mother, my dear. That poor young Harold Deloraine who died—weak and sickly as they all was wantin' to make out he was—worshipped her, and 'twas through wantin' to see how money could be raised for him to marry her—for she hadn't a happy home, Sylvia—that they got mixed up with your pa; and then happened what has many a time come to pass before—the handsome face and the buttery tongue got the best of it, and talked her over, and poor Mr. Harold was given the go-by; but not without many a bitter heartache on her side, dear soul; and whether she'd

ever have given way, or wouldn't have come again to her proper senses—for your pa had regularly bewitched her, you may say—I can't tell; only all of a sudden there came to her brother—your grandfather and grandmother was 'dead then—one o' these 'nonymous letters tellin' the whole story—the meetin' in the woods, the correspondin' together, everything; and from that minute her fate was sealed. Their treatment was more like brutes than human beings, and she, who was that gentle that she wouldn't have hurt a fly, was driven from her home to seek shelter with—" Nurse pulls herself up—" Well, with your father, Sylvia—"

I am so amazed that I can only look at nurse. I cannot speak.

"That letter settled her doom," she continues, "and if the one who wrote it wasn't my lady, then the Lord forgive them that misjudge her."

"My lady," I gasp, "*this* lady? the present Lady Deloraine!"

"The one that's livin' now, and no other," says nurse solemnly; "'twould ha' been a poor job for her boy, though unborn then, if Mr. Harold had married and had a family, and had lived to enjoy 'em, which most like he would ha' done, poor broken-hearted young man. I heard that he took a vow he'd be revenged on his step-mother—he knew at whose door to lay the ruin of his hopes to—but I s'pose he hadn't got the spirit, for though some talk got about that he'd married out of his station, after his death nothin' more was heard of it."

"Poor fellow!" I say compassionately, moved by this tale of hapless love; "how sad!"

"Ah, my dear, it ought to read a lesson to you, how careful young girls should be in who they bestow their affections upon, the heart can't be satisfied with what only pleases the eye, or tickles the ear; it takes more to give happiness than a handsome face and a honied tongue."

I nod my head to show that I agree with her, and then an unbidden sigh comes, and I say a little dolefully—

"I often wonder, nurse, what love is like. I wish I had somebody who could tell me."

"Ah, child," she says, "that's a question which one day your own heart will answer—only take care it tells the truth to you, Sylvia; which it will do, if instead of fritterin' it away on the many, you guard it for the one."

"Yes; but supposing that one never comes, what are you to do then?"

"Keep true all the same—if you can't be constant to the flesh, be constant to your fancy. Nothing lowers a woman to herself so much, as feeling she must stoop to, not look up to a man."

There is a long pause, during which many thoughts go through my mind, until with another sigh I say—

"I don't think it's at all likely that I shall ever marry."

"Then I for one should like to know the reason why."

"Oh, there are many reasons; besides, I don't suppose it's at all likely that any one I cared to marry would care to marry me."

"Not care to marry you! Then, there we two differ in opinion, Sylvia. I shouldn't deem him worthy o' the name of man who wasn't proud to have the love of such as you in his keeping."

I hug her dear old brown hands close to me.

"You forget," I say, "everybody doesn't see me through your eyes."

"P'raps not; but, no matter how the views may differ, I take it the opinions we come to are all pretty much the same. There's your pa doats upon you; there's Dumps is ready to lie down on the ground and be walked over if 'twas to purchase you a minute's pleasure; and, 'pon my word, I don't know that soon Sir Felix will be so very far behind 'em. There's many—to go no further than Mallett—who'd twist note-writin' and nosegay-sendin' into a word that begins with L, and is spelt with four letters."

I want to reprove nurse, to seem to be angry with her; but somehow it is very difficult, and I have to wait an instant before I can put into my tone sufficient severity.

"Nurse, dear," I begin, "there are some things we ought never to joke about, even in fun, particularly as Sir Felix isn't at all likely ever to come here again."

"Not come here again! H'm!" she says significantly. "Well, I won't take the advantage of bettin' money with you, because it would be the same as helpin' myself from out your pocket; but when you've got over bein' so taken unawares at seein' him, p'raps you'll remember what I've said to you."

It is of no use to feign vexation which does not

exist; besides, her manner and the droll face she makes sets me laughing. I compromise the matter by giving her a shake and saying—

"You're a very naughty old thing, and I ought not to forgive you; but I do. You wouldn't say such things if you knew better. You don't know any more about love than I do—you never had a lover—had you?" for something in her look makes me ask the question.

"Never in your time, I haven't."

"But had you at any time? oh, nurse, tell me—do! How funny."

"Ah! isn't that the world all over?" and she gives a nod of her head. "You young folks think you ain't ever goin' to be old, and that we old ones could never have been young, but young I was, Sylvia; and funny as it may seem, I loved somebody, and that somebody loved me."

Already my arms are round her neck.

"It can never be funny for any one to love *you*," I say, "because everybody loves you, only—"

"I know, child;" and she hugs me to her, adding, "Dear me! 'tis years, I believe, since I gave a thought to him."

"You've forgotten him?" I say, disappointedly. "You didn't care for him really, then?"

She smiles as she looks down at me.

"Not thinkin' for years isn't forgettin' at sixty-three. He's always got a green place in my memory, and though others have asked me since, I've kept true to him for forty years."

"Forty years!" I repeat, "oh, what a long time ago."

"And yet, speakin' of it like this brings it all back as if 'twas but yesterday. His family was against our marryin', so we were forced to part. I went to service, and he went to sea. And the next thing I heard was that in a storm he was washed overboard, and never seen after."

"And didn't you ever see him again?"

"Never!" and after a little pause she goes on speaking as if to herself rather than to me, "It was the spring time of year, and the apple-trees were out in blossom, and I ran across the orchard that led out into Ash-tree Lane, where we'd fixed on he should be waitin' for me. It had been a stormy day, and every now and then a gust 'ud come that 'ud bring down the blossom 'til I was white with its leaves, and he kept takin' off one here and one there, as if for something to do—for

we was so full of havin' to bid good-bye, that we couldn't think of aught else to speak about. And I took out a sixpence with a hole in it, and he did the same by one he'd had drilled for me—and we exchanged 'em, and he tied his round his neck by a shoe-string. 'If I go to the bottom o' the sea,' he said, 'this shall go with me.' Ah, poor lad, he little thought how soon that was to happen to him. And as I walked home, cryin' my eyes out, I was sayin' the same thing that I'd be true to death, and that the sixpence should be buried with me. And here am I, forty years after, tellin' the tale—so it is—the one taken and the other left."

"Is that the little sixpence in your treasure box?" I ask. Being permitted to handle the contents of this box has been ever one of my highest rewards.

"The same, a bended one, because it was lucky."

"It didn't bring much luck to you, though," I say, sympathetically.

"I don't know that I can say that, my dear. I know what my life has been, I can't tell what might have happened to me. The sorrow was keen at the time, but its edge is blunted now, and I count more on the joys to come than the griefs that have been sent to me. In heaven we shall meet again. There won't be no marryin' nor givin' in marriage there; all will be peace and harmony."

"Yes," I say; but I cannot answer very heartily. To love—to grow old—to wait for forty years! oh, it seems to me so sad! I am roused by nurse speaking again.

"So when I am gone," she is saying, "you must see that sixpence is put in with me. 'Tis only a fancy, but 'tain't a wrong one, for he was a good, God-fearin' lad, and always went to his church regular."

"Yes," I murmur again, and then I bury my face in her lap; and after a few minutes she says—

"Why, you're cryin', Sylvia; dear tender heart, there ain't nothin' to cry for. I wouldn't ha' told you if I'd thought 'twould ha' made you sad."

"I'm not sad," I sob, "it isn't that; and I'm very glad you have told me, only it made me cry to think how long you had to wait."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE journey delayed by Dumps' illness has been made. My father has gone off on his business, and

has returned again. Last night I saw him just for a few minutes, this morning for barely more, so many things were needing his attention. But though only a few words were said, and those about common-place subjects, I saw that he was in his happiest humour, and that I might speak from my heart to him.

"What a shame that I'm hardly given time to look at you, papa. I did think I should get a glimpse while you had your breakfast."

"You'll have to put it into one big stare at dinner," he says laughingly.

"You'll be at leisure then?"

"Quite, I hope; and I invite you to bear me company."

"Papa, shall we make it a treat because you have come back?"

"Do. I'm willing to play the prodigal's part. You may even go so far as to kill the fatted calf for me, if it affords you any satisfaction."

"And Dumps—he must come too! Oh, we'll have such a nice evening, and a good dinner—everything you like, you'll see."

"Very well; that being settled, off with you. I must hear what news you have to tell later."

"News! don't be disappointed, there isn't any."

"Then you have seen nothing of Sir Felix? her ladyship's at home."

"Is she?" I say, faintly; "I didn't know."

"Perhaps she's here alone," says papa in such a natural way that I return, "Perhaps so," in the same manner.

Nurse has taught me that lesson, never to remind papa of anything he has said in his anger; "because," she said, "if you seem to forget it he may put it out of his mind too, but if you blow at a flame it's bound to burn up again."

"Ah," he continues, "I dare say she's beginning to feel as I do—that sleepy old Mallett suits her better than the noise and racket of London. That wasn't always my idea, but we get more humdrum as we get older."

He is picking up the letters and papers that he means to take with him. "Papa," I say, warningly, "haven't I told you before that it's I am growing older—each year *you* are to be one year less?"

"You'll have to repeat that very often to me, I'm afraid, Sylvia; or I shall most certainly forget it, and fall into the mistake of thinking I'm already an old fogey."

"An old fogey!" I repeat to myself, as I watch him out of the room, "you'll never look one;" and, indeed, I may well feel proud of his still handsome presence, it is that which I admire more than his face, the expression of which does not always please me. Still, when he chooses he can look, and can be, fascinating enough for me to easily understand the charm he had for my mother. Dear mother! Oh, but I must not begin dreaming over her now, I have more material things to attend to. I must seek for nurse and instruct her about the dinner. She is our housekeeper, and provides everything for us, so I tell her that we must have only the dishes that papa very much cares for to-day, and all extra good—a real proper feast, like a birthday; and then Dumps has to be found, and I tell him that my lady is back, and perhaps Sir Felix, although as to that papa did not know. This gives rise to many speculations, discussing which we go into the garden to choose the flowers we will have to dress the table. Of these there is no lack now. In leafy June, the month of roses, our garden can hold its own proudly. Everything that stands on the ground, along by the old abbey wall, "is bound to blossom free, from being in the eye of the sun," the gardener will tell you; so it is to that long strip, ending in the ancient over-arched gate—with the iron-barred peephole, its shutter door long broken from it—that Dumps and I turn our attention. We are both in the mood that throws care to the winds, and are bubbling over with spirits, and foolishness, and laughter. Dumps has the most wonderful taste and eye for colour. I know that his arrangement will completely put mine into the shade, but I am bent on teasing him by the choice of violent contrasts, and insist that yellow must go next to blue, and that green is complimentary to red. And something, I don't know what, leads us to speak of his old home; of "grandfather," whom I know perfectly well now; and of the flowers that grew in the garden, some of them planted by Dumps' mother—a rosemary bush and some lavender. And speaking of his mother makes me speak of mine, and I repeat to him—for confiding things to Dumps is not like telling anybody—the romance which nurse on the previous day had told to me. I don't think that he says all that he feels; because saying too much in sympathy with poor Mr. Harold might seem like reproaching papa to me, but I see that he feels for him all the same. "It sounds odd," he says, "doesn't

it, listening to stories like that about your parents whom you've never seen, or, if so, can't rightly remember?"

"Yes; but it's easier to think about with those who are gone, than with those left to you. I can always fancy my mother young."

"She was young, too, wasn't she, when she died? Like my mother, who had her love-story as well. Grandfather told me it one day. 'She wasn't over happy,' he said, 'because she cared for my father more than he did for her; though she was pretty and strong, and he was sickly and weak, like me.' I couldn't understand it all, because grandfather was bound to secrecy in a way he didn't approve of, but I shall know more about it one day because there's a letter left, not to be opened until after I'm eighteen, then he was to give it to me; but when he knew he couldn't get better, he gave it to me then, and told me to keep it sealed as it was, and secure till the proper time, but not to show it or speak about it to anybody, and I haven't except to you."

I smile at the pleasure his confidence gives me. "We can trust each other," I say, "can't we? Oh, but it is nice to be real friends," and on this we look up, and there, straight before us, looking through the little grating, is a face. "Oh!" we both cry, coming to a sudden standstill, for we see that it is Sir Felix.

"Like the Peri at the gates of Paradise," says Dumps, who is always ready with poetical allusions; and this makes us smile in spite of ourselves, for really there is something ridiculous in the situation. Only Sir Felix's face is visible through the grating, the door hides his body.

"I couldn't help stopping to look in," he says, ruefully; "and then just as I was going on I heard you, and I've been listening to your voices ever so long before you came in sight. Now, what are we to do? it isn't possible that you don't mean to speak to me."

"I mean to speak to you," says Dumps heartily, "if it's only to tell you how happy you made me by sending those flowers."

"Did Via get her bunch?"

He is speaking to Dumps, but looking at me.

"My mother knows," he says—and this time he addresses me—"that I intend to ask you to at least acknowledge me, not to pass each other like the strangers we were before."

Glad as I am at his wish, I feel sorry for my lady, who, I am certain, has suffered if she has had to give way, but swift on this comes the recollection of nurse's story, and I try to deaden my pity by rousing my sense of injury, and this is what I say—

"I hope you enjoyed receiving Lucy Clarke's letters?"

"Well, yes, I did," he answers, as I think rather shamefacedly.

"You didn't ask her to write because you thought if she told you about *everybody* she'd tell you about V—, *us*," says Dumps. I look for something handy that I may brain that boy, but nothing being near, I give him a look that is meant to annihilate him.

"Here, you be careful, old fellow," says Sir Felix, "or they'll be spreading it abroad that you can prophesy."

"Oh, you're a sharp one," laughs Dumps; "but I saw through you."

"You didn't see through the letter, did you?"

"If he had," I say, seizing my opportunity, "he would have seen how dull I'd grown, and what a bad temper I had."

"Yes; what did she mean by that?" Sir Felix falls at once into the trap. "I couldn't understand her."

"Well, really," I say, "I think I gave her cause, for I don't know why I was so disagreeable that afternoon, only that sometimes I have anything but an amiable temper."

"You haven't an amiable temper now, or you wouldn't keep me on this side of the door." Involuntarily my hands are drawing the bolts, but the door open, I still stand on the threshold. "You know I want you to come in," I say, "and as my father, I believe, would not object, there is no reason why I should not ask you to; but your mother——?"

"Well, I do believe that she's beginning to give way a little, I noticed it before we came down; she's been very unwell while we've been away, suffering, as she does, with her nerves—horribly."

"Oh then, on no account let her have the slightest worry because of me; that would be very selfish in us both."

"That's what I like in you, Via, you're such a dear, good girl, so straightforward and simple; quite different to any of the other girls I know."

"Oh!" I say, by way of disowning his flattery, although I confess it delights me.

"I told my mother exactly what you were."

"Yes; and what did she say?"

"Well, not much then; but the day before yesterday, quite suddenly, she began asking questions about you, and I fancy she was going to say more, when one of her fits of crying seized her; that's her way, she calls it her nerves. It makes me feel miserable about her."

"Oh, but you must try to comfort her all you can, and do everything you can think of for her."

"I do," he says earnestly, "and that's why I want her to know you; I'm certain you'd get on with her. See how soon I took to you. Oh, you may laugh, but it's true. I'm always thinking about you now."

I don't think either of us notice that Dumps has strolled away; indeed, I believe for the time we have forgotten everybody but ourselves.

"Those roses you sent me lasted such a time." This is by the way of saying something apropos. "They don't look at all withered now, they have their colour still."

So have I, the minute after I have spoken, feeling, as I do, that I have betrayed to him that I am treasuring his flowers. But if he guesses my secret he shows mercy to me, for he only tells me how he chose each one, and made the bunch up himself, and tied the little label on it.

"And did something else to each of the roses too," he adds; "but I mustn't tell you what, or perhaps you'll be angry."

I try not to guess what; but a thought that comes into my head makes me grow even redder than before, and I'm not sure that in Sir Felix's cheeks the colour does not grow deeper.

"I think we must say good-bye," I say, holding out my hand.

"I shall tell my mother that I have seen you, and what I have said. It is too hard that because she and your father don't like each other—though I can't make out why, nor does she seem able to tell me—that we two are to consider ourselves enemies. I tell her the age of hereditary quarrels is over. It isn't as if she disliked you; indeed, she doesn't do that—she says so." He sees that what he tells me gives me pleasure. "Oh, I believe it will soon come right now, and then we'll have such jolly walks."

"And rides," I say, "we might. Papa has offered to get a horse for me."

"I say! and in the winter there'll be skating. I shall teach you, mind—no one else."

"There isn't any one else to do so."

"Oh, I'm not so sure of that. Well, good-bye," and we shake hands again, and he is going to turn when I remember Dumps. "Oh, but there is Dumps, where is he?"

We turn to see him at the other end of the flower-border. "Hi!" calls Sir Felix. Dumps hurries towards us. "You're a nice sort of chap to go wandering off. What do you mean by it, eh?" and he puts his hands on the little fellow's shoulders as if he would like to hug him with gratitude.

"Well, you know, I like having Via all to myself, and I thought it just possible you might like the same."

"Only stick to those principles, Dumps, and life will be a blessing to you."

"To you, you mean," and he gives Sir Felix a poke with the top of the short crutch he carries.

"Come now," I say, "you really must go;" and for the third time we shake hands, and even then he goes reluctantly, and I fasten the gate, and with my arm round Dumps' neck we set our faces to the grating and watch him out of sight.

When I tell Dumps about my lady he is as pleased as I am.

"Sir Felix seemed overjoyed," I say. I little know then the stormy scenes he has gone through, the declarations his mother has made that no power on earth should make her receive me. If I guess that all has not, in the first place, gone smoothly, it is because of the explanation he has given—that "she often says a great deal more than she ever remembers after, because these nervous people live at such high pressure!" I can only hope it will be the same with papa. If he can forget his schemes and ideas of revenge, I shall be as happy as the days are long. My heart is as light as a bird's, close to it there is a murmuring of sweetness like a bird's song—a sense of being possessed of a new-found joy. I want every one to be as gay as I am, and I laugh until nurse calls me a "downright giglet," and gives the warning—"Mind now that this don't end in a cry."

At dinner, papa is in his happiest humour; he softens his voice to Dumps as he does to me, and

gives our dear little friend courage to show himself the bright merry spirit he is. I see that papa is surprised at some of the things he says, and the exchange of looks he makes with me, tells me that he is not displeased at the discovery. I have determined not to wait for questions to be put, so I say quite coolly, "We saw Sir Felix to-day, he caught sight of us through the Abbey-gate, and stopped."

"Oh!" the communication does not produce any visible surprise or pleasure. "And what had he to say?" asks my father, as if he thinks that perhaps some further interest is expected to be shown by him.

"He told us my lady had been ill."

"Oh, she's been ill, has she?" I prick up my ears at the change in his voice; perhaps he sees that I do so, for, resuming his indifferent tone, he adds—"I'm afraid Time is a great leveller, he doesn't spare fine ladies any more than hard-worked lawyers. What has been the matter—did he say?"

"It's her nerves."

"Oh, her nerves, is it? that's a very fashionable complaint in the present day. You'll have to cultivate nerves, Sylvia, if you ever intend to become a somebody."

"I consider myself a somebody now," I say. "I am your little Sylvia," and I stretch out a hand to him, "and Dumps is my friend," and the other hand I give to him.

The dessert has been put upon the polished mahogany table in the old fashion. We have taken our favourite chairs, and drawing nearer together, are lolling at our ease in the new fashion. My father gives a little squeeze to my hand, and looking kindly at Dumps, who is patting the one he has hold of, he says—

"I don't think then there is anything about which we can complain."

"I don't," says Dumps, "I am too happy. I have everything I want here."

"That is right," says papa heartily, "I am very glad to hear you say so. Cultivate the taste for small enjoyments making you happy, Dumps; it is the best recipe for contentment that I know."

"I'm always thinking how good it was of you to bring me here," and Dumps' beautiful eyes overflow with gratitude as he turns them on my father. For a minute papa does not speak, and then he says—

"Well, what could wealth, and even an estate and a title, give more than happiness?"

"It often doesn't give that."

"True; rank and happiness and riches seldom go hand-in-hand together."

"But, papa, Dumps is rich. He has £200 a year."

"The millionaire! and, by the bye, that eighteenth birthday of yours must be near when you're to become manager of your own property."

"In a very few days now; and after that, Mr. Carleton, am I able to make a will?"

"Make a will—why?"

"Because I want everything I have to belong to Via."

"You dear," I say, not that this rouses very much gratitude in me; but it is quite different with my father, he gets up and looks out of the window—his habit when anything touches him. Coming back, he lays his hand on Dumps' head.

"My boy," he says, "I believe I am best carry-

ing out the wishes of those who were nearest to you in doing what I am doing, although that is not my sole motive. It is my great desire that you should have everything you want to make your life happy."

"It couldn't be more so. Every one is so kind, and I love Via dearly."

"So do I, Dumps; and never forget that either. Whatever unforeseen thing should turn up, always recollect that Sylvia was dearer to me than anything or anybody else."

* * * * *

And when the time came to say good-night, I whispered in his ear—

"Oh, papa, be always as you are now, and we should be so happy."

"Ah," he sighed, "if that could be!—But to-morrow all the old desires, and heart-burnings, and ambitions will be back again."

Ah! he little thought what else that morrow would bring.

(To be continued.)



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THE MUSEUM POLDI-PEZZOLI.

A TREASURE-HOUSE IN MILAN.

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE in his *Gospel of Wealth* bids his rich co-brethren found libraries, parks, gardens, and museums for the benefit of their less favoured human brothers. Instances of gifts of the earlier class are not rare; those of the last less numerous. Not that it requires more riches to found a museum than to endow a library, but collectors have a fondness for leaving their accumulations to their heirs rather than to mankind at large. An exception to this rule is found in the Cavaliere Gian Giacomo Poldi-Pezzoli, member of an old Milanese patrician family. Dying in 1879, he left to his native city for the public use his splendid apartment, and funds to maintain it; an apartment which in the course of years of intelligent research and purchase had become a very South Kensington Museum on a smaller but no less perfect scale. The history of its inception deserves recording, the more so as it reflects glory upon a woman. Don Gian Giacomo Poldi-Pezzoli, an only son, was deprived of his father at a tender age. To his mother, Donna Rosa, therefore befell the task of rearing and training him. A woman of rare intelligence, a member of the old patrician Milanese family of Trivulzio, noted for centuries as patrons and connoisseurs of art, she deemed that in those days of Italian degradation under a stranger's rule, she could not better educate her son to high ideals and refined feelings, than by fostering in him that appreciation for the beautiful which was a heritage from his maternal ancestors. She consequently surrounded him with lovely things; she drew around her the best painters and sculptors of the day; she illustrated the boy's lessons with the artistic objects to be found in his grandfather's rich collection.

It was in 1835 that this young widow commissioned the Florentine Bartolini, that "prince of modern sculptors," as he has been called, to model for her a statue representing Faith in God, to which the young widow herself appended a touching inscription, that reveals how her pious, noble

soul sought consolations beyond this world. The figure, of pure classical proportions, represents a young woman kneeling in prayer. Ten years after, Donna Rosa intrusted the same artist with an order to execute for her a statue of Pyrrhus precipitating Astyanax from the High Tower of Priam. This work, which brought to its zenith the fame of the sculptor, also formed the nucleus of the present Museum Poldi-Pezzoli, which, originating under such auspices, foreshadowed from its birth of what nature it would become. For both Gian Giacomo and his mother belonged to that best and most intelligent class of amateurs who desire not only to preserve the noble art works of the past, but also encourage and stimulate the production of art works in their own time. There is nothing that shows more æsthetic narrow-mindedness and the lack of real artistic appreciation, than to draw the line at a certain epoch or date, and to assert that after it no art has been or can be. What human hands and brains have done, human hands and brains can do, and the diverse note each age gives to its own art is only the more interesting and valuable.

It was then from such intelligent beginnings that the Museum Poldi-Pezzoli grew to its present choice condition, in which is found nothing that is not of value, be it for its intrinsic merit, be it for its antiquity or the rarity of the object. For many years, however, the Milanese knew nothing of this collection that was growing up in their midst. They only heard from time to time that the Cavaliere Poldi had been paying a large sum to the antiquary Bastini for some priceless antiquity; that artists much frequented the palace. It was the owner's dream that only when all should be complete he would freely open his doors to the public and enjoy together with them his treasures. Before this dream could be realized he died, leaving as his last will that the rooms should be finished according to his designs and then be unclosed to the world. This was done under the active administration of the

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Cavaliere's friend, the excellent Lombard painter Giuseppe Bertini, and a few years ago the museum was opened to the world at large with an impressive ceremony.

Let us take a survey of these splendid rooms, a survey that must, alas! be most superficial, owing to our limits of space. And here, before all else, a general remark. What forms the peculiarity and in some sense the charm of this museum is that its treasures are not ranged, as is usual in public galleries, according to categories and archæological order. We find ourselves here in a dwelling-house in which art took its proper position as decoration and embellishment, hence we are saved that sense of fatigue, that cacophony of colour, that monotony of arrangement inevitable in public museums. A sense of homogeneity pervades the whole, for though a noble eclecticism distinguishes the choice of objects made by the founder, nevertheless the prevailing influence of one mind, one taste, is felt. This gives a reposeful character to the entire collection, and enhances the pleasure of a visit.

It is by the Via Morone that we enter the Palazzo Poldi-Pezzoli, which fronts the Via Alessandro Manzoni. Traversing an atrium whose pavement encloses a fine piece of Roman mosaic, we reach the staircase, an elegant pile in which the fancies and love of splendour of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries have had full play in bronze and gilt ironwork, in statues, stucco, and decorative landscapes. An ante-room conducts us into the so-called "Yellow Room," adorned with rococo chandeliers. Here, in contrast to the stairs, where frown some of the strange gilt portraits of the Friar Galpario, a painter who of late has come much in vogue, we find the pictures of modern Lombard artists. A vast glass cupboard filled with Japanese and Chinese porcelain, which divides mid-way, forms the passage from this room to the Sala Dorata. This, the veritable temple of the house, was not completed until after the founder's death. Undoubtedly it will remain for all time as a monument of high-class decorative art in nineteenth-century Italy. Were it not so harmonious in tone, its wealth of colour, of contents, would bewilder. This oblong room, with its richly-carved gilt ceiling, receives its light from the peaceful enclosed garden of the inner court by means of a large vaulted tripartite window, in itself a marvel of rich marbles and bronze reliefs. On the walls hang costly

tapestries and ancient stuffs; excellent carvings decorate doors, cupboards, and furniture; glass cases contain treasures of enamel, bronze, glass, ivory, gold, and jewelry; while ranged on easels about the room are masterpieces of art. From the inlaid floor to the carved mantelpiece and wide open fireplace, the whole room breathes the best taste of the Renaissance, and forms a rich concord of colour and beauty "such as a Trovatore might have dreamed of at the court of the Sforzas." Reluctantly we must renounce the pleasure of even enumerating the treasures congregated in this golden room, golden in every sense. A word or two, however, as to some of the pictures. First let us glance at the *Virgin and Child*, by Botticelli, a charming panel presenting all the characteristics of that imaginative master; the graceful but slightly lachrymose Madonna he so much affects, the pretty chubby baby, holding in his hand the implements of his future martyrdom, concerning which he is expounding to his mother from an open book with an expression full of anxiety and awe. A fine portrait by Foppa, a rare Brescian master, modelled with strength and vigour, also deserves attention before we pass to what may be called the gem of the room, a female portrait, painted in tempera by Piero della Francesca. (See page 556.)

As a rule this artist devoted himself to decorative work, on a largish, somewhat precise, and cold scale. The few portraits that exist from his brush are of a pitiless precision of truthful detail. From the precepts of the medallionists of the Renaissance, he had taken the habit of representing his sitters in strict profile, the most trying of all positions, and he handles them with a minute conscientiousness that pardons no natural defects. Fortunately in the wife of the Florentine banker Giovanni de' Bardi, he had a less ungrateful model than in his famous portraits of Federigo d'Urbino and Battista Sforza. She is not, strictly speaking, a beauty, this girl-wife; but she is young and full of tender charm, her carnations are pure, her colouring harmonious. The portrait is painted in that full-light method which some artists imagine is the discovery of our latter days, *l'école plein air*, as represented by Bastien Lepage, and other French masters. The background is an open sky, of a blue that recalls "the light that never was on land or sea," uplifting the whole from a too minute and cruel realism into the region of romance.

THE MARRIAGE OF ST. CATHERINE.

From the picture by BERNARDINO LUINI in the POLDI-PEZZOLI MUSEUM.

Full of sweet graciousness, the keynote of his work, is the *Marriage of St. Catherine*, by Luini, that amiable master whose creations we can only see at their best in Lombardy. The present picture probably dates from his youth, and is not free from a certain stiffness in movement and lines, but it enchants notwithstanding by its noble grace, the refined treatment of its theme.

A startling contrast to the Sala Dorata is the next apartment, known as the Sala Nera (the Black Room). Here all the walls are of ebony, a most original decoration, imparting to the whole room a peculiar sheen, of which the like is not familiar to us in any other place. The work is modern, and due to Milanese artists and wood-carvers, but the endeavour has been to reproduce the character of the sixteenth century. It is faulty in the sense that it is overladen with detail such as the good times of art never permitted. Further, carvings in such high relief are surely out of place on doors and window-

frames when placed in a living house. We cannot forget that there they must run the danger of breakage, and this thought hinders our enjoyment. Still for all these defects the impression made by the room taken as a whole is solemn. Very fitting to the framework are the pictures that decorate it. Chief among them is a Flemish altarpiece in five compartments, ascribed to the blacksmith Quentyn Matsys, whose rich glowing colours stand out well from the black background of the walls. Beneath it stands a cabinet also of ebony, a rich Florentine work of the seventeenth century, inlaid with *pietre dure*, silver, ivory, and chiselled bronzes. It is this room that harbours Bartolini's statue "La fiducia in Dio." Of pictures too it can show some treasures, all more or less in solemn style, as is fitting to the surrounding. As pendants on each side of another rich cabinet, this time of Venetian workmanship, are two long narrow panels respectively by Luca Signorelli and Borgognone. They

THE BED-CHAMBER, POLDI-PEZZOLI MUSEUM.
With a portrait of the CAVALIERE GIAN GIACOMO POLDI-PEZZOLI.

the lagoons about the time this work was painted. The naïveté, the elegance of design, the beauty of the little landscape in the background, all deserve to be noted.

There are three other works by this interesting painter in the Poldi-Pezzoli Museum, one an *Ecc Homo* so sublime in expression and bearing, as well as so grand in treatment, that we might take it to be by Leonardo da Vinci himself, to whom indeed some of his pictures have sometimes been erroneously assigned.

The next room, the bed-chamber of the late owner of all these riches, is perchance the least satisfactory room of the series. It was the Cavaliere Gian Giacomo's intention that it should represent the baroque style, the florid and incongruous

ST. MARY MAGDALENE.

By LUCA SIGNORELLI, in the POLDI-PEZZOLI MUSEUM.

depict those two favourite themes of painters, Mary Magdalene and St. Catherine, saints who have given the impetus to many an artistic creation. Here they are treated rather in a decorative than pictorial spirit, but do not on that account lose in charm. Of exquisite beauty, though not free from the mannerism that distinguished its author, is another St. Catherine, by Andrea Solari,¹ a follower of Leonardo da Vinci, of whom our own National Gallery possesses two splendid portraits. It is hard to know what to admire most in this picture, the devotional expression of the saint or the perfect harmony of the colouring, which recalls the palettes of the best Venetian painters, from whom no doubt the artist learnt much, for he lived in the city of

ST. CATHERINE.

By BORGOGNONE, in the POLDI-PEZZOLI MUSEUM.

¹ Reproduced on page 564.

ornamentation that distinguished the seventeenth century. The repetition of so much elaborate and detailed carving on a small scale becomes fatiguing, and seems especially out of place in a bedroom, a room intended for repose. But beauties are not lacking even here. Some of the carving, especially that about the bed, is quite exquisite. It is here that hang the portraits of the owner and of his mother, painted respectively by Bertini and Molteni, revealing all the refinement of nature we should expect to find in persons of such artistic instincts.

The bedroom leads to the Gabinetto Dante, so called because throughout the character of the thirteenth century has been preserved, and because the themes painted on ceiling, walls, and stained-glass windows depict scenes from Alighieri's divine poem, incidents from his life and those of his contemporaries. This cabinet contains one of the choicest, most perfect collections it is possible to find of Venetian glass, many still preserving their original gold and silver mountings. Hence we pass into three further rooms, that form the Pincothek proper of the house. What masses of treasures they contain! No big picture, it is true, whose fame is European, but choice examples of rare and famous artists, exquisite specimens of the art work of above all the Lombard school in the days of its greatest glory. Thus, for instance, some of the most perfect examples of that little-known painter, Giovanni Antonio Beltraffio, specimens of whose works are not frequent. He may be called the nobleman among artists, there is so aristocratic a distinction about his style. Indeed he was by birth member of an ancient noble

family, and we can read to this day on his tomb how in his youth he was debarred from seriously prosecuting his studies as an artist. He must certainly have made good use of his time when he was let loose from leading-strings, for we learn that he was much employed in public duties after he arrived at manhood. He died when only forty-nine years of age, and he has left a fair amount of art work behind him, and all of excellent proficiency. An exquisite Madonna and Child preserved in the Poldi-Pezzoli Museum is handled in a manner worthy of Leonardo himself. The pupil has even caught the master's mode of depicting the Virgin, that peculiar supernatural sexless expression which seems to remove the Madonnas of da Vinci from too gross contact with earth. The Infant Jesus, who bends forward to pick up a flower, might have escaped from out the very *Vierge aux Rochers* itself, that treasure of the Louvre. A few steps brings us to another gem, the work of yet another master rarely seen out of his native land and native district of Venice, namely, Antonio Vivarini. Apart from the fact that this artist's

HEAD OF A SAINT.

By LORENZO COSTA, in the POLDI-PEZZOLI MUSEUM.

(See page 564.)

work signalizes an interesting moment in the story of fifteenth-century Venetian art, he is attractive on his own account. It is known now that he was in intimate relation with a painter of the Cologne school familiar in Italy as Johannes Altmannus, and it is curious to note how the exotic methods of his German friend influenced the Italian. We see this notably in the *Madonna Enthroned*. The Gothic character of the throne, as well as the blonde hair of the Madonna, are quite un-Italian in feeling and design. Equally perceptible, though more pervaded with southern

CORONATION OF THE MADONNA.
By ANTONIO VIVARINI, *in the* POLDI-PEZZOLI MUSEUM.

grace, is this character in the *Coronation of the Madonna*, a delightful composition whether as regards sentiment or delicacy of treatment.

Palmo Vecchio, Carpaccio, Francia, Crivelli, Mantegna, Perugino, Fra Bartolommeo, and others, are all names of grace to be found in this gallery, names and pictures over which we fain would linger, but, alas! time and space forbid. Yet over one we cannot do else than abide a while. It is an amiable earnest face, full of tender yearning, of beauteous and noble thought, the portrait we should have said of one of the artist's contemporaries, and we scarcely expect to see it catalogued as *Head of a Saint*. Its author is Lorenzo Costa, a Ferrara artist, of whom our National Gallery has a good but not first-rate example, a painter whose compositions are marked by warmth and richness of colour, whose figures are full of tenderness and devout resignation, owning a grace that recalls Perugino, while less constrained in action and more individual in character than those of that painter. In this amiable canvas, realism is singularly mitigated by a sense of beauty, the whole has a character of elegance and refinement that makes it of all epochs and none.

Into the library of the Palazzo, also bequeathed to the town of Milan by its generous collector, we will not even pass, though its rare Aldines, its precious manuscripts, its choice editions, its bibliophile treasures, would each and all tempt us to linger. We want to say yet a word about the armour collection, one of the richest, if not the richest, of its kind in Italy. In the Middle Ages the city of Milan was famed for its broadswords, and those signed with her arms, the she-wolf, were highly prized. To this day the names of some of the old streets of the Lombard capital recall the times of the ancient handicraft practised in their precincts, such as Armajuoli, Spaderi, Sponari, Penacchieri. To-day most of these treasures are rusted, lost, broken; still enough remains to mark the old days of glory. The Poldi-Pezzoli Museum boasts of armour specimens, no less than 1128 pieces, partly of Milanese, partly of Oriental origin. Indeed the collection may be said to commence with the Græco-Sicilian bronzes, and to end with the swords of the Napoleonic era; from the weapons that Greek art made beautiful and those which made the Roman victories formidable, to the murderous horrors of the Middle Ages, with their

ST. CATHERINE OF THE WHEEL.

By ANDREA SOLARI, in the POLDI-PEZZOLI MUSEUM.

"morning stars" and falchions, down to our own less æsthetic but more precise instruments of legal murder. Every species of defensive arms is here seen, while the whole is arranged with no less sense of beauty than distinguishes the products of the more gentle arts of peace and culture. The large

their beauty, their original ghastly purpose and nature.

And herewith we must perforce close our too rapid survey of this aristocratic treasure-house, wishing for our readers that their good fate may some day take them to the old city of Milan, and

ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA.

By FRANCIA, in the POLDI-PEZZOLI MUSEUM.

room that harbours them, the largest in the house, is built and decorated after the style of a Gothic mediæval castle hall; and here along the walls and in forms of trophies are ranged the steel and iron treasures, forming thus an *ensemble* so pleasing to the eye that we almost forget, over

that then they can with their own eyes see all the beauties we have named and the innumerable beauties we have perforce been obliged to leave unnoted.

HELEN ZIMMERN.¹

¹ I desire to thank the Curator of the Poldi-Pezzoli Museum, Signor Cavaliere Giuseppe Bertini, for the kind courtesy with which he permitted me to reproduce the pictures printed in this article.—H. Z.

QUITE ANOTHER STORY.

A SEQUEL TO 'VERY YOUNG.'

Jean Hutton

IV.

REASONS FOR GRATITUDE.

ANDREW reached home by the last train on Saturday. He had remained as long as possible, for he had been made welcome; had good accounts from home, and his mother's notes especially made it manifest that she wanted him to stay away as long as he would.

He soon observed that matters were not exactly as he had left them; for, in the first place, his aunt was much more pleasant, and sympathetic too, in her behaviour to his mother than she had been, and then Tom looked pinched and pallid. He was a brave young fellow, and made few complaints; but it was more evident now, not only that he was an invalid, but that he was to continue one.

Andrew walked home after the morning service and the sermon of the missionary-bishop with his aunt. He remarked that his mother looked pale and seemed low.

"She has seen Tom," said Mrs. Hitchcock.

"She knows, then?"

"Mr. Wise had not heard that she meant to be pushed on her sofa into his room. I hear he said afterwards that if he had known he should not have prevented it."

"Poor mother!"

"Tom was very much agitated. But she—Tom had been dressed up in that handsome blue dressing-gown that you sent, and he was lifted a little on the thing you sent, so that he was not lying flat—but she, after she had given him one long look, did not want telling anything. She managed to be quite calm. She always had great courage and self-control, but she could not speak. Mr. Wise presently came up rather in a hurry, and Tom seeming faint, he got her moved out of the room, and stayed with the poor fellow.

"I came up to her room a few minutes after. She was trembling and crying, but quite quietly. 'I know it's the spine,' I heard her say. Tom's nurse was supporting her, and she said, instead of answering, 'The Lord comfort you, ma'am.'"

Andrew was rather young, and may have been excused if he was glad and thankful to find that, at any rate, it could not now devolve on him to tell his mother that her fine, clever, and healthy son was never to walk or even to stand again.

Tom, Mrs. Hitchcock said, rather went back when he found how shocked his mother was; it seemed to take down his courage and composure; it brought his misfortune more vividly before him.

Antoinette, with little Martin, had joined them, and on hearing this last speech Andrew made an answer which disappointed and vexed both her and her mother to such a degree that they scarcely cared to conceal their feelings.

"I dare say he is often very dull," said Andrew, "and I've been away for some days; so, if you'll excuse my absence, aunt, at luncheon, I'll have my lunch with him."

This proposition was received by both the ladies in dead silence. It would have been impressive if he had noticed it, but as he did not, it fell flat. And yet, perhaps, Andrew might have been made to see what he had done if footsteps had not been heard following, and little Mrs. Ford, the vicar's wife, had not joined them, slightly out of breath and very much out of countenance. "They were going to entertain the bishop, of course, and his chaplain at their early dinner; but their dining-room was so very small, and a dear old clergyman had walked in from the town with both his sons; and—it was a long walk—"

"Oh, do let me turn back with you and beg them to come on to us!" exclaimed Andrew. "And, aunt, will you be so very kind when you get in as to give orders that four or five extra places shall be laid?"

"You always seem to be having deputations," said Andrew, as they turned back.

"Yes; and of course we like so far as we can to entertain them."

"Oh, I was not taking the liberty of asking you to send them on to me; but if you liked, as your dining-room is small, to send two or three of your

own boys to me, I should think it very kind and friendly. Would you, for instance, to-day like to keep your old missionary friend, and send us some of your own boys and his too?"

"Oh, I should!" exclaimed Mrs. Ford.

Andrew came back with five youths, and little Martin at his heels.

There was abundance of tuck, as they would have phrased it, on the table; and no guest of sufficient consequence to make him feel that he must needs be present. He found Tom in his blue dressing-gown, a white tie, his hair brushed, and his room decorated with certain plants in pots, which Callender had sent up from the greenhouses.

"I'm going to have a drawing-room," said Tom. "I always do on a Sunday; but you don't know of it, because you are at lunch. Those who have been to church have their best clothes on—Callender comes in his shiny black suit, and the cook in her black silk gown; so that it is a convenient time. I say, And, I've been thinking that in some respects I'm lucky after all—I might be much worse off."

Andrew was sitting by a window. He turned towards Tom quite astonished.

A knock at the door.

"Come in, Mrs. Murphy," said Tom.

In marched the stout cook. She approached the bed, and he shook hands with her.

"And was ut a blanc-mange that ye was asking for, sor, and wanted it ut once? It's meself could have cried, but ye should have known."

"Oh," said Tom, "Mrs. Blount told me afterwards that it could not be made in a hurry."

"Bring ut in, Terence, me son!" she exclaimed, and at the same moment, catching sight of the young master, she made him a sweeping curtsy, and the footman came in with a tray, and on it one of the biggest shapes of blanc-mange ever seen. "Is ut everything av the best his honour would have me bestow on ye? Sure the crame av ut would stand upright."

"It looks jolly," said the schoolboy.

"And flavoured ut I did wid—wid—but I'll say no more."

"For fear of Mrs. Blount?" asked Tom. "And how do I look, do you think? I ought to get fat considering the lots of prog you send me up."

"Ye look an angel in your new dressing-gown—an angel and no less."

"I say," exclaimed Tom, "you don't expect me to eat the whole of this, and all the apricot jam round it as well? It must have taken a good while to make it."

A motherly look came into the cook's face.

"Ah, honey," she said, "it's wishin' I am that the hight av good atein' could bring ye back again as ye was before, an' that's the livin' truth, though there was the squintin' av me, and the chevyin' av the cats. But there! ye know ut!"

Thereupon the cook departed, and another knock announced Mr. Callender.

Mr. Callender was in a full suit of black, and Mr. Saunders followed close on his heels, the latter having brought up china and glass for the meal. Mr. Callender paid his compliments, and in spite of the presence of the young master, thought it his duty, especially as it was Sunday, to throw a moral and religious tone over his remarks.

"It's a dispensation, sir, so 'tis; but you're waited on like a king, and a fat sorrow's better than a lean sorrow, as all the world knows."

"So I was just saying to my brother. How are you, Saunders? I haven't seen you for some days."

"Quite well, sir, at your service."

"I was saying that I might be much worse off."

"Well, yes, Mr. Tom," said Callender, "why you might be that miss'nary-bishop as we're just heerd; that gets, as he told us himself, so fried up with the heat, that it dries all the juices of his body, so that I expect his bones rattle. And then the mosquitoes and the white ants and the croc-diles. No, sir, you lie as comfortable as can be. No niggers a-nigh *you*. We has all much to be thankful for, specially when the crops are pretty good, and the American blight keeps off the trees."

"Shake hands, Callender," said Tom. Thereupon the gardener came close, shook hands with Tom, said "God bless you, sir," and departed.

A plentiful meal being now spread, the two brothers began their luncheon, and Saunders withdrew.

"Yes," observed the schoolboy, "that's exactly what I might be, And, a great deal worse off."

"Well, I won't disagree with him," thought Andrew, "that would be unfeeling, and I won't contradict him either."

He sat silent, and Tom went on—

"Just look at the prog, look at the room; and

look at all these screw-y things, and padded things, and lamps that twist all sorts of ways, and shades to them, and a music-stand that seems almost alive, it's so handy. I say, did you go down G. Street when you were in London?"

"Yes. It did look shabby,—and small."

"Ah! while you were away I was dull in spite of the things that came down. Antoinette's such a muff of a girl, and I had hardly anything to do; but one morning, when I had been very irritable with old Blount, partly because I'd had a bad night, I fell sound asleep just after breakfast, and dreamt that I was in the old house in Bloomsbury. I thought you and Fergus were carrying me upstairs on my mattress; you bumped me a good deal, and I was in a horrible fright lest you should let me fall. I was got into the little back attic you know that Miles and I have always had. I could not see a thing out of the window but the roofs of those stables, and it all looked dark and dirty. There were the two chairs, and the chest of drawers with some of the handles off, and the looking-glass that we cracked—"

"Well?" asked Andrew, when he paused.

"Well, nothing was ever so real. I seemed to be a long time by myself, and then you came in. I said, 'Have I got to be here always?' and you said, 'Of course.' I say, And, only think if this had happened this time last year."

"To be sure," said Andrew, with grave candour; "only think if it had."

"Well, I dreamed that as you sat at the foot of the bed, you were whistling softly—as you do, you know, when you're thinking—and then you said, 'Oh, Tommy, Tommy! how could you do it?' 'Do what?' I said; 'I've done nothing.' 'When you never drove so much as a mangy whelp in a cat's-meat cart before,' you went on. You've never said such a thing once to me when I was awake, and you might have done."

"What would have been the use?" said Andrew, rather ruefully; and then added pointedly, "I mean instead to make it as easy for you as I can."

Tom paused and was evidently impressed; he shortly went on, however—

"But if you hadn't said it in the dream, I don't know when I should have been able to get myself awake again. I thought it hard and unfair, and I shouted at you, 'I've done nothing at all; old Phil Capper's not dead, don't flatter yourself;

you've got no country house, you've got no horses, and no such things as a dog-cart for me to drive. Shut up!' and I thought you immediately threw open the window, and said, 'I can't stand this, and I won't. There must have been some informality in my head, the Registrar-General must look after it;' and you jumped straight out on to the stable-roofs, and I was so alarmed and astonished that I woke."

Andrew laughed.

"And so you'll make it easy for me!" said Tom. "Why, you do; *but I'm sorry I did it!*" and he sighed.

In the meantime Mrs. Blount was enjoying herself down-stairs. She always dined with the servants on Sunday morning, and was already intimate with the cook, Mr. Saunders, and Mr. Callender; with the cook especially, who followed the young squire's directions to the letter in the matter of the invalid's meals. Mr. Wise had said that what chance there was for Tom depended upon his variable appetite being tempted; he must always have what he liked. The cook could never report a conversation without imparting her own brogue to it.

She made Mrs. Blount most welcome to the larder, and wanted her to come down daily and choose what she liked, for "'Is ut saving I'd be wid such a case in me house?' says the young master. 'Bedad, me desire is that he have every-thing av the best, and that's the livin' truth.'"

Andrew went soon after this to see his mother. Her eyes filled with tears.

"Tom's better, I know," she said. "He had a better night. I see Mrs. Blount every morning."

"Oh yes, he's better," said Andrew. "As jolly as possible, and as reasonable too."

"There," she said, putting any discussion off with a gesture of her hand, "it was that woman's face which told me, and your aunt being—being, well, almost kind. But spare me, dear boy, I cannot talk of it. Cousin Daisy seems to have made you very welcome."

"Oh yes, she always does. She confided to me that she is busy just now driving out every day to see the girls' late governess, that Miss Lancaster whom she dismissed rather suddenly. She reads with her, and has got her to see a clergyman out there. It seems that she is not likely to live long."

The fact was that Miss Lancaster was now fast failing. She had the comfort of some truly penitent

letters from the brother in America, and she wanted for nothing. Daisy was allowed to provide all she could possibly need, though not to go and see her; and when she died peacefully, the two late pupils were among her most sincere mourners, but only one of them knew that she had ever been at all to blame.

"I consider Cousin Daisy a saint," said Andrew. "She cares hardly anything for her fine income, excepting because it enables her to do good."

"How do the girls look?"

"Bell bigger and taller than ever. But Daisy the last three months seems to have toned down. She is better-looking as she grows up, sometimes looks pretty, and really has a fine figure now. They both look much the better for being drilled. Cousin Daisy said *you* put that into her head."

"Yes," said the mother, with real pleasure, "I did. They are sure to improve, and they always had beautiful heads of hair and fine teeth."

"Yes," said Andrew, carelessly, "but Bell is such a *whopper*, and she is so babyish, fretting about everything. Oh, mother, when will the Hitchcocks go?"

That question was soon answered. Mrs. Hitchcock entered, and said coldly—

"I thought you were with Tom, Andrew. Don't let us disturb you."

Andrew had by this time risen, and set chairs by his mother's sofa. Antoinette was behind her mother, and was dressed for afternoon church.

"Not going to church, Andrew!" said Mrs. Hitchcock. "Oh, I thought you always did. Well, dear Mary, I came in to say that now I hope you will be able to do without me." There was an awkward pause; Antoinette was buttoning her gloves. "I promised not to say a word about it till And came home," she continued, graciously.

"Thank you," faltered Mrs. Capper; saying a pretty thing she did not mean was not her *forte*. "You have stayed some time with me, and it would be a shame if I could not get on perfectly well now, Lucia, with Andrew to take such care of me as he does."

So she was not going to be asked to stay, nor was Antoinette either.

"I thought of going up on Tuesday," she said slowly.

"Very well, aunt," said Andrew. "Thank you for having stayed so long."

"I would have managed to leave Antoinette behind," said Mrs. Hitchcock, "as it was such a pleasure to poor Tom to play at those various games with her, but the nurse—" She stopped and changed the form of her sentence.

Mrs. Capper coloured, but did not speak, and her sister proceeded—

"If the nurse is still going to stay, I hardly know—though, poor fellow, I am sorry for him, how I could ask my dear child—"

"Send the nurse away," exclaimed Andrew, "for the sake of a few games! Why surely, aunt, you must be joking. She is perfectly essential to Tom; to his well-being certainly, and for anything I know, to his life."

Antoinette had now put the last button into its hole, and she returned the button-hook to her pocket, threw up her graceful head, made a little *reverence* to Andrew, which was almost a curtsy, and walked out of the room.

Mrs. Hitchcock had seen the manner of her daughter's departure. Mrs. Capper had not, and wondered at her son's crestfallen air. He looked rather red in the face, and deeply ashamed of himself. Why?

Well, this was what the thing meant. It accused Andrew—to his own apprehension, and perhaps in her intention—of being so utterly mother-pecked, sat upon, and squashed, that he could not call his very self anything but a self belonging to the dear mamma. He was inwardly enraged, but unluckily the accusation was fully proved, he thought, in her opinion, so long as he was such a coward, that he dared not even amuse himself (*as he would like to do*) with a little innocent flirtation with his own guest, lest his mother should call him to order. Yes, he was a coward.

When Andrew looked up his aunt's eyes were on him, with the least little smile in them. She understood herself to understand the whole thing so well, but it was not exactly the thing she supposed either.

"I have heard nothing of a tiff between Antoinette and the nurse," said Mrs. Capper anxiously.

"No, dear Mary, and as we go so soon what does it matter. Antoinette, as you must have observed, has such a desire to be useful, dear child; and Tom was so glad of her society. Perhaps the nurse was jealous—I really can't say. For the last three days Antoinette has not been in

his room at all—that woman actually locked her out.”

Mrs. Hitchcock knew that on the manner this speech was received a great deal depended. She should not give up all hope and go till it was answered. Which would answer? If her sister answered and brought on a discussion, she still might win.

No, she lost! Andrew answered.

“But she locked every one else out too, didn’t she, aunt?”

“Very likely, I dare say she may have done,” said Mrs. Hitchcock.

She accepted failure, and fully decided to go on Tuesday, and take Antoinette with her. The nurse must have already spoken to him.

“And so you’ve had a tiff with Miss,” said Mr. Callender, for the nurse that afternoon taking her little walk came by the gardener’s cottage, and was politely asked in to take a cup of tea.

“Yes, Mr. and Mrs. Callender, and regret it I do not. A nurse, to my notion, should not chance her patient’s getting a bad night, overdoing himself or herself, as the case may be, because she can’t take the liberty of a wink or a sign o’ some sort to others in the room. She don’t ought to have anybody over her head.”

“There you have it, ma’am,” said Mr. Callender.

“Well, I made a sign times and again to Miss that was sitting by my patient. Why, she was actually argufying with him, and worretting his nerves into fiddle-strings. She knew what I meant, and ‘Oh no,’ says she, ‘you’re not tired, Tom, air you? It interests you to have a little rational talk.’ He was getting angry and red in the face by that time. ‘Twasn’t exactly high church and low they was talking about, nor yet church and dissent. It was a doctrine, ma’am, and she was very hot upon it. At last I said, said I, ‘There’s a person here that wants to speak to you, Miss, if you please,’ and I beckoned her out into the dressing-room. ‘Well, nurse?’ she says, and I took her through into the corridor. ‘Tis I that wants to speak to you, Miss,’ says I. ‘It’ll be hours before I get that poor boy’s pulse down, and, if you please, you must leave him for the present time,’ and I left her outside and went in again. Well, then, when she was gone down, I locked his room door, and hung a curtain before it. Says I, ‘It’s cold now, sir.’ He was very feverish that night, and next day there

was a paper pinned outside, Mr. Saunders writ it out, sayin’ the nurse would not have folk knock at that door, but they was to knock gently at the dressing-room door beyond. So when I heard a knock I went and shut myself into the dressing-room first, and then opened the other door of it into the corridor. She knocked, and I said he was not well enough to see her. It’s not religion for to argufy at sick folk.”

“And there again you have it, ma’am,” said the gardener complacently.

“Mr. Ford *knows his business*,” continued the nurse, “and even if he didn’t, I would not have it on my conscience that I hindered him in his visits.”

This opinion, though strangely expressed, was understood, and had the entire assent of the gardener and his wife.

“But put aside argufying,” continued the nurse, “there’s many a patient that’s very glad for to hear a chapter read, and a prayer too. In short, I see so much o’ that, Mr. Callender, and you too, ma’am, that the next morning after I go to a fresh case, I allers say, just as if it was part of the treatment, ‘Well now, sir, I’ve redd you up so well as I can, so I’d better read a few verses, if you please,’ and then I have a book our chaplain gev me, with plain, comfortable prayers in it, and some of the church collects printed. So I kneel down afterwards, just as if it was family prayers, and it’s very rare indeed but what a patient likes it, and says ‘Amen’ after it. Now this one, he’s too young and too shy to have thought of asking for such, but I think he feels a comfort in it.”

“Do he, ma’am?” said the gardener cordially. “I’m right glad to hear it. He’s a fine young fellow—a hero-ly young fellow.”

“Ah,” said the nurse, shaking her head, “that poor boy goes through a vast deal more than anybody but me knows of, and he bears it brave.”

“Tuesday, oh, joyful day!” exclaimed Andrew, as he was marching about the garden after breakfast on Monday, with his hands in his pockets. “Tuesday they leave this—no, not this *hospitable* roof. What a sneak I feel!—how she twirls her lips about! I can’t stand a contemptuous girl; but then I certainly did flirt with her *a little*. How shall I get through the day?”

As he turned, unexpected assistance came to

him. Mrs. Ford and the curate—a very tall, handsome young curate—were standing on the doorstep.

"Well," said Mrs. Ford, as he followed and joined her just as she was being shown into the drawing-room, "well, what am I come for? You'll say, of course, that it's for money as usual. No, it's not money this once."

"You're welcome to whatever it is," said Andrew laughing. To have plenty to give, and never to be asked for more than he could very well spare, was sweet to the young Squire.

"Welcome am I!" she answered, as she took Antoinette by the hand. "Well, then, I want Miss Hitchcock—I want her to help with my little sale. My sale for the schools, you know."

"Oh yes, I forgot," said Andrew, innocently.

The handsome curate made his bow, and Antoinette blushed beautifully.

"Antoinette must really come and help to sell. The neighbourhood would come in, and it always made such a difference having a—a girl like Miss Hitchcock to sell."

Antoinette was not loath; the curate's eyes were full of entreaty. When she was gone to dress, Andrew said—

"Mother thinks it a shame that you should have all this trouble. She and I must subscribe, she says."

"With all my heart," said Mrs. Ford; "you shall do that too. But we cannot get on without a fancy sale as well."

"People nowadays will hardly ever give enough unless there is some kind of equivalent," observed Mrs. Hitchcock.

"No; and it is a wasteful thing to have these sales. Some things are spoilt, and a good deal of money is spent on others which will never sell, even at half what they cost."

"And then there is your fatigue," said Mrs. Hitchcock, with sympathy.

"Oh, that's nothing, if I have not that to fatigue me, I shall have something else. But now, Mr. Capper, the subscription—what is that going to be?"

Andrew told her.

"Ah!" she answered, "I consider that handsome; we never need have been in any straits if Mr. Ford had not consented (because two of his brother clergymen begged him) to join our funds

with those of the poor parish in the town! You will come and look in on us, Mrs. Hitchcock; and you will come, Mr. Capper, of course?"

"I don't understand fancy things," said Andrew. "Spend two sovereigns for me at your stall."

"I shall not," said Mrs. Ford, "you must come."

"Well, I'll see about it," said the young Squire, manifestly not intending to show himself.

"And it seems you told Callender to send me in some camellias."

"Oh yes, I did, on Saturday. I wrote to him from London to do it when I got your notice of the sale."

"They are beautiful; he has sent in some ferns too, they will dress up the tables in grand style. What am I to do with them all afterwards?"

Andrew not having considered this matter, cogitated for a moment.

"And the two Miss Delaneys are coming also to sell."

Andrew here sat upright in his lounging chair.

"Oh, are they?" he asked, in what was meant to be a careless tone.

"I thought of having them all made up into three most beautiful bouquets, and if you were very good, you might present them, as they are your own, to the three young ladies when the sale is over."

Mrs. Ford had won the day, but there was no occasion for her to say more than "I shall have the bouquets made up ready," as at that moment Antoinette came in, looking precisely the sort of young lady to be persuasive at a sale. Mrs. Ford bore her away triumphantly; the curate followed, he was very well off. He decided to be liberal that day, and if he meant his money to go chiefly at Antoinette's stall, this was precisely what had been intended.

Andrew, with his hands behind his head, in the lounging chair, was somewhat idly looking after them, when Mrs. Hitchcock rather deeply sighed.

"Aunt," said Andrew, "you said you should like some of those little seedling-ferns from the greenhouse. Shall Callender put them up for you?"

Then Mrs. Hitchcock sighed again, and appearing to call her attention back to the present scene, said—

"What did you say, my dear?"

Andrew was so glad Mrs. Ford had taken off Antoinette. He lifted himself up and repeated his question.

"Ah! was it that? yes, thank you, And, I should." Then came another sigh. "The fact is, I was thinking of my boy—of Tom, you know."

"Oh!" said Andrew, not helping her in the least.

"I suppose you know something about it, And." Andrew sat bolt upright and looked surprised, but said nothing. "Did you see him when you were in London, poor fellow?"

"Oh, yes; I did," said the young Squire, "I did."

He looked decidedly out of countenance. A scene in which his own knees, a soft hassock, and a very hard-featured old footman bore a part, flashed back on his memory. He wondered whether Tom had written to his mother, and complained that Andrew was trying to supplant him.

"That careless girl," continued Mrs. Hitchcock,—here another telling sigh—"has (she might at least behave with more feeling) has much to answer for."

Here Andrew's genuine astonishment got the better of his discomfiture.

"Daisy!" he exclaimed, "do you mean Daisy?"

"Why, you must be aware, I think, how deeply he has long been attached to her. I can hardly think she never mentioned it to you."

"Oh, well," said Andrew, "she and Bell certainly did say to Fergus and to me ('They are so very young, so childlike, that they might well be excused')—"

"Say what?" exclaimed Mrs. Hitchcock.

"Why, that he made love to them; and we said—"

"Yes, what did you say?"

"Aunt, we said their mother ought to be told, and they promised us they would tell her."

"*They—their* mother; what has it to do with Bell? she is almost a child. Tom's attachment has nothing to do with her."

"Oh yes; but they did not only tell us about Tom. Aunt, isn't it much better that I should tell you the real truth?"

Mrs. Hitchcock's hand trembled, and she coloured, even painfully.

"What is it, then?"

"Why, that they said both the Mitfords and Algy Dean, and Tom had made them offers, and seemed very much devoted to them."

Mrs. Hitchcock was so much distressed that she could not say a word.

"As to being *careless*," Andrew went on, impelled to take Daisy's part; "if she thinks it is because of her large fortune that they make love to her, perhaps she may be forgiven *for that*."

"It had nothing to do with it," exclaimed Tom's mother.

"But she can't marry them all."

"It is very unkind of you, Andrew, to class Tom with all the rest."

"But, aunt, Cousin Daisy knows *now*. If Tom did not think Daisy far too young to have regular addresses paid to her, why did he not tell her mother himself that he loved her? and if he wanted to make her attached to him before her mother knew, and if he calculated on Cousin Daisy's love for her, and also on her unworldly spirit, to allow her to marry him, it was not—it certainly was not fair."

"You lay down the law against my boy Tom with great vigour," said the mother. "I might answer that a young man deeply in love is not very likely to be prudent, or, as you call it, fair."

"Well, aunt," said Andrew more humbly, "it certainly is no business of mine—but what a clever fellow Tom is! There is the great examination coming on for the 'Indian Civil.' If he could throw this—well, this ambition aside, and give his whole mind to it."

"You think Daisy does not return his attachment?"

"I am sure she does not care for any of them, and Cousin Daisy would not hear of such a thing."

"I don't think much of her!" exclaimed Mrs. Hitchcock.

"No, she does not observe things; and for the mother of an heiress not to observe things is certainly a defect. But her daughters do think much of her, particularly Daisy."

"You appear to me to be going out of your way to assure me that you know Tom has no chance."

"If I think so, as I do——"

"You even want me to tell him so, poor fellow."

"Yes, I think it would be just as well; but, aunt, I particularly hope you will tell him at the

same time that I am not his rival—not one of his rivals, I mean.”

“Very well,” said Mrs. Hitchcock, coldly.

She trembled a little and wiped away two or three tears. Antoinette had been right, Andrew did know.

Andrew again showed a certain desire to take the part of the two young heiresses.

“Bell is a babyish thing in spite of her being so tall.”

“I have already said,” exclaimed Mrs. Hitch-

cock, rather bitterly, “that this has nothing whatever to do with Bell.”

“Oh, hasn’t it?” said Andrew slowly, and as if in thought.

Mrs. Hitchcock felt very angry indeed, and the more so when he added in his most dispassionate tone—

“Well, of course I knew they all made Daisy their chief object, she is almost grown up. She has five times as—no, I mean, that to do her justice, she is a five times sweeter girl.”

(*To be continued.*)

SALVAGE.

WHAT have I brought from the spring-time, vanished so long ago?
Only these faded violets—beautiful *once*, you know.

I looked on them then in the light, and the glory of youth’s bright years,
But they never seemed half so lovely, as now, through a mist of tears.

How can they ever fade for me?

The hopes of my youth in their leaves I see!

What have I saved from the summer, with its cloudless sunny skies?

Only this withered rose-bud—faded and dead it lies.

But soft were its velvet petals, and rich with a crimson glow,

When some one gathered and gave it—ah me! so long ago.

So long ago that only my rose

Remains of a past that no one knows.

Out of the wealth of autumn, what did I find and keep?

Grain from its golden harvests?—nay, a pearl from the mighty deep.

In its depths I was almost sinking—in its storms I was almost lost,

But I never had found this jewel, had I not been tempest tossed.

It was worth it all—the wreck and the pain,

To have won my pearl from the troubled main.

What shall I save from the winter, when its snows which close o’erhead,

Have melted in blessed spring-time, whose leaves shall ne’er be shed?

Ah, then! my violets will bloom again, and the red come back to the rose,

While my pearl will shine with the lustre, from the throne of God that flows.

The winter will pass, and the driving rain,

And sunshine come to my soul again.

MARY GORGES.

O-WUTA-SAN.

SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN.

PART I.

I MET O-Wuta-san at the Fair of the Chrysanthemums in Tokyo, Japan, a year ago this past November, quite unexpectedly.

Did you ever have a dream with a climax—a dream that did not vanish nebulously away into midnight, leaving only a confused memory, but resolved itself into some dainty fantastic fact of the dream-world that stayed and would not be forgotten? O-Wuta-san was the climax of the real dream that I remember as the Fair of the Chrysanthemums, with the background of that sunny November day in Tokyo. Tokyo is the only city in the world, you must understand, where one can dream real dreams.

It was this way. I was standing in the very middle of the Fair of the Chrysanthemums, looking in deep amazement at three marvels about twice life-size, which seemed to be made entirely of those flowers, except their hands and faces, which were of wax. One, I remember, was a frightfully violent person, brandishing two swords; another was a lady on her knees before him, evidently expecting instant decapitation; and the third was a goddess of placid countenance, who had just arrived to interfere. Mr. Matsuo Ito, recently come home from England, where he had been finishing his education, was explaining that the two-sworded person belonged to the *Samurai*, a class of military officers now abolished; that the lady was a *geisha*, or professional dancer, who had displeased the *Samurai* officer; that the goddess—but I am sure I don't remember what he said about the goddess, for just at that moment O-Wuta-san came and stood before a great green cave, where a chrysanthemum fox was bowing to a chrysanthemum monkey, and a tall chrysanthemum stork was standing on one leg on the back of a broad chrysanthemum turtle, and made a musical little clatter which meant laughter, at the sight. And Mr. Matsuo Ito paused in his carefully-worded explanation of the conduct of the *geisha* and the goddess, and said, smiling, "That young Japanese

lady is my sister." Whereupon we all forgot our lesson in the mythology of ancient Nippon, and stared so hard at the quaint little creature that she pulled the sleeve of the wrinkled old dame who was with her, and the two toddled away down a wandering miniature highway and across a bridge that spanned a lordly stream at least two feet wide, and almost hid behind a Shinto shrine on the outskirts of a forest. They couldn't take refuge in the forest, because none of the trees, though fully grown, were more than three feet high, and I should say that O-Wuta-san was at least four feet eight. But the shrine was very nearly big enough to conceal them.

Now it had been easy enough to meet Mr. Matsuo Ito in Tokyo. He belonged to the large class of young Japanese gentlemen who are anxious above all things to model their lives and their surroundings after modern ideas of progress; and as they have discovered modern ideas of progress to be chiefly foreign, they are naturally glad to know foreigners. Mr. Matsuo Ito wore English clothes, spoke the English language, had read articles in the *Times*, aspired to the reform of his country's government, and, I have no doubt, could use a knife and fork when occasion required it with all propriety. He knew a good deal too about the deference shown to ladies by Europeans and Americans; and this, added to the perfect politeness which was his Japanese inheritance, made Mr. Matsuo Ito a very charming person to talk to indeed. But it was far more difficult to know the daughters of the land, who did not call upon foreigners or attend balls. Up to this time we had met only a few young married ladies, wives of Government officials, who had adopted European ways and mingled in the European society of the capital. And so, when the others were not looking or listening, I begged Mr. Matsuo Ito to introduce me to his sister.

He hesitated. "She speak only a few English—a very few," he said.

I said I was sure that Miss Ito's English would be more than equal to the emergency.

"But my sister is not very many advanced at all. She does not yet wear the heel-boots, or the tall bonnet, or the—or the farthingale," confessed Mr. Ito, suddenly coming to the end of his knowledge of feminine technicalities. "She is still native lady." And I had to assure him that his sister was far more charming on that account, and to invent the strongest expressions of admiration for the costume of Japanese ladies before I could persuade Mr. Matsuo Ito to take me quietly along the highway and across the bridge and behind the Shinto shrine, and there introduce me to Miss Wuta Ito and her chaperone.

"O-Wuta-san," he said, and the rest was Japanese.

Then the little figure before me solemnly placed its two plump hands on its two plump knees and began to bow. The bows were wonderful epitomes of humility, politeness, and grace. They were very low, once or twice O-Wuta-san's shining black hair nearly touched the ground in her salutation. And every time she bowed she drew her breath in between her teeth with a hissing sound—Pierre Loti calls it a *sifflement*—which is etiquette in Japan as a sign of respect. The wrinkled old lady beside her was bowing too, but although she was a married aunt of O-Wuta-san's, and entitled to much more consideration, she had blackened teeth, and was generally unprepossessing, and I am afraid I failed in the proper division of my attention.

What was there so deliciously funny in this artistic little conception of another world, as she stood there bowing and bowing among the wonders of the Fair of the Chrysanthemums, that made her a revelation—a sensation!—I despair of telling you. But you must imagine a diminutive three-cornered face, all artlessly made white and pink without a thought of concealment, and adorned with a tiny dab of gold beneath its full under lip. And you must put a pair of sweet though slanting black eyes in it, which seem to have been pushed out of their proper horizontal by continuous laughter, and a straight little nose, which is the *flouriest* feature of all. If you look at the back of her neck, which O-Wuta-san always forgets when she makes her toilet, you will see that the rightful colour of her skin is a delicate pale brown, but O-Wuta-san and all her female relations admire the foreign complexion. There is nothing that I may compare her hair to, unless it be the head-dresses

of those very old-fashioned china-dolls, so glossy and black it was, marvellously arranged in solid-looking wide black puffs at the side and patterns at the back, with a pink paper rose in it, and a string of red beads and an array of hairpins that stood out in every direction. One of the hairpins was an ivory peacock, another a tortoise-shell fan, and every hairpin had a distinct private individuality. I think O-Wuta-san was in her very best for the Fair of the Chrysanthemums. It was a robe of the most delicate blue, embroidered in gold and silver cherry-blossoms, that crossed on her chest and lapped over below the waist, but had not anywhere upon it a button, a hook, or a pin. O-Wuta-san would call it a *kimono*. It had long wide sleeves that swept the ground as she bowed, and it was wrapped very tightly round her ankles. Inside, to guess from the folds on her chest, there seemed to be three or four other *kimonos*, gray and scarlet and white. Round her short waist went a wide embroidered sash called an *obi*, and this was arranged in a sort of fat cushion at the back. She had white cotton socks on her shapely little feet, that were cut and sewn to fit, and hooked up at the back, with a separate pocket for her first toe; and to keep her out of the mud she wore high black lacquered sandals called *geta*, which lifted her quite three inches into the air, and were held on by two straps crossing her foot from a point between the first toe and the others. These were the details of O-Wuta-san's appearance, so far as they can be catalogued, but the charm of it escapes catalogue; neither can you find on any Owari bowl or Satsuma vase a maiden who will reproduce it. It was partly this dainty *grotesquerie* of attire, and partly the sweet shy bravery of her quaint little manners, partly her bow and partly her toddle, and more than anything perhaps the consciousness of an incalculable Difference; but I am bound to record that I fell hopelessly in love with O-Wuta-san forthwith, and although it is a whole year ago, I see not the slightest prospect of recovery.

Naturally I blundered compliments to her. People always do to a Japanese maiden, who seems at first sight something between a very amusing child and a very pretty and ingenious toy, to be watched and listened to, and caressed and laughed at, but never under any circumstances to be taken seriously. But my compliments, as translated by Mr. Matsuo Ito, must have been extremely stupid ones, for

O-Wuta-san, while she bowed and smiled with all sorts of bird-like, deprecating movements of her head, put her hand to her lips once or twice very quickly, and I think she laughed behind it. She said something to me in Japanese, which her brother translated, "Where are you going?" "That," said he, "is a Japanese politeness." He told her that I was going by and by to America, and that I was sorry I did not understand Japanese; whereupon she pondered a little, and finally said very modestly, "In America houses are tall, is it not?" She meant "tall," but the Japanese tongue is difficult to acquaint with the letter *l*. After this we got on rather better. I told her about the tall houses, and she told me what her name meant—Wuta, "song." She told me too that she had three sisters—O-Fugi-san, "Miss Wisteria Blossom"; O-Mitsu-san, "Miss Honey"; and O-Haru-san, "Miss Spring"; and that none of them—with some pride—were as tall as she. As we talked Mr. Matsuo told me that his father intended to give O-Wuta-san a thorough foreign education, and that it was to begin next week. I begged boldly to be allowed to come and see her in the interval, whereupon O-Wuta-san and the old lady began to bow again with such grateful appreciation of my politeness, that I felt constrained to bow likewise, at the deep peril of my dignity and my equilibrium.

By this time the little red lanterns had begun to glow among the shadows of the twisted pine-trees, and to dance along the road at the handles of the *jinrikishas*, and I rode away from the Fair of the Chrysanthemums into the evening witchery of a city lighted by a myriad paper globes, and found out about O-Wuta-san as she was before she received a thorough foreign education. I wanted very much to know to what extent the foreign education would change her life for her.

I learned that O-Wuta-san, from babyhood, had been brought up in an atmosphere of philosophy and content. When her brother Matsuo-san was born, all the friends of the family sent the finest fish that could be bought to his father in token of congratulation. O-Wuta-san brought no fish, being only a daughter, but she brought a great deal of love and interest, which, after all, was more important. She took her first look at life over her nurse's shoulder, tucked inside the back of the nurse's *kimono*. If she objected to it and cried, she was reasoned with and cooed over, but neither kissed nor slapped; and to-day O-Wuta-san would understand one demonstration as little as the other. Perhaps in consequence of this she cried very seldom, and gradually absorbed the idea that the ills of life might just as well be borne smilingly, which is a fundamental idea in Japan.

(To be continued.)

THE HIGH PRIZE.

O HERO, marked for some supreme award,
 With strong soul set to one sufficient end,
 Past strife grown dim behind thee, nought to bend
 Thy will from purest purpose, or retard
 Thy steps from that far-seen, divine reward
 Where to thy strenuous hope did ever tend,—
 Doth thy great prize in very truth transcend
 His unsought recompense who—having warred
 In darkness, hopeless; onward ever pressed,
 Seeing no goal, yet faithful,—wakes abashed
 To unsuspected gain; and cries, outworn,
 "Not worthy, Lord!" and trembles, being blessed;
 As if a sudden sunrise-glory flashed
 On one who wept all night, nor dreamed of morn?

ESTHER WALKER.

ENGLISH MEN AND WOMEN OF LETTERS.

IX. BYRON.

PROFESSOR DOWDEN.

TO acquire a true feeling for Byron and his poetry is a discipline in equity. It is easy to yield to a sense of his power, to the force and sweep of his genius ; it is easy to be repelled by his superficial insincerity, his license, his cynicism, his poverty of thought, his carelessness in construction, his coarseness of versification ; to know aright the evil and the good is difficult—difficult to feel justly towards this dethroned idol in whose composition the clay is mingled with precious metals.

What interests me in Byron and in Byron's work is the mingling of noble and ignoble, of gold and a base alloy. I do not thank any one for extracting the gold and presenting it alone. I can get clearer and swifter lyric poetry in Shelley, a finer and purer

feeling for nature in Wordsworth, more exquisite satire in Pope, dramatic power incomparably wider and deeper in Shakespeare. Read in elegant extracts Byron seems to me impoverished, or rather Byron ceases to be Byron. I could never get through Matthew Arnold's volume of *Selections from Byron*, which was compiled with such excellent intentions. Line upon line, here a little and there a little is the way in which Byron should *not* be read. We must take him or leave him as he is—great and petty, weak and strong, exalted and debased. His work loses its special character when it is refined and sifted. It is like bread in which the bran has been baked with the wheat ; we can get finer wheaten bread elsewhere ; as for this, it will only be spoilt by an attempt to separate the ingredients which give it whatever peculiar quality it has.

In its mingled elements Byron's poetry represents not only the mind and character of its author, but

also something of the temper of his age. He was an aristocrat, and at the same time he was revolutionary. He had none of the hereditary dignity, the fine traditions of civility, the calm mastery of men and of events which belong to the best type of the aristocrat. The Revolution helped to spoil him as an English nobleman. In a time of disorder and disintegration he fell into the coarse ways of the *jeunesse dorée* of the period of the Regency. The taint of vulgar aristocracy helped to spoil him as a Republican. He had a strong feeling for the revolutionary movement as a destructive force; he sympathized with its negative tendencies; he enjoyed the sense of emancipation from the old restraints; he loved to assert the boundless freedom of the individual in his passions, his self-will, his audacities of belief or unbelief. But he never understood aright the principles of the Revolution on their positive side, their social side; he had neither the patience nor the power of thought which are needed by one who would build up; it was enough for him if he could pull down the tottering thrones and the crumbling churches, or mock at them in their state of infirmity. He had lost faith in what was old, and had not gained a new faith. He could do no more than plead for an egoistic liberty which was ready at any moment to sink into license. His energy and passion were devoted to the work of demolition; his mockery was a dissolvent of old conventions, and traditional manners and morals. He took part in popular movements of political emancipation less in the spirit of faith and hope than because his imagination was captivated by the new force of the people, and he saw spent forces on the other side. To the last he was haunted by the ghosts of traditional beliefs which had ceased to live within him as vital powers. He was a democrat among aristocrats, and an aristocrat among democrats; a sceptic among believers, and a believer among sceptics. And yet his line of advance was not that of a *via media*, nor was it attained through a spirit of moderation or critical balance. A certain intellectual good sense indeed he had, but this was liable to be overpowered by the turbulence of his temper. He possessed also the precious gift of humour, and to this more than to anything else he owed the sanity which controls or modifies his perturbations of mind. With a keen eye for human folly, he could mock absurdity, affectation, extravagance in other men; it was his

merit that he could also recognize these and mock them in himself.

He passed in his earliest writings at once from song to satire. In the title of his first boyish volume there was something of an affectation which clung to him in after life; the poems are the fruits of "Hours of Idleness"; he was a young nobleman, "George Gordon, Lord Byron, A Minor," not a professional scribbler. Let others, like the admirable Southey, toil with the pen, and earn their daily bread by authorship; he, for his part, would condescend to letters only as a dilettante. The best thing about the lyrics in this first volume is that several of them were inspired by real feelings and actual events and persons. But we can hardly find fault with the Edinburgh Reviewer who opened his attack on the volume with the sentence: "The poesy of this young lord belongs to the class which neither gods nor men are said to permit." As a lyrical poet Byron was always fortunate or unfortunate as it were by the force of circumstance. He had little of the shaping power of imagination, which may be seen in an eminent degree in the best lyrics of Keats. If he wrote with an insufficient impulse from without, he often wrote a base kind of rhetoric, of which we could find frequent examples in his shorter pieces, or in the lyrical passages of *Heaven and Earth*. If he was struck hard by events (events in the material or ideal world), his strangely discordant powers became for the moment fused, and he uttered his feelings with incomparable energy and directness. Pride and passion, love and hatred, grief and joy, flowed together and flowed forth in one strong abounding stream.

"I will not ask where thou liest low,
Nor gaze upon the spot;
There flowers or weeds at will may grow
So I behold them not."

There is Byron as a lyrical writer at his best. Every word is simple, every word is passionate, every word falls into its inevitable place; the nouns do not need the support of adjectives on the right hand and the left; the verbs rarely call in adverbs to their aid; the primary, strong, essential parts of the sentence are enough to express a statement, a wish, a sorrow, a fear.

In his *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, a retort upon his critic, Byron showed small literary sagacity indeed, but he struck with force, and proved that he was virile as a combatant. The

blow, he said, "knocked me down, but I got up again. The effect upon me was rage and resistance, but not despondency and despair." He uses the metre of Pope, but it becomes in Byron's hands more of a cutlass than a stiletto. He lays about with little discrimination among the poets of the new romantic and naturalistic schools—Scott, Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth—and finds the hope of our future literature in Campbell and Rogers. He would, if possible, dissociate himself from the literary movement to which he essentially belonged. His admiration for Pope was certainly genuine; it lasted during his entire life, and arose partly from the fact that what he wanted himself as an artist and as a man he found in Pope. He was careless and splashy; Pope strove to be exact and exquisite. He was consumed with boundless ambitions and desires; Pope preached the wisdom of an equable temper, moderated wants and wishes, an amiable good-sense.

In the first two cantos of *Childe Harold*, which appeared in 1812, after his return from Greece, Byron forgets Pope and the eighteenth century; he is essentially modern, but, half through humour and half through a notion of romance, he wears a mediæval masquerade. The Spenserian stanza he adopted from Campbell, but he went direct to the *Faerie Queene* for touches of archaic diction. We must not be deluded by the fantastic garb; the "Childe" is a young Englishman of the opening years of the present century. In an addition which he made to his original preface Byron speaks with contempt of the "monstrous mummeries of the middle ages." To find romance Scott had gone to the past; Byron undertook to show that the present is full of romance, of strangeness, picturesqueness, passion, adventures of love, adventures of war. The author of *Childe Harold* "awoke and found himself famous," and the instant popularity of the poem proves how truly it was the offspring of the time. His hero, Byron tells us, was designed to be a kind of modern Timon; in excess of pleasures he had found satiety, and in the soul of this nineteenth-century Timon melancholy takes the place of rage. But as the mediævalism of the poem is only a thin varnish, so the misanthropy does not go very deep. It is indeed Byron's great capacity for varied enjoyment that gives *Childe Harold* its chief interest. He has a feeling for the glories of landscape, for men and manners, for the

life of society, for historical associations, for contemporary events, for the genius of nations and of individuals, for art, for literature. The poem is a kind of glorified guide-book, but it is something more, for in the person of his hero Byron creates a type which represents modern romance, modern melancholy, and also the capacities for wide and varied enjoyment which are proper to a time of culture, of travel, of extended national or rather cosmopolitan sympathies.

It is often forgotten, although it should always be borne in mind, that the third and fourth cantos of *Childe Harold* belong to a later period than the earlier cantos. The third canto was written in 1816, after Byron had separated from his wife, and had quitted his own country. Instead of the half-fantastic melancholy of the earlier cantos we have here the evidences of real suffering. The poet's passion is stronger, his reflections are less obvious and superficial, his power as a poet is no longer adolescent, but mature. His companionship with Shelley on the Lake of Geneva helped to lift his spirit into a higher and clearer atmosphere. His capacity of enjoyment is undiminished, and indeed his sense of pleasure seems enhanced by his deeper acquaintance with pain. He snatches a joy more eagerly. The fourth canto, which tells of Italy, carries the poem to a triumphant close. The hero is now frankly identified with the writer; his misanthropy is Byron's own *Welt-schmerz*; his delight in nature and (notwithstanding his sense of the littleness of human life) his delight in man are Byron's in their breadth and strength. The chief value of the poem arises not from this or that celebrated morsel of description, but from the strange combination of a deep interest in the ways and works of humanity, with a revolt against the world, and a contempt, not wholly feigned, for human existence.

The *Eastern Tales* annexed a new province for romantic poetry. Time, which cannot breathe the breath of change upon the highest works of art, has dealt hardly with these. We sometimes are disposed to think of them as no better than melodramas played by marionettes, turbaned and fierce of eye, or shaped after those ideals of female perfection which we find in some old Book of Beauty. The stage-properties are tarnished now; the vein of sentiment has run dry. But the Turk and the lady; the moody, amorous pirate; the

renegado; the rose of the harem, and the entire stock company were once as much alive as certain favourite heroes and heroines of contemporary fiction are at the present day. I feel towards them with some tenderness; I like to take the marionettes out of the box, to set them on the stage again, and make them declaim of love and hatred, of rapture and revenge. How much of it all is real, and how much is theatrical?—and how has the manufacturer contrived to run together the false and the true, the pinchbeck and the gold? For all is not unreal in these poems. Each was written at a heat, and the verse has often a fervid swiftness of movement, like the stride of a racer; the scenes are often strongly and vividly imagined; true passion mingles with pseudo-passion; the characters repeat themselves indeed, but they exhibit a type which has an importance in the history of European literature. Of the earlier tales, perhaps the first in date, *The Giaour*, is the most admirable; the darker and stronger colouring of this poem makes the *Bride of Abydos* look pale and faint beside it. There is narrative power of a high order in *The Corsair*. *Parisina* is remarkable for the melody of its verse. In the *Prisoner of Chillon* we do not greatly miss the Byronic heroine; fraternal affection takes the place of the love of man and woman. Or perhaps Freedom is a lady, and it is she, the object of the captive's desire, who serves as the substitute for Zuleika or Medora. The other poem of captivity, *Mazeppa*, is a striking contrast to the *Prisoner*; for here, instead of pacing the narrow cell with its stagnant air, the captive is in swiftest motion, bound to the rushing steed, while forest and stream and wilderness and the spinning skies reel past him as he is borne afar from the haunts of men.

Byron's residence in Italy produced some remarkable poems other than dramatic on Italian themes. The *Ode on Venice* laments the decay of the city of the sea under an alien tyranny, and hails the new world of America as the home of freedom, which has been banished from its ancient habitations by an evil coalition of kings. In *The Prophecy of Dante*, the poet, writing in Dante's metre, the *terza rima*, tells of the glories and the shame of Italy; but his copious rhetoric resembles little the close-woven texture and the severe beauty of the *Divine Comedy*. The *Lament of Tasso* is an impassioned monologue of the unhappy prisoner and poet in his cell in the Hospital of St. Anna; he

mourns over the lost love of Leonora and the decay of his own high powers; his piteous sanity is commingled with a taint of madness. To these three poems three cities of Italy lend their inspiration; they are the songs of Venice, Ravenna, and Ferrara.

Byron's dramas are extraordinary *tours de force* of a writer whose genius was not, in any high degree, dramatic. Those which conform most closely to the regular drama are the least excellent. His strong feeling for history and his knowledge of Venetian character and Venetian local colour do not suffice to make either *Marino Faliero* or *The Two Foscari* a great historical play. To name them with Shakespeare's tragedies would reveal all their dramatic poverty; they cannot even compare with the masterpiece of Otway. In attempting to give his blank verse a freedom suitable for dramatic dialogue, Byron often renders it structureless by a clumsy method of breaking down the delicate limit between line and line. His Eastern drama, *Sardanapalus*, interests the reader at least in its later acts, although the character of the monarch, suddenly ennobled from a voluptuary to a hero, lacks depth and subtlety; there is spirit in the scenes of battle, and grandiosity if not true grandeur in the close when the defeated King of Nineveh and his Ionian slave and lover, Myrrha, mount the funeral pile in the vast abandoned palace. Those dramatic poems which make no pretence to be dramas in the strict sense of the word are more in harmony with Byron's genius. *Heaven and Earth*, which tells of the loves of the angelic sons of God for the daughters of the race of Cain, is disfigured by its shapeless pseudo-lyrics; but a pervading sense of doom gives majesty to the poem, and the picture of the Deluge has been well compared with the greater treatment of the same subject in Poussin's impressive composition. *Cain* is deficient in action, but its dialogue is filled with what we may term acts of the intellect; and in the flight of Lucifer and Cain through space, past the starry worlds to the realm of Hades, while doubts are ever proposed and are ever met by daring sophistries, a sense is conveyed to us of the grandeur and immensity of the universe, and at the same time a sense of the mysteries which encircle and baffle the human mind. *Heaven and Earth* and *Cain* we may call, as Byron would have it, not regular dramas, but "mysteries." *Manfred* is a "dramatic

poem." The glories of Alpine landscape, with sunrise and sunset among the mountains, the eagle on the wing, the avalanche, the glacier, the rainbow-illuminated torrent, form a splendid environment for the melancholy figure of the feudal lord and Magian, to whom love has only brought remorse, and in whose spirit knowledge has only engendered sorrow. Few writers have felt more strongly than Byron the greatness and the littleness of man. In *Manfred* this feeling attains its most characteristic expression.

From Hookham Frere, and from his own versification of Pulci's *Morgante Maggiore*, Byron had learnt the use of the *ottava rima*. His mastery over this stanza appears conspicuously in his satire on Southey and on George III., *The Vision of Judgment*. Satan and Michael contend outside the gate of heaven and in presence of the key-bearer, St. Peter, as to the eternal home of the spirit of King George; Jack Wilkes and Junius, a mysterious figure, are cited by Satan as witnesses against the King, and it would have gone ill with George had not Asmodeus flown upwards bearing on his shoulder Southey (whose recent *Vision of Judgment*, with its attack on the "Satanic school of poetry," had provoked Byron to this retort), the Poet Laureate

being indeed one who had already settled the matter of his Majesty's future state. Upon the Laureate's drawing forth his formidable MS. there is a sudden scattering of the celestial and infernal powers, and in the confusion of the moment the King slips into heaven. Byron never wrote with greater animation, and underneath the burlesque handling of things sacred appears some of his better spirit in the zeal with which he pleads for political freedom. In Byron may be seen evil and good, the spirit that sinks and the spirit that soars. He cannot for more than an hour or perhaps a moment believe in love, constancy, purity, patriotism, virtue; yet he knows that these are indeed the life of life; and he turns with bitter mockery to revenge himself upon the society of worldlings and of hypocrites which has helped to make him a mocker and a sceptic.

"This should have been a noble creature: he
Hath all the energy which would have made
A goodly frame of glorious elements,
Had they been wisely mingled; as it is,
It is an awful chaos—light and darkness,
And mind and dust, and passions and pure thoughts
Mix'd, and contending without end or order."

These lines from *Manfred* might serve for their writer's epitaph.

SCHOLARSHIP COMPETITION QUESTIONS.

- I. State what you consider to be the prevailing train of thought in *Manfred*.
- II. Give an account of the wanderings of Childe Harold (Canto III. and Canto IV.).

WORKS SELECTED.—*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, *Manfred*.

Papers to be sent in by June 25. Only one question should be answered. Essays must contain not more than 500 words.

AUTHOR SELECTED FOR JULY.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

SEARCH QUESTIONS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

I.

In what celebrated game at cards are we told that—
 "The skilful Nymph reviews her force with care;
 'Let spades be trumps!' she said; and trumps
 they were."

II.

Who were the "We" originally referred to in the expression, "We and the world"?

III.

Of whom was it said that—

"A sadder and a wiser man
 He rose the morrow morn"?

IV.

How many brooches did Miss Pole wear at Mrs. Jamieson's evening party?

V.

Who was found fault with because her china had a small gold spray over it and her teapot a straight spout?

VI.

To whom do the following lines refer, and where are they found?

(1) "A noble Peer,
 Great England's glory, and the World's wide wonder,
 Whose dreadfull name late through all Spain did
 thunder;
 Fair branch of Honor, flower of Chevalrie!
 That fillest England with thy triumphes fame."

Answers to be sent in by June 15. They should be directed to the SUPERINTENDENT, R. U., and must contain name and address of sender.

(2) "O men, this man in brotherhood your weary
 hearts beguiling,
 Groaned inly while he taught you peace, and
 died while ye were smiling."

(3) "He was not for an age, but for all time!
 And all the muses still were in their prime;
 When like Apollo he came forth to warm
 Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm!"

(4) "I have warred with a world which vanquished me
 only
 When the meteor of conquest allured me too
 far;
 I have coped with the nations which dread me
 thus lonely,
 The last single captive to millions in war!"

(5) "A daring pilot in extremity,
 Pleased with the danger when the waves went
 high,
 He sought the storms; but for a calm unfit,
 Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit."

VII.

What were Mr. Collins's reasons for marrying?

VIII.

Give the author of the following—

"Under the wide and starry sky,
 Dig the grave and let me lie;
 Glad did I live and gladly die,
 And I laid me down with a will.
 This be the verse you grave for me—
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill."

ANSWERS TO SEARCH QUESTIONS (MAY).

I.

1. The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan [Moore's *Lalla Rookh*]. 2. King Arthur's horse [*Fairy Queen*, Bk. II.]. 3. Servant in *She Stoops to Conquer*. 4. The boy, Dickie Sludge, in *Kenilworth*. 5. King Arthur's hound [*Idylls of the King*]. 6. The "fantastical Spaniard" in *Love's Labour's Lost*.

II.

"The puff direct, the puff preliminary, the puff collateral, the puff collusive, and the puff oblique, or puff by implication" [Sheridan's *The Critic*].

III.

1. Kinglake. 2. Sir Theodore Martin and Professor Aytoun. 3. Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley. 4. Philip

James Bailey. 5. Lodge [the novel on which *As You Like It* was founded].

IV.

Translation of parts of the *Æneid*, by the Earl of Surrey, 1540. In the *Tragedy of Gorboduc*, 1562.

V.

The Ballad of *Lucy and Colin*, by Thomas Tickell [quoted in Percy's *Reliques*].

VI.

1. Shadwell [Dryden's *Mac Flecknoe*]. 2. Nelson. Pitt [Introduction to Canto I., *Marmion*]. 3. Hester [Charles Lamb]. 4. Yarrow [Wordsworth's *Yarrow Visited*]. 5. Danube, Severn [*In Memoriam*]. 6. Argo [William Morris's *Life and Death of Jason*].

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHING.

"Whoever teaches, learns more."

WHEN a girl first feels a desire to help her fellow-creatures, she usually begins with teaching in a Sunday-school. She starts with a strong sense of duty, with very little real liking for the work, and with a profound ignorance of the rudiments of teaching. These she has to acquire, at the expense of her class and herself, after a good deal of painful experience, which often disheartens her with the work she has undertaken, and which has also a very bad effect on the scholars themselves.

Discipline, instruction, and moral influence, these are the two-edged weapons placed in the hands of the Sunday-school teacher. Two-edged, because the blade must be equally keen towards teacher and taught. We cannot discipline our scholars unless we control ourselves. If we do not study we cannot instruct. Unless our hearts are open to receive spiritual guidance, we cannot influence others for good. The Sunday-school teacher is emphatically a man under authority, and the work is therefore considered suitable for the inexperienced; but if young girls just out of the school-room themselves are to undertake it, they should receive every assistance in maintaining discipline. The superintendent should be at hand during their first struggles, and they should have systematic instruction in the preparation of their lessons.

The question of discipline is of course settled to some extent by the rules of the school to which

each teacher belongs; but the fact has to be faced that certain natures lack the power of controlling others. Ignorance, diffidence, and want of practice can all be overcome. Strangely enough, this radical defect can exist in a first-rate theoretical teacher, one duly certificated, who has passed with honour her Sunday-school examinations. Most girls, by patient study of themselves and their scholars, can acquire this faculty of discipline. To some it comes by nature, but they are the favoured few. If a girl after a fair trial finds she cannot maintain order, her wisest course is to give up an attempt that makes her miserable, demoralizes her class, and creates difficulties for those teachers who are near her in the school. How then is a girl not gifted by nature to acquire the power of governing others? It is not an easy nor a rapid process, and she must not be too proud to accept help. Of course it is pleasanter for her to feel that she is managing her class all herself, but a timely word of warning from the superintendent would often save a teacher from the humiliation of being worsted by her pupils. Of course this applies chiefly to a class of boys. There comes a time in the life of almost every boy when he is better for a man's hand over him. Strength is the god of his idolatry, and he knows nothing of the sentiment that springs up in him later, and makes him amenable to a woman's authority, maintained as it is entirely by

moral force. Girls no doubt are easier to keep in order than boys, and are better for a young teacher. No beginner should attempt to take a class of boys at the impracticable period of their life. If a girl takes first a class of young children, not infants, the knack of keeping order will grow with her growth, until she is old enough to take a more advanced class, when in most cases she will find she has learnt enough to maintain the discipline of the school.

In a school where a graded lesson is provided for all the classes, the difficulties of instruction pure and simple are much reduced. But the actual lesson is one of the smallest influences for good in Sunday-school, because the teaching of necessity is hopelessly amateur. In a general way we are expected only to teach what we know; but we go to Sunday-school without a misgiving, conscious that our hearts are at any rate in the right place, with little knowledge of the Bible, and still less practical demonstration in our lives of the truths intrusted to us to teach. If we undertake definite work in our Church, we make a certain profession of faith that we are bound to live up to as far as we can. Even if the actual lesson falls very far short of what it might be, our conduct as a teacher, our words, our looks, are all an important part of the instruction that we give. A cross tone of voice, an irreverent gesture, will undo every word of a faultlessly prepared lesson. Children are lynx-eyed, and they spot with an unerring instinct the smallest disagreement between theory and practice. A girl who strives to do her duty teaches so many lessons by her bearing and her life, that the actual words she speaks are often the least important of them. This of course is no excuse for a carelessly prepared lesson. Every part that combines to make a satisfactory whole should be given due attention; and no teacher can afford to despise any means that may help her to make the Sunday afternoon pleasant as well as profitable to her scholars.

But moral influence is the greatest weapon placed in the teacher's hands, and the most mysterious. It cannot be learnt in books, nor practised by the hour. If the contact of soul with soul is to be a living reality, moral influence must always be in force. I am afraid that very often, when we are struggling in a crowded room with a troop of noisy children, we forget that either they or we are souls

at all. The spiritual side of Sunday-school is too often lost sight of in its drudgery. No one can call it a bed of roses. But no girl undertakes it as a pleasure. She wants to do some work in the world, however small. But a duty that is undertaken only to be grumbled at and worried over on all occasions is not likely to benefit anybody, certainly not a class that is neither blind nor deaf to the symptoms of its teacher's distaste.

There are, however, many compensations in Sunday-school teaching. It is not hard to arouse the affection of children, and new brooms do not sweep clean. Patience, punctuality, and prayer should be the means and the end of every teacher. The humblest duty we perform we should look at in its highest light. If we love our work we do this instinctively, but unfortunately so few of us are fond of Sunday-school teaching. Perhaps we may never grow to like it, but that is no reason for giving it up. Given a certain capacity for teaching, it is not so hopelessly irksome that many of us need shrink from spending one hour once a week on a necessary work, a good work, and a work for both God and man. We all may hope too for a fair measure of success if we remember that the weapons of discipline, instruction, and moral influence must be directed against ourselves as well as our scholars.¹

Eleanor Bairdsmith.

* * *

A SHORT and very spirited life of Captain Cook, by Walter Besant, has just appeared in Macmillan's *English Men of Action* series. It throws a good deal of light on the early history of the great navigator, and tells for the hundredth time the old truth that a man will reach his destiny through all obstacles.

James Cook was the son of an agricultural labourer of Scotch descent. His mother was a Yorkshire woman of like position. James Cook had therefore, to quote from Mr. Besant, little backing from his family and connections. Yet, he goes on to say, if we were to have chosen an ancestry which would have given a boy the best chance of success, it would have been difficult to choose a better stock on both sides. On the one

¹ This paper invites discussion. All letters or remarks must reach the Editor not later than June 20, and must have the words "Brown Owl" on the cover.

hand the Scotch patience, intelligence, and industry, on the other the Yorkshire independence and self-reliance. Add to this the power of contenting himself with the simplest life under the hardest conditions.

When Cook was thirteen he was apprenticed to a shopkeeper of Staithes, near Whitby. Mr. Sanderson, his master, was both a grocer and a draper, but unfortunately for him, as far as his apprentice was concerned, Staithes was not far from the sea, and the spirit of the sea had got early into young Cook. It is said that he quarrelled with his master, and there is even a story that he stole a shilling from the till. At any rate he ran away to sea.

He was taken on board a vessel as ship's boy, and proved himself of quick parts and great activity. From this small beginning he rose step by step, as Mr. Besant graphically relates.

There is an interesting account of his personal appearance.

"He was, to begin with, over six feet high, thin and spare; his head was small; his forehead was broad; his hair was of a dark brown, rolled back and tied behind in the fashion of the time; his nose was long and straight; his nostrils clear and finely cut; his cheek-bones were high, a feature which illustrated his Scotch descent. His eyes were brown and small, but well-set, quick, and piercing; his eyebrows were large and bushy; his chin was round and full; his mouth firmly set; his face long. It is an austere face, but striking. It is a face worthy of the navigator."

"As for his personal habits," Mr. Besant goes on to say; "he was of robust constitution, inured to labour, and capable of undergoing the severest hardships. Great was the indifference with which he submitted to every kind of self-denial—a man who felt no hardship, who desired no better fare than was served out to his men, who looked on rough weather as the chief part of life, who was never sick and never tired;—where was there his like? He was a man who never rested. He was always at work."

The whole story of Cook's life, as related by Mr. Besant, illustrates the faithfulness of this portrait. He was undoubtedly the man to carry through successfully the splendid achievements he attempted. Mr. Besant says, that no other sailor has ever so greatly enlarged the borders of the earth. He

briefly enumerates what Cook's achievements were. He discovered the Society Islands; he proved New Zealand to be two islands; he followed the unknown coast of New Holland for two thousand miles, and proved that it was separated from New Guinea; he traversed the Antarctic Ocean on three successive voyages, sailing completely round the globe in its high latitudes; he discovered and explored a great part of the coast of New Caledonia; he found the desolate island of Georgia—Sandwich Land, the southernmost land yet known; he discovered the Sandwich Islands; he explored three thousand five hundred miles of the North American coast; and he traversed the icy seas of the North Pacific. It is certain there was not in the whole of the King's Navy any officer who could compare with Cook in breadth and depth of knowledge, in forethought, in the power of conceiving great designs, and in courage and pertinacity in carrying them through.

* * *

PROFESSOR CHURCH has sent the following interesting account of the discovery of the tomb of a young Roman bride.

The readers of *Atalanta* will not have forgotten, I venture to think, the young Fundania, whose early death, so pathetically related by Pliny, was brought home to us, so to speak, by Signor Lanciani's discovery of her cinerary urn. This same admirable archæologist has now made another discovery scarcely less interesting, though in this case there was no classic pen to describe the beauty and the virtues of the dead. This discovery is given at length in the January number of the *North American Review*, but I venture to give a brief outline of the facts.

The coffin—the dead had been buried, not burnt—bore a bas-relief representing a dying girl, a veiled woman, and a male figure, apparently absorbed in grief. The name inscribed was Crepereia Tryphæna; the time, to judge from the arrangement of the hair, was early in the third century of our era. When the coffin was opened everything seemed to indicate that the occupant was a bride who had been buried in her bridal dress and ornaments. By the head were lying gold earrings with drops of pearl, a little lower was a necklace, a chain with thirty-seven pendants of

green jasper, and an amethyst brooch, on which had been cut the figure of a griffin and a deer. Where the left hand had been were four rings, two of them plain gold, a third evidently an engagement ring, showing two hands clasped together, engraved on red jasper, a fourth bearing the name of "Philetus" which we may suppose to have been that of the intended husband. Some toilet articles, two combs, a small steel mirror, a fragment of sponge, an amber hair-pin, and one or two other articles of uncertain use were found in a box. And about the forehead of the dead there had been a wreath of myrtle, clasped with a silver clasp. But the most pathetic relic has yet to be described; this was an "exquisite little doll carved in oak"—for so Signor Lanciani describes it. Good judges say it is the finest of the kind yet discovered. Brides were wont in old Rome to offer their dolls to Venus on their wedding-day. Crepereia's was buried with her. Verily it is true, as the old Roman poet puts it—

"Sunt lacrymæ rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt,"
a line which it is possible that one or two readers of *Atalanta* may be glad to have Englished.

"The tear of pity springs,
And hearts are touched by mortal things."

Note.—A scientific friend tells me that the metal used by the Romans for mirrors was an alloy of copper and zinc, and that it is doubtful whether the wood of the doll could have been oak. He suggests cypress.

* * *

AMONGST the comments on Professor Lloyd Morgan's paper on the study of Nature, there came an interesting letter from a little girl of thirteen. As Professor Morgan has been kind enough to reply to her difficulties, I give a short extract from her letter, and his reply.

"There is one thing that puzzles me. It is this—Why is it that, at some places, beautiful sunsets are more frequent than at others? Here, we often have the most glorious sunsets, but at many other places where I have lived or stayed, I do not remember having seen many really fine ones. Last summer I stayed by the sea for a week. We had fine clear weather, but there was not one brilliant sunset.

Here we often have, even in quite bad weather, the most splendid ones. Then, too, about mists and fogs. Being so high up here I should have thought that we should have escaped them; but on the contrary, I find that we often have heavy fogs when in the valley it is quite clear, and again, sometimes in the valley and down in Bath (which is only six miles from here) there are fogs when it is quite clear up here. I cannot well understand this, though I have thought it over very often."

"DEAR MRS. MEADE,

"I am glad to do what I can for your little maid.

"The beauty of sunsets depends, I take it, (1) on the time of year, (2) on the amount and nature of cloud to be illuminated, (3) on the amount of finely divided matter, aqueous or other, in the atmosphere, (4) on the local surroundings. The finest sunsets do not by any means occur in the finest weather.

"Mist is produced by the cooling of air laden with vapour of water. When the air in the valleys is more saturated, or when cold currents of air flow down these valleys, mists will be formed there while the hills around are clear. This generally is a fine-weather occurrence. But when the uplands are colder than the valleys, and a warm vapour-laden air passes over them, the water contained in the air is condensed to mist on the hills, while the valleys below are clear. Thus are formed the cloud-banners which the mountains in Switzerland shake out from their summits as a sign of coming bad weather.

"I trust your correspondent will continue to cultivate the 'eyes' which are a continual source of pleasure that 'no eyes' dreams not of.

"Yours very truly,

"LLOYD MORGAN."

* * *

THE FORGOTTEN GRACES. This subject has been taken up with much warmth and spirit by many readers of *Atalanta*, and so strong are the views expressed that Professor Douglas has kindly promised to reply to them in a second Paper, which will appear in July. Extracts from some of the letters are printed.

L. T. Meade.

Gouffé, sc.

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AND HER DAUGHTER.

By MADAME LE BRUN.

*"On croit voir respirer les portraits précieux
Où Le Brun immortelle attache tous les yeux."*

LEGOUVÉ.

ATALANTA

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DIRGE.

DO not strive to raise her up,
She would fain be lying there;
Deep she drank of sorrow's cup
Ere she won that flower-strewn bier.
Wouldst thou rouse her yet again
For renewal of her pain?

Do not speak: she feared so much
At thy voice she might awake;
Draw not near: she thought thy touch
E'en this still, white sleep might break.
Life no haven has for her
Sweet as death's calm sepulchre.

ELLA FULLER MAITLAND.



A ROUGH SHAKING.

George MacDonald.

L.

CLARE A TRUE MASTER.

IT would take a big book to tell all the things of interest that happened to Clare in the next few weeks. They would be mainly how and where he found refuge, and how he and Abdiel got things to eat. Verily they did not live on the fat of the land. Now and then some benevolent person, seeing him in such evident want, would contrive a job that he might pay him for it; in one place, although they had no need of him, certain good people gave him ten days' work under a gardener, and sent him away with a few shillings in his pocket. Not unfrequently people decline to help on the ground that they can give no enduring help. They will let a man starve now, because they cannot keep him from starving next week! But the world itself will not last, and what a man needs is to be helped through it. Only we must be careful not to encourage idleness. If a man will not work when he can, he ought to be left to starve. There is no reason why he should be kept alive.

One way and another, then, Clare and Abdiel did not die of hunger or of cold; and that is a summary of their history for weeks.

One night they slept on a common on the lee side of a gypsy's tent, and contrived to get away in the morning without their seeing them. Clare feared they might offer him something stolen, and hunger might persuade him to share with them and ask no questions. Many respectable people, not so honest as Clare, will laugh at the idea of a boy being so particular. Such are immeasurably more to be pitied than Clare. No one could be hard on a boy who in such circumstances took what was offered him, and asked no questions, but he would

not be so honest as Clare, though he might well be more honest than such as would laugh at Clare.

Another time he went up to a large house, to see if he might not there get a job. He found the place abandoned: I suppose the persons in charge had deserted their post to make holiday. They lingered about until the evening fell, and then got under a glass frame in the kitchen garden. But the glass was so close to them that Clare feared breaking some of it, and getting out again they lay down on a bench in a shed for potting plants. Clare was waked in the morning by a sound cuff on the side of the head. He got off the bench, took up Abdiel, and coming to himself, said to the gardener who stood before him in righteous indignation,

"I'm much obliged to you for my bedroom, sir. It was very cold last night."

The answer mollified the gardener a little.

"You have no business here!" he returned.

"I know that, sir; but what is a boy to do?" answered Clare. "I wasn't hurting anything, and we might have died if we had slept out of doors."

"That's no business of mine!"

"But it's some of mine," rejoined Clare; "—except you think that a boy who can't get work ought to commit suicide. You can't always help doing what people with houses don't like!"

The gardener was not a bad sort of fellow, and perceived the force of what the boy said.

"That's always the story!" he replied. "Can't get work! No idle boy ever could get work! I know the whole sort of you—well!"

"Would you mind giving me a chance?" returned Clare eagerly. "I wouldn't ask much wages."

"You wouldn't, if you asked what you was worth!"

"We'd be worth our victuals anyhow!" answered Clare, who always counted the dog.

"Who's we?" asked the man. "Be there a hundred of you?"

"No; only two. Only me and Abdiel here!"

"Oh, that brute of a mongrel, you mean!"

"He's a good dog."

"You'll have to give *him* the sack if I'm to give you a job."

"We're old friends, sir; we can't be parted!"

"We'll see about that," said the gardener, and made a threatening stride toward him, as if to take the dog from him.

Clare bounded away. The man burst into a mocking laugh.

"I thought as much!" he cried. "They're always ready to work, and they're *so* hungry! But will they part with the mangy dog? Not they! Hard work and good wages ain't nowhere beside a mongrel pup! Get out! Don't I know the whole ugly bilin' of ye!"

Clare turned away with a gentle good-morning, which the man did not get out of his heart for a matter of two days, and departed, hugging Abdiel.

He was often cold and always hungry, but his life was anything but dull! The man who does not know where his next meal is to come from, is seldom afflicted with ennui. That is the monopoly of the enviable who have nothing to do, and everything money can get them. A foolish life is far drearier than that of a street Arab. The ordinary beggar, while in tolerable health, finds more enjoyment in life than most fashionable ladies. They are to me the most pitiable of beings.

So Clare went wandering about, seeking work, and finding next to none—all the time upheld by the feeling that something was waiting for him somewhere, that he was every day drawing nearer to it. He had not once as yet lost heart. In very virtue of his unselfishness and lack of resentment, he was strong. Not once had he shed a tear for himself, not once had he pitied his own condition.

LI.

MISS TEMPEST.

WITHOUT knowing it, he was approaching the sea. Walking along a chain of downs, all at once he saw, from the top of one of them, for the first time in his memory, though not in his life, the sea—a pale blue cloud, as it seemed, far on the horizon, between two low hills. He did not at first know what it was, but the sight of it brought with it a strange inexplicable feeling of dolorous pleasure. Think as he would, he could not account for it. It was the all-but-obliterated impression of something familiar to his childhood, lying somewhere deeper than the memory, which itself was a blank in regard to it. The pale blue cloud bore to him such a look of the eternal, that he thought it must be where God lived—the solemn, stirless region of calm in which the Being to whom now of late he had first begun in reality to pray, kept His abode. The feeling was not indeed so definite as my words, but they are the nearest his description of how he was moved enables me to approach a representation of it. The hungry, worn, tattered boy, with nothing to call his own but great hope and a little dog, fell down on his bare knees on the hard road, and stretched out his hands in an ecstasy toward the low cloud.

The far-off ringing tramp of a horse's feet aroused him. He rose light as an athlete, the hope in his heart grown to twice its former size, and his hunger forgotten.

He had not gone much farther before he knew it was the sea he saw, though how or at what moment the knowledge came to him he could not have told. The road was leading him toward one of the principal southern ports.

By this time he was again very thin; but he had brown cheeks and clear eyes, and, save when suffering immediately from hunger, felt perfectly well. Hunger is a sad thing, no doubt, though in some ways more than wholesome; but there is immeasurably more suffering in the world from eating too much than from eating too little.

Well able by this time to read the signs of the road, he perceived by and by that he must be drawing near a town. He had already passed a house or two with a little lawn in front, and signs of a well-kept garden behind; and he hoped yet

again that here, after all, he might get work. To one door after another he carried his modest request for employment: some doors were shut in his face almost before he could speak; at others he had a civil word from maid, or a rough word from man, at none encouragement. It had become harder to find shelter. Ever as he went, space was more and more appropriated and enclosed; less and less room left for that man for whom existed no special cubic provision of earth and air. He had no money—the most disreputable of conditions in the eyes of such as would be helpless if they had none. He was therefore a despicable being in the eyes of the common man, but a rare philosopher for the eyes of any capable of understanding him. No one knew him as yet, however, or could for some time know him; for to know a human being is a difficult and rare thing.

For some days now, neither Clare nor Abdiel had come within sight of food enough to be called, by courtesy even, a meal. The dog was thinner than his master.

"Abdiel," Clare would say to him, "I fear you will soon be a serpent! Your body gets longer and longer, and your legs get shorter and shorter. You'll be crawling presently, rubbing all the hair off your little belly on the hard road! Never mind, Abdiel; you'll be a good serpent. Satan was turned into a bad serpent because he was a bad angel; you will be a good serpent, because you are a good dog! But I hope yet we shall be able to put a stop to the serpent-business!"

The nights were now very cold; winter was coming fast. Had Clare been long enough in one place for people to know him, he would never have been allowed to go so cold and hungry; but he had always to move on, and nobody had time to learn to care about him. So the terrible sunless season seemed about to wrap him in its winding-sheet, and lay him down to rest.

One evening, just before sunset, grown sleepy in spite of the gathering cold, he sat down on a grassy slope that bordered the road, which here went through a deep cutting, and so had a high bank on each side—all so well kept that they might have been in a nobleman's park. His feet were bare now, bare and brown, for his shoes had come to such plight that it was a relief to throw them away, but the soles of his feet had grown like leather to supply their place. With his feet in the dry shallow

channel for the rain, he leaned back against the slope and slept; and Abdiel, who might have jumped on the bank and lain on the soft grass, had thought it better to lie down on them, and cover them from the night with his long, faithful body and its mat of tangled hair. The sun was shooting his last radiance along the road, and its redness seemed to rest on the sleeping pair, when an elderly lady came down to her gate on the opposite side of the way, and looked along the road toward the town. Her reverting glance fell upon the sleepers. The Knight of Hope lay in rags, not marble, and his feet were not on his dog, but his dog on his feet. It was a touching picture, and the old lady's heart was one easily touched. The face of the boy that slept there in hunger as plain as his rags, was as calm as the look of the distant sea—and no wonder, for neither storm of anger, drought of greed, nor rotting mist of selfishness, had passed or rested there, to furrow or cleave or swell.

Her mere glance seemed to awake Abdiel; he took advantage of his waking to have a lick at the brown, dusty, brave, uncomplaining feet, so well used to the *via dolorosa* of the world. The old lady was touched yet more by this behaviour of the dog. Gently opening the gate she crossed the road, and stood silent, looking down on the outcasts. Not a blanket of cloud was on the sky; before morning there would be frozen dew on the grass.

"You shouldn't be sleeping there!" she said.

Abdiel started to his four feet and would have snarled, but changed his mind with one look in the lady's face. Clare half woke, half sat up, murmured inarticulately, and fell back again.

"Get up, my boy," said the old lady. "You must indeed!"

"Oh, please, ma'am, must I?" said Clare, slowly rising to his feet. "I had but just lain down, and I'm *so* tired!—If I mayn't sleep *there*," he continued, turning and looking down at the spot from which he had risen, "I don't know where to sleep.—Please, ma'am, why is everybody set against letting a boy sleep? It don't cost them anything! I can understand not giving him work, if he looks too much in want of it; but why should they count it a bad thing to lie down and sleep?"

The lady wisely let him talk, and not until he stopped began to answer him.

"It's only because of the frost, my boy!" she said. "It would be the death of you to sleep out of doors to-night!"

"It would be a nice place for it, ma'am!"

"To sleep in? Certainly not!"

"I didn't mean that, ma'am."

"Then I don't know what you mean."

"To go away; to die, I mean, ma'am."

"We have nothing to do with that," she answered severely, but the tone of her severity trembled.

"I sha'n't find anywhere so nice to go from as this bank," said Clare, sorrowfully.

"There are plenty of places in the town. It's but a mile further!"

"But this is so much nicer, ma'am, than a dirty place in the town. And it's no use talking about it, for I have no money—none at all, ma'am. When I came out of prison—"

"Came out of *where*?"

"Out of prison, ma'am."

He had never been in prison in a legal sense, never having been convicted of anything, but he did not know the difference.

"Prison!" exclaimed the old lady, holding up her hands in horror. "How dare you mention it?"

"Because it is so, ma'am."

"And to say it so coolly too! Are you not ashamed of yourself?"

"No, ma'am. I didn't do anything wrong."

"I wonder if any of them do!" said the old lady to herself. But to Clare she said,

"Nobody will believe that, I'm afraid."

"I suppose not, ma'am! I used to feel very angry when people wouldn't believe me, but now I see they are not to blame. And now I've got used to it, it don't hurt so much.—But," he added with a sigh, "the worst of it is, they won't give me anything to do!"

"Do you always tell people you've come out of prison?"

"Yes, ma'am. I think it is only fair."

"Then you can't wonder they won't give you work!"

"I don't, ma'am—not now. It seems a law of the universe!"

"Not of the universe, I think—but of this world—perhaps!" said the old lady thoughtfully.

"Then either the universe or the world must be wrong!" said Clare. "—But there is one thing I do wonder at—that when I say I've been in prison

they believe me; but when I say I haven't done anything to be put in prison for, then they mock me, and seem quite amused at being expected to believe that. I can't get at it!"

"I dare say!—But what are you going to do, if nobody will give you work? You can't starve!"

"Indeed I *can*, ma'am. It's just the one thing I *can* do. We've been pretty near it sometimes—me and Abdiel! Haven't we, Abby?"

The dog wagged his pendulum, and the old lady turned aside to control her feelings.

"Don't cry, ma'am," said Clare; "I don't mind it—not *much*. There's more after this. I'm too glad I didn't *do* anything, to mind it much! Why should I! Ought I to mind it, ma'am? Jesus Christ hadn't done anything, and they killed *Him*! I don't fancy it's so very bad to die! But we'll soon see!—Sha'n't we, Abby?"

"What *did* you do?" blurted out the old lady, almost at her wits' end.

"I don't like telling things that are not going to be believed. It's like washing your face with ink!"

"I will *try* to believe you."

"Then I will tell you; for you speak the truth, ma'am, and so, perhaps, will be able to believe the truth!"

"How do you know I speak the truth?"

"Because you didn't say, 'I will believe you.' Nobody could be sure of being able to do that, you know. But you could be sure of *trying*, and so you said, 'I will *try* to believe you.'"

"Tell me all about it then."

"I will, ma'am.—The policeman came in the middle of the night when we were asleep, and took us all away, because we were in a house that was not ours."

"Whose was it then?"

"Nobody knew. It was what they call in Chancery. There was nobody in it but moths and flies and spiders and rats;—though I think the rats only came when they smelt out baby."

"Baby! Then the whole family, father, mother and all, were taken to prison?"

"No; my fathers and my mothers were taken up into the dome of the angels."—What with hunger and sleepiness, Clare was talking like a child.—"I haven't any father and mother in this world; I have two fathers and two mothers up somewhere, and one mother in this world, only she's with the wild beasts."

But the *baby* had more attraction for the lady than the *wild beasts*.

"How did you have a baby with you, then?"

"The baby was my own, ma'am. I took her out of a water-but."

And now again Clare had to tell his story—from the time, that is, when his adoptive father and mother died. He told it in such a simple matter-of-fact way, and with such quaint remarks, from their very simplicity difficult to understand, that, if the old lady was not able quite to believe him for all her trying, it was because she doubted whether the boy was not one of God's innocents, with an angel-haunted brain.

"And what's become of Tommy?" she asked.

"He's in the same workhouse with baby. I'm very glad; for what I should have done with Tommy, and nothing to give him to eat, I can't think. He would have been sure to steal! I couldn't have kept him from it!"

"You must be more careful of your company."

"Please, ma'am, I was very careful of Tommy. He had the best company I could give him. I tried to be better for Tommy's sake. But my trying wasn't much use to Tommy! He was a little better, though, I think; and if I had him now, and could give him plenty to eat, and had baby as well as Abdiel to help me, we could make something of Tommy.—You think so—don't you, Abdiel?"

The dog, who had stood looking in his master's face all the time he spoke, wagged his tail the faster.

"What a name to give a dog! Where did you find it?"

"In *Paradise Lost*, ma'am. I love Abdiel. He was the one angel, you remember, ma'am, who, when he saw what Satan was up to, left him, and went back to his duty."

"And what was his duty?"

"Why of course to do what God told him."

"How did you dare give the name of an angel to a dog?"

"To a *good* dog, ma'am! A good dog is good enough to go with any angel—at his heels of course! If he had been a bad dog, it would have been wicked to name him after a good angel. If the dog had been Tommy—I mean if Tommy had been the dog, I should have had to call him Moloch, or Belzebub! God made the angels and

the dogs; and if the dogs are good, God loves them.—Don't He, Abdiel?"

Abdiel assented after his usual fashion. The lady said nothing. Clare went on.

"Abdiel won't mind—the angel Abdiel, I mean, ma'am—he won't mind lending his name to my friend. He'll have a name of his own, perhaps, some day—like the rest of us!"

"What *is* your name?"

"The name I have now is, like the dog's, a borrowed one. I shall get my own one day—not here—but there—when—when—I'm hungry enough to be able to go and find it."

Clare had grown very white. He sat down, and lay back on the grass. He had talked more in those few minutes than for weeks, and want made him faint.

"What a wicked old woman I am!" said the lady to herself, and ran across the road like some little long-legged bird, to return presently with a tumbler of milk and a great piece of bread.

"Here, boy!" she said; "here is something for you! Make haste and take it."

Clare sat up feebly, and stared at the tumbler for a moment. Either he could hardly believe his eyes, or was too sick to take it at once. When he had the tumbler in his hand, he stooped and held it to the dog.

"Here, Abdiel, have a little," he said.

This offended the old lady.

"You're never going to give the dog that good milk!" she cried.

"A little of it, please, ma'am!"

"And feed him out of the tumbler too!"

"He's had nothing to-day, ma'am, and we're comrades!"

"But it's not clean to do that!"

"Ah, you don't know dogs, ma'am! His tongue is as clean as mine."

Abdiel took three or four little laps of the milk, drew away, and looked up at his master, as much as to say, "You, now!"

"Besides," Clare went on, "he couldn't get at it so well in the bottom of the tumbler."

With that he raised it to his own lips, drank eagerly, and set it on the road half empty, looking his thanks to her with a smile she thought heavenly. Then he broke the bread, and giving the dog nearly the half of it, began to eat the rest him-

self. The old lady stood looking on, silent, and pondering what she was to do with this celestial beggar.

"Would you mind sleeping in the greenhouse, if I had a bed put up for you?" she said at length, in tone apologetic.

"This is a better place—though I wish it was warmer!" said Clare, with another smile as he looked up at the sky, in which a few stars were beginning to twinkle, and thought of the gardeners he had met. "Don't you think so, ma'am?"

"No, indeed, I don't!" she answered crossly; for to her the open air at night seemed something wrong, disreputable—unholy.

"I would rather stay here," said Clare.

"Why?"

"You don't quite believe me, ma'am; you can't; and you can't help it. You wouldn't be able to sleep for thinking that a boy just out of prison was in the greenhouse. There would be no saying what he might not do! I read in a newspaper how an old lady took a lad into her house for a servant, and he murdered her! No, ma'am! After such a supper we shall sleep beautifully!—Shan't we, Abby? And then, perhaps, you could give me a little job in the garden to-morrow? I dare say the gardener wants a little help sometimes! I should sleep all the better for knowing the new day was bringing work in his hands."

The old lady said nothing, for, like most old ladies, she was afraid of her gardener. She took the tumbler from the boy's hand, and went into the house; but returned almost immediately with another great piece of bread, and a bone with something on it, which latter she threw to Abdiel. The dog's ears started up erect and alive, like individual creatures, and his eyes gleamed; but he looked up at his master, nor would touch the bone without his leave. That indicated, he fell upon it, and worried it as if it had been a rat.

Clare was now himself again, and when the old lady left them for the third time, he walked with her across the way, loaf in hand, to open the gate for her. When she was inside, he took off his cap, and bade her good-night with a grace that won all that was left to be won of her heart. She turned before she had taken three steps from the gate.

"Boy!" she called; and Clare, who was making for his couch under the stars, hastened back at the sound of her voice.

"I shall sleep a great deal worse," she said, "to know you are out there in the open air!"

"I'm used to it, ma'am!"

"Oh, I dare say! but you see I'm not; and I don't like the thought of it! You may like hoar-frost-sheets, for what I know, but I don't! You may like the stars for a tester—because you want to die and go to them, I suppose!" she went on, out of temper with the foolish fellow, "but I don't, and you don't think of me! What will my feelings be, if you die in consequence! I shall never go to bed again with a good conscience!—Besides, I shall have to nurse you!"

The last member of her expostulation was scarcely in logical sequence, but it had not the less effect on Clare for that.

"I will do whatever you please, ma'am," he answered humbly. "—Come, Abdiel!"

The dog came running across the road with his bone in his mouth.

"You mustn't bring that inside the gate, Ab!" said Clare.

The dog dropped it.

"Good dog! It's a lady's garden, you know, Abdiel!" Then turning to his hostess, Clare added, "I always tell him when I'm pleased with him: don't you think it right, ma'am?"

"I dare say! but I don't know anything about dogs."

"If you had a dog like Abdiel, he would soon teach you, ma'am!"

By this time they were at the house door. The lady told him to wait. She went in, and had a talk with her two maids. In half an hour, Clare and his attendant four-footed angel were asleep—in an outhouse, it is true, but in a comfortable bed, such as they had not revelled in since their flight from the caravans. The cold breeze wandered moaning like a lost thing round the outside of the bare walls, as if, every time it woke, it went abroad to see if there was any hope for the world, but it did not touch them; and if through their ears it got at all into their dreams, it only made their sleep the sweeter, and their sense of refuge the deeper.

It was long before the old lady went to sleep, notwithstanding that the bewitching boy and his tame dog were not lying in the open air over against her gate, but not a thought of murder or theft came to trouble her. Quite other thoughts kept her awake, for her heart had been deeply touched.

LII.

THE GARDENER.

FROM the fact that his hostess made him no answer when he expressed the hope of a job in her garden, Clare had concluded that she did not think of doing so, that he had presumed in suggesting the thing to her, and that she would be relieved by their departure. When, therefore, he woke in the morning, early though after a splendid night's rest, he felt that he had no right to be longer there: he had been invited to sleep, and he had slept! he had what was offered him! Neither could he endure the idea of being seen lingering as if without words he begged for his breakfast before he went. He walked out of the gate, across the road to where they had settled themselves the night before, and sat down on the spot he had then occupied. There he would wait until the house was astir. For, although he could not linger within gates where he was unknown, and that before any one in the house was up, neither could he entertain the idea of slinking away without morning-thanks for the gift of a warm night. As he sat, he grew drowsy again, and leaning back, fell fast asleep.

The thought of his hostess had been running on very different lines, and she woke with feelings concerning the pauper very different from those the pauper imagined in her. She *must* do something to give or to get him work! As to giving work, her difficulty lay in the gardener. She resolved, however, to attempt overcoming it.

She rose earlier than usual, and as the man, who did not sleep in the house, was not yet come, she went down to the gate to see if he were in sight—so eager and so nervous was she in prospect of her interview with her dreaded servant.

"Good gracious!" she said to herself, "does it rain beggars?" For there, on the same spot, lay another beggar, another boy with a dog in his bosom, the facsimile of the ugly white thing named after Milton's angel! She did not feel moved to go and make his acquaintance. It could hardly be another of the family that had already heard of his brother's good luck, and come to see whether there was not a picking for him! She turned away hurriedly, lest he should wake. She was far from recognizing him as the same boy; but had she done so, she would still have been very far from imagining the

motives with which he had left her house the moment the meal of sleep she had offered him was over.

She looked behind her as she mounted the steps. There was the gardener at the other gate, casting a displeased look across the road! He did not like to see tramps about! Her heart sank a little, but she was not to be turned aside.

The lady's name was Tempest—so sweet a tempest that the peace of heaven must hold many such.

The gardener came up, and his mistress walked with him to his work, telling him as much as she thought fit concerning the boy, and interspersing her narrative with hints of the duty of giving every one a chance. She took care not to mention the prison.

"No one should be driven to despair," she said, little thinking she used almost the very words of the Lord, according to the Sinaitic reading of a passage in St. Luke's Gospel.

The argument had little force with the rough Scotchman: his mistress was soft-hearted! He shook his head ominously at the idea of giving a tramp any chance of doing decent work, but at last consented, with a show of being over-persuaded to an imprudent action, to let the boy help him for a day, and see how he got on, stipulating, however, that he should not be supposed to have pledged himself to anything.

But Miss Tempest's plans were beyond the gardener's scope. She had for some months been inclined to have a boy to help in the house—an inclination justified by an unexpected accession of property; and if this boy were what he seemed, he might make a more than valuable servant! Nothing could clear her judgment of him better than putting him to the test of a brief subjection to the cross-grained, exacting Scotchman! She would soon know whether to dismiss him, or venture with him farther!

She had but just wrung his hard consent from the gardener, when the cook came running, to say the boy was gone. On poor Miss Tempest's heart fell a cold avalanche.

"We've counted the spoons, ma'am, and they're all right!" said the cook.

But the information did not seem greatly to satisfy the benevolent old lady. She stood for a moment with her eyes on the ground, too pained

to move or speak. Then she started, and ran to the gate. The cook ran after, thinking her mistress had gone out of her mind—and was sure of it when she saw her open the gate, and run straight across the road. But when she reached the gate herself, she saw her standing over a boy who lay asleep on the grass by the side of the road. His dog, lying on his bosom, watched her with keen friendly eyes. He was dreaming some pleasant morning dream; for a smile of such pleasure as could haunt only an innocent face, flickered on it like a sunny ripple on the still water of a shadowed pool.

"No!" she said to herself, "there's no duplicity there! Otherwise a tree is not to be known by its fruits!"

Clare opened his eyes, and started lightly to his feet, strong and refreshed.

"Good morning, ma'am!" he said, pulling off his cap.

"Good morning—what am I to call you?" she returned.

"Clare, if you please, ma'am."

"What is your Christian name?"

"That is my Christian name, ma'am—Clare."

"Then what is your surname?"

"I am *called* Porson, ma'am, but I have another name. Mr. Porson adopted me."

"What is your other name?"

"I don't know, ma'am. I am going to be told one day, I think; but the day is not come yet."

He told her all he could about his adoptive parents, and little Maly; but the time before he went to the farm was growing strangely dream-like, as if it had sunk a long way down in the dark water of the past—all up to the hour when Maly was taken from him by her long black aunt. Crouching over the dying embers of the kitchen fire, while Susan was crying up-stairs, he awoke in the night of existence, without father or mother or sister.

The story accounted to Miss Tempest both for his good speech and the name of his dog. The adopted child of a clergyman might well be acquainted with *Paradise Lost*, though she herself had never read more of it than the apostrophe to Light in the beginning of the third book. She had learned it at school without understanding phrase or sentence of it; Clare never left passage alone until he understood it, or, failing that, had invented a meaning for it. But it was now long since he

had read anything. Even at the farm it had been almost impossible to read.

"I have been talking to my gardener about you, Clare," said Miss Tempest. "He will give you a job."

"God bless you, ma'am! I'm ready!" cried Clare, stretching out his arms, as if to get them to the proper length for work. "Where shall I find him?"

"You must have some breakfast first."

She led the way to the kitchen.

The cook, a middle-aged woman, looked at Clare, and then at the dog. Her face puckered all over with points of interrogation and exclamation!

"Please, cook, will you give this young man some breakfast? He wanted to go to work without any, but that wouldn't do—would it, cook?" said her mistress.

"The work wouldn't come to much if it was me, ma'am. But I hope the dog won't be running in and out of my kitchen all day, ma'am!"

"No fear of that, cook!" said Clare; "he never wants to leave me."

"Then I don't think—I'm afraid," she began, and stopped. "—But that's none of my business," she resumed, "and John can look after his own!"

Miss Tempest said nothing, but she trembled; for John, she knew, had a perfect hatred of dogs. Nor could she wonder, for, gate open or gate shut, in they came and ran over his beds. She dared not interfere. They must settle the matter of Abdiel or no Abdiel between them. Poor Miss Tempest was the more afraid of her gardener that she had no coachman to be yet more afraid of. She left the kitchen.

The cook threw the dog a crust of bread, and Abdiel, after a look at his master, fell upon it with his white, hungry little teeth. Then at once she proceeded to prepare a cup of coffee for Clare, casting an eye of pity every now and then at his garments, so miserably worn and rent, and his brown bare feet.

"How on the face of this blessed world, boy, do you expect to work in the garden without shoes?" she said at length.

"Most things I can do well enough," answered Clare; "—even digging, if the ground is not very hard. The soles of my feet have grown like leather."

He said this with a smile, and looked straight in

her eyes. The smile and the look went far to win her heart, as they had won that of her mistress: they both felt them true. She wondered how such a fair-spoken, sweet-faced boy could have come to be a tramp. She poured him out a huge cup of coffee, fried him a piece of bacon, and cut him as much bread and butter as he could dispose of. He had eaten hardly anything but dry bread, in general very dry, since he left the menagerie, and felt himself feasted like an emperor. Pleased with the master, she fed the dog with equal liberality; and then, curious to see their reception by John, between whom and herself was continuous feud, she took Clare to the gardener.

From a distance he saw them coming. With look irate fixed upon the dog, he started to meet them. Clare knew too well the meaning of that look, and saw in him Satan regarding Abdiel with eye of fire, and the words on his lips—

"And fly, ere evil intercept thy flight."

The moment he came near enough, without word or show of malice beyond what lay in his eye, he made, with the sharp hoe he carried, a sudden downstroke at the faithful angel, and would have served him as Gabriel served Moloch. But Abdiel was too knowing for him: he had read danger in his very gait the moment he saw him move, and enmity in his eyes when he came near. He kept therefore his own eyes on the hoe, and never moved till the moment of attack. Then he darted aside, and the weapon came down on the hard walk, jarring the arm of his treacherous enemy. John followed and followed; Abdiel fled and fled—never farther than a few yards, and seemed almost to entice the man's pursuit, sometimes pirouetting on his hind legs to escape the blows which grew more and more furious as the gardener, ever failing to reach him, went on aiming at him. In vain did Clare assure him that neither would the dog do any harm, nor allow any one to hit him. Only from very weariness did John at last desist. Wiping his forehead with his shirt-sleeve, he turned upon Clare in the smothered wrath that knows itself ridiculous. For the cook had all the time stood shaking with delighted laughter at his every fresh discomfiture.

"Awa', ye deil's buckie," he cried, "an' tak' the little Sawtan wi' ye! Dinna lat me see yer face again."

"But the lady told me you would give me a job!" said Clare.

"I didna tell her I wad gie yer tyke a job! I wad though, gien he wad lat me!"

"He's given you a stiff one anyhow!" said the cook, and laughed again.

The gardener took no notice of the remark.

"Awa' wi' ye," he said again, yet more wrathfully, "—or—"

He raised his hand.

Clare looked in his eyes and did not budge.

"Shame, John!" cried the cook. "Would you strike a child?"

"I'm no child, cook!" said Clare. "He can't hurt me much. I've had a good breakfast!"

"Lat 'im tak' awa' that deevil o' a tyke o' his, as I tauld him," thundered the gardener, "or I'll mak' a pulp o' 'im!"

"I've had such a breakfast, as I'm bound to give a whole day's work in return for," said Clare, looking up at the angry man. "I won't stir till I've done it. Stolen food on my stomach would turn me sick!"

"It wadna be the first time, I reckon!" said the gardener.

"It *would* be the first time!" returned Clare. "You are very rude. If Abdiel understood Scotch, he would bite you," he added, as the dog, hearing his master speak angrily, came up, ears erect, and took his place at his side ready for combat.

"Ye maun tak' some ither mode o' payin' the debt, onygait!" he said. "Stick spaud in yird here, ye sall not! You or I maun flit first!"

With that he walked slowly away, shouldering his hoe.

"Come, Abdiel," said Clare; "we had better go and tell Miss Tempest! Perhaps she'll find something else for us to do. If she can't she'll forgive us our breakfast, and we'll be off on the tramp again. I thought I was going to have a day's rest—I mean work; that's the rest I want! But this man is an enemy to the poor."

The gardener half turned, as if he would speak, but changed his mind and went on.

"Never mind John!" said the cook, loud enough for John to hear. "He's an old curmudgeon as can't sleep o' nights for quarrelling inside him. I'll go to mis'ess, and you go and sit down in the kitchen till I come to you."

LIII.

THE KITCHEN.

CLARE went into the kitchen and sat down. The housemaid came in. She had not yet seen him, and stood for a moment looking at him. Then she asked him what he wanted.

"Cook told me to wait here," he answered.

"Wait for what?"

"Till she came to me. She's gone to speak to Miss Tempest."

"I won't have that dog here."

"When I had a home," remarked Clare, "the cook said she was queen of the kitchen: I don't want to be rude, but I must do as she told me."

"She never told you to bring that mangy animal here!"

"She knew he would follow me, and she said nothing about him. But he's not mangy. He hasn't enough to eat to be mangy. He's as lean as a dried fish!"

The housemaid was fat, and inclined to think the remark personal; but Clare looked up at her with such clear, honest, simple eyes, that she forgot the notion, and thought what a wonderfully nice boy he looked.

"He's shamefully poor, though! His clothes ain't even decent!" she said to herself.

And certainly the white skin did look through in several places.

"You won't let him put his nose in anything, will you?" she said gently, returning his smile with a very pleasant one of her own.

"Abdiel is too much of a gentleman to do it," he answered.

"A dog a gentleman!" rejoined the housemaid with a merry laugh, willing to draw him out.

"Abdiel can be hungry and not selfish," answered Clare, and the young woman was silent: it may have been because she heard the approaching step of Mrs. Mereweather.

Miss Tempest and she had all this time been turning over the question what was to be done with the strange boy. They agreed it was too bad that a boy willing to work should be prevented from earning even a day's victuals by the bad temper of a gardener. But his mistress did not want to send the man away. She had found him scrupulously honest, as is many a bad-tempered

man, and she did not like changes. And the cook had taken such a fancy to Clare that she did not want him set to garden-work, but would have him at once into the house, to be trained for a page. The only obstacle in her eyes was that same long thin spectral dog. The boy could not be such a fool, however, she said to herself, not being a lover of animals, as let a wretched beast like that come between him and a good situation! Now Miss Tempest was greatly desiring the same thing, but in dread of what the cook would say; she was delighted, therefore, when the first suggestion of it came from the cook herself.

"It's all right, Clare," said Mrs. Mereweather, entering her kingdom so radiant within that she could not repress the outshine of her pleasure. "Mis'ess an' me, we've arranged it all. You're to come and help me in the kitchen; and if you can do what you're told, and are willing to learn, we'll get you out of your troubles. There's but one thing in the way."

"What is it, please?" asked Clare.

"The dog, of course. You must part with the dog."

"That I cannot do," returned Clare quietly, but with countenance fallen and sorrowful. "—Come, Abdiel!"

The dog started up all alive, every hair of him full of electric vitality.

"You don't mean you're going to walk yourself off in such a beastly ungrateful fashion—all for a miserable dog!" exclaimed the cook.

"The lady has been most kind to us, and we're grateful to her, and ready to work for her if she will let us;—ain't we, Abdiel? But Abdiel has done far more for me than Miss Tempest! To part with Abdiel, and leave him to starve, or get into bad company, would be sheer ingratitude. I should be a creature such as Miss Tempest ought to have nothing to do with: I might serve her as that young butler I told her of! It's just as bad to be ungrateful to a dog as to any other person. Besides, he wouldn't leave me. He would be always hanging about."

"John would soon knock him on the head."

"Would he, Abdiel?" said Clare.

The dog looked up to his master with such a comical answer in his face, that the cook burst out laughing, and began to like Abdiel.

"But you don't really mean to say," she persisted,

"that you would go off again on the tramp, to be as cold and hungry to-morrow as you were yesterday—and all for the sake of a dog? A dog ain't a Christian!"

"He's more of a Christian than many a one I know," answered Clare. "He does what his master tells him."

"There's something in that!" said the cook.

"If I were to part with Abdiel, I could never hold up my head before the angels," insisted Clare. "Think what harm it might do him! He could trust nobody after! His goodness might give way! He might grow worse than Tommy! No; I've got to take care of Abdiel, and Abdiel's got to take care of me!—Ain't you, Abby?"

"We can't have him here in the kitchen anyhow!" said the cook.

"Poor fellow!" said the housemaid kindly.

The dog turned to her and wagged his tail.

"What wouldn't I give for a lover like that!" said the housemaid—but whether of Clare or the dog it were hard to say.

"I know what I will do!" said Clare, with sudden resolve. "I will ask Miss Tempest to have him up-stairs with her, and when she is tired of me we will go away together. Nobody ever could be tired of Abdiel!"

"A likely thing!" returned the cook. "A lady like Miss Tempest have a dog like that about her! She'd be eaten up alive with fleas! In ten minutes she would!"

"No fear of that!" rejoined Clare. "Abdiel catches all his *own* fleas!—Don't you, Abby?"

The dog instantly began to burrow in his fell of hair—an answer which, I confess, might be taken two ways: it might indicate occasional failure in the hunt, or comprehension and corroboration of his master. But the women laughed, much amused.

"Look here!" said Clare. "Let me have a tub of water—warm, if you please—he likes that: I tried him once as we passed a factory, where a lot of it was running to waste. Then with a bit of soap I'll show you a head and body of hair to delight you."

"What breed is he?" asked the housemaid.

"He's all the true breeds under the sun, I fancy," replied his master; "but the best in him seems a sky-blue terrier."

The more they talked with Clare, the better the women liked him. They got him a tub and plenty

of warm water. Abdiel was nothing loth to be plunged in, and Clare washed him thoroughly. Taken out and dried, he seemed no more for a lady's chamber unmeet.

"Now," said Clare, "will you please ask Miss Tempest if I may bring him on to the lawn, and show her some of his tricks?"

The good lady consented, and was much pleased with the cleverness and instant obedience of the little animal. Clare proposed that she should keep him by her.

"But will he stay with me? and will he do what I tell him?" she asked.

Clare took the dog aside, and talked to him. He told him what he was going to do, and what he expected of him. How much Abdiel understood, who can say! but when his master laid him down at Miss Tempest's feet, there he lay; and when Clare went with the cook, he did not move, though he cast many a wistful glance after the lord of his heart. When his new mistress went into the house, he followed her submissively, his head hanging, and his tail motionless. He soon recovered himself, however, and seemed to know that his friend had not abandoned him.

LIV.

THE WHEEL RESTS FOR A TIME.

THAT part of the human race which is fond of dolls, may now imagine the pleasure of the cook in going to the town in the omnibus to buy everything for a live doll so big as Clare! In a very few days she had him dressed to her heart's content, and Miss Tempest's satisfaction.

His mistress would not have him in livery, but in a plain suit of dark blue cloth; for she loved blue, all her men-people being or having been in the navy. Thus dressed he looked as much of a gentleman as before; his look of refinement had owed nothing to the contrast of his rags! Better clothes make some seem commoner.

When the cook came back, well pleased with her purchases, she found that the ragged boy had got her kitchen and scullery as nice and clean, and everything as ready to hand, as if she had done it herself before going, which the omnibus would not permit. This rejoiced her much; but being a woman of experience, she continued a little anxious lest she should find his sweet ways go with his

rag, and that with his new garments he had put on bumptiousness and bad manners. Such a change is no uncommon result of prosperity. But such had been Mr. Porson's teaching, such the wisdom of Mrs. Porson, and such the responsiveness of the boy's disposition, that the thought never came to him whether this or that was fit for him to do: if the thing was a right thing, and had to be done, why should not he do it as well as another! When it came to the point of earning his own and Abdiel's bread, he never set up his back at any work, and forgot even the bread it was to give him, in the endeavour to do it as well as he could.

Nor, as the days went on, was Mrs. Mereweather once disappointed in him. He did everything with such a will that both she and the housemaid were always ready to spare and help him. They very soon began to grow tender over him; and on the pretence of his being the sooner dressed to open the door, would do certain things themselves which he was quite content to do, but which they did not like seeing him do. Many—I am afraid most boys would have presumed on their kindness, but Clare was nowise injured by it.

Nothing could be kinder than the way his mistress treated him. Having lent him some books, she at once perceived that he was careful of them. He respected books. Few ordinary people do. Nothing shows vulgarity more than the way in which the books of circulating libraries are treated. Some have the insolence to write remarks on their margins, and others the uncleanness to brush their hair over them! I do not know which marks the worse breeding. In consequence of the gentle way he handled hers, Miss Tempest let Clare have the run of her small library as soon as his day's work was over. He might read, or write there, or go out with Abdiel for an hour or two almost every evening. For as the good lady lived alone, and had not many visitors, the work in the house was not heavy for three.

From hungry days and cold nights, Clare and Abdiel found themselves *in clover*—the phrase surely of some lover of cows! It might be otherwise by and by, when the power of some higher kind of labour, and the impulse toward it should

wake in him, but for the present Clare was content. He had longed so much for work, and had found it so difficult to obtain, that he must value it now he had it, just because it was work. And a man ranks, not according to the work, but according to the quality of his labour—the way he does the work. To do any work better is far higher promotion than to be set to a superior kind of work.

Clare used his privileges, and went on educating himself unconsciously. He read whatever came in his way. He read really—not as most people read, with the words for a veil between them and the meaning. Clare tried first to understand what the words meant, and then to see that the thing was true: where he could not see the thing true, and was compelled to doubt it, he yet gained much by the trying and thinking. He learned more than most boys at school, even most young men at college; for it is not what one knows, but what one uses, that is the measure of true knowledge. Whatever he read, he read from the point of practice. In history or romance he was—not what a man ought to be or do, but what he himself must, at that moment, be and do. He was a thoroughly practical fellow. There is a sort of man calling himself practical, but neglecting to practise the most important things, who would laugh at the idea of Clare being practical, seeing he did not trouble his head about money, or “getting on in the world,” what servants call “bettering themselves.” He cared first to do what was right, and then to grow a better man; and such a life is the only kind of life I count practical. People wondered how Miss Tempest had managed to get such a nice-looking page, and the good lady was flattered by their wonder. For she had soon grown so fond of him, that only two things withheld her from sending him to school, and bringing him up like a nephew—unwillingness to part with him, and the miserable disappointment a friend of hers had had in a youth she adopted. She thought, therefore, and thought rightly, that she had better wait for the youth to confirm the promise of the boy: it is so difficult, in the human tree, to distinguish between blossom and fruit. Lovely impulse is the blossom; unvarying, determined truth in action is the fruit.

(To be continued.)

J. Finnmere del.

THE SKYLARK.

" Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea ;
Emblem of happiness,
Blest be thy dwelling-place,
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee ! "

JAMES HOGG.

O-WUTA-SAN.

SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN.

PART II.

I SUPPOSE she grew into what seems a highly unnatural and dangerous liking for pink confectionery with pepper in it, and candied weeds and sugared beans, by improper indulgence on the part of her parents, just as children are doing all the time in the kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. This would not be so very long before she was allowed to eat raw fish and pickled turnip—her substitute for beefsteak and potatoes, which she would consider a gory horror. As a little girl she played battledore and shuttlecock more than anything, with a painted bat and a feathered nut. She was given at least two steaming-hot baths daily, which she enjoyed immensely; and she was always so dainty about her person and in her play, that her soft embroidered *kimonos* did not require washing, in her mother's opinion, and she wore the same *kimono* at ten as she did at four. This may seem a little over-wonderful, but it was an arrangement of tucks. Her *obis* were heirlooms, and they were spotless too.

Very early in life she was instructed in as many of the Chinese letter-signs as were considered requisite to a young lady's education in Japan, and learned to read, by their assistance, all about the domestic virtues of an ideal Japanese lady—that she must be docile, decorative, obedient to her parents, respectful to her eldest son, economical, watchful of her husband's welfare, and above all things silent in his presence. She was also permitted to read a few romances, illustrative of these matters. Her religious education was attended to more or less. Her father did not believe in the gods much himself, and had caricatures of them among his art treasures; still it was as well that a girl should; and so once a year O-Wuta-san went on a pilgrimage to Nikko with her mother, and rang the great bell of the temple that the god might hear, and wondered how it was that so many of her petitions went unanswered.

For accomplishments she had first to learn the most elaborate ceremonial of social etiquette in the world, including the art of bowing and polite conversation; so that she might acquit herself under any circumstances with fluency and grace. This

took a long time, and while it was going on she was taught to arrange flowers in pots and vases—no easy matter with Japanese standards of decoration to attain—and to tie her *obi* gracefully, which is a very fine art indeed, although one wouldn't think so to look at it. Beside all this she learned to sing, to dance, and to play the *samisen* and the *koto*; also, being rather an elegant young lady, to write poetry.

To be amused she made visits to her friends with her mother; and went riding, always with her mother, in her *jinrikisha*, pulled by a servant with the family crest on his back; or she spent the day at the theatre, where the play began at nine o'clock on Monday morning, and ended at eleven o'clock on Sunday night; or they went on long deliberative shopping excursions, when they sat on the floor with their feet under them, examining embroideries and drinking innumerable tiny cups of pale green tea provided by the dealer to facilitate a bargain. Or when the plum-trees and the irises were in blossom they went to garden-parties, and watched wonderful jugglery with eggs and fans and paper umbrellas. And although O-Wuta-san would not dream of falling in love without being begged to do so in appropriate language by an appropriate person, and requested in due form by her parents, she modestly hoped for a husband, from the time she was instructed in the domestic virtues, to practise them on.

O-Wuta-san's address was *go-chomi, shi-jiu banchi, Fugi-mi-chi, Azabu, Tokyo*, a tiny impenetrable-looking two-storied house in a dwarf garden full of mandarin orange-trees. The gate of the high fence round it slid back at my knock, and a servant knelt before me, touching the ground with his forehead. I asked for the *oka san*,¹ and as he ushered me to the door I noticed the *oka san's* little decorated *jinrikisha* in what represented Mr. Ito's coach-house, I suppose, near the gate.

The house had no door apparently, but part of the wall slid back in a magical way at the servant's call, and I found myself in a little daintily-tinted square room all panelled in thick paper for partitions, and thin paper for windows, through which the light came very softly. Two flat black velvet

¹ Young lady.

cushions lay in the middle of the floor, and there was nothing else in the room at all except a *kakemono*¹ on the wall, and a beautiful old bronze vase in one corner. As I was preparing my mind and my petticoats to take a seat on one of the velvet cushions, the wall mysteriously opened and let O-Wuta-san in. I say "let" her in advisedly, for she did not seem to come in, she appeared. First she dropped very gracefully on her knees on one of the cushions, with her palms outspread upon the floor, and bowed until I thought she would dislocate her dear little neck. Then she sat down on it smilingly, and I sat down on the other, and she asked me if it was well, and I said it was; and the ceremony of my visit had fairly begun. I can't tell you what the conversation consisted of without embarrassment, which would be visible even in print. For I did not in the least know how politely to repel the extremely decorative compliments O-Wuta-san had thought it her duty to get ready for me, as a Japanese visitor would have done; and when she assured me that her father's poor roof was deeply honoured by my gracious presence, I could do nothing but smile. If it had not been for O-Wuta-san's singing and dancing my visit would not have enlightened me much about her, for her idea of conversation was evidently exclusively complimentary; but she sang and danced for me, accompanying herself on her *samisen* of three strings, and it seemed to me that a great deal of her strange conventional little life went into the song and dance. The singing was a low-pitched monotone with a note of sweet complaint in it, rising and falling as the wind does, but answering to no measure or musical idea that I had ever heard before. The notes of the *samisen* came singly under her fingers, and every one seemed to have a strange, sad, poetic meaning of its own, comprehensible perhaps to the little maiden who evoked it, but surely to nobody else. And the dancing was a series of slow graceful posturings—the turning of her shapely ankle, the uplifting of her pretty arms, a glance this way or that, and a smile. But the dance was the natural outcome of the song, and the song of the *samisen*; and they all belonged to the quaint little creature in her blue *kimono*, to the paper house and the bronze vase, and could not be thought of separ-

ately. I longed to linger, but one cannot go on drinking sugarless green tea and eating soapy pink cakes indefinitely, and at last I said "*Sayonara!*" which means "Farewell!" to O-Wuta-san, bowing on her threshold, and went away.

I saw O-Wuta-san once more before I left Japan. The thorough foreign education had been in process some time. It was at the Tokyo Institute of Music which I was inspecting, as tourists do. She sat on a very high piano-stool before a grand piano, and was painfully practising her scales. Her hair was twisted into a common-place knot at the back of her head, the *naïf* pink and white complexion was gone, and so was the tiny dab of gold. She had evidently found it necessary to lace very tightly to be elegant, but her silk dress, made in a fashion which was prevalent before you or I were born, and has only just reached Japan, did not fit her well at all. Over it she wore a small red worsted shawl, and under her chin appeared a large purple bow. She still toddled as she walked, and she still made low bows to her instructors, looking frightened and shy and uncomfortable, and conscious of being much too fine. I heard her sing; the selection was "Home Sweet Home" in Japanese. If you can imagine that almost sacred piece of music absolutely denuded of expression, and emitted with precision by a thin little voice unaccustomed to the heights or the depths of sound, in a very foreign tongue, you will have conceived O-Wuta-san's new accomplishment.

I talked to her a little that day. Her English had greatly improved; she was reading Sir Walter Scott with grammar and dictionary. Her foreign course included fancy-work and plain sewing, and designing plaques according to European art ideas. She showed me with some pleasure a bunch of hideous paper roses she had made. She was learning to dance also, and to shake hands, and to like salt in her food and eat it from a plate instead of a bowl, with a knife and fork and spoon instead of chopsticks. And Mr. Matsuo Ito, when I met him again, had much more pride in his sister than he showed the day he introduced me to her—she too had adopted modern ideas. But I am afraid I reviled modern ideas, and sent a vain sigh after my quaint little vision in the Fair of the Chrysanthemums.

¹ Roll-picture.

DUMPS.

MRS. PARR.

CHAPTER XIX.

I SUPPOSE when people are very happy that they sleep soundly. It was quite late when I awoke the following morning. At seven Sarah had come into the room, but the visit usually paid by nurse half an hour later had either not been made, or was not noticed by me. I dressed as quickly as possible, and went out of my room in the mood—usual with those who have over-slept—to blame everybody but myself for being so late. To my surprise the breakfast-table was in disorder, although nothing had been used. In one place the cups and plates were pushed together to make room for the writing-pad, on which lay a pen still wet with ink.

"Why, nurse," I exclaim, seeing her enter, "do you know how late it is—past nine o'clock?"

"Is it, my dear?" she says absently, and then turning to Jacob, who has followed her, she gives him an envelope. "Now take that to King's, and bring back what they'll give you, and ask them to look sharp, 'cos Dr. Clarke's here waiting."

"Dr. Clarke here? Is Dumps ill again then?"

"No, 'tis your pa ain't very well this morning."

"Papa!" I cry, jumping up, for my impulse is to go at once to him; "but papa's never ill, nurse!"

"Because he hasn't been so far, isn't to say he's never to be. No, now you sit down and I'll get you your breakfast, 'cos he's got Dr. Clarke with him now, and you can go in later."

"What is it the matter with him—is he in pain?" I ask anxiously. "He seemed so very well last night."

"I don't hear anything about much pain. He was took quite early in the morning with a kind of an upset, and that brought on a feeling of faintness, and then he took some physic that he'd got by him, but he couldn't feel the thing; so as soon as he heard some o' them stirrin' he sent up for me, and I sent off for Dr. Clarke."

"Quite right, I'm glad you did. Poor papa, I do hope he'll be better soon."

"I think he's better now. A man's got so little notion of what to do when anything's the matter. They're in that just like the poor dumb brutes, either set up a howl or creep away into a corner."

"Isn't Dumps up yet?"

"Yes, he was here not long ago. He wouldn't have his breakfast without you. I made him swallow a cup of milk, and I fancy he went into the garden."

"I'll go and fetch him," I say.

I soon see him hopping slowly along the path, and quicken my pace to join him.

"I'm so sorry that Mr. Carleton isn't well."

"Yes," I say, "when I heard Dr. Clarke was here I thought it was you ill."

"I wish it was, because you wouldn't be so anxious then."

"Well, it is because papa is never ill. I never knew him to have anything the matter with him since I was born. I'm so glad nurse sent for Dr. Clarke."

"Yes, Dr. Clarke says that she did quite right, because it seems that Mr. Carleton had an attack of a similar kind while he was away."

"He never said a word about it, though."

"No, it passed off, and he thought nothing more of it—as this one will."

"I hope so."

We go into breakfast, but I have little appetite for the meal. This unusual circumstance of my father being ill has given me a shock; my heart is as heavy as a stone. It is with difficulty I get down a few mouthfuls of what is set before me.

"If you ain't goin' to eat any more than that, Sylvia, it's as well to put it all away." Nothing irritates nurse so much as to see me "play," as she calls it, with "my food." "It's all very well to be feelin'-hearted, but because your pa's ill where's the sense of *you* making yourself ill too? To-morrow very like he'll be well again, and you forced to lie in your bed."

I know her way. Papa and all the world may suffer, and she will do her best to ease them, only my little finger must not ache, or if it does everything else has to give way to me.

"I shall be much more easy when I have seen him," I say coaxingly. "If he was in the habit of being ill I shouldn't think so much of it."

"That's, as you may say, flingin' a stone at Providence for the good health he's been let enjoy."

"Oh, nurse," I say, "how can you? Dumps understands what I mean, don't you, Dumps?"

"Why yes, of course," he says stoutly.

"Of course," she echoes, "you'd agree if she was to say the moon was made of green cheese," but while she says this she smiles at him, and puts her arms round me. "Come, now, you must be reasonable," she says, "and don't go worrettin' yourself with a lot of foolish fancies which will never come to pass."

I give her my word that I do not intend to do this, and comforted by the assurance she goes off to see if Jacob has returned.

Left to ourselves, Dumps and I begin talking of other things. He tries to interest me in a story that he has been reading, and I pretend to be amused, but all the time my senses seem turned into ears. In reality I can only listen for the first sound of Dr. Clarke's footstep on the stairs. "There he is." I am off and at his side.

"Oh, how is papa?" I say breathlessly. "There's nothing much the matter with him, is there?"

"No—oh no."

"He'll very soon be all right again?"

"I hope so."

Dear me, why does he speak in that kind of tone? I remember now that Miss Olivia says, "Dr. Clarke is not at all a reassuring man." I never thought about it before, but I quite understand her meaning now.

"You're quite sure?" I say emphatically.

"My dear Sylvia, in matters of life and death who can be sure?"

"Yes, I know; but as sure as you can be. You see papa's never been ill before."

"Which shall I do—congratulate the lucky man, or pity his unfortunate doctor?"

Oh, how I wish he wouldn't try to be funny. He doesn't seem to say anything I want him to.

"Of course I may go in and see him?"

"Well, I think I wouldn't do that just now. You see I've given him a draught that I hope will put things to rights, and perhaps it might be as well to let him be for an hour or so—I shall look in again by that time," and he runs briskly down the remaining stairs, pausing in the hall to say, "I want to speak a word to Mrs. Sampson before I go."

"Nurse, nurse, Dr. Clarke wants you."

She comes hurrying up from the kitchen, where she has gone to superintend the making of some beef-tea.

"It's about the medicine," he says, looking at

me, and he takes her into the dining-room and shuts the door.

Surely there was never a more lovely day than this has been. Oh, how cruelly bright the sun has shone, as if all outside and around was mocking me. Gradually through the house a horrible stillness seems to creep, until you fancy you can hear all the clocks ticking. Every one speaks in a whisper, which makes their voices sound more audible, and walks on tip-toe, as if it were necessary to let their fear of making a noise be seen.

I have not been in to see my father when Dr. Clarke comes again, although I know papa has not been sleeping, for, listening at his door, I can hear him moving to and fro. I am just going to knock and ask if I may not go in, when nurse puts her hand gently on my arm.

"No, my dear," she says, "best let him be for a little time, as Dr. Clarke wished you, and I think 'tis what he would rather himself."

At his next visit Dr. Clarke stays a much longer time. Coming out this time and finding me waiting, he speaks to me in much more cheerful tone.

"Now, my dear little girl, you mustn't look at me so anxiously. Your father's doing very fairly—symptoms not yielding quite as quickly as I should like to see; so to hasten matters I've sent a note asking Dr. Grayson to come over and meet me, and if we two can't set him right, we'll have one of the best men down from London."

"Then he's very ill?" my lips say; I have no voice to speak in.

"No, no, no; well, ill—yes, but just with one of those things that all depends on its being taken in time. He'll pull round, don't you fear. All I wish is that he had spoken to me before, but it's often the way with those who have never ailed anything, and so the old proverb of the creaking door."

I creep up-stairs to my own room, shut the door, and sit down. Papa ill—very ill, and I stunned so that I can't cry, can't think, hardly can care. How dreadful! What if I were to lose him!—if he were to die! I fly down-stairs to find some one to comfort me.

I am still sitting, with Dumps at my side, his hand in mine, when Dr. Grayson drives up to the door. He has come from Yesterford, the next town to Mallett, twelve miles away. He is quite a young

man, but thought very much of because he has been physician to a London hospital. Nurse tells me this. She says that papa is very anxious to see him, and after he has gone that papa will see me. This is the greatest comfort I have had yet, and I consent to have something to eat, so that I may appear quite calm and cheerful during the interview.

Dear, loving Dumps exhausts his memory, and I fancy draws largely on his imagination, by trying to raise my spirits with stories of various persons he has heard of, or his grandfather had known, all of whom have been taken suddenly ill, but *very ill*, and each one of whom has as rapidly got well again. Nurse coming in as often as she can to bring cheering reports from the sick chamber, highly approves of Dumps' endeavours, and in two or three instances waits to cap his stories, adding on each occasion—

"And it's all so different with your pa. If it was a stroke or a seizure I shouldn't feel so sure, but his complaint seems one that comes on all in a minute, and just as sudden and he's well again. It isn't your pa, it's *you* that's making me so anxious, Sylvia," and indeed her face is troubled as she looks at me. "There's the bell," she says, and away she runs, and then we hear the doctors going down-stairs into the dining-room.

What can they be saying? Will they never come out? Hark! yes, that's the door. I run to the window and look out—Dr. Grayson is driving away, Dr. Clarke returns to my father's bedroom. Another hour passes—at least so the clock tells me, if not it would seem sixty hours instead of sixty minutes that I have been sitting watching, waiting for the summons which is so long in coming. "Papa, papa," my heart seems crying, "why cannot I see you?" I feel that if I could look at him, touch him, speak to him, after that nothing could be so bad to hear. I can't listen to Dumps now—I don't want to hear anything he has to tell me; and the poor fellow sits with his eyes fixed on a book, the pages of which he never turns. At last some one is coming. Dr. Clarke opens the door and walks straight over to me.

"Sylvia, my dear," he says, now so gravely and gently, "your father wishes to see you."

"Oh, I am so glad," and I jump up from the sofa on which I have been curled.

"Before you go up," and he puts on me a detaining hand, "I want to say a little word of warning to you." I nod my head to show that I am attend-

ing. "Your father takes a more unfavourable view than he need perhaps of his condition, and in this way may speak very despondingly to you. Now I want you to gather up all your courage so that you don't give way; and if that is done I believe seeing you will be of benefit to him. It's a great thing in any illness, slight or severe, to have the mind set at ease, so should he begin telling you what he may wish done, try and keep as composed as you can, and promise to do all he wishes you to."

"I will," I say.

"That's right. Strive to keep calm and do all you can not to cry."

"I shall not cry." I can say this with certainty. I do not feel as if I should ever cry again; my eyes have been dry all day. If I wished to, it would be impossible for me to shed a tear.

CHAPTER XX.

To my surprise my father is not in bed, he is in his dressing-gown lying on the sofa. At first sight I do not think that he looks so very ill, but when I see him nearer I notice that his face is pinched and not its usual colour. He does not appear to have heard me come into the room. His eyes are closed, and when he opens them I am standing by his side looking at him. His old smile—the one he seems to keep for me—tells me he is glad to see me. Kneeling down I pressed my lips softly to his hand.

"Dear, dear papa, all day I have been longing to see you; you know that, don't you?"

"You couldn't have done me any good, my dear," he says languidly, "and it would only have added to my pain that you should see me suffer."

"You have been in pain then, papa?"

"It seems to me I have—fortunately I can't speak from much previous experience."

"No—I never knew you ill before; but you will soon be well again, you know."

I say this with an effort, hoping it may possibly cheer him. Contrary to the despondency of which Dr. Clarke has warned me, my father says more energetically than he has yet spoken—

"Oh yes, I hope so. You mustn't think I'm full of dismal forebodings, because I've sent for you to say what I am going to; but this attack seizing me, and so suddenly too, has made me reflect that, strong as I've always been, I am mortal like other men, whom I have often blamed for not

having their worldly affairs in order, when they might have returned the same reproach to me about some of my own."

"Oh, but never mind thinking about that now, papa, wait until—"

"No no—the present moment is the time. Remember the old adage, delays are dangerous."

"Of course, if it will give you ease of mind."

"It will, my dear. There is no one else in the room, is there?"

"No, we are quite alone."

"Go to the door, open it a little, and shut it again; then come back."

I notice that after each time he speaks he shuts his eyes as if it was an effort to him, but that is all. I can perceive no symptoms such as I have read in books attended death-bed scenes. Surely Dr. Clarke must be mistaken. My father is not as ill as he thinks him. I obey his wishes and return to his side.

"My dear little girl has grown into a woman now," he begins, "and it is as that that I am going to speak to her. Whenever I am taken from this world I am thankful that I leave you provided for. The deeds and papers relating to all properties are lodged with Mr. Longford Bartlett, who I can trust to look after and advise you. Whenever you marry, Sylvia, you will not go dowerless to your husband."

"No, papa," I say calmly, for though I have in obedience to Dr. Clarke's instructions assumed an air of profound attention, the words my father says fall on my ears with little more meaning or interest than if he spoke in Greek. What could it matter to me how I was left? If he was spared to me all was well; if he was not I cared not whether I should be a beggar or the possessor of thousands.

"And now," he says, "we come to a matter which touches you closely, and has been for some long period the wish and desire of my heart. My strength does not permit me to make any long preamble, neither do I know that it is necessary."

He pauses, and I can see that it is costing him something to make a beginning. The exact reason that makes me jump at his meaning I cannot tell, but so paramount is the desire to spare him that I say, "Is it about Lady Deloraine, papa?"

"You have guessed rightly; it is. The secret that I have long held I am going to confide to you, because if I die you are to take all the papers con-

nected with it into your custody before Mr. Bartlett comes down."

"Yes; and what am I to do with them?"

"Well, first let me tell you where to find the packet, tied up and docketed. Take that key off this bunch," he holds them towards me, "and take great care of it. It is the key of my escritoire. In the inner largest drawer are the papers I speak of. No one is to look over anything that is in there but you. Everything relates solely to my private personality."

"Yes," I say, looking at the little key. I think he divines my feeling.

"If, as I hope and trust, I recover, all you have to do is to give it me again; in the meantime my mind is at rest that you have it in safe keeping."

Cheered by this I take the key from its ring and attach it to my watch-chain.

"Well, now to answer your question as to the way you are to act in regard to these papers. The explanation—stay—I think I must wait a few minutes before beginning that." He closes his eyes and seems to get paler.

"Papa, isn't there anything I can give you?"

His face has turned from white to gray; although he is lying down he seems to have fallen together.

"Call somebody," he murmurs.

I ring the bell violently, and fly to the top of the stairs.

"Nurse—Dr. Clarke—come somebody, quick."

Nurse is with me almost immediately; she hurries to the sofa.

"Don't be alarmed, my dear; he's only took faint like he's been before. He'll come round, you'll see."

"Dr. Clarke," I gasp.

"Hasn't been gone from the door five minutes. You run down to Jacob; tell him to go to King's and see if he's there, and send Sarah up to me."

I know now that she thought the best remedy for my distress was giving me something to do.

I send Jacob off. I stand with the door ajar, so that when they come there may not be an instant's delay. It seems an interminable time, but at last Dr. Clarke comes, saying—

"Dear me, I hadn't got so far as Follett's lane."

"He's fainted," I say.

"Hm—it's no use; we must get him into bed."

Breathlessly I follow him back to the room. My father seems conscious. He says something to Dr.

Clarke, who motions us to go out. Nurse only is told to remain. Outside I sit down on the top stair, so that I can watch the door, which is very long in opening. At length Dr. Clarke appears, and I hear him say—

"He would have been here by the 7.50 train. I shall telegraph and try to stop him. It's of no use now."

No use!—what is of no use? I spring up, so that Dr. Clarke sees me.

"Sylvia, my poor child," he says, "I fear your father is very ill;" and then, as if unable to say more, he calls softly, "Nurse, I'll stay for a little time—come here," and she coming out he puts her towards me.

The tears are streaming down her cheeks. She clasps me in her arms.

"Will he die?" I say.

"There's no hope, I fear. Something internal—whatever it is—has given way. So awfully sudden—seeming in perfect health yesterday. Oh dear! oh dear!"

"Don't cry, nurse—don't cry," and I free myself from her arms.

"What is it you're going to do?" she says anxiously.

"Go to my father," and I go, and she follows me.

No need to tell me now that he will never recover. At sight of him stretched there every atom of hope leaves me, and I kneel down at the bed by his side, my eyes fixed on the loved face which for the first time in my life does not take notice of me. And hours pass, and people come and go, ask questions and I answer them—but it is all as if in a dream. At length the muttering—unintelligible, but which he has constantly kept up—ceases. He gives two or three sighs, and then • • • "What is it?" I say. Somebody is trying to lift me up.

"You mustn't stop any longer. It's no use now, my dear. Come away."

I make a movement of resistance; my eyes return to their watching. Suddenly the truth dawns on me—my father is dead.

CHAPTER XXI.

Who can describe the days of blank misery which follow a death? That awakening in the morning, when for an instant all seems as usual

—the swift flash of recollection bringing with one crushing blow the whole sense of desolation; the heartrending formalities that have to be discussed; the people you have to see; the terribly commonplace platitudes that—said by way of comfort—you are forced to listen to.

All this it has been my lot to endure. More than a week has passed since my father was laid in his grave; and now in place of his familiar form in his accustomed chair, I have to go to a newly-made grave in Sharrow's churchyard to feel myself near to him. My mother lies buried in a little churchyard twenty miles away—a wish expressed in health, in death my father had felt it a comfort to gratify. Mallett churchyard is divided by a thoroughfare of the town. I could not consent to his resting where, except in the eye of every passer, I could never go and sit by him. So Sharrow's was chosen, and it being Sunday afternoon, nurse, who in tenderness is a mother to me, has ordered a carriage to take Dumps and me and herself there. We are my father's three mourners, although in far different degrees—I mourn him for him, they mourn him because of me.

"We shall be in time for the service," says nurse, "and then we can wait until everybody is gone before we leave the church."

It is a true summer's day, but the beauty of all around instead of filling me with gladness seems to mock me. I know now that youth takes sorrow very bitterly; resignation seldom comes until we have suffered frequently. It appeared to me then that I could never be happy again. I had not learnt the lesson that whether in grief or joy we should look beyond the present hour, which will pass away.

Vainly poor Dumps tries to win a smile from me, pointing at the roses which are covering the hedges now; but when I look a mist of hushed tears blot them from my view, and I can only see the vision of a figure who on earth I shall see no more. Nothing, so far, seems able to rouse any feeling of interest within me—the letters of condolence sent, the people who call, the messages which Sir Felix leaves with Dumps for him to give me each day. With my father's death, love seems to have died; I no longer care who may or may not care for me.

With unnecessary fuss, after much parleying with nurse, old Donkin the verger puts us into a pew.

The service commences, and I follow without ever once looking up or around, until a sudden pause and sort of confusion makes me lift my eyes. They fall on my lady, who, half out of her pew, as if she has been endeavouring to get out of church, is leaning pale and faint against Sir Felix, he bending anxiously over her. Mr. Bethune leans down from his reading-desk and says something to Tuckett, who sits below him, and he hastening to her help they assist her through the chancel into the vestry. At the conclusion of the service, seeing that the small congregation lingers as if irresolute what sympathy they ought to show, Mr. Bethune after going into the vestry comes out again and says—

"I am sure I shall be setting the minds of all present at ease by letting them know that my lady is quite recovered, and has been able to return to the house. She has been very unwell lately, and thinks this slight attack of faintness was due to a little over-exertion."

There is a shuffle of feet, and in five minutes we are at liberty to go into the churchyard, about which no one has cause to linger that afternoon. On the way back nurse naturally reverts to this circumstance.

"I hope Sir Felix didn't think of it," says Dumps, "or he'd fancy there was some ill-luck about my first seeing any of his family. I wanted to have a look at my lady, and I couldn't see her from where I was, so I moved a little higher and hoisted myself up a bit. I think my crutch must have made a noise, for she looked over as if it had startled her, and both our eyes seemed to meet; and then she got pale and took hold of the door-handle."

"I was struck with how old and ill she's got to look—wasn't you, Sylvia?"

"I didn't look at her," I say, "until she was faint, and of course she looked ill then."

"Sir Felix seemed in a terrible way. He's got such a feeling affectionate heart of his own, I don't know where it came from. I'm sure not from her."

"Nurse!" I say reprovingly.

"Quite right, my dear—'tain't proper, and just come from the house o' prayer too. 'Tis best let bygones be bygones; but the tongue is an unruly member, which nobody ought to know better than me."

One thing this occurrence has done—it has

stirred in me the feeling that it is time that I looked at those papers intrusted to me by my father. Mr. Bartlett has been here, and has done and is doing all that is necessary. I am in a way left to his care, but with great liberty in all that concerns me. I tell him what my father's wishes were about the contents of his *escritoire*, not naming the papers, and he advises me to leave looking over these things until I am calmer; "then," he says, "they may afford a melancholy pleasure to you." He has gone back to London now—he went the day after the funeral; in a week or so he is coming back again. Before that time I feel it is my duty to look at those papers referring to Lady Deloraine, and try and discover what were my father's wishes about them. My lady is safe if they should prove to mean any small revenge—the fire in that case shall consume them; she shall never know they came under my eyes.

I have had the *escritoire* brought into my own room; I cannot yet bear to be alone in the one which papa occupied. I tell Dumps that I am going to look over some letters, for if I am absent from him for half an hour he fidgets, unless he knows what has become of me. I turn the key in the door, unlock the outer drawer, press the spring—which often as a child to my delight I have been permitted to do—the inner drawer flies open, and there lies the neatly-tied-up packet, under the string of which, pushed in without untying it, is a letter folded longways, on the back of which is written—"Draft of letter sent June —, to Lady Deloraine."

CHAPTER XXII.

It was eleven o'clock when I went into my room. At one nurse knocks at the door and says—

"It's nearly dinner-time, Sylvia."

"All right," I answer, "I am coming."

So two hours have gone by—two hours, during which I have done nothing but read and re-read the letter which, my father's handwriting says, is the "draft of one sent June —, to Lady Deloraine."

Well might she grow faint at sight of me—the daughter of the man who held her in his power—the poor victim who was made the condition of her son's keeping undisputed possession of his title and estates.

The one passage which more than all the rest seems to fix my attention runs—

"The sealing proof which you have so long dreaded, and I have so vainly sought after, is at length found. I could at any moment obtain from the parish register of the church where they were married the certificate which would deprive your son of the estate and title he has so long enjoyed. Therefore, in your own interest I must ask you to place no obstacle in the way of an intimacy with my daughter. Receive her with the cordiality which possibly might be considered natural for you to show towards the child of a woman whose life you helped to greatly embitter."

These words seem cut into—engraved in me. I see them when I am no longer looking at the paper they are written on. Humiliation, disappointment, bewilderment, alternately take possession of me, and all the while something within me goes on saying, "Does Sir Felix know?" If he does, then indeed my cup of bitterness would overflow; and I recall his words, his looks, his actions, searching among them to discover a hint of or trace of treachery, but not a trace can I find. No, he is good, he is loyal, he is true.

How the rest of the day passes I hardly know. I think Dumps must have noticed my preoccupation, for he is very silent, and sits in his own room until tea-time. By that hour I have arrived at the conclusion that this burden is too heavy for me to bear unaided, and that I must seek council and sympathy from the one friend whom I know I can trust implicitly. Whatever the explanation my father was prevented from giving me may have been, I will not believe he intended that I should offer myself as an object of barter. Later on in the letter there comes a passage which supplies some hope to me. "The youth to whom I refer is in delicate health, and not likely to long outlive his majority; this makes the necessity of prompt action imperative." So then if we can wait, this youth may die, and he dead, who will be the wiser as to what he has been heir to? But in that interval what suffering for my lady! Nay, poor soul, what suffering must be hers already! How she must tremble as she wonders into whose hands those papers have fallen! And then there is Sir Felix. Is it right to keep this knowledge from him? Dumps will know—Dumps will advise me; he will tell me what it is right I should do.

So, tea over, I put my arm round Dumps' neck, which is our usual way of walking together, and say—

"Come with me, I've something to show you. I want to have a talk with you—your advice about something."

"All right."

"You're not feeling well, are you?" I ask anxiously, for his eyes look heavy.

"Quite well. Is it that I'm pale? I've been reading a letter written by my mother, and it's made me cry, that's the reason."

"Dear!" I say, rubbing my cheek against his in sympathy, "what should we do if we had not got each other?"

"What indeed! *I should* be friendless and forlorn."

"And I too. We must never part from one another."

"I shall never want to part, but—"

"But what?"

"Oh, you will marry one day."

"Not at all likely, and if I do, unless the man takes you he will have to leave me."

He gives a shake of his head and a smile.

"However," he says, "I feel better for you saying so," and with this we go on into my room.

There I tell him what my father said to me when we last spoke together, and how the sight of my lady had made me resolve not to longer delay looking at these papers connected with her; how that morning I had opened the drawer and found, tied up with them, a letter, and that letter I was going to give him to read that he might help me to decide what it was right for me to do.

Between us two I know there is no need of protestations, or binding promises of secrecy; we feel each can trust the other; only on my side I am conscious that Dumps has the higher nature, and that whatever is good in me he always helps to strengthen and bring out.

I turn away while he reads the letter. When I think he has finished I go back to my seat at his side. His face is overspread by a pink flush, his mouth is parted as if with a smile. He is silent, which does not surprise me.

"Isn't it dreadful?" I say. "What can we do? Dumps, tell me—you don't think Sir Felix can know? If I thought he did I should detest him for his hypocrisy."

"No," he says resolutely, "of that I feel sure. I can answer for him. It is all his mother's doing, Via. Poor lady!"

"I suppose it's certain to be true?"

"The letter seems to say so."

"What I thought was, if we didn't do anything but just waited for the other one to die? only, as we don't know who he is, we shouldn't know when it happened—perhaps, though, the papers would tell us; I haven't opened them."

"Nor should I," and he stretches out his hand to the packet as if to prevent me. "It's best to leave them as your father left them, with the seal unbroken; and I should just put them into Lady Deloraine's hands and tell her she had them as you got them; nobody had seen them."

"But she would suspect that I must know what they were about, and she might believe—well, and for aught I know, Sir Felix might one day believe it too—that I had consented to this bargaining. No, Dumps," and tears of pride, not of sorrow, flow, "I cannot remain under that humiliating suspicion. They must know that it was a madness of my poor father's, not of mine."

We both sit silent for a few minutes, and then Dumps says—

"Via, do you think I could manage it for you? Would you intrust the giving of the papers, to Lady Deloraine, to me? I might answer questions and say for you what you might not be able to say for yourself."

I catch at the suggestion; the idea seems to me excellent. We discuss everything that we think could possibly happen; invent every question that it seems likely to us my lady may put; but far in interest above every other consideration is the desire to know if Sir Felix is a party to this fraud. When Dumps by a word of doubt seems to cast a shadow on him, I take up the cudgels in his cause; if I pick up a stone to throw he will not permit it to reach its aim. We are agreed that if we could believe it possible that Sir Felix was anything but what we believe him to be, we would turn our backs on Mallett so that we might never see him again.

"But that will not be necessary, Via," Dumps says earnestly, and little by little he goes on to repeat to me all Sir Felix has said during my season of sorrow. Yesterday I believe it would not have had any interest for me, now I listen to each word eagerly. Every day he has been to inquire, and on many days he has asked for Dumps, so that this bond of sympathy for me has drawn the two closer to one another.

"Whoever may be the real heir, he couldn't be so nice as Sir Felix could be."

Dumps readily assents that it would be impossible, and adds that probably it may be some poor fellow who is not fitted for such a position, who would refuse to accept it, who is happy as he is, living unknown and in obscurity.

"He must be the son of that Mr. Harold Deloraine who died," I say. "Nurse told me that he had been heard to swear that he would be revenged on my lady. It was he who was in love with my mother."

"Then for that reason," says Dumps, a little sadly, "you ought to try not to dislike his son—not even in thought, you know."

"Oh, I don't dislike the poor fellow. How could I, when I never heard of his existence until now? That I should wish he was somebody else, or not here at all, is but natural."

"Apparently he hasn't much chance of troubling people for very long."

The tone in which he says this is so bitter, that I look wonderingly at him, and to explain his meaning he adds—

"Don't you see, Via, dear, that it is only natural for me to feel sympathy with all in misfortune. I know what it is to be weak and sickly, not to even look as other people do, so that my coming into the world was a misfortune, not a pleasure to anybody."

"Now you're very unkind and cruel," I say, "and I didn't think you'd say anything to make me cry, when you know that you're my greatest comfort, and that I have scarce any one else left to care for me."

Dumps puts his arms round me, and to my surprise I find that he too is crying; and asking the reason he tells me that he has had more excitement than he is used to that day; that in addition to what I have told him, he has read the letter delivered to him by grandfather, and that the contents upset him.

"Because it was sad?" I ask.

"Partly that; and then to read loving words now, that were written for your eyes to see some fifteen years ago, and which nobody else has looked upon since she who's dead and gone wrote them, seems to take you out of yourself somehow, and draw you near to the world above, where she is waiting."

"Your mother," I say softly, "was a very good woman—I feel sure of that, Dumps."

"I think she was," he says simply. "She was below my father in station, but I have reason to feel very proud of her."

I know by this that Dumps has learnt more about his parentage—about which he has confessed to me he has frequently felt some curiosity—but I am too tired to enter on any new topic of conversation. I know whatever there is to know he will in due time tell me; that if he keeps silence now, it is because he would rather seem to be engrossed by my interests than divert my attention to his own.

"We'll settle about what time it will be best for me to go to-morrow," he says, after we have sat some time silent, each occupied with reflections.

"Yes; that is if you still think it is really right what we intend doing. Well, in this way," for I see some explanation is needed from me; "if ever Sir Felix should know, would he be angry? I should be terribly angry with any one who helped

me to keep unknowingly what they knew did not belong to me."

"So should I be, and I feel certain that would be Sir Felix's feeling also. If I didn't think so I shouldn't respect him. Besides, he would not be acting up to the character he gave his family. Don't you remember him telling us, when we were looking at the pictures, that it was their boast that a Deloraine never dishonoured his name."

"How long ago it seems since then!—such a boy and girl as you and I were."

"And now?"

"Oh, the sorrow I have had, and the trouble and anxiety of all this, has made a woman of me."

"Well, things have come to me that have turned me into a man. However, as that was to be, thank God that we are together to help each other! Nothing can make me very miserable while my sister Via is left to me."

"Neither can I be wholly unhappy with you for my brother, Dumps."

(To be continued.)

A SONG OF AN OWL.

BRIGHT the moon shone,
When from his hole
Quietly stole
A white owl;
Very wan
Looked this fowl
As he flew.
What made him flit?
He'd a purpose in view,
To wit—to woo,
That was it, nothing new:
And trusting to wit
He proceeded to woo,
Till he won
A bird as white
As e'er flew by night,
With brown eyes bright,
But as grave as a nun.
Then the two
Sat all the night through
In eloquent silence, words being few,
For all that they knew
Was Tu-whit and Tu-whoo!

GEORGE HARE LEONARD.

A JOURNEY AND A JOURNAL.

* * * * *

MARCH 3rd.—It is a month to-day since I came into the country of the wild Irish, and with that curious adaptability of mine, I have come to feel as if I had been always here. South Kensington—how very far away your stuccoed respectability is! I, Dorothy Temple, twenty-three, and my own mistress, am very well in love with life in a farm-house, and can scarcely imagine how for so many years of my existence I have lived in a terrace of which every house is exactly as its neighbour. Here all things are like the clouds and the climate—sweet and wilful. Not all the people though. Ross Fitzgerald—my little school-mate's brother—he is not wilful, and he is not always sweet, even to me. To-day how furiously he looked at me when I uttered some of my base coin, my sophisticated sayings from Babylon. I think I said the thing to see how he would take it; his eyes flashed on me for a second, and his brow was like thunder; his great hand opened and shut as if it would crush a frail little girl like me; then the storm cleared, and he laughed. Had I looked frightened then, or appealing? Or does he begin to see some softening of which I am ashamed myself? Dorothy Temple, my dear Dorothy Temple, the most worldly and sophisticated little monkey in South Kensington, you are getting sentimental, my child! What would Maud say? And how would it look to that languid person, Mr. Guy Sydenham, who, at his leisure, means to honour you by the offer of his hand and name—for what should *heart* have to do with it? Poor

time every new image centered in me. She could not fail to be an innocent child, coming from such a home, and she adores me to-day as much as she did in the old days at Madame's. *She* now meets my worst flouts with a bright smile, as who should say, "What a joke!" but then the child always credited me with the tenderest heart in the world! . . .

March 7th.—How delicious the spring is in this fresh country! There is a blackbird with the dews in his throat and the brogue on his tongue, singing on an almond-tree in full blossom hard by my window. Soon it will be the time of leaves; I shall be sorry, for nothing could be lovelier than the bare boughs, with all their delicate reticulations against the pale sky. . . . Yesterday evening we were in New Ross, Polly and I. I have come to know the quaint town tolerably well now. There was a glorious frosty sunset; and from the wide street of the Irish Town, we looked away to an illimitable world of scarlet sky. What impossible hills they built this town upon, those old Norman settlers! There is no ascent crazier than High Hill, or Jones' Hill, anywhere I know of in the civilized world. The streets, when we had dropped down to them, were dark amid all their glory; but the Barrow, that broad and gracious stream, was a waterway of scarlet. The fishing-boats brooded in mid-stream like a flock of tranquil birds; and on the horizon the hills, Brandon and Blackstairs, Mount Leinster and Tory Hill, were purple and solemn as the night that should hang her stars over them. . . . Polly reminded me to-day of how on my first coming I took the whole female popu-

lation of New Ross for nuns, because of the long black cloaks, with hoods, which serve betimes for bonnet and umbrella, and their white caps tied under the chin in a great snowy bow. It is a picturesque dress like that of a Flemish peasant woman. I hope the bonnet will be long conspicuous by its absence. . . . Over there the other side of the river is Rosbercon, and one is in the County Kilkenny. Eastward the Barrow goes winding its lovely placid way to where it meets the Nore and absorbs it, in a quiet valley under the blue shadow of hills. . . . This quaint town, which looked Eastern and fantastic with its rising terraces of lights the evening I came into it, owes much to my sex. When the citizens of New Ross went wall-building, the ladies were very much to the fore. Valiant women they were, like their sisters of old in Judæa, giving their golden collars, their clasps and their bracelets, to fuse into stone and mortar. Rose Meyler, Rose of Ross, who led this generosity, is buried in the old Abbey, an unlovely person in her effigy, if that were to be taken as at all representative. Ross would have me do this Abbey thoroughly, and with him for guide things were simplified, though in
graveyards of all degrees my
flesh creeps, and

I would have for a burying-place rather some spot of a green and golden hillside, with the daisies dancing over my head, than such rank places, for all that they be holy. However, the birds do not share my prejudices, for where the ivy mantles the gracious bare windows they were nest-building. It was curious to see a little window in the wall where the

green coolness of woods and waters when I lie panting awake after all my dancing, as I used to do last year. London is so stifling in the hot weather. Here, how velvety the air is! Down in the hollow under the house there is a little stream, clear as amber over gold and silver sands. Higher up it is conserved in a little pond, which in its fall

lepers were given the Sacrament in the old times. We came home down the strange out-lying street called 'the Maudlins, where every house marks a step downwards, and the doors have quaint hoods over them, and were evidently once doors of quality. . .

March 12th.—I will make for myself a portrait of the place lest I should forget it some day. Bawn-Rose they call it, sweetly and musically. It is a house on a hillside, thatched in part, and with enchanting low-ceiled rooms, and little nests of bedrooms under the thatch. In June the Gloire de Dijons will look in at my window. In June—but I shall be frying at afternoons and dances, though my little Polly, hanging about my skirts with loving fingers, expects me to return to them in June. I, Dorothy Temple, who danced through last season with such unabated vivacity! There will be gipsy teas in Bawnmore Wood yonder, and boating on the Barrow! These are my inducements. Ah, well, it may be that I shall hunger and thirst for that

turns a water-mill. I think these fields will be very golden in June. Oh, it is a time I have always longed for the country! I don't think the whole earth has anything fairer than a green field

Edgewood

sprinkled heavily with the gold and white of honeysmelling cowslips, and buttercups and daisies. And in May how rosy and white this old orchard will be! I don't think the blackbirds sing in England as they do here. There they go, the exquisite creatures, in the gathering dusk, answering each other from tree to tree! They have no nightingales in Ireland, but they need not murmur

so long as the blackbird stays. Irish song is full of the bird; he is allegorical for Charles Edward: and with how tender cadences the Irish Jacobite poets mourned the Blackbird. Here are some modern verses I picked up the other day, which seem to me to catch some of the happy confidence of the song I am listening to:—

“Though Christmas boughs were green in bud,
And hoodwinked flowers began to show;
The Blackbird grew not warm in blood:
And when the Spring comes he will know.

For all the sky's soft, shining fleece,
And winds that from the southward blow,
My wise-heart Blackbird held his peace:
And when the Spring comes he will know.

To-day the unquiet wind is chill,
The steely sky is charged with snow;
But Blackbird's singing with a will:
And when the Spring comes he will know.

The sea-fog's blowing from the east,
But thoughts of birds on nesting go;
And Blackbird's singing of a feast:
And when the Spring comes he will know.”



SCRAPS FROM THE
MARGIN OF POLLY'S
SKETCH-BOOK.



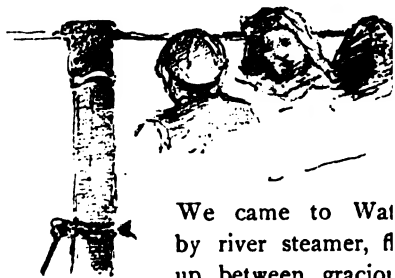
March 15th.—I draw near the end of my tether. This morning comes a letter from Maud, “to remind” that we go to the Carterets on the 2nd, and my frocks will want seeing to; and “Mr. Sydenham has been disappointed at the length of your stay in Ireland.” Perhaps he may be more disappointed—we shall see! I went down in one of my prettiest and warmest frocks. I always look best in summer, being pale and yellow-haired; but somehow I don't think Ross Fitzgerald has found my looks amiss these bright spring weeks. I went into the parlour very quietly, and saw him standing by the window, the newspaper crumpled in his hand, and a pleased, absent look on his face. His setters were gambol-

ling outside on the gravel. I noticed in my place at the table the delicious bunch of violets he had gathered for me. I don't know why it was that when he turned round I should all at once have said I was recalled—in a detestable way too, with a cold gaiety I should loathe in any other girl. It was quite piteous to see how his eyes clouded, and his heavy lip shook suddenly. Then he turned away. “Never mind, Dorothy, you're playing the fool,” Maud would say; “but you were right in being forward for once!” At least it was a relief when, just because I had put my hand on his arm, the great, hurt, angry creature flashed round on me such a look of gladness. I don't know what would have happened if Polly and the teapot had not appeared in the nick of time!

March 19th.—We have been frantically excursioning, for before I was well content to take mine ease at Bawn-Rose, and steadily refused to do the country. Now I have had to make up arrears, for these conscientious creatures would be ill content if they did not play the host profusely by exhausting the guide-book. We have just got back from a couple of days at Waterford and Kilkenny, the former comparatively uninteresting and prosperous-

'THE PICTURESQUENESS POVERTY MAKES,'—PAGE 620.

looking, with of course some old and beautiful things, for everywhere in Ireland there are fine ruins. Waterford has some of the picturesqueness poverty makes, and there is an old tower on the quay side—the tower of Reginald the Dane—dating 1003, or some such impossible date, of great interest.



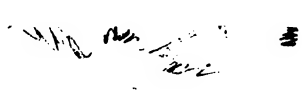
We came to Wat
by river steamer, fl
up between graciou
hills, with beds of

grass, of a white-gold colour, like over-ripe corn, coming down to the water's edge. *My* Ross is a rebel, I fear me, and so makes a delightful, if somewhat exhausting, *cicerone*. At New Ross he rushed me from point to point till he had exhausted himself and the subject. The doings of some fellow-spirits of his in 1798 appear to afford him engrossing interest. He traces their footsteps like a devout pilgrim, and takes a delight in their doings, which I, Dorothy Temple, daughter of crop-eared Covenanters, ought to resent. But I don't somehow! Dear me, think of him side by side with Guy Sydenham, and the other exquisite gentlemen of my acquaintance—this great, dark, in earnest person, with his heart so much on his sleeve. I was devout enough to please him in Kilkenny yesterday. It is really a beautiful town, and looked lovely in the haze of the frosty evening as we came into it, driving on one of those outside cars, which have certainly given the Irish their one-sided way of looking at things. The Marquis of Ormonde's great castle stands in the middle of the town, an enormous place, with turrets and battlements, and a wide courtyard open on one side to pleasant meadows. It had the quiet beauty of a great college quad in the bright March morning. From the sunny picture gallery, a beautiful apartment, one looked through lovely oriels on the river flowing down under St. John's Bridge, a vision of well-nigh unsurpassable beauty and peace. Kilkenny is very rich in antiquities. The cathedral of St. Canice, with its round tower by its

side, is the most imposing of them. It dates from 1192, and shows no more trace of time on its low arches and pointed roof than the round tower, whose date is lost in antiquity. All of these places has Iron Oliver marked in his passage. He stabled his horses here in 1649, and let his troopers, drunk

with fanaticism, loot as they would. They broke the stained windows for which Rinuccini, the Papal Legate, had offered £700 a little while before; they left the place roofless, and carried away "the great and goodly bells." St. Canice's is very gray: I would that the light came still through scarlet and purple windows, and I would have the poor folk bringing their burdens here and kneeling, as I saw them in the old Black Abbey of the Dominicans, with supplication on their upturned faces. We saw here in the stillness many a tomb of bishop and lord, and of the dames with their straight-folded gowns, all of marble; and sometimes a horned cap of the Wars of the Roses on a tomb of later date, suggesting to my frivolous mind that fashions even then were a little behind those of London.

I sat in the marble chair of St. Kieran, where the bishops used to be consecrated ; I looked up from the gray marble tombs to the dusty colours borne in the Peninsular War by some lying very quietly here. I looked at everything I was told obediently, and now have written so much ere I fell to forgetting all I heard. There were other ruins to see—St. John's Abbey, which used to be called "The Lantern of Ireland," because of its airy and exquisite windows following one after the other with but a slender separation of fine arches; St. Francis' Abbey, where Cromwell broke into the town, making entry through a little massive towered wall into an orchard, where even now little pink buds are on the self-same trees. I saw many old houses telling of a time when much splendour was here. My Ross would fain restore such a time. He is restive under an era of rags and ruins in this country he loves so fiercely. I can see that if I am going to throw away my prospects and take this wild Irishman, I shall have to adopt many enthusiasms. Well, I am tired perhaps of admiring nothing, and I, who have always been self-willed, have come to an absurd



state of desiring to accept the will of another. And now to bed, for my sight-seeing has well-nigh worn me out, and my script to-night has been unusually long.

March 23rd.—To-morrow is my last day, and in the morning we are to drive to that quaint place of, which Polly has many sketches, Castleboro' they call it; and with its terraces and trimmed trees it must be very delightful. To-morrow, I think, he will speak; Polly, meek little soul, will be engrossed in her sketch-book, and it will be an ideal place to hear a love-story. But one's own love-story! Oh, I am frightened—no doubt of it; and out of sheer terror I have warded off what I saw coming those few days back. But he is a masterful person, this lover of mine, and will not be baulked by a woman's shyness, especially when, I am afraid, he

has no doubt of the result. Oh, I shall be here, in June after all! Nay, how many Junes shall I be here, where so many good women have ruled before me? And there is my little blackbird singing, as he has sung every evening in the dusk since I came. I feel very good this evening, and very grateful to God, though when I knelt by my little white bed, I could only feel happy, and no thoughts would come. But my lover is waiting for me even now at the stairs-foot, with his violets for my gown, and his grave eyes will light up when he sees me coming down, little and white, in my velvet—for I have dressed royally for him. And after dinner there will be the long delicious evening. And to-morrow, to-morrow, he will speak!

KATHARINE TYNAN.

QUITE ANOTHER STORY.

A SEQUEL TO 'VERY YOUNG.'

Jean Hutton

V.

A FANCY SALE.

"OFF—actually off!" exclaimed Andrew, as the train steamed out of the station.

It was a very frosty morning; he stamped about, he all but danced; there was nobody to look excepting one porter, and his back was turned.

"I hardly deserve it, though, and that's a fact, for I—did—flirt—with her—a—little." Andrew then walked home, and second thoughts came to him. "Flirt did I? yes, but she was brought here that I might do it, and Aunt Hitchcock knows very well that I know it."

"Well, mother!" he exclaimed, coming into her dressing-room and answering his mother's eyes, "yes, it's all right."

"Then I don't understand the meaning of that most beautiful bouquet," said Mrs. Capper. "Those flowers came out of your house."

"Oh yes; they did."

"And you gave it to her?"

"Well, I did, and I didn't," said Andrew. "I sent enough flowers to make three splendid bouquets; you'll be surprised to hear, mother, that I have developed a great friendship for Cowper—he's a fine fellow."

His mother looked quite vexed.

"What has he to do with the flowers out of your greenhouse? Antoinette had that bouquet in her hand when she came in to take leave of me, and did not tell me who gave it to her. It was carefully protected with tissue-paper."

"Yes; well, mother, hear the narrative. I sent flowers to Mrs. Ford. Mrs. Ford wanted me to come and buy at her sale—I almost said I wouldn't. I like her, for though she treats me as if I was a schoolboy, whom she had known since before I began to wear knickerbockers, she always supposes

that I shall like to do what is the proper thing for a fellow to do who's in my position."

"Then I like her too!" quoth the mother; "but the white camellias?"

"Ah! Well, she said the two Delany girls were coming also to sell; and that she should have my flowers made up into three most beautiful bouquets, and *if I would come and buy* I should give them, as they were mine, to the three young ladies. I was to spend about three guineas—and then I should have them."

"Ah," interrupted Mrs. Capper, "I see, my boy."

"No, you don't, mother," said Andrew, "not in the least."

"Then," answered Mrs. Capper, "you are going to let me see."

Andrew laughed.

"You don't know what fun we had out of those bouquets. I was taken up to a small table where they all stood—they were grand, and I having sharp ears heard people talk. Some wanted to buy them. 'No,' Mrs. Ford said; then I heard it whispered about that young Capper had not only given them, but had then given a guinea apiece for the pleasure of being allowed to present them to the three charming girls who were selling."

"Cowper was hanging about Antoinette's stall the whole afternoon."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Capper.

"Yes, indeed, mamma. Green was not so much the colour of his jealousy as red; but if ever a fellow looked jealous and miserable whenever he caught my eye, it was Cowper. He was devoted to that degree that Aunt Hitchcock could not conceal her surprise, but went and walked away from them just as she used to do here, when she thought there was any chance."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Capper.

"Well, we certainly had a good deal of fun."

"We?"

"Yes, the two Delany girls and I; I bought about three guineas' worth of things, almost all at their stall. There were tambourines and ginger-coloured art-pots—and flabby art muslins. Aprons, antimacassars, picture-books, shawls, and other æsthetic *trick*. I hate all that art stuff. The Delany girls made me buy all sorts of things that nobody else would have. They said that was what Mrs. Ford got me for; but I was even with them, for as soon as I had paid, and the things were heaped all over me, I got a round table cleared in the corner of the room, set it out with my goods, and had a sale of them by auction over again on my own hook. I made Martin blow a penny trumpet. There was rather a hubbub, of course. The thing was unexpected, and Mrs. Ford seemed to think it was frivolous."

"And the Archdeacon?"

"He went into the tea-room. Well, I sold the whole of it—excepting a large pair of goloshes which nobody would have at any price (though Pamela Delany tied them up with pink ribbon), and a hearth-brush. I got fifteen shillings: I said it was salvage stock, which must be cleared out at any sacrifice, and they all came round, and some of the old dowagers bid with hearty good-will—and got the things for what they chose to give. The pots went at threepence each, and so on.

"Well, mother, while I was sitting by my table, sweeping up the silver I'd got, and counting it into Pamela's hand, who was standing before me, I saw a peculiar blue ring on her finger. Did you know she was engaged?"

"No, certainly not."

"Well, the Delanys said as the things at first came from their stall, they ought to have the money for this second sale. I said they should—and Pamela held out her hand. So I looked hard at it, and whispered, 'Why isn't HE here?' To my surprise she didn't even pretend to misunderstand; she laughed and answered, 'Because he's at St. Petersburg.' 'A Cossack!' I exclaimed; 'how interesting. No doubt you have his photo here?' Some people parted us then, but in two or three minutes (what a different sort of girl she is from Antoinette!) she came up, took a tiny sort of book, fastened with a pencil, out of her pocket. 'There,' she said, 'doesn't he look a good fellow?' So she

opened it, and I said, 'Why, I hoped he was a wild Cossack, and he's a tame parson.'

"'Of course,' she answered; 'isn't my father Archdeacon? and when do I ever see any man but a parson?'

"'Oh, I suppose you mean that I'm a boy,' I said; then she was very nice to me, and seemed to wish to let me know that it was much the contrary. 'At the same time,' she went on, 'I've been engaged two years.' I inquired when it was to be. 'Oh, next spring,' she said. 'Then,' I replied, 'I shall have the pleasure of presenting you with this towards your furnishing,' and I handed her the hearth-brush. She managed to hide it; but I was even with her. I came out afterward, to hand her and her sister into the carriage with the Venerable and Mrs. Venerable, and I openly put in the hearth-brush on her knee, and then I handed in the goloshes, and said I hoped there was a chance that they might fit *him*.

"However I must go back to Antoinette. I looked round the corner now and then, and saw what was going on; and Mrs. Ford, of course, saw it too; she was seldom in a place where she could see me and the Delanys. Really, Cowper made himself quite conspicuous; and Antoinette looked pleased and very shy.

"As for Mrs. Ford, she was so struck that I ventured to beckon her out into the hall, and I said to her something of the sort that as she always treated me like a school-boy, I was going to use school-boy language to her and say, '*You and I are mates.*' She said, when she saw that I was in excellent spirits, 'I don't know what you mean, you queer young fellow; but if I thought I had helped to upset any hope of yours, I could cry about it this minute.' So I said, 'What I truly want is that Cowper should have the third bouquet, and that you should let me manage it. I'm not blighted, don't be afraid.' She nodded, for she understood."

"Dear me, this becomes very interesting," said Mrs. Capper; "I want the rest of it."

"Ah, the rest of it. Very soon I was in the dingy little hole that old Ford calls his study; Mrs. Ford told Cowper that some one there wanted to speak to him for one minute. And oh! his face when he marched in and saw who it was. The lamp was lighted; I called out, 'Now, Mr. Cowper, we have no time for making any mistakes,' and I could not help laughing. You should have seen

how pale he turned. He thought, I suppose, that Antoinette had been *firting* with him. But I soon managed to let him know that I was shortly to give two of those bouquets he knew of to the two girls who had been selling with me, and that if there was any one whatever to whom he would like to give the other, I hoped he would accept it. Well, that fellow was actually obliged to sit down for a minute, and then he didn't like me to go till I had shaken hands with him. Ugh! to think of any man being so much in love all on a sudden."

"Well?"

"Oh, well, I came back and told the Delanys what I'd done. 'Oh,' said Bertha, 'if we could but make him go down on one knee to do it, what a tableau it would be!' But I was deeply obliged to Cowper, you know, mother."

"Certainly, my son!"

"I said, 'If I did it nothing is more likely than that, not to be outdone, he would bend his knee too.' 'Oh do, then,' they both said. 'No,' I said, 'I may have—in spite of the disoblighing way in which you are always making out that I'm young—I may have very bitter memories connected with my knees, one or even both; such memories, in short, as *the Cossack* had before you accepted him, two years ago, Miss Pamela Delany—at a time when you plainly hint that I was not old enough to make an offer.'"

"How could you talk such stuff, dear boy?"

"Well, Miss Pamela laughed; but she said, 'I don't know why I should come in for all this chaff—more than Bertie,' so then I found out that she was engaged too!"

Mrs. Capper was just a little sorry.

"And the rest of it?" she asked.

"Oh, well, that part fell rather flat. I presented my two bouquets to the two girls, Mrs. Ford bringing them up on purpose. Cowper, of course, presented his to Antoinette. And, mother, I think it's a *case*, I do indeed. He met us this morning at the station."

Mrs. Capper's countenance expressed a kind of fervour which was almost devout.

"And he said in a blundering kind of way that he had to go up to the Junction, which, in fact, is within ten miles of London. Aunt Hitchcock was very gracious, and I helped her; I had found an empty carriage. I proposed that Cowper should escort them, and they all set out together."

"Now is this, or is it not, more than you deserved?" said Mrs. Capper with an indulgent smile.

"Aunt Hitchcock should not have done it then," said Andrew evasively.

"Which means that you did now and then flirt with Antoinette a little?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

And now the Christmas holidays having commenced, and Master Miles Capper showing himself in his brother's house, also in his stables, cow-sheds, and the tops of his trees, together with other places that boys affect, the Squire was again treated as very young, but he did not notice it, so that was of no consequence.

"As I was saying to Mr. Callender, sir," quoth the butler, "grown he is, Master Miles, to that degree, you'd hardly know him; but two contingencies are enough in one house, and I hope and pray that we may have no more."

"Now what does he mean?" thought Andrew, perceiving that Saunders, as he thought, was performing a sacred duty; but not knowing what it was. The butler continued—

"To avoid another contingency is what, sir, is what you'd wish, I'll be bound, and if you'd let Master Miles have reg'lar riding and driving lessons" ("*catastrophe*," thought Andrew—"yes, that's it")—but Saunders confused him by going on—"for horses and pigs are not all. When you consider the cow, sir, he really didn't ought to have done it, nor a good many other things that he and Mr. Tom did. But I did not see him ride the cow, sir. It was cook and Callender that saw it."

Thereupon Saunders having excited Andrew's surprise went away.

"Why yes, sir," said Callender afterwards, "me and Mr. Saunders did take the liberty to pass a remark to 'em now and again. For you see, sir, they're daring hero-ly young fellows, and there's nothing they don't think they can stick on the back of. Now, there never was an innocenter-looking little 'un than Master Martin; but if he thinks there's no bough that won't bear his weight, nor any ice, however powerful-thin it may be, that'll crack with him, and that if he pulls his pony's tail it won't kick him—why, he'll have to be taught different."

"Yes, with a stick!" exclaimed Andrew; "we must have no more getting into danger."

"As to the cow, it was Mr. Tom who did that."

"Ah, well, I can't find fault with him, poor fellow; he'll never be too daring again."

"It was the day as you and Mr. Fergus went away, sir. I remember as well as can be you turning round in the dog-cart after you'd took leave of them. 'Now don't get into mischief, you fellows,' you shouted out. 'Oh no,' says Mr. Tom, just as if they wasn't all of them everlastingly in mischief. 'I wish we may see Master Miles safe at school again,' says Mr. Saunders. 'It seems a pity his ma had him home just because Mr. Fergus was to be so long away, that he might leave-take of him and the Squire.' 'Oh no,' says Mr. Tom. You were driving through the little field, and they had all runned out to see the last of you. When you was gone that new dairy-maid was just bringing up the cows to be milked, and the red 'un she came first with the bell, and Mr. Tom, before she knew anything of it, gave a spring from the fence and landed himself on her back. The others they shrieked and laughed, and there was a fine commotion. The cow backed and kicked and shook herself, and she tried no end to get him off. He held by her horns, and wanted as it were to steer her by them. But when she found it was no use, she set off tearing round the field like mad, the bell going and she prancing. Whether she went round twice or more I don't know, but the other cows were in a great state, and so were the cook and Terrence and me. He got off at last of his own free-will; but the cow has been no good since. She wouldn't give her milk, and in a day or two she went dry."

How Andrew got his brother through the Christmas holidays was perhaps of more consequence to his mother, his old retainer, and himself, than it is to you, my reader. Suffice it to say that Miles went through a vast deal of teaching, partly from Andrew himself, and partly from a riding-master, which took up a good many of his spare hours, and then he was expected to help in amusing Tom, which was also a wholesome occupation for him.

As for Martin, he only got himself once stuck fast on the top of a tree, and had to be got down again by the footman, who being very tall managed to reach the child's foot and get hold of it. It was a nervous business for both, as well as for the young Squire and the cook, who hearing of the affair ran out, her hands all plastered with flour.

Her lamentations over "Terrence, me son, me only joy" were loud and sonorous. Martin made his lamentations afterward, when he had been got safely down from the young tree, which had creaked and bent portentously; they also were wholesome, and it may be hoped salutary. Soon after this he was taken off to school, Mrs. Callender having made him previously a dripping-cake stuck full of raisins, which he and Danny Callender devoured together. The world and life were opening upon him, and he was so excited and astonished that he did not shed one tear. What with all his new clothes, his large cake, the quantity of money as it seemed to himself that he had got, his mother's kisses and Andrew's exhortations, he hardly knew where he was and what it all meant.

It was Danny Callender who did the crying for both. He crept into the tool-house and wept as if his heart would break. Andrew chancing to pass some time after, seeing the child's distress and knowing the cause, gave him a shilling. Danny made his bow, and his grandfather, who had seen the transaction, presently asked him about it; whereupon Danny produced the shilling and said—

"You better take and lay it by, grand'ther. I've got no'but the dogs to play with now, and I don't care for nowt no more."

But before this Andrew had made up his mind that he must not leave home; and no letters from Fergus had cost him such an anguish of desire as the first. Letters concerning Egypt, the Pyramids, the Sphinx, the first cataract, were so very like a book, only perhaps not so good, that he could bear them very well; but a week before Christmas came a letter of more decisive kind. Fergus had "done" Egypt as much as he wanted to do it; had got back to Cairo; and, as it was not the right time of year now for them to go to India together, for they ought to start for that tour in November, would Andrew wait till the next November, and meet Fergus then at Suez? or would he come at once, that they might go somewhere else? If that could not be, might Fergus go on alone and spend the time between this and then on the east coast of Africa. He wanted to see Zanzibar, go as far as he could into the interior, see wild elephants, rhinoceroses, perhaps a lion or two, and certainly alligators.

This sort of thing did not at all fascinate Andrew. He would not give up India. He telegraphed that Fergus might have all the time between that and

November to do as he liked, but he was to meet him at the time and place specified without fail.

Tom was deeply delighted when it appeared that Andrew would stay behind; he and his brother concocted the telegram between them.

By this time Mrs. Capper had begun slowly and cautiously to walk about the house again, while Tom slightly improved. By the middle of March he could be got out of his bed daily, and sit in a new-fashioned wheel chair; he could even move himself in it slightly with his hands. By the middle of April he was, as his nurse thought, nearly as well as he was ever likely to be; but he was not told this, and it was decided that his mother should move at once into the Dower House, because there he could have a pleasant room to sleep in on the ground floor. All the sitting-rooms were on the same level, and when a door or two had been broken in the walls, and an incline had been made on which his chair could move, he would have access to all the sitting-rooms and to the garden.

It was well that there was plenty to do, for the letters of Fergus, which had been thought of as likely to help in passing the time for Tom, were unaccountably long in making their appearance. As soon as possible after getting the telegram, he wrote to Andrew that he had joined two naval men and two Indian officers, one of whom had his son with him, a lad of nineteen, this last rather delicate-looking but wiry, and with no end of pluck. They were going to shoot, and Fergus wrote with enthusiasm of the skins, the heads, the horns he hoped to bring back with him. He added that as he was now of age (this was a very few days after that event took place) he should begin to spend some of his own £800. He begged that a sum he named might be telegraphed out to him, and this, added to what Andrew had given him, would provide funds for all he wanted to do during the time he was to be away.

It made his mother's heart ache to read this, but it was not her nature to brood over things. She had given her consent, so she let the matter rest.

Fergus was to sail in a very few days for Zanzibar, from whence they were to sail towards the north, somewhat further than Mombasa. But nothing was heard from Zanzibar; and if Mrs. Capper had not been a model mother—in the opinion of her sons—she would have endured a good deal of tormenting anxiety about him. As it was she always

seemed by nature to suppose that "no news was good news."

"Naughty boy," she said two or three times, with an indulgent smile, "if he has gone into the interior he should have had letters ready written, so that he could take advantage of any opportunity to get them to the coast."

"Yes, mother," Andrew would reply with equal composure. Still they should at least have heard from Zanzibar, and he thought the matter much more odd than she did.

The first letter that appeared was addressed to Tom, and began thus—

"T. CAPPER, DEAR SIR,

"I hope A. got my last two letters all right. We are about sixty miles, I should think, perhaps more, up the Tana river, on our way to the mountains.

"None of your trumpery Snowdon things. This is 18,000 feet high. We think we shall get within thirty or forty miles of the slope up the river. The missionaries, as I told you fellows, helped us to buy and hire boats, dug-outs, and canoes. Of course going up is slowest work, but we can come down, probably, in fine style.

"How they propel them is thus. A man sits in the stern and steers, and works the canoe on, keeping very near the bank or the edge, because another man stands in the bows and punts. The Tana's too deep for an ordinary pole, so he sticks his pole in the bank.—Oh, I don't seem to get on with this, though I've written nearly a page. I wish you could see the things!

"Jock and I are great chums, and have very good fun; but the Major, who is a very good old boy, is unluckily rather nervous about him. He has only one other son, who is at school.

"I told you we have more than a hundred porters, niggers who came from Zanzibar. They carry some of our baggage and food and 'trade'—that's the calico and beads and things to propitiate chiefs with. Most of the guns are in the boats. It saves a vast deal of time going by water. We can fish and shoot—particularly birds.

"The Captain—Cap. I'll call him to save space—is a very good shot; Major awfully good—he is the head of the whole concern. The two naval officers spend their time mainly over butterflies and drying plants (ugh!). Dodd and Smile are their names:

"It is delightful to sit in the dug-outs under the forest trees. Sometimes they are so thick overhead that it is like going through a tunnel. I seem to be telling you this wrong end upwards. Of course, as I said, the disadvantage of this river is the swamps. But we have a head man who governs the porters. They have to go round the swamps, and then when the river runs out into open country they come down to it and meet us and make a camp, we having been perhaps there a couple of days. It costs a good deal! But this is life. I shall have had this even if I do have to spend the rest of my days sitting on a high stool in some office.

"However, I must get on. The alligators are all I could wish—Jock and I. There are so many of them, and they are so huge, and they're such *beasts*. Sneaky wretches, such diabolical cunning in their eyes! As the boats come on, and they were sitting up with inane stupidity, they gently sink under the water without making even a ripple, and if we make a halt and they are obliged to come up to breathe, they push up their wide jaws and hiss with all their might. Not at us; Jock discovered that it was only because they were out of breath; but when there are ten or fifteen at it at once, the loudest hissing we can make is nothing to it.

"Those two, Cap. and Major, are splendid shots; Jock is not bad, and I manage tolerably—the things are so big. Oh, Tommy, when the river is wide, it's a sort of awful joy to see the great creatures come down to drink in the dead of the night when the moon gets low. I can't help trembling with a sort of terrible delight. We saw two elephants night before last, and an elephant calf. They seemed fond of the little creature, which was not much bigger than a very stout bullock. They caressed it with their trunks, and threw the water over it and themselves. Cap. and Major were not in our punt; I pricked Jock to wake him, but we had no loaded rifles close to us. Oh, how we groaned, for they were not thirty yards off. Well, we soon heard Cap. and M. go at them, and off they tore; the cow was hit. Cap. and Major always seem to manage that we shall have no means of shooting in the nights. We went ashore and into the bush with them as soon as day dawned—and some gun-bearers. We tracked the beast for I should think four miles in the bush. I was never so happy in my life nor so frightened.

The black fellows followed with almost 'no dings on.' It was piping hot, when all in a moment a black thing that seemed as big as a hut got up and made for us. It was the wounded elephant. She was flourishing her trunk and raging toward us, but she was a good mark, you know, and Cap. and Major both hit her—in fact we all four did, but then we hit the poor beast where we could get at her, and only hurt her, I suppose, but not mortally. Cap. when she appeared, instantly ran off to the left that he might aim in the right place, and down she came. We know an elephant is big, but when I saw this one come down, and crack the young trees and shake the ground, a sort of ecstasy got hold of me, and a kind of fear that I never felt before. They wouldn't let us go right up to her for a little while lest she should get up again. It's tiresome their looking after us so; but Jock, who is two years younger than I am, is certainly rather too plucky.

("Such a mountain of flesh she was—the whole camp fed on her for three days.) When they did let us crash up through the low bush and *touch her*, oh, how strange it seemed! we two between us could not lift one of her feet more than a very little.

"You can't think how queer it all is: the smell of the wild creatures; the smell of our fellow-creatures; the noise they make in the night, all of them—dancing, singing, howling, drumming, till almost dawn. Then the hyenas, their yowls; and we've heard now the truly impressive noise of all noises, when it's near, and it seems so very awfully near even when it isn't; something like a deep evil moan, diversified with a grunt, which means a lion.

"Ha! that's a thing to hear. As for smells, oh, my poor untravelled ones, you never smelt anything more portentous than the dens in the Zoo—those are frequently cleaned out. There are something like smells here. I've written this by bits.

"We left the coast last Wednesday week, and it seems some months ago. Jock and I the first day shot three Kudu antelopes, almost as big as red deer, but there's no danger in it. We kept their heads in our own particular dug-out, which follows our canoe, but the whiff that pursued us induced us to merge them in the common stock of booty, and they're cleaned now.

"An ant-hill did I hear you name? Yes, sir,

we fired into one yesterday, when the old 'uns were away stalking some wart-hog. We fired rather nearer perhaps than was totally safe. The hill was more like a cockney kind of castle at a tea-garden than anything else; about twenty feet high, and with numerous turrets. The wretches are extremely large, and can bite like anything. We let fly three or four times, and laid bare extraordinary cavities, from which came rolling forth thousands of blind, helpless white maggots. Nobody else seemed to take any notice, but all in an instant we found the critters who owned the castle were almost all over us, and tearing up in thick streams on the top of one another.

"Did we run for it? I believe you, sir. We threw our caps away into the bush, and shook the ants out of our hair, and out of our tunics and knickerbockers and boots as well as we could. They had their revenge.

"Cap. and Major coming through their territories afterwards got punctured a good deal, and when they found what we'd done, Cap. was rather savage. The two naval men, as I told you, sit mildly by, sticking their dead butterflies and bugs on pins; but on this occasion Dodd said in his high squeaky voice, 'If I were you, Capper, I should apologize. You've no right to lead that boy into mischief.'

"I merely looked at Major, and he knew what I meant. He actually began to take my part, and those four had a regular blow up with one another. You see they dare not have Jock with them; and as he is a jolly dog, on the whole I have very good fun with him, though there are certain things that he is on his honour not to do. They are delighted that we should be together, and though it ties me to the rules about him, I suppose I do not shoot well enough yet to go out with safety after buffalo, or even wart-hogs.

"We two shoot for practice at a mark daily when the old ones are some miles off, and we shall not disturb their game. Major and Cap. always declare that they take no life wantonly, only for food-meat. The whole camp is fed on it, and that makes the stores we brought up last on.

"I hope you're better, old boy. Love to mother and all. Your affectionate brother, F. C."

Tom was pleased with this letter, and on the whole was wonderfully patient and cheerful; but time went on, and he did not improve beyond the

point reached when he first sat up and could join the family party in his wheeling-chair.

In the meantime Andrew taught him how to keep real accounts, so that he would be able to manage his mother's affairs for her when both her elder sons were disporting themselves abroad. He also arranged to take Mrs. Blount away from the Institution where she had been taught, and keep her (who was nothing loth) for Tom. In order to do this he had to make a handsome present to the Institution; and he found that Tom's illness, with chairs, sofas, a pony carriage, and various other comforts, had cost so much that, together with the expense of moving his mother to the Dower House, and the various things which had to be done to it, his income for the first year, handsome as it was, only just met his expenses.

"And I meant to be philanthropical," he remarked to Cousin Daisy, "and I can't do it."

"Oh, you wanted, as my girls say, to be high-minded, and you don't see that you have anything to be high-minded with."

"So," Andrew went on in a slightly disconsolate tone, "perhaps it may be just as well that I did not go abroad, spend a quantity of money on my travels, and come home to find there was all this to be paid beside. I thought I was so rich this time last year, but I find that whatever the income is there turn up all sorts of things that ought to be done with it."

"Yes," said Cousin Daisy gently, "no doubt, if a man will do them."

VI.

A COMPLIMENT PAID.

Now as the young Squire when he went to London always took up his abode at Mrs. E. Smith's house, it was not strange that his mother should ask her cousin to come and stay at the Dower House for a little while after the London season, before she went to her house—or rather Daisy's house—in Scotland.

Miles and Martin, who had just come home for the midsummer holidays, were packed off every evening to sleep at their brother's house, which was not half a quarter of a mile off, while Andrew generally came over with them to breakfast at his mother's. Thus the Dower House accommodated these visitors and their maids very well; and the

Cappers being essentially gregarious, were almost always all together in one house or the other, Tom included—to the great advantage of the two girls, who never enjoyed themselves so much as with these cousins, and frequently said so.

Bell was very much overgrown, and more tearful than ever; but Daisy was a fine, artless, and joyous young creature, and she and Andrew, whether they rode, drove, or walked, were very much together.

Quite a new alarm came into Mrs. Capper's mind. Her eldest son was actually elevating his mother. He had shown himself so loving to her, so unselfish in his consent to stay with her and help her with Tom, so unconscious in the way he took for granted that if her income would not pay for all it was well she should have for Tom, and for her other son's schooling, it should come out of his.

She longed that he should be happy, and if he married young, and as it were under her auspices, she felt that she should not lose him so much as if he brought home a stranger. It would be a fine thing for him, no doubt, if he could match himself with this young heiress; but she now thought she saw that he was a good deal more attracted to Daisy than she was towards him. On his part there was a decided wish to be with her, but there was nothing on Daisy's but a frank, almost child-like pleasure in him and his opinions—which he shared with Tom, who was a great favourite.

In a very short time Daisy was to be "out," and then Andrew would have to take his chance among several others; she was sure to have many lovers.

Cousin Daisy showed no consciousness of anything but intimacy on Andrew's part—perhaps there was nothing to be conscious of; but there was a good deal of frank discourse and laughter among them all, and Mrs. Capper heard for the first time of Tom Hitchcock's devotion, and was made welcome to the anecdote of her son's being found on his knees when Tom marched into the room. Cousin Daisy, as was evident, set Tom at naught—or rather she thought of him, it was manifest, as "one of the cousins."

Mrs. Capper turned it all over in her mind, and when all the young people were gone out together, Tom in his pony chair being with them, she spoke:

How anxious she had been to have Daisy. She had not schemed for her as her sister had done;—now she began to fear lest the artless young creature

should steal her boy's heart, and then be snatched away by some one more desirable.

"Daisy," she said, "I love my eldest son more than anything that breathes—and as for you——"

Cousin Daisy looked up composedly.

Mrs. Capper went on: "He and your child are a good deal together."

"Yes," said Mrs. E. Smith, with a twitch of her lips that was scarcely a smile; and then she went on very slowly, "Don't you think we had better—let—them—alone?"

"Do you really mean that you should *like it*?" faltered Mrs. Capper, a vivid blush mounting in her cheeks.

Cousin Daisy said nothing; she laid her work down in her lap, and thought, till that blush had faded again. Then she remarked slowly—

"Mary, I am so afraid my child should be married merely for her money. I want her to be loved."

"Yes," said the other, with something like genuine sympathy.

"You will not mention this, ever—to any one?"

"No, I will not."

"I have such a high opinion of And that I feel sure he will not propose to her unless he does love her."

Mrs. Capper was silent in her turn; she could not possibly tell Daisy's mother how well she knew the truth of what had been just said; but she was deeply gratified. The mother went on—

"She is seventeen and a half now, you know; and there is our neighbour in the north."

"The Earl do you mean?"

"Yes; he makes it manifest to me from time to time that he wants her for his third son."

"And I have heard you speak of more than one other alliance."

"Yes; but I set my face against the highest of them—I do not like the family—and if my child entered it, I should see but little of her. But," she went on, "you are all fond of my Daisy. Those boys of yours all treat her as if she was a favourite sister."

"I have always been fond of her," said Mrs. Capper, as calmly as she could, "but I supposed, naturally, that she was out of my boy's reach."

Anything like fervour or effusiveness would, she felt, be out of place. Moreover she knew perfectly that Andrew must absolutely be let alone. She

had fully put this very thing before him a year ago, and it had been a complete failure.

Hope did not grow at all in her mind as the days went on. The plain-spoken intimacy of a brother, and a certain partiality for Daisy over Bell, was what there was to be seen, so Mrs. Capper saw it. Andrew naturally liked to practise best with Daisy, for she played far better than her sister.

Once he said to his mother—"Daisy looked quite pretty to-day." At another time he remarked—"She certainly plays beautifully."

Mrs. Capper had the good taste not to appear to notice anything he said, and she never even mentioned the subject again to her guest.

In the meantime the girls, especially Bell, underwent a certain amount of criticism, and were occasionally laughed at by the young Cappers, in a fashion never by any chance used toward them by other young people.

Their mother always seemed on these occasions very desirous not to interfere.

"It seems to me that you and Bell are not so high-minded as you were," said Andrew one morning at breakfast.

"Oh yes, we are," answered Daisy, "at least I am; only sometimes my *things* come to smash. I can't always do my philanthropy properly—but I am philanthropic just the same."

"I'm not," said Bell; "Algernon has been talking about that to me. You see, when the first Christians were commanded to be so kind to the poor, and all that sort of thing, there were no poor-laws, nor hospitals and convalescent homes."

"Well," said Daisy, with a certain artlessness, "I wondered what you and he were talking about so long that day in the window. He was very serious. It was the poor-law, then?"

Miles here withdrew, this talk was not interesting to him.

"Yes," said Bell; "and then the payment for schools, and the churches, that the law demands of lairds in Scotland, make it ridiculous that we should think we ought to give so much away besides."

"Only think," said Andrew; "why I considered Algernon Dean rather a *muff*. To think of his talking to a girl about the poor-laws! And he has no land, so nobody takes *his* money for schools—why should he desire to abate *your* philanthropic ardour, Bell?"

"He says we do give a great deal in charity,

whether we will or not; there are the poor rates and workhouses, and chaplains for them."

"Oh, well," said Daisy, "but I want to give what I am not obliged to give, and as much as I can."

"I'll give a threepenny bit towards it," exclaimed Tom, producing that coin from his waistcoat pocket; "your sentiments, dear girl, are beautiful."

"I was not joking," answered Daisy, with an ingenuous blush. "Let us do some philanthropy now, And."

"I hope if you do, my dear," said her mother, "it will be something not quite so disastrous as your last experiment."

"About the bracelet?" said Daisy; "but, mother, you promised not to tell."

"I am not going to tell."

"I know already something about a bracelet," observed Andrew.

"Then, may I know something?" asked Mrs. Capper.

"Yes, Cousin Mary, that there was a bracelet I gave away without mother's knowledge. I never ought to have done it—and when I used to look at the fellow to it, I took a dislike to it. It seemed always to remind me of my fault, and so mother consented that it should be sold, and I should give away the money. It sold for fifty pounds, because of the diamond."

"Well, my love?"

"And thirty pounds of it I made a mistake with. I don't wish to tell more than that it was about a tipsy cabman and a little tiny boy."

"Very well," said Andrew, "the tipsy cabman and the little tiny boy nobody even wishes to know anything about. Then it is with the rest of the money that you want to *do a little* philanthropy. Why don't you give half-a-crown a week or so out of your allowance instead? That's the sort of thing I do."

"Half-a-crown! why, that's *nothing*."

"It is at any rate more than the £20—though to be sure you don't spend your money in chocolate as Bell does, so that you have more to spare."

"More than the £20?"

"Why yes; for you do not want that money for yourself an atom—any more than you wanted the bracelet. It was tight; you know it was, and pinched your arm. Now, half-a-crown a week is money; it's precious. It means the tip-top curly

ferns in pots, the dwarf azaleas you are always buying for the school-room. The sweet little tree white-lilacs, the photographs of all sorts of literary fogies, poets, and that kind of thing."

"I never spend more than two shillings a week in chocolate," said Bell, much aggrieved.

"Good child," exclaimed Tom; "I never spent even that; but then I hadn't it to spend."

"Now stop," cried Andrew, in spite of the mother's presence, "where's your handkerchief, Bell? not one word, even if you choke for it. Let us be talking of something else. Did I hear you say anything, Daisy?"

"What you hear me say now is, that I want you to explain what you meant when you said '*that's* the sort of thing *I do*.'"

"But I must not brag of my own good deeds," said Andrew, affecting confusion and laughing.

"Oh, but you should not have begun then, should he, Cousin Mary? I dare say you know."

"About his good deeds?" answered the mother; "well, perhaps I do know of some of them, but certainly not of anything he could have alluded to then."

"Ah!" said Andrew pensively, and heaving up a deep sigh, "I could not lay bare to the eyes of the world my small self-denials—and—and those delicate little what's-his-names——"

"He means oyster patties, Bell," interrupted Tom gravely. "When he's in London and passes a pastry-cook's shop, and sets his eyes on such, he tears himself away after one sniff. 'No,' he cries, striking himself on his breast,—'no, A. C. Capper, I could, if philanthropy did not forbid it, have eaten five of those dear delicate little what's-his-names, and they are sixpence each. Here, my brave fellow,' he exclaims to the next crossing-sweeper, while a tear starts in his eye, 'take it all,' and he hands out his weekly half-crown."

"I don't think it is patties," said Martin, who had been listening with the deepest interest; "I think it's cigarettes."

"Are you good now?" said Tom to Bell, quite openly, while they were all laughing, as much at Martin's gravely given opinion as at his own ridiculous speech.

"Ye-es," she answered, half ashamed and half laughing.

"Very well, then, let us see no more of this. Here you are; everything done to make you happy, that we can think of. The Sunday-school treat going to be held this very afternoon at Swandean."

"So called," interrupted Andrew, "because there's not a single swan in it, or near it."

"Just so. At Swandean, the seat of *our promising Squire, the youthful philanthropist*. Was it in his sermon that the archdeacon called you that, And?"

"You know it wasn't, it was only at a meeting."

"Oh yes, I remember: and you've hated him ever since, and not thought his daughters half so pretty as you did before (very wrong of you And). 'The youthful philanthropist' it was. And while his excellent mother gives away the prizes, I may tell you in confidence that he is going to play at blind-man's buff with the old alms-women, who have been also invited to grace this festive scene."

"Don't believe a word of it, Bell," said Mrs. Capper, when she saw Bell look at Tom with genuine surprise.

"And," said Martin, breaking in again, "cook says it took nine pounds of dripping and fifty eggs, and such lots of raisins, to make the cakes, that she was four days stoning them. (I helped, and so did Danny Callender.) Daisy's going to have a prize."

"Only think," said Cousin Daisy.

"Oh, and there are quantities of things beside cakes."

"How nice!" said Bell; "but it's a pity, And, that you have no swans."

"So it is; but that's not my fault. I sent to Dorsetshire for two, and gave them all sorts of good things to eat while they were in the coop—and then we let them out, and the very next evening they flew away."

"However, that will matter less," observed Tom, "when Fergus has brought you the two camels and the hippopotamus: the camels to gambol on the lawn, and the hippopotamus to splash about in the pond."

(To be continued.)

RELIGIOUS PLAYS AND OBER-AMMERGAU.

L. Tolstoy

THE summer is here, and as the holiday season draws nigh, many of those whom opportunity allows to indulge in foreign tours will this year turn their steps towards a small village lying amidst the mountains of Upper Bavaria, some forty-five miles distant from Munich. Ober-Ammergau, where their now famous Passion Play will be performed by the villagers every Sunday from 26th May to 28th September, before immense audiences, flocking in from Europe and America, was forty years ago almost unknown to the world, though it had indeed a local fame among the villages and districts round about. In 1633 the plague infested those parts, and when it ceased in Ober Ammergau, the grateful inhabitants, in fulfilment of a vow, established that they would every tenth year perform a play founded on the Passion of our Lord. Probably the monks of Ettal, a large monastery in the neighbourhood, helped and planned it for them, for the traditionary spirit of the old Catholic religion, which prevailed and still prevails in this region, encouraged this form of devout expression. It had for ages, and in every country, encouraged the dramatic representation of sacred scenes, whether as part in the service and act of worship, whether as impressing by visible and lively means the truths of Scripture. The reforming touch of the times had not reached these secluded valleys, the peasants performed their play in 1634, and decennially ever since, shifting it to the beginning of the decades in 1680. When, after another century, other plays in that country were suppressed by the authorities, Ober-Ammergau was excepted by the king's special license. Both words and music were improved or re-written at the beginning of this century; and in 1830 the performance, which had hitherto taken place in the churchyard, was removed to a wooden stage on a field near the town, where, still in the

open air, the green grass and the circling hills around form the appropriate natural scenery.

Visitors are attracted to this play for several reasons. The native peasantry regard it, we are told, as pertaining to their religious worship, and are deeply affected, many breaking forth into sobs and tears. Those who have grown up under a less realistic and pictorial form of worship look upon it shyly, with the feeling that here they see something far away, resembling the shows which charmed and stirred the emotions of their forefathers; they seem to read a living book of that which had been to them a curiosity of antiquarian literature. On the one side the reverence due to the subject, and to the motives lying behind the presentation; on the other, the interest awakened by actually seeing a link in the history of dramatic art, variously sway the beholders. For, strange though it may seem, religious plays and performances take us back to the very beginning of the drama.

We are accustomed now to hear the theatre spoken of as a place of amusement only; we go to see a story, from social life or from history, grave or gay, put together with more or less truth to nature, presented before our eyes with living action. The story might have been painted, or sung in poetry, or narrated in telling prose; but no, on this occasion it is *acted*; many details which are lacking in those methods of setting forth, and which must therefore be supplied by the imagination, are thus put visibly before us, and the effects unconsciously find their way to the heart and emotions. We now also associate plays with a closed building and artificial light, and we forbear to introduce sacred themes upon the stage. But it was not always so. The earliest beginnings of the drama were connected with religion, as in India, China, Greece, and Rome; worship was conducted

with dance and song, the lives of sacred heroes were symbolized and acted and shown to the people. As ages progressed, as civilization advanced, the art of imitating life improved; the language spoken by the personages, at first improvised, was composed and written; and finally, in the hands of great poets, became the highest literature of the peoples, developing much diversity, or obeying strict laws and customs. The drama thus travelled away from religious worship, passing through periods of glory, decline, and decay with the nations whose aspirations or feelings it expressed. In the earliest ages of Christianity, however, the gross abuses into which the Roman theatre had fallen, caused the Church stringently to condemn all shows and performances connected with the theatre.

But as Christianity spread into other countries, the natural love of men for spectacle and action led to the employment of these as means of attraction in the services, and of teaching the narratives of Scripture. The monks and persons employed in the sacred function would sing certain parts in dialogue, or would personate in others with declamation and gesture. At the great festivals, such as Christmas and Easter, they went further, and that part of the Gospel appropriate to the season was acted in its place in the service in the church, upon a raised stage or platform, that the people might see the better. After a time these dramatic liturgies or semi-liturgic dramas, composed and arranged by the monks, were played in the churchyard in the open air, in order to accommodate more people, their success being great. In the tenth century, in Germany, a learned nun composed a play to be acted by the girls and nuns of her convent; how far this was musical we do not know, but there are still remaining two musical dramas of the twelfth century, composed in France, on the subject of Daniel and his prophecies of Christ, which were chanted by the young clerks who played them.

Such being the origin of religious plays, they are found to have been in vogue in most Christian countries—Spain, Italy, Germany, France, and England—the practice and the style growing up in each country according to the race. The plays became more and more detached from the service proper of the Church; the subjects were drawn from an increasing range of subjects, and secular men en-

gaged in their performance. Not only were they founded on Biblical narrative or incident, such as the history of Abraham and Isaac, the discomfiture of Pharaoh by the Israelites, Joseph and his brethren, with numerous others besides drawn from the New Testament; but the life and miracles of the Virgin Mary, and the lives of many saints, furnished material for the sacred plays. The tenets of the times, and books and legends then regarded as authoritative, all naturally were reflected in this branch of religious teaching; so that we find, for example, the Procession of Prophets, the story of the Sybils, or some of the apocryphal legends amidst the other well-known subject-matter. The Franciscans, or grey friars, of the thirteenth century are believed to have much encouraged the religious play in their labours among the common people; and it must surely have proved a valuable adjunct to their method of vivifying faith by preaching with story and example. They recognized how to touch hearts unconsciously, like Shakespeare after them—

“The play’s the thing
Wherein I’ll catch the conscience of the king!”

Whether it were they who first set the companies of craftsmen upon the acting of these plays we have no means of knowing, but from the fourteenth to the sixteenth centuries in England, the glory of the religious drama was chiefly owing to the men of the various trades, who in the towns annually acted sets of plays, each craft or “mystery” (whence the term “mystery play”) taking a play.

I call them “sets of plays,” or you may say one play with many parts, but they differed. It was especially the custom to keep Corpus Christi day (which was established in 1264) by one of these performances, which lasted throughout the early summer’s day; the good folks at York, who had no less than forty-eight pieces to get through, got up early, for the players had to be ready at half-past four in the morning, each in the “pageant” (as the movable stage was called) of his play. Whitsuntide and Candlemas were also favourite seasons for the plays; others, probably of earlier date, for Christmas or Easter. We have relics of them in various places in England, some of their books of words still exist; four great sets, for Chester, York, Wakefield,¹ and Coventry, all in verse, embracing Biblical

¹ Called the *Towneley Mysteries*; they were played in the neighbourhood of Wakefield.

subjects, from the Creation through the Life and Passion of our Lord to the Resurrection and Domesday. Their performance was greatly attended, by high and low, from far and near, and they produced no doubt a deep effect. The Passion of our Lord was included in many of these sets, or formed a set of its own, frequently played. There are also single plays, though not many now remain; one called Noah's Ark, at Newcastle; two others on the favourite story of Abraham and Isaac, at Dublin and in Norfolk, the latter of which has many passages of beauty and pathos. Some great sets in Cornish also exist, and others.

Plays on the miracles and lives of saints ("miracle-plays"), though not unknown, do not seem ever to have attained much popularity in England; but we had others upon abstract matters, such as the play of our Lord's Prayer, in which the vices were held up to scorn and the virtues to praise, very popular in York; and the Creed Play, which was performed every tenth year (like that at Ober-

Ammergau) in the same city. A great play in London in 1409 lasted eight days! which must have been a show indeed. Music was sometimes introduced, the shepherds sang at the Birth of Jesus, a chorus of angels hailed Mary on her Assumption. The English stage was often (we do not know whether always in these later times) a movable platform on wheels with two, sometimes three, storeys; in York each company had its stage and moved from place to place along the streets, one after the other, till all were played before the spectators who sat at these fixed stations.

The Reformation brought in a different spirit of teaching, the old representations, clung to by the common people, with their pathos, show and realism, their terrors, noise and conventional jocularity, were judged derogatory to religion; their day, which had by no means been useless, was over, and, giving way to better things, the religious play passed out of sight entirely in our country at the close of the sixteenth century.



ENGLISH MEN AND WOMEN OF LETTERS.

X.

DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

HARRIET WATERS PRESTON.

THE books which we keep upon our shelves, and read again and again to the neglect of the new, are of two kinds—those which tell us what we need to know, and those which reveal the authors whom we are made to love. It is to be hoped that we always take the former—the great teachers—reverentially and implicitly; but it is by no means necessary that we should invariably agree with the latter. With these we quarrel and make friends again; we quote, contradict, or corroborate, attack or defend, as may be, but we never forget, still less outgrow, them. Once we have come under their spell, they remain members of our spiritual family, and permanent factors in our lives. We must needs have been ourselves, as well as they what they are, to give them their lasting influence. And of these, the makers of intimate and confidential books, there is none more justly distinguished among living writers of English than the author of the three series of amusing and informal essays entitled, *The Autocrat*, *The Professor*, and *The Poet, at the Breakfast Table*.

When the first number of the *Atlantic Monthly* appeared in Boston in November 1857, or almost a generation ago, every name in American letters

that had then become widely known was represented there. James Russell Lowell was the editor, and Emerson, Longfellow, Hawthorne, and Mrs. Harriet Beecher-Stowe were among the earliest contributors. But by far the most brilliant article in the new magazine, that which marked it once for all with exactly the literary character at which it aimed, was the first number of the *Autocrat's* table-talk, by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. There had been nothing to compare with it in the way of witty and informal chat upon paper since the days of the *Noctes Ambrosianae*, and the plan of the *Atlantic* series was not unlike that of the famous papers which formed the pith of *Blackwood* for so many years. The new king of conversation, like the old, undertook to distribute his proper personality among a half dozen representatives, and impartially to report the debates of his own mobile and many-sided mind. But the coarseness which disfigures the pages of Christopher North, and gives them the flavour of all but forbidden fruit to inquisitive young persons burrowing in sixty-year-old libraries, has no place in those of the *Autocrat*, and the *mise-en-scène* of his lively dialogue is curiously altered and adapted to the meridian of Boston. The hall of carousal becomes a Yankee boarding-house, the whisky which flowed so abundantly in Auld Reekie is exchanged for blameless coffee, and the uproarious midnight supper subsides into that substantial and decently ordered meal, an American breakfast.

Very strongly American was indeed the whole

style and flavour of these daylight symposia; American in the subjects discussed, the tone taken and the freedom invited, in the impatient and unsparing, yet for the most part good-humoured raillery bestowed upon certain republican vulgarities of speech and custom, the homelier side of the home life,—as well as in the exquisite loyalty and tenderness of those early reminiscences, continually welling up from the warm heart of the censor of manners, and more or less taking the sting out of the keenest of his home thrusts at our native American vanity. The beauty of all this, and the rarity in those days, was that it was American without being provincial. It was racy of the soil, while rich with the results of old-world culture. It was this quality of being equally intelligible and delightful at home and abroad, of compelling the attention and tickling the risibles of civilized readers everywhere, which made the writings of Dr. Holmes, along with those of Emerson, Hawthorne, and Lowell as a political satirist, what the Germans call “epoch-making” for Americans. They mark the day of our emancipation from the routine of the European school, the point at which, without fear or favour, in books as in other things, we began to be ourselves.

“You feel a little superior,” says the frank Autocrat, with his *fin sourire*, “to every man who makes you laugh, whether by making faces or verses. You have a pleasant sense of patronizing him. If I were giving advice to a young fellow of talent with two or three facts in his mind, I would tell him by all means to keep his wit in the background until he has made a reputation by his more solid qualities.” These words carry authority, for the speaker had scrupulously obeyed his own rule. The sparkling largesse of thought which he flung about him so generously in the *Atlantic* papers, had been the slow accumulation of years of faithful study and shrewd though sympathetic observation. His flow of animal spirits is so great, his temper so impulsive, his comprehension so perfect and so conspicuous of the joys and sorrows, the needs and desires of youth—and of girlhood, strange to say, almost more than of boyhood—that it is hard to think of him as nearly fifty years of age, when he first addressed himself to his true public. Yet so it was. Dr. Holmes was born in 1809; he made studies both of law and medicine, and, in 1857, he had been for twenty-five years a practising physician, and a lecturer on anatomy and physiology in the

Medical Schools attached to Dartmouth and Harvard Colleges.

No doubt it was the literary and speculative, not to say the imaginative, side of physiological study that always allured him most. But his wholesome ridicule of quackery upon the one hand, and of ancient medical superstitions on the other, did much to keep the “doctoring” of his active day simple and rational.

He was in favour of discarding almost all drugs except opium, “which seems to be prescribed,” as he says in his picturesque way, “by the Creator Himself: for we see the scarlet poppy growing in the corn-fields as if it were foreseen that wherever there was hunger to be fed, there would also be pain to be soothed.” He was the last of all medical men to have overlooked, in the enthusiasm of investigation and experiment, the sacred humanities of his profession, and his addresses to the successive graduating classes of the Massachusetts Medical School, where he was for ten years a teacher, are models of grave and manly counsel. He makes his appeal far oftener to the sense of common compassion and the personal honour of his pupils than to their intellectual curiosity or ambition for professional success.

“[That act of frightful violence to a fellow-creature, which you call a ‘brilliant operation,’]” he said on one occasion to his class in surgery, “may be the twentieth or the fiftieth of the kind which you have witnessed. You are used to such sights, and it is hard to realize that others are not used to such sufferings. Do you remember that this seemingly brief space of mortal anguish has been for months or years the one waking and sleeping terror of the poor victim before you,—that like the iron chamber of the story, this dreadful necessity has been narrowing closer and closer about him day by day, at every approach darkening some window of life and happiness?” And again, on the delicate question of the physician’s obligation to tell the whole truth to his patient, “Beware how you take away *hope* from any human being. Nothing is clearer than that the Merciful Creator intends to blind most people as they pass down into the dark valley.”

Dr. Holmes had been in his early days an extremely popular lecturer before village lyceums, quizzing those grave assemblies with his nimble wit, and electrifying them sometimes by the novelty and audacity of his views of many things. He had

also the easiest possible knack of flowing versification, and sometimes—as in *Urania, or a Rhymed Lesson*, an address delivered before the Boston Mercantile Library Association—he had thrown his neat aphorisms into Alexandrine couplets modelled on those of Pope, and hardly inferior to the latter in point and polish; while he had long been adored by his own social circle as the most delightful of diners-out, and the one man in Boston capable of genuine *vers de société*. Indeed the renown of his aptitude as an occasional poet became almost an inconvenience, causing him to be peremptorily summoned to all points of the United States wherever there was a corner-stone to be laid, a bridge opened, a birthday celebrated, or a distinguished stranger welcomed.

Now and then, the lyre, which he kept so obligingly tuned for festive occasions, gave out a graver note, and there would slip from the gay singer one of those pensive and simple stanzas, “without finish and without fault,” which seem, as has been happily said of some of Wordsworth’s, to have been not merely inspired, but written by nature—

“The mossy marbles rest
On the lips he once has pressed
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.”

“A few may touch the magic string,
And noisy fame is proud to win them.
Alas for those who never sing,
But die with all their music in them!”

His highest point of poetical expression was, however, not attained until he closed the fifth of the Autocrat’s papers with the exquisite lyric of *The Chambered Nautilus*.

“This is the ship of pearl, which poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,—
* * * * *
Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl,
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before us lies revealed—
Its irised ceiling rent; its sunless crypt unsealed!
Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil!
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year’s dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in its last-found home,
And knew the old no more.”

And then the noble and just sufficiently obvious moral—

“Build thee more stately mansions, oh my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!” &c.

The subtle pathos which almost always goes along with a fine and sensitive humour is in these lines, and in those others, not so well known perhaps, nor quite as perfect in their mechanism, on the young girl at her mirror—

“Why should her fleeting day-dream fade unspoken,
Like daffodils that die with sheaths unbroken?
She knew the marble shapes that set men dreaming,
Yet with her shoulders bare and tresses streaming
Showed not unlovely to her simple seeming.
Vain? Let it be so! Nature was her teacher!
What if a lonely and unsistered creature
Loved her own harmless gift of pleasing feature,
Saying, unsaddened,—‘This shall soon be faded,
And double-hued the shining tresses braided,
And all the glory of the morning shaded!’”

The Autocrat is always curious in his criticism of life, and this we have been told, on the high authority of Matthew Arnold, is one of the poet’s foremost functions. It need not surprise us, therefore, that while his prose is never feeble, it is in one respect almost more poetical than his verse. The moment he becomes thoroughly in earnest, he runs unconsciously into imagery, and his illustrations have a fitness which appears like inspiration. A dozen of his pages, taken at random anywhere, will afford a perfect nosegay of these flowers of speech, and yet they are never employed for ornament merely, but simply to bring home his thought, or to give life and reality to the dry, scientific truth he may chance to be enforcing.

He knows no such thing as an isolated fact, but has the eye to see and the heart to feel all things in their relations to the rest. The essence of a whole weighty treatise is in that comparison from the *Essay on Mechanism in Thought and Morals*, where he illustrates by the wonders of photography the possibility of a material record in the brain of all our recollections:—“In a speck covered by a pin-head are to be seen, by the aid of the proper instruments, the Declaration of Independence, the facsimile autographs of the signers, the arms of the thirteen original States, the Capitol at Washington, and portraits of all the Presidents from Washington to James K. Polk, inclusive.

“Now recollect that there was an interval between the exposure of the negative in the camera, and its development by pouring a wash over it, when all

these pictured objects existed potentially, but absolutely invisible and incapable of recognition, in a speck of collodion film which a pin's-head would cover; and then think what Alexandrian libraries, what Congressional document loads of positively intelligible characters—such as one look of the recording angel would bring out, many of which we can ourselves develop at will, or which come before our eyes unbidden, like 'Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin'—might be held in those convolutions of the brain, which wrap the talent intrusted to us, too often, as the folded napkin of the slothful servant hid the treasure his master had lent him."

In the second series of the *Atlantic* essays, collected in 1860, the Autocrat resigned his place, as leader of conversation, to his friend the Professor, yet so far from the discourse becoming, as might have been expected from this exchange, more serious and technical than before, it is from the lips of the man of science that we gather the most beautiful story which our versatile author has ever told. The tale of that simple-hearted Iris, whom we have already seen dreaming before her own looking-glass, and of her unselfish devotion to the solitary hunchback, starved in his natural affections, but fantastically proud of his native land and town, is full of tenderness and grace. The charm of it led the readers of the *Atlantic* to conceive high hopes when they were promised a novel by Dr. Holmes,—hopes which, it must be confessed, were not fully realized in *Elsie Venner*. He who had known how to make science as fascinating as a fairy-tale, could not free himself, when he came to construct a formal romance, from the mysterious suggestions which haunt what he himself calls the "border-land of scientific knowledge."

He carefully explains in his preface to the latest edition of this *Romance of Destiny*, that his merciful purpose was to show how moral responsibility may be limited by the tragical effects of a morbid physical heritage; and clearly the unhappy heroine of the tale, in her grievous isolation, with her wild appealing beauty, who dies at twenty, unloved and humiliated, is no more blameworthy than any mad creature for the terrible vagaries of her short, sad life. The closing scenes of the story are extremely pathetic, and there is a good deal of dramatic power in some of the situations, but after all, it is too mystical and too painful. We care little, comparatively, for the minor people who are made

prosperous and happy, after the most approved fashion. Like the child who cries out at the end of that most ghastly of nursery tales, *Red Riding-Hood*, "But it isn't true!" we long to be assured that the kindly author does not himself believe in the possibility of so frightful a legacy as that which blasted the life of Elsie Venner.

The mystery of hereditary traits is still exercising the mind of our author in his second novel, *The Guardian Angel*; but here at least there is no question of any but a natural human inheritance. The fair, rebellious heroine is made to listen to the suggestions and fall under the influence of one after another of her disembodied ancestors, until the best of them all—her true guardian angel from the first—is finally made at home in her soul, and she attains her own ideal development as a tender, helpful woman and a devoted wife. Here, too, there is mysticism, but an original plot for a novel is not to be picked up by the wayside in these days; and while the author of *Elsie Venner* and *The Guardian Angel* is able to laugh heartily with the witty lady who had the courage to tell him how she hated his "medicated novels," we can well fancy the twinkle in his eye as he retorts in self-defence—"If I called these two stories, *Studies of the Reflex Function in its Higher Sphere*, I should frighten away all but the professors and the learned ladies."

The third, and last, of Dr. Holmes' novels, *A Mortal Antipathy*, published more than twenty years after the first, is one more essay in the same line, but intended yet less than the other two, as it would seem, to be taken quite seriously. A boy baby is on one occasion frightened by the sudden apparition of a beautiful young woman, and hence grows up with an insane and uncontrollable terror of female youth and comeliness. Himself endowed with all manly and amiable qualities, he shuns society and lives the life of an anchorite in a lonely New England village for fear of having the shock repeated which had blighted his infancy. But he could not escape the modern girl, who, as we all know, goes everywhere and attempts all things. Even in those inland solitudes of the New World there were two of the very latest varieties,—the dauntless athlete, and the universal student, whom their school-mates had dubbed respectively, "The Wonder" and "The Terror." Both feel irresistibly drawn towards the comely recluse,—the one by natural sympathy with his sad case; the other by

intellectual curiosity about it. Both make characteristic, though always circumspect, advances, but it is not until the athlete has saved the hero from drowning that the spell of his antipathy is broken, and these two are made happy together; while the more speculative young lady is abundantly consoled for her part by the deep mental satisfaction of having solved a perplexing problem.

Both the heroines of *The Mortal Antipathy* are treated with a sort of arch and chivalrous deference by their historian; and a sincere respect for their varied achievements blends with his irresistible amusement at the novelty of their aims and claims. The humour of the main situation is as quaint as that of one of La Fontaine's fables, and thrown into the fable form, and touched off with an epigrammatic moral, such as the ready Autocrat could so easily have condensed into one flashing couplet, *The Mortal Antipathy*, which rather drags as a romance, would have been quite inimitable.

But so it is that this new Proteus is never found exactly where we had looked for him. The kaleidoscope of his mind is for ever softly turning—just when we are most captivated by the beauty of the figure which, through the help of many-angled reflection, his variegated thoughts have assumed. They fall instantly into shapes of new symmetry it may be, but the passing phase has been too beautiful not to leave behind it an undefined regret. We have seen how, when the Professor replaced the Autocrat in the second series of Breakfast-table Essays, he deferred the discussion of those grave matters in which he seemed pledged to instruct his audience, to tell the heart-history of a simple maiden. By way of atonement, when in the third series the poet took the head of the table, his mood was found more serious than that of either of his predecessors, his mind preoccupied by the tremendous results of recent experiment and discovery in physics, and by the earnest endeavour to combat the conclusions of the materialist, and indicate

beyond the uttermost province of human curiosity a space for the workings of faith.

Here, then, after seventy years of unstinted hospitality for new ideas, of daring heresies, conflicting sympathies, and a grand carelessness of his own petty consistency, we behold our author in his virile old age, with feet firmly planted upon that underlying rock of spiritual belief, where also stand Tennyson and Browning, and all those authentic seers who have been the highest teachers of our generation. Here, too, we shall, I think, discover the word of his personal enigma; the reason why, though a speaking mental photograph of him is not easy to catch, and the doublings of his agile reason threaten sometimes quite to baffle pursuit, the man himself, the central individual, wins our affections and retains our trust, insomuch that nobody except himself is likely to be bewildered by the fact, so charmingly stated at the outset of his bright yet pensive reminiscences of his last *Hundred Days in Europe*—"I thought that I knew perhaps two people in England, and I found that the whole nation were my friends."

He is many things by turns—observer, investigator, satirist, painter, and critic of manners, but first and last and always, even though achieving only rarely in the course of a long life the highest form of metrical expression, he is a poet; and the true secret of his perennial spell may after all be best illustrated by making room for yet one more of his own inimitable similes. "The works of other men live, but their personality dies out of their labours; the poet, who reproduces himself in his creation, as no other artist does or can, goes down to posterity with all his personality blended with whatever is imperishable in his song. We see nothing of the bees that built the honeycomb and stored it with its sweets, but we can trace the veining in the wings of insects that flitted through the forests that are now coal-beds, kept unchanging in the amber that holds them."

SCHOLARSHIP COMPETITION QUESTIONS

State some of the Autocrat's views concerning Authors—Friendship—Youth and Age—Sympathies and Antipathies.

BOOKS SELECTED.—*Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* (Camelot Series. Walter Scott).

Papers must contain not more than 500 words, and must be sent in by July 25.

AUTHOR SELECTED FOR AUGUST.—De Quincey.

SEARCH QUESTIONS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

I.

Give the author and work from which the following is taken—

"The world is a looking-glass, and gives back to every man the reflection of his own face. Frown at it, and it will in turn look sourly upon you; laugh at it, and with it, and it is a jolly, kind companion; and so let all young persons take their choice."

II.

Mention some varieties of Skippers, and say where an account of them in detail may be found.

III.

In which of Scott's works do the following characters appear? 1. Green Mantle. 2. The Knight of the Leopard. 3. Maitre Pierre. 4. The Laird of Dumbiedikes. 5. Jingling Geordie. 6. Rowley. 7. Andrew Fairservice. 8. Tod Gabriel. 9. Locksley.

IV.

What was the reason why Tom Musgrave would not stay to supper at the Watsons'?

V.

On what occasions were the following words spoken?

- (1) "O, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest.
. . . . Eyes, look your last!
Arms, take your last embrace!"

Answers to be sent in by July 15. They should be directed to the SUPERINTENDENT, R. U., and must contain name and address of sender.

- (2) "O, how full of briers is this working-day world!"

- (3) "Ha! 'Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner'; there's a double meaning in that."

- (4) "Our aery buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind and scorns the sun."

- (5) "Show his eyes, and grieve his heart,
Come like shadows, so depart!"

- (6) "Now the melancholy god protect thee, and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal."

- (7) "Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman."

- (8) "Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace."

- (9) "Good-night, sweet prince;
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!"

VI.

Explain the fact that when John and Thomas are talking together there are at least six personalities taking part in the dialogue.

ANSWERS TO SEARCH QUESTIONS (JUNE).

I.

The game at Ombre [Pope's *Rape of the Lock*].

II.

An old Woman, a hen, and a tom-cat [Hans Andersen's *Ugly Duckling*].

III.

The Wedding-Guest [Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*].

IV.

Seven [Mrs. Gaskell's *Cranford*].

V.

Mrs. Tulliver [George Eliot's *Mill on the Floss*].

VI.

1. The Earl of Essex [Spenser's *Prothalamion*]. 2. Cowper [Mrs. Browning's *Cowper's Grave*]. 3. Shake-

spere [Ben Jonson's lines in the First Folio edition of Shakespeare's works]. 4. Napoleon [Byron's *Napoleon's Farewell*]. 5. The Earl of Shaftesbury [Dryden's *Absalom and Achitophel*].

VII.

"My reasons for marrying are, first, that I think it a right thing for every clergyman in easy circumstances (like myself) to set the example of matrimony in his parish; secondly, that I am convinced it will add very greatly to my happiness; and thirdly, which perhaps I ought to have mentioned earlier, that it is the particular advice and recommendation of the very noble lady whom I have the honour of calling patroness" [Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice*].

VIII.

R. L. Stevenson [*Underwoods*].

THE FORGOTTEN GRACES.

II.

HAVING been privileged to see all the letters which have been provoked by my former article on this subject, I cannot refrain from expressing my gratification at finding how generally my views, or some of them, are in accord with those of the ladies who are sufficiently interested in the matter to write about it. Some, like "A Country Reader," whose letter appeared last month, agree with my article throughout; many others, while admitting my contentions on some points, find fault with others; and a few, of whom "One of the Unintelligent" is a specimen, have no compliments to exchange with me. It is, however, satisfactory to me to observe that those who are my most uncompromising opponents are those who have not apparently done me the honour of reading my article attentively. One indignant girl invariably quotes the title of the article as "The Three Graces," and all the objectors have so far missed the point of my argument as to suppose that I wrote in praise of "ignorant" and "ill-informed" women. If these will refer once again to the article they will see that nothing was further from my contention. What I advocated was the cultivation of the exceptional powers with which Nature has endowed women "by studies which enlighten the mind without oppressing it, by the exercise

of the imagination, and by carefully training in the arts and graces;" and the fact of my quoting as instances of the success of such a method, Jane Austen, Lady Holland, and Lady Palmerston, would, I should have expected, made such a mistake impossible. I fear that the higher education in which these ladies seem so delightingly to revel has not taught them accuracy, and has thus failed in inculcating a most necessary qualification for elementary scholarship.

One of the points on which I am most seriously taken to task is my assertion that woman is made to be the complement of man, and one lady, "An Indignant One," sarcastically spells man in capital letters to testify her contempt for the other sex. Unfortunately this does not alter the facts of the case, and the history of the world will have to be read backwards if we want to arrive at any other conclusion than that which I stated. Some of the writers are also very indignant at a suggestion which I threw out, that the decline in the percentage of marriages may possibly have been affected by the results of the present craze for the higher education of women. They are of opinion that learned men find the greatest attraction in "learned" women. A knowledge of human nature teaches us exactly the opposite of this. Of course there are cases in which it may seem to be well-founded, such as notably one recent instance, in which "two phoenixes of

learning," as the Chinese would say, have formed a most erudite alliance. This, however, does not affect the rule that the more women are like men the less they are liked by men. Not long since an English lady performed at Gibraltar a wonderful feat of equestrian endurance, continuing in the saddle an unheard-of number of hours without once dismounting. The exploit made a great stir in the garrison, and was recounted to an old Spanish hidalgo, whose only reply was, "I should prefer to hear of a lady who would scream at the sight of a mouse." The answer thus given illustrates the law implanted in us by Nature, that individuals of either sex admire most in the persons of the other those qualities in which they themselves are deficient. As the Poet-Laureate writes—

"For woman is not undevelop't man
But diverse: could we make her as the man,
Sweet love were slain: his dearest bond is this,
Not like to like, but like in difference."

"Women should be the companions of men and not their rivals," said Canon Knox-Little in a recent sermon at St. Paul's; and this dictum exactly differentiates the system I would advocate from that which is at present "the rage" with the promoters of the higher education of women. The whole system is one of rivalry. The pressure which is too often put upon girls at High Schools is mainly the outcome of a desire to prove that girls are intellectually the equals of boys; and the establishment of the girls' colleges at the Universities, and the struggles of the managers to procure the admission of the "sweet girl graduates" into the honour schools, are all directed towards the same end. The evil is one which will doubtless in time cure itself. Already parents are lamenting their folly in having allowed their daughters to enter upon courses of study which have left them pale, weakly, and listless. "There is no sex in mental culture," is one of the parrot-like cries of advanced womanhood. But never was there a more mischievous fallacy. Sex is fundamental, and having regard to the specialities of woman's physical and mental nature, it is obviously impossible that she can with safety soar into those heights which have been reserved, and will again be reserved when "this fitful fever" has passed, for the more sturdy intellects of men.

But I will leave the physical phase of the question to the medical men, who are fully alive to its im-

portance, merely pointing out in passing that the shattered nerves and impaired health too often produced by the unnatural mental strain, are social disabilities which are by no means compensated by the possession of a critical knowledge of the Greek classics, or by an intimate acquaintance with the differential calculus. My present object is to enter a plea for a return to common sense, and the adoption of such a system of education and culture as will most truly develop the genuine woman. Such a woman, for example, as Tennyson describes his mother, as is generally understood, to have been—

"Not learned, save in gracious household ways,
Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants,
No angel, but a dearer being, all dipt
In angel instincts, breathing paradise,
Interpreter between the gods and men,
Who look'd all native to her place, and yet
On tiptoe seem'd to touch upon a sphere
Too gross to tread, and all male minds perforce
Swayed to her from their orbits as they moved,
And girdled her with music."

One can imagine the tone with which such a description would be criticized by young enthusiasts blessed with all the self-confidence of youth, and wanting the knowledge which Nature has reserved for older heads. "'Not learned,' indeed, what an ignorant creature she must have been! and 'full of tender wants,' how ridiculous to be so dependent!" and so on. In fact, these are almost word for word the sentiments breathed by most of the Brown Owl's most indignant correspondents. But if the poet had entered into details we should probably find that the lady in question knew far more of the English classics than many of the so-called "learned." It was the custom in bygone days for girls to be thoroughly well grounded in the standard works of English literature, and no more profitable course of study could be devised. (One of the young ladies who found fault with my former article gave a list of those works which she regarded as English classics, and curiously enough omitted Shakespeare's name.) Under its wholesome influence those who use it aright may claim to be contemporaries of every age, and may enjoy intimate association with men who have guided empires and swayed the minds and imaginations of their fellow-men through all generations. The works of such authors should be read leisurely, and the student should so far as in her lies place herself *en rapport* with the writers. She must live for the time

being in the atmosphere which surrounded them, and must so stimulate her sympathies as to be able to enjoy all that is true and good and beautiful in their thoughts and diction. If, however, the student only takes up such a course with a view to passing examinations, and devotes her attention to preparing answers to possible catchy questions; in other words, if she scrape away with the mud-rake instead of looking up to the crown which is within her reach, then she may as well shut up her books for all the good they will do her. History, biography, travels, modern languages, the poetry of various nations, geography, and enough mathematics to make her learned in gracious household ways, are other subjects which should unquestionably enter into the education of every cultured woman. And though this list covers a great deal of ground, it need not affright the most timid. The necessity at the present time of getting through all further work during the three years spent at the University is a part of the system to which all those who wish well to female education must be most directly opposed. The push, the rivalry, and the cram of the University career in the case of honour girls, is ruinous to the calm of real culture; and girls who escape from the evil effects of it, do so in defiance of the system and in virtue of that truly womanly instinct which fortunately dies so hard.

There is no reason why, in a rational system, a woman's education should cease at any given period, and in bygone days it was almost a matter of course that young ladies should read steadily on until possibly household and nursery cares interfered with their pursuits. But now it is found necessary to stimulate the jaded appetite by the formation of reading societies, which impose fines if the given number of minutes as decreed by the managers are not given to the allotted daily tasks, and the examination goad is again called into play to keep alive the flagging interest of the weary students.

One other point connected with this part of the subject is, in my opinion, most essential to the production of highly-cultured women, and that is the faculty of expressing their thoughts with correctness and elegance of diction. To many this only comes by the exercise of careful attention, and the best way to acquire it is by practising the habit of composition. Whether in the form of letters or essays, every girl should make a point of constantly committing her thoughts to paper, and, just as in so

doing she will naturally be careful in her choice of expressions, so when she speaks she will strive always to put what she wishes to say in the clearest and most apt words.

Before bringing these remarks to a close, I should like again to emphasize my plea for "those forgotten graces" which should be the fruit of such a course of training as I suggest. It is mere affectation to say that it does not matter how an act is performed, even though it be connected with such minor matters as entering a room or handing a cup of tea to a guest. No one can have failed to notice the difference between such and far more important things done gracefully and done awkwardly. It is to women that we have a right to look pre-eminently for that grace and dignity which beautify social existence; and the disappointment is therefore all the greater when we find among their younger sisters so many who disregard and affect to despise the elegancies of life. If these, the typical girls of the present day, could but be induced to see the errors of their ways, and would but emulate the courtly bearing and gracious manners of those who have gone before them, we may yet hope to see an end put to that careless and unfeminine demeanour which shocks when it does not excite the pity of those to whom all that is enjoyable is not "ripping," and all that is distasteful is not "beastly."¹

Robert K. Douglas.

* * *

ABOUT the time of the publication of this number Stanley's great work will probably have been given to the world, and the story of his Relief Expedition will be read by the many, and talked about by all. In the June number of *Scribner's Magazine*, Stanley's first published article appears. It is the forerunner of his book, and parts of it are of the deepest interest. Those readers of *Atalanta* who are not fortunate enough to obtain the book might read this thrilling paper with advantage. The world has seldom known more brilliant examples of fortitude, high courage, and endurance than were shown by Stanley and his followers. They had to go through those particular terrors and dangers which try the nerves of the bravest.

The following passage describes the plight of

¹ This paper invites discussion. All letters or remarks must reach the Editor not later than July 20, and must have the words "Brown Owl" on the cover.

Captain Nelson, who when too ill to travel had to be left behind in the gloomy forest, with a few men and a very small share of provisions.

"No more gloomy spot could have been selected for a camp than that sandy terrace encompassed by rocks, and hemmed in narrowly by those dark woods, which rose from the river's edge to the height of 600 feet, and pent in the never-ceasing uproar which was created by the writhing and tortured stream, and the twin cataracts which ever rivalled each other's thunder. The imagination shudders at the hapless position of those crippled men, who were doomed to remain inactive, to listen every moment to the awful sound of that irreconcilable fury of wrathful waters, and the monotonous and continuous roar of plunging rivers; to watch the leaping waves coiling and twisting into uprising columns, as they ever wrestled for mastery with each other, and were dashed into white fragments of foam far apart by the ceaseless force of driven currents; to gaze at the dark relentless woods spreading upward and around; standing perpetually fixed in dull green, mourning over past ages, past times, and past generations. Then think of the night with its palpable blackness; the dead black shadows of the wooded hills; that eternal sound of fury; that ceaseless boom of the cataracts, the indefinite forms born of nervousness and fearfulness; that misery engendered by loneliness, and creeping sense of abandonment; then will be understood something of the true position of these poor men."

Just as graphic and almost as harrowing is Stanley's description of those who led the van of the expedition, and who were seeking relief for their starving companions. They fed on fungi and wild fruits, and two bananas apiece were the utmost allowance at a meal for men desperate with hunger. On one occasion Stanley relates something which ought to be regarded as more than a coincidence. I quote the entire passage.

"The age of miracles is past, it is said, but why should they be? Moses drew water from the rock at Horeb for the thirsty Israelites. Of water we have enough and to spare. Elijah was fed by ravens at the brook Cherith; but there is not a raven in all this forest. Christ was ministered to by angels. I wonder if any one will minister unto us.

"Just then there was a sound as of a large bird whirring through the air. Little Randy, my fox-

terrier, lifted up a foot and gazed inquiringly; we turned our heads to see, and that second the bird dropped beneath the jaws of Randy, who snapped at the prize, and held it fast in a vice as of iron. 'There, boys,' I said, 'truly the gods are gracious. The age of miracles is not past.' And my comrades were seen gazing in delighted surprise at the bird, which was a fine fat guinea-fowl. It was not long before the guinea-fowl was divided, and Randy, his captor, had his lawful share; and the little doggie seemed to know that he had grown in esteem with all men, and we enjoyed our prize each with his own feelings."

These are but brief extracts, and give a very slight idea of the absorbing interest of the whole narrative.

* * *

THOSE readers of *Atalanta* who were interested in the all-important subject of recitation will like to see the accompanying letter from so competent an authority as Arthur Burrell.

"DEAR SIR,

"I see that you have received several interesting letters upon the subject of Recitation, which you cannot print for want of space. Perhaps you will allow me, as the author of some of the suggestions made by Miss Mason in your February number, to answer one or two objections contained in your March letters.

"(1) The list of pieces given is of a *very* high order.

"Is this a fault? Are reciters to pander to the taste of audiences that delight in Mark Twain and Artemus Ward? Surely reciters are to educate taste.

"But do audiences fail to appreciate pieces of a high order? My experience tells me that these are the pieces which 'go down.' I do not know of any selections which win more applause, and which keep your room quieter, than the following—*Phil Bloodi Leap—The Lady or the Tiger?—The Legend Beautiful—Carcassonne—Ivan Ivanovitch—The Ride of the Dead—The Monk Felix—The Tale of Negative Gravity—The Death of a Dog—Uncle Remus' Stories*. Many of these are what is called 'comic' pieces; but the comedy is of the very highest order; and I have known instances where the reciter has had to stop for a full quarter of a minute to let the laugh subside. And this has

happened too before audiences drawn from many cliques and castes of society. If you want to give your best to your audience give your best pieces.

"(2) All recitation pieces are hackneyed.

"This is a curious objection. May I be allowed to refer to my paper on Recitation in the *Parents' Review* for March, in which I have given some suggestions, which if followed out will do away with this objection? In a word, my recipe would be this. Keep a Common-place Book, and write out the pieces which please you. Translate, if necessary; at any rate never let a good bit slip merely through laziness.

"From yours faithfully,

"ARTHUR BURRELL."

* * *

THOUGHTS of pleasant days at the sea already float across our dreams, and *à propos* of the sparkling waves a word may be said in favour of that most desirable art of swimming. In the next number of *Atalanta* the Brown Owl will have a special article on this subject. The author is an expert in the art of teaching to swim, and his advice ought to be of much use. Accidents occur every year from the want of this accomplishment, which is easily acquired and never forgotten.

Some of the readers of this Magazine may have noticed in the daily papers the extraordinary feat of swimming performed by Emily Lacy, a young girl under sixteen years of age. She was one of the few passengers who survived the wreck of the *Quetta*, and the story of her escape, endurance, and pluck is almost past record. She had learned to swim from her earliest days, and in the unparalleled test to which her powers were put she came off victorious.

Emily Lacy, in company with her young sister, a little girl of thirteen, was coming to England to complete her education. When the *Quetta* struck

on the sharp rock, twenty feet long, which was the cause of shipwreck, Miss Lacy was in the saloon writing to her mother. She rushed down-stairs, and got her sister out of bed. In the confusion however on deck, the girls were parted never to meet again, for this little sister May was drowned, in company with the clergyman who was bringing the girls to England. When the *Quetta* sank, Miss Lacy went under the water, but quickly rose to the surface. She describes the horrible time when many drowning Cingalese and sheep almost pressed her back under the water. She managed to get away from them, however, and swam towards a raft occupied by the ship's purser. He was very kind to her, and she stayed with him for about twelve hours. He could not swim, and Miss Lacy for a great part of the time swam by the side of the raft, trying to tow it towards shore. She thought the shore was only two miles off, and at last, notwithstanding Mr. Grey's remonstrances, determined to swim to it, for the purpose of bringing him back food and water. The brave girl struck out boldly, but soon got into cross currents, where she made little or no progress. She was swimming for twenty hours before she was picked up, a burnt and terrible object, from exposure and the heat of the sun. At the time of her rescue her strength was nearly gone, and she could only feebly raise one arm when she saw the boat approaching; she said that she had often to keep her head completely under water to avoid sunstroke. Only the thought of her parents sustained the heroic girl in her valiant efforts to keep afloat. She said that she had no fear of death either from drowning or sharks. She is now doing well, but it is scarcely likely she will ever visit England.

There are few girls who would have the physical strength or the bravery of heart to do as Miss Lacy has done; but the value of learning to swim well has been abundantly illustrated in her case.

L. T. Meade.

W. B. Richmond A. R. A., painter

PORTRAIT OF MRS. BAIRDSMITH.

DAUGHTER OF THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

ATLANTA

VOL. III.

AUGUST, 1890.

No. 35.

THE NIGHT MY LOVE COMES HOME.

Fredene - E. Weatherly

“O GET ye up to the Tower, mother,
And say what may there be,
For I hear the gales in the golden sails
That bring my love to me.
And get ye down my bridal gown,
And deck my hair for me ;
Go watch the pier, thou little page,
To greet him home from sea.

For it's oh ! my love, I hear him call,
He is coming across the foam,
And I must be ready this night of all,
The night my love comes home !”

“Lie still, lie still, my sweet, sweet child,
No ship is on the tide !”
And her tears run down that bridal gown
That never will deck a bride.
And the page has gone to the blowing pier,
He listens in fear and dole,
But the only sound that he can hear
Is the bell for her passing soul.

O hark! O hear! the midnight strikes!
 There is knocking at the gate:
 "Oh where, oh where is my lady fair?
 And have I come too late?"
 They have taken him up the silent stair,
 Into her chamber sweet,
 And there she lies with her closed eyes
 And the lilies at her feet!

"And it's oh! my love, it's oh! my dear!
 He is coming across the foam;
 But I must sleep, so long, so deep,
 The night my love comes home!"

A ROUGH SHAKING.

George MacDonald.

LV.

STRATEGY.

MISS TEMPEST was the last of an old family. She had scarce a relation, and no near one, left in the world. Hence the smaller pieces of property that had continued in the possession of various branches of it after land and money, through fault or misfortune, were gone, had mostly drifted into the small pool of Miss Tempest's life, now slowly sinking in the sands of time, there to gleam and sparkle out their tale of old splendour. She did not think much of their money-worth: had she done so she would have kept them at her banker's; but she valued them greatly both for their beauty, and their associations, and had them always as much in use as the extreme smallness of her housekeeping needs permitted. More than one of her friends had repeatedly tried to persuade her that it was not safe to have so much plate in the house, for the fact was sure to be known where it was least desirable it should: she always said she would see about it. Now and then she would

really contemplate sending her valuables to the bank; but the thought would always come—by no means an unwise one;—"What good will they do me at the bank? I might as well not have them at all! It would be better to sell them and get some good out of the money!—No; I must have them about me!"

There are predatory persons in every large town, who either know or are learning to know the houses in it worth the risk of robbing. When it falls to the lot of this or that house to be attempted, one of the gang will make the acquaintance of some servant in it, with the object of discovering where its treasure is, and so saving the time of looking for it. Oftener than sometimes they seduce one to let them in, or even to hand out the things. When, however, one of such gangs came to cast its eyes on Miss Tempest's, it soon became convinced that corruption there was impossible.

It was well now for Miss Tempest that she was too faithful herself ever to have sought to alienate Abdiel's affections from his master. He was so great a favourite with her that she would gladly have had the dog sleep in her room, but she did

not choose to take the pleasure of his company from the old companion of his sorrows. He slept on Clare's bed, just as he did when the bed would have been harder to define, only more seldom lay across his body than when warmth was as scarce as food.

One night, about half-past twelve, Abdiel, watchful even in slumber, sprang up in his usual lair at his master's feet. He listened a moment, gave a low growl, listened again, and gave another low growl. Clare woke, and found his bed trembling with the tremor of his little four-footed guardian. Telling him to keep quiet, he rose on his elbow, and in his turn listened, but could hear nothing. He thought he would light his candle and go down to see if anything was amiss, but concluded it wiser to go without a light, and listen under cloak of the darkness. He crept out of bed, and went first to his window—a small one in the narrowing gable-wall of an attic. The night was warm, and Clare loved the night air, and had the window open. He thought he heard a slight movement below. The house stood by itself; they could not see the next house for trees. Noiselessly he put out his head, and looked down. There was no moon, but in one flash of a lantern he caught sight of a small pair of legs disappearing inside the scullery window, which was nearly under his own. He hurried down the stairs as noiseless as swift, and reached the scullery door just as a little fellow came stealing out of it.

Now Clare had come near enough to bad company in his travels, and had heard the housemaid read enough from the newspapers to guess, before leaving the garret window, that the legs were those of a boy shoved in to open a door or window. The moment the boy came against him, feeling his way in the dark, he gripped him by the throat with the squeeze he had learned to silence Tommy with, and the prowler knew the squeeze. The moment it was relaxed to let him breathe, in a piping whisper came a voice, which said,

"Clare! Clare! they said they'd kill me if I didn't!"

"Didn't what?"

"Open the door to them."

"Then they may kill you, for open the door you shan't! If you utter one whimper, I'll—!"

He tightened his grasp for an instant, and

Tommy, who had not forgotten that what Clare said he did, gave in, and was led away. Clare carried him up to his own room, tied him hand and foot, and left him on the floor, fastened to the bedpost. Then he crept swiftly to the women's room, and with some difficulty waking them, told them what he had done, and asked them to help him.

Both women of sense and courage, they undertook at once to do what he told them. But when he proposed that they should open a window, as if it were done by Tommy, and so enticing them to enter, secure one of them, they, naturally enough, and wisely too, would not encounter the risk.

The burglars, perplexed by the continued absence of Tommy, yet the utter quiet of the house, concluded probably that he had fallen somewhere, and was lying insensible, or unable to move and afraid to cry out—in which case they would be at the mercy of what he might say when he was found.

Those within could hear no sound either. They went from door to window, wherever an attempt might be made, but all was still. Then it occurred to Clare that he had left the scullery window unwatched. He hastened to it—and was but just in time: a pair of long thin legs were sticking through, and considerable effort was making, on the part of the body that belonged to them, to enter after them. The others had in vain insisted that head and shoulders should go first; the youth was pig-headed, and would go this way or not at all.

A boy of equal courage with Clare, but of less coolness, would at once have made war on the intrusive legs; but Clare bethought him that so long as that body filled the window, no other body could pass; that it would be better, therefore, to keep it there for a cork to the house, making it like the nest of a trap-door spider. He sped to the women, brought them with him, and begged them each to lay hold of an ankle and stick to it like a clamp. Then he ran to get some string, and found a piece of clothes line.

In the meantime the women, perceiving little danger, and strong in the joy of "heroism," held on bravely. The owner of the legs made vigorous efforts to release them, doubtless more anxious now to get out than he had been to get in, but he was not very strong, and had no scope; the women found little difficulty. But presently his

accomplices laid hold of him, and tried to pull him out. Then with good mother-wit they pulled away from each other, and made a wedge of his legs to keep him in.

When Clare came back with the line, he slipped one end, with a running knot, round one ankle, and the other in like fashion round the other, then cut the line in halves, and drew one piece over one hook, and the other over another, at some distance apart in the ceiling, so that the legs continued widespread like a V, and could do nothing. He drew the feet up as high as he could, and fastened the ends of the lines. As long as line and hooks held, it was now impossible to draw him out.

Leaving the women to watch, and telling them to keep a hand on the line because the scullery was pitch-dark, he next went up to his room to look again from the window. If only he knew how many there were of them! then he could tell whether any were gone to try for another way in! they would not, for their own sakes readily abandon their *pal*!

Right under him stood a short, burly figure; another man at the scullery window was giving intermittent tugs at the arms of his leg-tied companion. Clare fetched his water-jug, leaned out with it upright in his two hands, and moving it this way and that until he had it, as nearly as he could determine, just over the fellow beneath him, dropped it. The jug fell plumb upon him, and would probably have killed him, but that he bent his head at the moment, and received it between his shoulders. It knocked the breath out of him, and he fell motionless. The other man fled. The window-stopper, hearing the crash of the breaking jug, wrenched and kicked and struggled, but all in vain. There he must stick until the sun rose. Not until then would the cook open the door.

When they went out at last, they saw that the stout man too was gone. He had risen and staggered into the shrubbery, and there fallen again, but had finally got up and gone away—to frighten no one any more in the middle of the night.

Their captive pretended to be all but dead, thinking to move their pity and be let go. But Clare went to the next house and got the manservant there to go for the police, begging him to make haste, for he knew that his tender-hearted

mistress, if she came down before they arrived, would let the fellow go; and he was determined the law should have its way if he could compass it. What hope was there for the wretched Tommy if he was allowed to escape? and what right had anyone, for the sake of indulging pity, to let such people loose on their neighbours? He would be his brother's keeper by holding on to his brother's enemy! Better let as many beasts in the caravan loose on the country, than human beings like those! In the meantime, he asked the cook to get some breakfast ready for the prisoners, which she willingly did.

When Clare went once more to his room, he found Tommy asleep where he had left him. The boy was better dressed, but no cleaner than in the old time when first he found him. He let him sleep, and proceeded to wash and dress himself. Tommy woke, and lay staring, but did not utter a sound.

"Have your sleep out," said Clare. "The police won't be here, I daresay, for an hour yet."

"I believe you!" returned Tommy, as impudent as ever. His contemplation of Clare had revived his old contempt for him. "I prefer to be up and going!"

"Do you?" returned Clare, and took no more heed of him.

"If it's manners you want, Clare—you always was so paticler," said Tommy,—"please let me go!"

Clare turned and contemplated him. The evil look was hardened on his countenance. He gave him no answer.

"You ain't never agoin' to turn agin an old pal, aire you?" said Tommy.

"I ain't a pal of yours, Tommy, or of any other thief!" answered Clare.

"I'll take my oath on it, if I come afore the beak!" said Tommy.

"I've sent for the police," returned Clare.

"Please, Clare, let me go."

"I will not. I did what I could for you before, and I'll do what I can for you now. Go before the magistrate you shall."

Tommy began to blubber, or pretend—Clare could not tell which, and did not care.

"This beastly string is cuttin' into me!" said Tommy.

Clare looked and saw it was easy enough.

"I won't untie one knot," he answered, "till there's a policeman in the room to take charge of you.—If you make a noise I will stuff your mouth." He made the threat lest his mistress should hear and spoil all.

"It's her house," he said to himself, "but they're my captives!"

Tommy lay still, and the policemen came.

When they untied and drew out the man that blocked the scullery window, Clare thought he had seen him before, but could not remember where. One of the policemen, however, the moment his eyes fell on his face, cried out joyfully,

"Ah ha, my beauty! I've been alookin' for you!"

"Never set eyes on ye afore," growled the lad.

"Don't ee say now ye ain't a dear friend o' mine," insisted the policeman, "when I carry yer pictur' about wi' me in my bosom!"

He drew out a pocket-book, and from it a photograph. The same moment Clare recognised the youth sent by Mr. Maidstone to exchange hand-boxes with him.

"We want you for that robbery, you know!" said the policeman.

A boy who loved romance and generosity more than truth and righteousness, would have regretted the chance he had lost, and sought to deliver him from the hands of the officers; but Clare was not of the contemptible order of the falsely generous. There are men who can cheat and make presents; there are men who are saints abroad and churls at home, as Bunyan says; there are men who can screw down the wages of their clerks and leave vast sums to the poor; men who can build churches with the proceeds of drunkenness; men who can promote bubble companies and have prayers in their families morning and evening; men, in a word, who can be very generous with what is not their own; for nothing ill-gotten is the man's own any more than his money belongs to a pick-pocket. Clare saw that to set this man free would be to do so at his neighbour's expense, not his own; and where was the generosity of that!

Profiting, doubtless, by Mr. Maidstone's example, the fellow had, as Clare afterward learned, run away from his master, carrying with him the contents of the till; whether he deserved the punishment that followed more than the shop-keeper may be left undiscussed.

When first Miss Tempest's friends heard of the attempt to break into her house, they said what could she expect if she took tramps into her service. They were considerably astonished when they read in the newspaper the terms in which the judge had spoken of the admirable courage and contrivance of Miss Tempest's page, and the resolution with which the women of her household had seconded him. If every third house were as well defended, he said, the crime of burglary would, from very doubt of success, disappear.

After the trial, Clare begged and was granted an interview with the magistrate. He told him what he knew about Tommy, and entreated that he might be sent to some reformatory, to be kept from bad company until he could distinguish between right and wrong, which he hardly thought he was at present capable of. The judge promised to keep the thing in view, and with kind words dismissed him.

Things returned to their old way at Miss Tempest's. Her friends had never doubted she would now at last commit her plate to her banker's strong room; but they found themselves once more mistaken. She was convinced that, with her three servants and Abdiel, it was quite as safe where it was.

The leader of the gang, injured by Clare's water-jug, was soon after captured, and the gang was broken up.

Miss Tempest doubled Clare's wages, and he was glad, and laid by what he could, for he thought it might one day be useful to Maly.

LVI.

ANN SHOTOVER.

So void of self-assertion was Clare, so prompt at the call of whoever needed him, so quiet yet so quick, so silent in his sympathetic ministrations, that, after the lapse of two years, Miss Tempest began to feel she ought to do what she could to "advance his prospects," even at the loss to herself of his services. He had in his spare time been reading hard, and attending an evening-school for mathematics, where he gained more than the mere approbation of his master.

He had never come to regard Miss Tempest as he did the other women who had saved him; he had never thought of her as his fourth mother. Truly good and kind as she was, she had a certain manner which prevented him from feeling entirely comfortable in his relations to her.

It did not escape him, however, that Abdiel was thoroughly at his ease with her, and he believed Abdiel knew her better than he did.

The fact was that Miss Tempest kept down all her feelings, with a vague sense that to show them would be to impoverish herself: it was the one shape that the yet lingering selfishness of a very unselfish person took. It made Clare feel that she kept him at a distance, and he stayed at a distance. Miss Tempest on her part wondered that he did not open out to her more; but neither doubted that all was right between them. Nothing, indeed, was wrong—only they might have come a little nearer. If his mistress was too conscious of being his patroness, his earthly saviour, the loss was more on her side than his; he gave her more than she gave him, and could have given her more yet.

It was natural that, after the attempted robbery, Clare should become a little known to the friends of the mistress he had so well served; when, therefore, Miss Tempest spoke to her banker concerning the ability of her page, she spoke of one already known to one accustomed to regard character.

The banker listened with a solemn listening from which she could not tell what he was thinking. No one ever could tell what Mr. Shotover was thinking: his face was not half a face; it was more of a mask than a face. Standing high in the regard of the world, rich, and of unquestioned integrity, he was believed to have gathered a large fortune, but he kept his affairs to himself. That he liked his own way so as never to yield it. I give up to the admiration of such as he. Often kind—after the fashion that pleased him, a constant church-goer and giver of money, always saying less the more he made up his mind, he had generally no trouble in getting it.

Mr. Shotover prided himself on his moral discrimination, and had, now and then, as need required, taken from a lower position a young man he thought would serve his purpose and modelled him to it. Though Miss Tempest was

the first to speak of him, he had had his eye on Clare ever since reading the judge's eulogy of his tact and courage. But even when she spoke he had not made up his mind, for he felt a certain repulsion to the boy. He had scarcely troubled himself to ask why, nor do I believe he could have discovered; the root of it was deeper in him than any inquiry concerning himself had yet gone. That a man has never betrayed himself does not prove him able to read either himself or another.

Moved, however, in part by the representations of Miss Tempest, partly also, I think, by the desire to discover what the boy really was, and a suspicion that he was a hypocrite, Mr. Shotover yielded, and consented to give him a trial, whereupon Miss Tempest disclosed to her *protégé* the grand thing she had done for him.

She was disappointed at the coolness and lack of interest with which the boy heard the proposal. She could not but be pleased that he did not want to leave her, but she was at the same time annoyed that he seemed unaware of any gain to him in it—high as the social ascent from servitude to clerkship would by most be considered. Clare's horizon was not that of the world. He had no inclination to know more of figures and less of persons. Miss Tempest insisting that she knew what was best for him, and what it was therefore his duty to do, he listened in respectful silence. But her most powerful argument did not even touch him, did not move the slightest response in a mind nobly devoid of ambition—namely, that he owed it to himself to rise in the world. The argument was in truth nonsense; for a man owes himself nothing, but God everything, and his neighbour, whatever his conscience, as it grows, goes on to require of him. Feeling at the same time, however, that she had a huge claim on his compliance with her wishes, he consented to leave her kitchen for her friend's bank. Within a month he was the youngest and most inferior clerk in it—he on whom devolved certain duties, counted by the rest, especially the one just relieved of them, *menial*. He had to be the first at the bank in the morning—earlier by half-an-hour than the rest, and the last to go away at night. He was required to sleep in the house in which the banker himself lived—that he might be at hand if required to go; a message; and a

not uncomfortable room in the attics was appointed him.

Mr. Shotover's family consisted of his wife and two daughters. Mrs. Shotover was a lady who suffered from the terrible disease of thinking herself ill when nothing was the matter with her, except that she was her own paramount interest—the source of at least half the incurable diseases among idle people.

The elder daughter was a high-spirited girl, about twenty, with a frank, friendly manner indicating what God meant her to be, not what she was, or had yet chosen to be. She was not really frank, and seemed far more friendly than she was. She was more selfish than she knew, and far more selfish than she seemed. But she was merry, and that goes a great way toward seeming simple. Her mother spent no regard upon her; heart and hands, she was too full of herself to leave room for a grown-up daughter with interests of her own: she must take care of herself as her mother did! The younger was a child apparently about six, of whom the mother took not so much care by half, as a tigress would of her cub.

One morning, a little before eight o'clock, as Clare was coming down from his room to open the windows of the bank, he nearly tumbled over something on the attic stair, which was dark, and here took rather a sharp turn. The something was a little girl, who sat in the half light, disconsolately, as it seemed, busy with a doll. He found afterwards that she preferred that seat because the stair was so dark. A trifle startled by the noise he made in saving himself from a fall, she turned up to him in the dusk a pale, ordinary little face, with rather large grey eyes, a rather characterless, tiny, up-turned nose, and a rather pretty mouth. There was not light enough for either to discern clearly what the other was like, and she rose as if to run away. But Clare, to whom childhood was a powerful attraction—the greatest he yet knew, bent down his face, with its moonlight glow of love and faith, close to the child's. The moment she saw his smile, she knew the soul that was the light of the smile. The doll dropped from her upraised hands, and gently she laid her arms about his neck.

"Oh!" she said, "you're come!"

"Yes, little one. Were you expecting me?" returned Clare, with his arms about her.

"Yes," she answered, but in the tone of one asserting what the other must know.

"How was it I frightened you, then?"

"Only at first. I thought you was an ogre! That was before I saw you. Then I knew!"

"Who told you I was coming?"

"Nobody. Nobody knew you was coming but me. I've known it—oh, for such a time!—ever since I was born, I think!"

She turned a little and looked down on the doll at her feet.

"You can go now, Dolly," she said. "I don't want you any more." After a little pause, as if waiting a reply, she went on: "I'm much obliged to you, Dolly; but what am I to do with you? You won't never speak! It has made me quite sad many a time, you know very well! But you can't help it! So go away, please, and be nobody, for you never would be anybody! I did my best to get you to be somebody, but you wouldn't! Thank you all the same! I will take you and lay you where you can be as dull as you please, and nobody will mind."—Here she stooped and lifted her plaything.—"Dolly, dolly," she resumed, "he's come! I knew he would! And you don't know it because you're nobody!"

Without adieu to Clare, she went slowly down the steps, one by one, with the doll in her arms, nor manifested for her either contempt or tenderness. Many a child would have carried the discrowned favourite by one leg; she carried her in both hands.

Clare waited a little while on the narrow closed-in wooden stair, not a little wondering and full of thought. His wonder, however, had no puzzlement in it. The child's behaviour involved no difficulty. The two existences came together, and understood each other in virtue of their essential being. In after years Clare could put the thing into such words; he sought none at the time. The child was lonely. She had done her best with dolls, but they had failed her. They were not companionable. Clare never could endure dolls. But the moment the child looked in his face, she knew that he loved her, and that she had been waiting for him! She was not surprised to see him; how should it be otherwise than just so! He was come. Good-bye, Dolly! The child had imagination—next to conscience the strongest ally of common sense. She knew, like St. Paul,

that an idol is nothing. As men and women grow in imagination and common sense, more and more sacred silly dolls are and will be cast to the moles and the bats! But pretty Fancy and limping Logic are powerful usurpers in commonplace minds.

Clare saw nothing more of her that day, neither tried to see her; but he did his work in an atmosphere of roses. The work was not nearly so interesting as house-work, but, like the honest gentleman he was, whatever Clare undertook he did well. That it was not interesting was no account: it was his work! But to know that a child was in the house, not merely a child for him to love, but a child that already loved him, so that he could be her servant indeed, changed the stupid bank into the dome of the angels.

His fellow clerks took no notice of him beyond what, in the routine of the bank, was unavoidable. They knew he had been a page-boy, and that made it fit they should have as little as possible to do with him. They were wronged by his introduction into their company! Scarce one of them but believed he would have served out the burglars better if he had had the chance!

LVII.

CHILD-TALK.

As Clare came down the next morning but one, there was the child again on the dark narrow stair. But she had no doll. Her hands lay folded in her lap. She sat on the same step, the very image of child-patience. As he approached she did not move, but held solemn revel of expectation. He laid his hand on the whitey-brown hair smoothed down flat on her head with a brush dipped in water. Not much dressing was wasted on Ann—common little name!

She rose, turned to him, and again laid her arms about his neck. No kiss followed: she had not been taught to kiss.

"Where's Dolly?" said Clare.

"Nowhere! Buried!" answered the child.

"Where did you bury her? In the garden?"

"No! The garden wouldn't be nowhere!"

"Where, then?"

"Nowhere. I threw her out of the window."

"Into the street?"

"Yes. She fell on a horse's back, and he jumped. I was sorry."

"It didn't hurt him. I hope it didn't hurt dolly!"

The moment he had said it, Clare's heart reproached him: he was not talking true; not out of his real heart, to the realistic damsel! Almost with indignation she answered:—

"*Things* don't be hurt! Dolly was a thing! She's *no* thing now!"

"Why?"

"Because she fell under the horse and was seen no more."

"Is she old enough," thought Clare, "to read the Pilgrim's Progress?"

"Will you tell me, please," he said, "*when* a thing is only a thing?"

"When it won't mind what you do or say to it."

"And when is a thing no thing any more?"

"When you never think of it again."

"Is a fly a thing?"

"I *could* make a fly mind, only it would hurt it!"

"Of course we wouldn't do that."

"No; we don't want to make a fly mind. It's not one of our things!"

Clare thought there was enough of metaphysics for the moment.

"I waited a little for you yesterday morning," he said, "but you didn't come!"

"Dolly didn't like to be buried. I mean, I didn't like burying Dolly. I cried and wouldn't come."

"Then why did you bury Dolly?"

"She *had* to be buried. I told you she couldn't *be* anybody! So I *made* her be buried."

"I see! I quite understand.—But what have you to amuse yourself with now?"

"I don't want to be amused now. You's come! I'm growed up!"

"Yes, of course!" said Clare; but he was puzzled what to say next.

What could he do for her? Glad would he have been to take her down to the sea, or to the docks, or into the country anywhere, till dinner-time, and then after dinner take her out again. But there was his work—ugly, stupid work, that *had* to be done, as Dolly *had* to be buried! Alas for

the child who has discarded her toys, and is suddenly "grewed up"! What is she to do with herself? His coming had caused the loss of her old interests; he was bound to make up for it to her—but how? It was a serious question, and not being his own master, he could not in a moment answer it.

"I wish I could stay with you all day," he said. "But your papa wants me in the bank. I must go."

Clare had not had a good look at the child, and was at a loss to think what must be her age. Her language, both in form and utterance, was partly precise and *grown-up*, and partly childish; but her wisdom was child-like—and that is the opposite both of precise and childish. It was the wisdom of the unity of thought and action.

"Is there anything I can do for you before I go—for I must go," said Clare.

"Who says *must* to you? Nurse says *must* to me."

"Your papa says *must* to me—not that he ever needs to say it; I take care of that."

"If you didn't say *yes* when papa said *must*, what would come next?"

"He would say, 'Go out of my house, and never come in again!'"

"And would you do it?"

"I must: the house is his, not mine."

"If I didn't say *yes* when he said *must*, what would happen?"

"He would try to get you to say *yes*."

"And if I wouldn't, would he say, 'Go out of my house and never come in again?'"

"No; you are his own little girl!"

"Then I think he shouldn't say it to you.—What is your name?"

"Clare."

"Then, Clare, if my papa sends you out of his house, I will go with you. You wouldn't turn me out—would you, because I was a *little* naughty?"

"No; neither would your papa!"

"If he turned you out, it would be all the same. Where you go, I will—I must, you know! Would you mind if he said 'Go away?'"

"I should be very sorry to leave you."

"Yes, but that's not going to be! Why do you stay with papa? Were you in the house always—ever so long before I saw you? or did you come in from the street?"

"I came in from the street. Your papa pays me to work for him."

"And if you wouldn't?"

"Then I should have no money, and nothing to eat, and nowhere to sleep at night."

"Would that make you uncomfable?"

"It would make me die."

"Have you a papa?"

"Yes, but he is far away."

"You could go to him, couldn't you?"

"One day I shall."

"Why don't you go now, and take me?"

"Because he died a long time ago."

"What's died?"

"Went away out of sight, where we can't go to look for him till we go out of sight too."

"When will that be?"

"I don't know."

"Does anybody know?"

"Nobody."

"Then perhaps you will never go?"

"We know we must go; it is only that nobody knows when!"

"I think what nobody knows, mayn't never come.—Is that why you have to work?"

"Everybody has to work one way or another."

"I haven't to work!"

"If you don't work, when you're old enough, you'll be miserable."

"You're not old enough."

"Oh, yes, indeed I am. I've been working a long time now!"

"Where? Not for papa?"

"No; not for papa."

"Why not? Why didn't you come sooner? Why didn't you come *much* sooner—*ever* so much sooner? I've been waiting for you all the time."

"Nobody ever told me."

"Nobody told me you were coming, but I knew."

"You had to wait for me, and you knew. I had to wait for you, and I didn't know! There are things nobody can understand. We must wait! When we have time for a long talk, I will tell you all about myself, and how I have been waiting."

"Waiting for me?"

"No."

"What for, then?"

"For my father and mother—and somebody else, I think."

"That's me."

"No; I didn't know I was coming till I came, and there you were."

The child was silent for a moment. Then she said, thoughtfully,

"You will tell me about yourself! That *will* be nice!—Can you tell stories, too?" she added.—
"But of course you can! You can do *every* thing! Can't you?"

"Oh, no; I can't!"

"Can't you?"

"No; I can do *some* things—not many. I can love you, little one, and that is the best thing. Now, I must go, or I shall be late, and nobody ever ought to be late."

"All right! Go, then. I will go to my nursery and wait again for you."

She went down the stair without once looking behind her. Clare followed. On the next floor she went one way to her nursery, and he another to the back-stairs.

One of the causes and signs of Clare's manliness was that he never aimed at being a man. Many men continue childish because they are always trying to act like men, instead of simply trying to do right. Such never develop true manliness. Clare's manhood stole upon him unknown to himself. That which at once made him a man and kept him a child, was, that he had no regard for anything but what was real, that is true.

All the day the thought kept coming, what was he to do for the child? Perhaps what stirred his feeling for her most, was a suspicion that she was neglected. But the careless treatment of a nurse was better for her than would have been the capricious blandishments and neglects of a mother like Mrs. Shotover. Clare, however, knew nothing yet about her mother. He knew only, by the solemnly still ways of the child, that she must be much left to her own resources. She was wonderfully developed in consequence, but whether healthily who could yet tell! The practical question was—on what ground could he make the request to serve her, how contrive to be her occasional companion?

After much thinking, he concluded that he must wait for what opportunity might present itself. He would rather find than make an opportunity!

LVIII.

LOVERS' WALKS.

HE had not long to wait. The same afternoon, going a message for the head-clerk, he met Ann walking with a young lady: he knew she must be Miss Shotover. Neither sister seemed happy with the other. Ann was very white, and so tired that her walk was but the dragging of the one foot after the other. Miss Shotover, flushed by the exertion and annoyed at having to act the part of nursemaid, held her by the hand, and hauled her along. She looked good-natured, but clearly not one of the ministering sort. Every now and then she would give the little arm a pull and say, though not very crossly, "Do come along!" The child did not cry, but it was plain she suffered, and was doing her best to get home, and not rouse her sister's tug.

Keen-sighted, Clare had recognised Ann at some distance, and had now a better opportunity than on the dark stair of seeing what his little friend was like. He saw that her eyes were unusually clear, and, paces away, he could distinguish the blue veins on her forehead; she looked even more delicate than he had thought her. The lines of her mouth were straightened out with the pain of her efforts to keep up with her sister. Her nose continued insignificant, waiting to learn what was expected of it.

For Miss Shotover, there was not a good feature in her face. Even to a casual glance it might have suggested a measure of meanness. But the bright complexion, and the youthful charm which vanishes with youth, were powerful in their season. She had a lithe figure, and in general a look of fun that was pleasant to see; but at the moment the heat and the annoyance of the child's dependence upon her clouded her countenance.

Clare stopped and lifted his hat. Then first the dazed child saw him, for she was short-sighted, and her sense was dulled by weariness. She said not a word, uttered not a sound, only drew her hand from that of her sister, and held her arms up to her friend. It was a dumb prayer to be lifted above the thorns of life, and carried along without pain. He caught her up.

"Pardon me, Miss Shotover," he said, "but the little one, and I have met before:—I have the

honour to be one of your father's clerks. If you will allow me, I will carry the child. She looks tired."

Miss Shotover was glad to be relieved of her burden, and gave a smiling consent.

"If you would be so kind as to carry her home," she said, "I should be able to do a little shopping."

"You won't mind me taking her a little farther first? I am on a message for Mr. Woolrige. I will carry her all the way, and be very careful of her."

Miss Shotover was not one to cherish anxiety. She already knew Clare by sight, and willingly yielded; saying only, with one of her pleasant smiles, that she would hold him accountable for her safety, she sailed away, like a sloop that had been dragging her anchor, but had now cut her cable. Clare thought what a sweet-looking girl she was—and in truth she was *sweet-looking*. Then all his heart turned to the little one in his arms.

What a walk was that for both of them! Little Ann seemed never to have lived before: she was actually happy! She had been long waiting for Clare, and he was come—and such as she had expected him! To glide along the busy street in his arms without the least exertion, to look down on the heads of the people, safe above danger and fear amidst moving things and the confusions of life, was better than being in the little house on the elephant's back that had drawn her so in the picture. Right, little one! To be in the arms of love, be they ever so weak, is better than to ride the grandest horse in all the stables of God—and God would have you know it. Never mind your pale little face and your puny nose! While you have a heart fit to die for love-sake, you are the blesseddest of small women! I need not tell *you* that to die of disappointment is not to die of love!

And for Clare, after all those days upon days, that he had but a dog to come near him, what a glory of life it was to have a human child in his arms, the little heart of the pale face beating against his side. He was not going to forget Abdiel. Abdiel was not a fact to be forgotten. Abdiel was not a doll. Abdiel was not a thing that would not come alive. Abdiel was a true heart, a live soul, and Clare would love him for ever!—not an atom the less that he had one now upon whom more love could flow! All true love

makes abler to love. It is only the selfish, those who mistake the pleasure of being loved for love, who find their love shrink and narrow. To the selfish their own meanest selfishness looks like love.

Much did Clare talk about the wonderful Abdiel to the pale-faced, listening child—and about the kind good Miss Tempest, who was keeping him for the time when he might live again with his old master; and Ann loved the dog she had never seen, because the dog loved the Clare who was come at last.

When they returned, Clare rang the house-bell, and gave up his charge to the man who opened the door. Without word or tone, gesture or look of objection, or even disinclination, the child submitted to the change of bearers, and was promptly carried to her nurse, who was neither glad nor sorry to see her.

Clare had been so long gone that Mr. Woolrige pulled him up for it. Clare told him he had met Miss Shotover with her sister, and the child seemed so tired he had asked leave to carry her with him. Mr. Woolrige was not pleased, but he said nothing, and Clare gave himself no trouble as to what he thought. Neither was he annoyed when he found that the clerks had nicknamed him *Nursie*, but did the best he could to justify the cognomen; for he never lost a chance of acting up to it, and always answered when they called him by it.

Before the week was ended, he sought Miss Shotover, and asked her whether he might not take little Ann, when the evening was fine, out for a walk after the bank was closed. For at five the doors were shut, and in half an hour he was free. The girl said she saw no objection, and would tell the nurse to have her ready as often as the weather was fit; whereupon Clare left her with a gratitude greater than she could have imagined the existence of. The nurse, on her part, was willing to gratify Clare and not sorry to be rid of the child, who was not one to interest an ordinary woman, whether sister or nurse.

The summer was peculiarly fine, and almost every evening Clare might now be seen taking his pleasure—neither like bank-clerk nor nurse-maid, but with little Ann in his arms; for at first he would never let her walk except she begged for it, and then not always. To his fellow-clerks his

behaviour seemed consonant with his former menial position. They were fine gentlemen with cigars in their mouths! he was a lackey to the bone! But theirs was the life of a town; Clare's the life of a universe.

The pair came speedily to understand and communicate like twin brother and sister. Clare always knew, as he carried her, when Ann wanted a change of position; Ann always knew when Clare began to grow a little weary—knew before Clare himself—and would then insist on walking. Neither could remember how it came, but it grew a custom that, when they walked hand-in-hand, Clare told her stories of his life and adventures; when he carried her, he told her fairy-tales, which he could spin like a spider: she liked the former better. Neither bank nor nursery was any longer dreary.

At length came the grey, brooding winter weather, bringing red fingers and pinches and sighs. But it was not unfriendly to little Ann. True, she was not permitted to go out in the evening any more; but to make up for that, Clare, with the help of the cook, devoted his dinner-hour to her, and managed to eat from a little basket instead of a table. Clare was not dependent on either the kind, quality, or quantity of his food. He had learned, like a good soldier, to endure hardness. What enjoyment he had in his dinner came from the reflection upon it. The best dinner in all the plenty on its way to him was not comparable for satisfaction with certain meals in his memory, when he walked along tearing the flakes off a loaf fresh from the baker's oven! The old Highlanders of Scotland were trained to think it no gentleman's part to mind what he ate—a sign of scant civilization, no doubt, in the eyes of some who now occupy, but do not fill, their place, as time will show, when the call is for men to fight, not to eat.

LIX.

AN ANECDOTE.

THE head clerk, while he had not a word, as he confessed to Mr. Shotover, to say against him, yet thought Clare would never make a man of business. When pressed to say on what he grounded

the opinion, he could answer only that the lad did not seem to have his heart in it. But if, to be a good man of business, it is not enough to do one's duty scrupulously, but one must have one's heart in it, there is something wrong somewhere. The heart fares as its treasure, and I would have my heart somewhere else! Mr. Woolrige made no such remark about certain older young men in the bank, whose hearts were even worse deposited than in the business; but, then, they were looked upon as swells.

One cold, miserable day, at once damp and frosty, when it was quite unfit to take Ann out, Clare, having eaten a hasty dinner, and followed it with a walk, was coming back through the town in good time for the recommencement of business, when he came upon a little boy at the corner of a street blowing his fingers, and stumping up and down the pavement to keep his blood moving, while he waited for a job. His brushes lay on the top of his blacking-box on the curbstone. Clare saw that he was hungry and cold—states of sensation he was far too familiar with to look on the signs of them with indifference. To give him something to do, and so something to eat, he went to his block, and put his foot on it. The boy bustled up, snatched at his brushes, and began operations. But whether from the coldness or incapacity of his hands, Clare soon saw that his boots would not be polished that afternoon.

"You don't seem quite up to your business, my boy," he said. "What's the matter?"

The boy made no answer, but went on with his vain attempt. A moment after, Clare saw a tear fall on the boot he was at work upon.

"This won't do!" said Clare; "let me look at *your* boots."

The boy stood up, wiping his eyes with the back of his hand.

"Ah!" said Clare, "I don't wonder you can't polish my boots, when you don't care to polish your own!"

"Please, sir," said the boy, "it's Jim as does it! He's down wi' the measles, an' I ain't up to it."

"Look here, then! I'll give you a lesson," said Clare. "Many's the boot I've blacked. Put your foot up there. I'll soon show you how it's done!"

"Please, sir," objected the boy, "there ain't enough boot left to take on a polish!"

"We'll see about that!" returned Clare. "Put it up. I've worn worse boots than those in my time!"

The boy obeyed. The boots were very bad, but there was enough leather to carry some blacking, and the skin took the rest.

Clare was working away, growing nice and hot with the quick, sharp motion, when two of his fellow-clerks came strolling up on their way to the bank. They had been having more with their lunch than was good for them. At the corner they came upon a well-dressed youth brushing a ragged boy's boots. It was an odd sight, and one of them, Mr. Marway, thought to get some fun out of it.

"Here!" he cried, "I want my boots brushed."

Clare rose to his feet, saying,

"Brush the gentleman's boots. I will finish yours after, and you shall finish mine."

"Hullo, Nursie! It's you that's turned boot-black, is it? Nice thing for the office, Jack!"

So saying he put his foot on the block. Clare made him no answer: he was the finest gentleman, and the least of a gentleman among the clerks. The boy began his task, but did no better than he had done with Clare's.

"You soul of an ass!" cried Marway, "are you going to keep me here till my foot freezes to the block! Why don't you do as Nursie tells you? He knows how to brush a boot! You ain't worth your salt! You ain't fit to black a donkey's hoofs!"

"Give me the brushes, my boy," said Clare.

The boy rose abashed, and obeyed. After a very few of Clare's light rapid strokes, the boots looked very different.

"Bravo, Nursie!" cried Marway. "There ain't a flunkey of you all could do it better!"

Still Clare said nothing. Marway was not a man he wished to have much to do with.

When the job was finished, he stood up. As he set his foot down, Marway turned on his other heel, said, "Thank you, Nursie!" and was walking away.

"Please, Mr. Marway, will you give the boy his penny?" said Clare.

But Marway wanted to take a rise out of Clare.

"The fool did nothing for me!" he said.

"He only made my boot worse than it was."

"It was I did nothing for you, Mr. Marway," returned Clare. "What I did, I did for the boy."

"Then let the boy pay you for it!" said the fellow, and turned away.

What with cold and hunger, gratitude and disappointment, the shoe-black went into a sudden rage, caught up one of his brushes, and flung it at Marway's head. Something made him look round at the moment, and the brush took him right on the eye. He turned in a rage, and knocked Clare down. Then, whether he saw that he had punished the wrong man, or did not choose, in the middle of the day, to get involved in a row, he walked off with a grin, and his handkerchief to his eye.

The shoe-black sent his second brush whizzing past his ear, but he took no notice. Clare rose little the worse, but bruised.

"See what comes of doing things in a passion!" he said, as the boy came with the brushes he had run first to secure. "Here's your penny. Now put up your foot."

The boy did as he was told, but went on foaming out rage at the bloke that had refused him his penny, and knocked down his benefactor. It never seemed to occur to him that he had himself brought the blow on his friend. Clare's head ached a good deal, but he went on till he had polished the boy's boots. Then he made him try again on his boots. Warmed by his rage, he did a little better. Clare gave him his penny, and went to the bank.

Marway was not in there, nor did he appear for a day or two. Clare said nothing about what had happened, nor did the others. But they set it down to Clare's servile disposition that he held his tongue. Had the thing been talked about, there is no saying how far it might have gone, or which would have come better out of it, for Mr. Shotover would have been indignant that one of his clerks should black boots in the public street. The thing would have been, in his eyes, as in those of most business men, utterly disreputable.

(To be continued.)

C. F. Gordon Cumming, pinxt.

SINGHALESE FISHING BOATS. (SEE PAGE 667.)

THE CRUISE OF THE CASTLE JERMYN.

Constance F. Gordon Lanning

AMONG the many delightful memories of travel in far countries, it is natural that certain periods should stand out with special vividness by reason of the charm of congenial company and the beauty of natural surroundings.

Prominent among such memory pictures are those recalled by a certain three weeks' cruise on the calm rivers, lakes, and connecting canals along the western-central coast of Ceylon, in company with the late* Bishop of Ceylon and his daughter.

This mode of travel was selected as being the simplest and easiest mode of reaching various districts where there were churches and schools to be visited, and other episcopal work to be done. Those accustomed to the sumptuously appointed house-boats in which Europeans stationed in China and elsewhere make their river excursions would have found no excess of "missionary luxury" in the Bishop's simple vessel, which was simply one of the common rice cargo boats of the country, well cleaned, lined with white calico, and with its thatched roof raised so as to admit light and air to the interior. The marvel was, how so many human beings could contrive to stow themselves away in so small a space, and great, indeed, was the kindness which generously contrived to spare a corner for the guest newly arrived from Britain, and to whom so rare a chance of seeing these lovely rivers was therefore doubly precious.

In the ordinary course of travel, as we ride or drive about the beautiful Isle, we come to many rivers, and as we cross by well-constructed bridges we may halt to admire scenes of indescribable beauty and great variety; it may be a wide glassy river,

"Broad, and deep, and still as Time,"

reflecting the majestic clumps of giant bamboo and tall palms which fringe its shores; or it may be

* The Rev. H. W. Jermyn, D.D., now Bishop of Brechin, and *Primus* of the Episcopal Church in Scotland.

that from the bridge we look up a rocky gorge to a dazzling waterfall, whence the impetuous stream rushes on in noisy foaming rapids, soon lost to sight in the maze of luxuriant vegetation.

But of all these, as a general rule, we get only tantalizing glimpses, for though Ceylon owns so many rivers, very few are navigable even for small boats, except within a few miles of the sea-coast. This is due to the very short distance from their cradle amid the high mountains in the centre of the Isle to the sea, and the consequent rapid descent through rocky gorges and forests, till they reach the low flat districts known as the Maritime Province; then the tumultuous waters find a rest which they seem to love, so rapidly do they widen their channel, and so slowly and silently do they glide seaward.

By far the largest river of Ceylon is the Mahawelli, which is 134 miles in length, and enters the sea near Trincomalee. Next to it ranks the Kelani, which, rising near Adam's Peak, winds its way to Colombo, its total length being 86 miles. A little farther south the Kalu Ganga, which also rising near Adam's Peak, enters the sea at Caltura after a course of 76 miles. The Maha Oya, or Great Water, which flows to Negombo, travels 70 miles, but most other rivers are considerably shorter.

The delightful water-way by which we travelled owes its existence chiefly to a very singular natural formation, resulting from the ceaseless action of the ocean and the rivers, the latter, in their headlong race from the mountains, bringing with them a very large proportion of soil, which under ordinary circumstances would be carried into the sea. Here, however, the coast is swept by such strong ocean currents that the tribute thus offered is thrown back and deposited in ever-increasing banks, forming great bars, which in some cases even dam the rivers, causing them to overflow their channels, so as to form long, labyrinthine, fresh-water lagoons, only separated from the sea

by the aforesaid sand bar, a strip perhaps not half, or even a quarter of a mile in width, on whose outer edge mighty green waves, ceaselessly rolling in with long, heavy swell, dash with thunderous roar in a cataract of dazzling surf.

This bar shortly becomes covered with sparse vegetation, and as the rivers continually bring fresh supplies of mountain soil, and all manner of seeds from the forests through which they flow, the narrow strip of land soon becomes clothed with rich tropical jungle, affording shelter to radiant birds and strange beasts and reptiles.

When the Dutch took possession of the Isle, they were not slow to perceive how, by dint of cutting a few canals (the construction of which they so well understood), these "gobbs" or lagoons might all be connected so as to form a valuable water-way for coast traffic, secure from all the dangers of the outer sea. This excellent idea was soon put into execution on the east side of the Isle, and though, after the Dutch passed into the hands of the British, the canals were for awhile neglected, and those on the western coast were suffered to fill up with sand, they were now restored about twenty-five years ago, and boats can now travel without a break, on perfectly calm water, from Caltura to Calpentyn, a distance of fully 150 miles.

Our start (after breakfast at sunrise, as is customary in all tropical countries) was from St. Thomas's C Colombo. Thence we drove through luxuriant groves of

cocoa-nut palms skirting the vividly blue sea, and on through the native town and suburbs crowded with most picturesque men, women, and children of several races—Singhalese, Tamil, Arab, and others—and past most attractive houses embowered in the large-leaved foliage of great plantains, bread-fruit trees, and various palms, together with a wealth of luxuriant blossom, which is by no means an invariable characteristic of the tropics.

Besides the delicious freshness of the early morning drive, there is an endless fascination in the glimpses of domestic life which reveal themselves at every turn in lands where even the mysteries of the toilet are frequently carried on *al fresco*. You see the

combings their long, black hair, which is tight and fastened with a comb; and gracefully assemble round the streams, to fill the vessels, or to wash their children.

They are treated to a shower-bath from a brazen lota, and are then free to enjoy the

refreshing the shores of the beautiful palm-fringed Ganga (or river) where our house-boat awaits

with all our goods nicely arranged by the lentine, the Bishop's invaluable Singhalese servant, who attended to all our creature comforts

with marvellous skill, especially considering how scant was the space at stern which he shared

the crew, to say nothing of a considerable quantity of live stock

these, however, accumulated as we journeyed. We started only

A MINIATURE SHOWER BATH.

with chickens for table use, but gifts of live turtles and tortoises, a puppy and a mungoose, to say nothing of divers fascinating little lizards which made their appearance uninvited from hidden homes in the thatch, soon made up an extensive happy family. These lizards, by the

unfamiliar blossoms was irresistible, and so we never lose a chance of landing to enrich our boat-house with fresh wealth of colours, though it must be confessed that the penalty was no trifle at the time, and what with ants and mosquitoes we suffered considerably.

On our first night we anchored in the shallow waters of Lake Negombo, which is about four miles wide. Here we amused ourselves by watching the native boats and their various methods of fishing. By daylight each crew divides itself into two companies, half of whom hold their net, while the others shake bundles of torn up cocoa, palm, or plantain leaves, thereby frightening the fish and inducing them to jump into the net. At night they carry lighted torches downwards so as to throw a glare on the water—a long sharp knife projects from each torch, and with this they strike any large fish which is detected basking in the shallow water. What with the deep shadows and reflections, and the glittering stars overhead and falling sparks from the torches, these night fisheries are always a very pretty sight.

At early morning we were again under weigh, passing through the Negombo Canal, which traverses the extremely picturesque Pettah or native town. Picture to yourself the innumerable boats on the water, some laden with huge bunches of green plantains, others with red water-jars or other merchandise, while on either side lies a street along which ply strange bullock

THE CASTLE JERMYN ON THE MAHA OYA.

way, lay lovely little eggs, like small white sugar-plums, whence are hatched the most fascinating of infants!

Crossing the river, we entered one of the old Dutch canals, parallel with the sea. It forms a secure channel, intersecting marshy ground traversed by winding streams, here and there widening so as to form glassy lagoons, all covered with countless pure white water lilies, and reflecting the wealth of great ferns and graceful palms which overhang the calm waters. Here and there, strangely contorted "Monkey" or "Screw" pines (*Pandanus*), with long sword-like leaves, set round the stem in a cork-screw pattern, and supported by clusters of the quaintest pillared roots, stand singly or in groups, and the waste land is glorified by the flame-like *Eribuddu*, with its scarlet blossom set in crowns of scarlet leaves, the crimson *ixora*, the vividly blue *clitoria*, the white stars of a flower like *jessamine*, but scentless, a brilliantly yellow *acacia*, a sort of prickly *acanthus* with bright blue blossoms, and many more, all very tempting to gather, but, all alike, defended by cruel thorns, and, moreover, affording shelter to colonies of the most vicious large red ants, which glue the leaves together to hide the nests whence, in a second, angry hordes rush out, and cover the unwary arm which has dared to invade their sanctuary.

Nevertheless, the temptation to secure beautiful

THE HIDDEN BAR. (See page 666.)

carts and other oriental vehicles, an occasional dog-cart, and all manner of general traffic, with ever-moving crowds of varied shades of brown or copper-colour, harmonizing the bright colours

of their drapery, the whole overshadowed by palms and other luxuriant vegetation, and you can scarcely fail to realize something of the endless succession of pictures from which we reluctantly turned away, only to be met by new attractions as we skirted banks all matted with lilac ipomea, and beautiful shrubs which we only know as carefully-nurtured "hothouse plants" here growing in wild luxuriance.

Passing from the Canal we glided into the

in a minute rolls in, breaking in dazzling surf on the hidden sand-bar, with a booming roar, the effect of which is quite indescribable.

For the next two days we followed the windings of the Ging-Oya and the Luna-Oya, each lovely beyond the power of description, gliding silently through most luxuriant jungle, where tall trees were all matted with beautiful creepers, the home of an endless variety of birds, of which we caught occasional glimpses as they flashed

THROUGH LUXURIANT JUNGLE.

noble Mahā-Oya, "the Great Water," which, as it winds between richly-wooded banks, sometimes flows so close to the sea that we heard the thunderous roar of the invisible breakers as clearly as though we stood upon the beach, a sound in startling contrast with the utter stillness of the jungle and the voiceless waters on which we sailed. At the mouth of such a river, where its dead calm waters merge with those of the glittering ocean, their point of junction is only marked by a great green wave which about once

from the deep cool shade into the vivid sunlight, while their notes, all unfamiliar to our ears, were a source of exceptional interest. Specially attractive were radiant kingfishers, gleaming like jewels as they darted past us. The blue jays and golden orioles were also a never-failing source of delight, and through the night or in the stillness of early dawn the croaking of frogs formed an odd accompaniment to such strange beast music as the calling and barking of jackals, and the deep-toned bray of the Wanderou, the great bearded brown

baboon, with a rough, shaggy, white beard and wig—a most venerable-looking person, greatly revered by all worshippers of the monkey tribe, on account of its solemn ways. I heard of a gentleman who, having tamed one of these creatures, took it with him to a town in India, where a deputation from the temple of Hanumann, the monkey-god, came to request that they might conduct it with all honours to the temple, that it might there receive due worship!

trunk of a tree, with sides of plank stitched together with cocoa fibre, and invariably balanced by a log floating alongside, which is attached to the boat by bamboos, and prevents its capsizing. In stormy weather some of the crew are told off to sit on these bamboos to increase their balancing weight. Hence the force of the wind is described as being “a one-man gale” or “a two-man gale.”

To increase accommodation on so narrow a boat, a projecting flooring of bamboos is some-

AN ARCHED COVERING SNUGLY THATCHED.

Every here and there these rivers widen into small lagoons, which, in this month of February, were almost all covered with exquisite water-lilies of various hues, many pure white with green calyx, others lilac-tipped, some of an exquisite pink with warm brown calyx and rich purple under-side of leaf, and some of delicate pale blue.

We floated on and on through the deep jungle shade, occasionally meeting most picturesque fishing boats, almost all very long and narrow, the body of the boat being simply the hollow

times laid across, and over this a sail is rigged tent-wise, affording some shade to the very lightly-clothed crew, whose garments are frequently limited to a large straw hat, a small crucifix hanging from the neck, and a couple of gay handkerchiefs of Manchester design. One of these is fastened round the loins, while the second is thrown loosely over the shoulder.

Sometimes the balance is supplied by a second canoe, the space between the two being boarded over with bamboos, forming the floor of a fairly

comfortable cabin with an arched covering snugly thatched. Such a boat as this, with its heavy, brown, quilted sail throwing a dark shadow and darker reflection on the glassy stream,

less lakelets and anchored at night between flat sandy shores, where almost the only vegetation was that of the great tree-cactus with its strange uncanny arms outstretched in black relief against

NATIVE CRAFT.

forms a very attractive feature in a beautiful landscape.

Crossing the mouth of the Dedroo Oya, a fine wide stream, we again had a glorious view of the majestic breakers meeting the broad still river, whose waters glided on so stilly that they scarcely seemed in motion, and here we landed on the sands to collect some of the endless variety of seeds brought to the sea by the river, and thrown back by the waves, all heedless of the river's offering. Very curious are the seeds of the spirifex or sea-pink, which are just balls of bristles measuring ten or twelve inches across. These are blown along the shore, or over the sea, sowing their seed on any available reach of newly-deposited sand, thus laying the first instalment of the jungle of after years.

We next passed through a succession of name-

a scarlet sunset, a most weird effect. After sundown flocks of wild fowl rose, flying on swift wing as though they could not brook the human intruders.

Two days later we reached Kalpitia, or Calpentin as it is also called, where the most conspicuous object is the old fort erected by the Dutch during their tenure of the isle. Here, too, is a solid old church of the same period, surrounded by hideous tombs to the memory of those Dutch colonists, or their half-caste descendants.

More attractive to us was the bazaar, *i.e.*, the market in the native town, where gaily-dressed orientals of divers nationality were grouped beneath the cool shade of great tamarind trees, with feathery foliage. Such scenes, with the surroundings of brilliant sunlight, are a perpetual feast to the artistic eye, only tantalizing in the

longing they awaken to be able to multiply sketches.

We were offered rooms in a very dreary rest-house within the old fort, but preferred spending the night in our boat-house, where we watched with much interest the proceedings of two vessels awaiting their respective cargoes of rice and salt, the latter being brought here from the salt pans at Karative. One of these vessels (a two-master of considerable size) was balanced by bamboos and a huge floating log, just in the same way as are the smallest canoes. The other vessel carried a gigantic wooden anchor. Both were manned by Moor-men, who are all Mahommedans, and who spent a considerable portion of the night reciting the Khoran in a monotonous chant, which carried back my thoughts to the Gaelic songs of the Skye boatmen.

This was our farthest point. Our return voyage, by a slightly varied route, introduced us to

many new beauties and fresh subjects of interest, to which was added the amusement of tending and taming sundry animals presented to us by newly made friends. Only our compassion was sorely aroused for the poor turtles which we were to take back to Colombo, and which lay helplessly on their backs, occasionally flapping and gasping and altogether uncomfortable. Their only happy hours was when we anchored in shallow brackish water.

Then they were put overboard, and allowed to enjoy a good swim, though, doubtless, they longed exceedingly to escape from their captors and get away to the clear green ocean.

The little land tortoises accepted their fate with perfect equanimity, and very soon made themselves quite at home in the pleasant garden at St. Thomas's College, to which, after our three weeks' cruise, we returned with new stores of delightful memories.

DUMPS.

MRS. PARR.

CHAPTER XXIII.

IT was decided between us that 12 o'clock would be the most fitting hour for Dumps to start on his important errand. Some excuse about going to the tailor would serve to stop nurse's curiosity. At the station, which would be on the way, he would hire a fly and drive to the gates of the big avenue, get out there, and walk up to the house. Knowing but few persons in Mallett, his movements would not create any observation, while, on the contrary, with me, every second individual I met would wonder where I could be going, and the many I knew to speak to would not hesitate to ask me. Also, if Dumps was even seen going into Sharrows House, the cause would be assigned to one of those queer fancies to queer people that Sir Felix was always taking. He had been noted for this peculiarity since he was a boy, and years ago, before I had spoken to him, I had heard it gossiped over with nurse, who would chuckle at the certainty that it was a thorn in the flesh of my lady.

It would be tedious to set down all that Dumps and I said before he left me. In substance, it was always the same thing, repeated again and again. Did Sir Felix know? Were we doing the right thing? Ought not someone tell him? This last question pressed far more heavily on me than on Dumps, who comforted me somewhat by saying that it was more his mother's duty than ours. "Only," I said, "I cannot bear that there should be a secret between me and anyone I care for, and, of course, if he does not know, although we may not see him, I shall go on caring for him just the same."

It was I who talked; Dumps was less disposed for conversation. He was serious and thoughtful, and evidently much occupied by the task he had undertaken.

"Oh, I so hope that what we are doing is right," I say, growing more nervous as the hour draws near.

"I hope so, too," he says, solemnly. "I have asked God to give me help, and I know He will do so, because I am trying to carry out the wishes of those who are no longer here."

Then it is his belief that my father's last intentions were better than the letter would lead us to think. Surely, if *he* can give that credit to him I may do so too.

"It might have been that papa was sorry, and wished to make amends to her. Evidently he desired to keep the secret from Mr. Bartlett, to whom he entrusted all his other papers."

Dumps nods his head assentingly.

"I shall watch so anxiously for your return," I add, as I bid him good-bye. "It seems almost unkind to let you bear all the unpleasantness of this interview. I hope it won't make you ill by agitating you."

"I am hardly ever agitated if I am prepared for things. It is the sudden shocks and frights that turn me faint; but don't fear that anything of that sort will occur now. I've made up my mind what to say, and what to do; and though I can't keep my heart from beating, and I feel my cheeks are rather red, in everything else I'm just as cool as a cucumber."

I cannot say the same of myself. Seldom have I felt so excited or so uneasy. In my late sorrow I sat silent and unoccupied, now I cannot keep for two minutes in the same place or the same position. The necessity to rouse oneself is the great remedy for the over-indulgence of sorrow which, after a time, is apt to make us selfish. As long as I live I shall mourn my father and love his memory, and that sad and sudden death will, I think, always remain a lesson to me. But my affection is in no way lessened because I want to begin to remember now those about me who have a claim on me, first and foremost among whom is my dear old nurse, whose strength this recent trial has taxed severely. "I do believe I'm growin' old," she has said several

times of late, which, interpreted, means that she is feeling ill. "Though my age ain't nothin' [nearing the seventies, I should say] if you count by years. Comin' of a family, too, whose boast is that they none of 'em die except from want o' breath. Which is like to be my end, if I don't take care, puffin' and pantin', as I do, like any grampus or porpoise at the least rise o' ground or flight of stairs."

The bare thought of what life would be now without her, sends me running up to her room. The speed at which I enter—bursting open the door in my old way—makes her face beam with pleasure. She recognises the signs of recovery. Have I not heard her say that it was all tops and bottoms with the joy and the grief of the young? After a few remarks on indifferent matters, I determined to try and find out if she can throw any light on this startling discovery.

"I've been thinking, nurse, of what you once told me about that poor Mr. Harold Deloraine. Didn't you say he never married?"

"Well, 'twas thought he never did."

"Why do you say *thought*?"

"Because a rumour got spread about of him being met or seen with Lucy Grey. She used to be a great deal about with his mother, who was a sad, invalid lady, and bequeathed her poor constitution to her son. Lucy was a sort of companion in her way, and a nice-mannered, good girl; so that when the people here heard they was together, they felt sure he'd married her."

"What made them think he hadn't, then?"

"Oh, for one thing, the pishing and pshawing of his father and my lady; and then, after his death, nobody comin' forward to claim nothin' of them, made the thing die out. I never could hear what became of Lucy. She wasn't one o' these parts, and so there was nobody to ask or to say."

"Did my mother ever know her?"

"Yes, and liked her as everybody else did. If he had set his mind to marry, he might have made a worse choice than Lucy. Your pa——"

Suddenly she looks forward into the road, for from her seat in the window she can see everything and everybody.

"What's this drawin' up at our door?" she says. "Merciful heaven, defend me!" and she turns round her terrified face. "It's my lady—Lady Deloraine. She's got out of the coach and's

comin' in here, and—why, it's Dumps is with her. What, for goodness gracious sake, has happened to that boy now?"

CHAPTER XXIV.

NURSE has seen rightly. My lady has come in, she is here. From below I hear Dumps calling "Via!"

For an instant I stand irresolute. Why does he not come up to fetch me? Why does he stop below? For the reason—I learn later—that she may be sure that we have held no communication with each other. "Via!" is repeated louder. "I'm coming," I answer, and, unmindful of what nurse is saying, not even catching the words or their meaning, I go down to the room into which my lady has been taken. With the door-handle in my hand, I make another pause until, feeling that if I linger I may find myself flying upstairs again, I make a desperate effort and walk in. There on an ottoman, with her back to the window, sits the idol of my childish fancy. Her head bent down, but not so low but that I am struck with the pallor of her face. Beautiful she must always look to me; but there is an anxious expression which I have never noticed before, and a drooping of that haughty bearing which—knowing what I do—strikes me as most pathetic.

"It was Lady Deloraine's own wish to come here," Dumps says, as if by way of introduction. "I told her I was sure you would not consider it necessary."

"Necessary! Oh, no. I am very sorry if that is the reason of your visit."

"It is not the reason," she says, and her manner in speaking to me is very gracious. "I came because I wanted to thank you, and also because some explanation is due to you."

I try to make her understand that I wish none, that the contents of the packet has not been communicated to me, and that the two or three vague allusions in my father's letters to her is all I know.

"So I have been already told," and she looks towards Dumps to indicate her informant. "Whatever opinion you may have formed of me, you would have a lower one still did I remain silent as to my gratitude."

"Oh, my lady," I say, "you are making far too much of the share I have had in this, only that I greatly desire you should believe that I was absolutely ignorant of the—the part my father desired that I should fill, I should regret deeply that the knowledge, such as it is, had never come to me."

She is regarding me fixedly now, letting her dark eyes rest upon my face, as if she would read the thoughts to which I would not give utterance.

"I believe that you are a good girl," she says, slowly, "and that you have your mother's heart as well as her face."

A quick-drawn sigh that is almost a sob escapes me. I am going to answer her when she continues: "You must credit me with not wishing to pain you when I say that your father, Mr. Carleton, had always a baneful influence on me. It may be that we had a bad influence on each other. I am not seeking to screen myself. What *he* suspected, he knew I suspected also. It was for me to have made doubt certainty. You are too young to know how easy it is to tamper with temptat on to cheat yourself into the belief that what you desire to be false, cannot be true. This was my case. Antagonism with one who I knew desired the downfall, of myself and anyone belonging to me, made me refuse to give him the advantage of even acknowledging that I admitted a doubt; but, believe me, when the letter came saying that positive proof was in his hands, it was my intention to lay the whole thing before my lawyer, desire him to search the matter out, and communicate to Mr. Carleton that it was not my wish that my son should live an impostor. The distress I felt in having to tell my son that it was possible he might find that he was not the rightful possessor of the title and property, was not so acute as the confession I must make that for some years past I had not been wholly free from this suspicion. Felix has a very honourable nature."

Involuntarily, Dumps and I exchange a look of triumphant sympathy, which does not escape unobserved by my lady.

"You judged him quite rightly," she says, telling me that Dumps had already spoken of this to her; "also," she continues, "he has a high opinion of his mother, which it will be her bitter task to somewhat deprive him of, poor boy."

"No, no, dear lady!" cries Dumps, "never—on that we must have a positive promise from you."

She shakes her head resolutely.

"Nothing," she says, "ought to humiliate me so much as the generosity you both have shown to me—ill-deserved by me from you," and she looks at Dumps sorrowfully. "I made your father's life miserable to him."

Dumps puts up his hand, as if to stop her, but disregarding the attempt she continues: "I schemed until I separated him from the woman he loved, and then I turned my back upon her, and let her die without a word of kindness from me, and this is the way the children of those two pay back my evil deeds to me."

Already I have sprung to my feet, the veil before my eyes is torn away.

"Dumps," I cry, "Dumps, is it possible? Can it be you, Mr. Harold's son, and you knew—knew when I was talking to you?"

"Oh!" he groans, turning to my lady, "I did so beg you not to tell her. I wanted that she—that nobody—should ever know—why, why did you betray me?"

"But who told my lady? How was it you came to know?"

"I!" she says, in answer to me, "from the moment my eyes fell upon him in Sharrows Church I saw at once to whom Mr. Carleton's letter alluded, and when this morning he presented himself before me, I thought he had come to claim what he knew to be his own, and in the accusations I made, I discovered his generosity. I cannot accept it for myself, I dare not for my son. If it ever came to his knowledge, he would never forgive me. In honour, trust, and generosity, Felix is a true Deloraine. Poverty would be nothing to him compared with the slightest stain on his good name."

"Am I to understand by this that you are resolved to tell him?"

"Yes, steadfastly resolved I am."

"You mean this, my lady?" and he fixes his eyes upon her.

"I do."

"Then I must ask you to wait for a moment," and, taking up his crutch, Dumps rises and goes out of the room.

Oh, how sorry I feel for my lady! A glance at

her pale face shows me the agitation which she is all but vainly trying to keep under. Unmindful of my presence, she clasps her hands and presses them hard together, then she goes to the window, and, under pretence of looking out into the garden, she leans her head against the frame. She is still so standing when Dumps returns to the room, holding in one hand a lighted candle. Going to the fireplace, he takes from his side-pocket a paper, which he holds over the flame, and, watching it catch fire, he says in a voice which betrays to me his intense excitement :

"I know that, without a promise, I can trust to you, Via, never to betray me. This destroyed, Lady Deloraine, what proof have you to show to your son or to anybody ?"

At that moment he believed he was sacrificing every claim he possessed, and, in our ignorance of what by law may be different, I shared his idea. My lady utters a cry of entreaty. "No, no," she says, stretching out her hands, and then, seeing the blazing mass fall charred into the fender, "why—why have you done this ?"

"I have been driven to it," says Dumps, his voice quivering. "I told you what my mother's wishes were. I read them to you in her letter. I told you how I meant to regard them, and then I showed you the certificate of her marriage, which I have just burnt. In making clear to you the honour of my parents, I have done all that is required of me. I will not be forced into a position that would be hateful to me, and that would make the uncertain time I have to live, a misery. It has pleased you to leave me for years in obscurity—in obscurity I will still remain. You may try to deprive your son of his possessions, but you shall not compel me to fill his place."

Can this be Dumps who is speaking ? My lady who stands listening as if paralyzed and unable to reply. . . . Suddenly the frail little figure totters. I hear a gasping, smothered sound, which makes me spring over, only just in time to catch Dumps from falling.

"Oh, Lady Deloraine," I say, as I try to get him on to the sofa, fortunately near by, "please, please—the agitation has been too much for him. He ought not to have excitement of any kind, he is so delicate. These fainting attacks make him so ill. Without immediate care, Dr. Clarke says, he might die at any time."

"Oh, I pray to be spared that," she cries, looking at him in terror, for, indeed, one might well take him for dead now. "God keep me from the reproach of killing him," and, kneeling down, she takes his thin hands and chafes them gently.

In the meantime I have called Martha to my aid. Together we manage to lay him down quite flat, and then I send her to bring nurse to me with some of the remedies we have been told to give him.

It is not until I notice that the dear old thing is making the stiffest of starched curtseys that I recollect the rooted animosity that nurse bears to my lady, who, with the evident intention of being gracious, says—

"It is many years since you and I met, Sampson ; but you've not greatly changed."

"No, my lady, I'm thankful to say I'm not of a changin' sort."

"A little stouter, perhaps."

I think my lady wishes to let us see that nurse's eaning manner has not been noticed by her.

"Oh, if it's face and figure you're speakin' of, my lady, Time doesn't deal any smoother with poor folks than it does with our betters." Then, turning quickly to me : "Why, whatever mischance has befel him before this ?" she asks.

"Nothing," I answer. "Why ?"

"Oh, I set it down that some street misfortune had happened, seeing him come back in company with Lady Deloraine, whose habit it has never been to enter inside these doors."

The bristling way in which she speaks is far more than the words she says, and I turn a look of apology at my lady, begging that she will make some allowance for her. Evidently she understands my feeling, for, giving my arm a little pressure, she says in my ear,

"Don't be troubled ; I quite understand her, and think the better of her because she refuses to forgive me."

CHAPTER XXV.

HAPPILY Dumps' attack is but a slight one. He recovers consciousness before my lady goes away. Indeed, until then, she makes no sign of leaving.

"I should like to speak to him again before I

return home," she says to me. "I daresay you will be able to tell me if this is possible, or whether it would be running any risk for him."

As soon as nurse ascertains that he is reviving, she is in a great hurry to go from the room, and, knowing how matters stand, I do not seek to detain her.

Directly Dumps opens his eyes, he looks round in search of Lady Deloraine, who at once goes over to him, and says, so sweetly and tenderly,

"I fear this attack is due to me. I am very excitable, as you have seen, and am apt to try the nerves of sensitive persons. You must forgive me this once; it shall not happen again."

"I am better, as you see"; and he motions me to put a pillow that he may more easily speak what he has to say; "but I shall not really recover unless you make a promise to me."

"I will promise anything that I think I can keep."

"You can keep this, because it is only for a time. Do not speak to Sir Felix until I am a little stronger, and able to say to him myself what I want to. If you insist now on telling him all that has passed between us, I shall have to make a great effort to explain to him what I have in my mind, and, weak as I am, that might prove fatal to me."

"Not for the world," she says, hastily. "But how shall I account for my coming here? As good fortune would have it, Felix went to see Mr. Bethune this morning; but at any moment he might pass, and see the carriage standing, and, if not, others will, and are certain to tell him."

"Could you not frankly say to him that you came to see Via," he lowers his voice also that it may not catch my ear. "As circumstances are now, wouldn't that seem possible?"

"Yes," she says, hesitatingly, "it might."

"I wonder whether that would not be a good explanation to give to everybody," Dumps continues, "at least, to everybody here. Above all, I desire to keep those who live in Mallett, and about it, from talking."

"That is indeed thoughtful of you," she says, and, after a pause, she adds, "you must give me time to think these things over. In the meanwhile, you have my promise not to mention any of this to my son. Would you like to see him?"

"Very much."

"Then I will tell him to come here."

"Do. I want us to be great friends."

"I think," and she struggles to repress a sigh, "that you are that already. Never dreaming who you were, he has talked a great deal about you to me. Can you not guess what I felt when he told me of your strange likeness to the old portrait, and that your name was Marmaduke. From that moment, I believe, my better nature prevailed; I made a resolution that night that, cost what it might, I would ascertain who you really were."

"Well, now that you know," he says, significantly, "that must satisfy you. It is not for long that I shall disturb the peace of anyone. Oh, that does not distress me," he adds, in answer to her look of pain, "but here, with Via, I am as happy as I can be, and happy you must let me remain."

I cannot see the look she gives him, but that it is a kindly one I know, for, with that simple grace which is natural to Dumps, he carries the hand which she gives him to his lips, and lets them rest for an instant there, and my lady bends over him her beautiful face, and it seems to me that she is saying a prayer.

I bid her a shy good-bye, for I do not feel sure as to the footing we stand on. She has thanked me, has said I have been generous to her, but I do not know whether she will ever come here again, or if I am meant to go and see her. Holding my hand, she says,

"My son has lately often spoken of you. I find he has not said too much in your praise."

"Oh, Sir Felix is too kind," I answer with confusion, "we have seen so very little of each other."

"He was always very much attracted by you, even when a little boy."

I smile, remembering the very scanty interest I ever felt in him.

"It is quite true."

"Yes, I know," I say, hastily, not wishing her to think I doubt her. "What made me smile was that I never looked at him. You, Lady Deloraine, were the object of my admiration. I used to ask to go to Sharrows to church that I might look at you."

"Ah!" and she gives a shake of her head, "many a stab has that wistful little face given to my heart, not entirely a hard one, if its owner had

not striven to choke much that was good in it with the desires and ambitions of the world. Vanity, love of rank and power are terrible pitfalls to some of us in youth; and our wishes are granted that we may realize what a shadow of happiness such things bring."

I don't know what emboldens me to say, "My father often gave me to understand that a false ambition had embittered his life. He had long cast it aside for himself, but he still clung to it for me."

"I understand," she says, "and, surely, if anyone could feel pity, I, who have sinned from a similar weakness, ought to find forgiveness for him. . . . Come," and she takes me by the other hand, so that both are held in hers, "shall we bridge over twenty-five years? Will you take with me the vacant place your mother left?"

I can find no words to say. I can only look at her, but in my tearful eyes she reads my answer, and, opening her arms, she folds them round me, saying,

"*Sylvia!* my old friend's daughter!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

My lady gone, I run back to Dumps, who is still too exhausted to move from the sofa. I think he reads in my face the incredulity wonder, surprise, with which I sit and regard him.

"'Twasn't to deceive you, *Via*," he says, languidly, "but it would have been ever so much better if nobody had ever suspected."

"I don't believe so. I believe that knowing it will make us all much happier."

To prove this, I repeat to him what has just happened between me and my lady. That pleases him as much as I thought it would.

"And won't Sir Felix be glad?"

"Yes," I say, and, in my light-hearted thoughtlessness, I add, "I think he will, *Sir Dumps*."

He quickly puts up his hand. "No, *Via*, not even in fun, unless you would hurt me, which I know you never will do. Something my lady said, which I need not repeat to you, for in many ways, both to her and to me, it was a painful interview, made it necessary, almost forced it on me, to prove my parents' marriage and my legitimacy, but that once done, all the rest must be buried in oblivion, for, with the exception of my lady, the

circumstances of my birth neither interest nor concern anybody."

"Not Sir Felix?"

"No. I cannot see that knowing would do anything but cause him pain, and why should that be given him? Ultimately it must be all his. I am not even like my father, I could never marry," and for the first time he heaves a quick-drawn little sigh.

I take his hand, and rub my cheek to and fro upon it, and, after a silence, I ask, tearfully, "Can you forgive poor papa?"

"Entirely I do. I knew for a long time that there was some mystery of which he was aware, as well as grandfather. The old man would say: 'Lawyer's very sharp, but he don't outwit me.' And he told me that Mr. Carleton was searching for something for motives of his own. 'He's wantin' to make a job of it,' he used to tell me, that I can see, but whether for right or wrong, what your mother gave into my hands to give to you, that I mean to do, if you then give it to him, no one can blame me. He did give it to me, and that was the packet I opened yesterday."

"Didn't your mother, then, wish you to claim what you had a right to?"

"No. She said in her letter—and a letter to her from my father was enclosed in proof of it—that she knew, when she married him, that she would have to remain satisfied with the knowledge that she was his wife, that he would suitably provide for her, but that he had no wish to take her out of her own station. When my birth was expected, he seemed to alter his mind. But when, instead of the healthy boy he had looked for, a sickly, deformed baby came, who, they predicted, couldn't outlive his childhood, he took no steps towards acknowledging me to his family. He left my mother to look after me, and went abroad to Egypt, where he died. It was something about having the money—the £200 a-year—transferred after her death to me that gave to my lady the first hint that there was a child. Her husband was dead and Sir Felix was born. In some way, my existence became guessed at by your father, who then commenced his search, and held a rod in terror over Lady Deloraine."

"Supposing you had been well and strong, Dumps, would you," I ask, "have claimed what

belongs to you, or do you think you would have acted the same, in carrying out your mother's wishes, as now ? ”

“ Impossible to say. I fear I might have had a temptation which would have been very hard to resist. Still, the one thing I should have wished most of all to have seen then, I hope I may be yet spared to see.”

“ What is that ? ” I ask innocently.

“ I won't tell you now; when it comes to pass you shall know.”

A feeling of consciousness keeps me from pursuing this subject, and gradually—sitting there with all around quiet and still—I fall to thinking. How strange is life! How unlooked-for and unsought are the events which weave together for our joy or sorrow. When we least expect it, following on years, made up of weeks and days, each the dull counterpart of the other, romance knocks at the door, happiness sings under our window.

And then, as if in reproach, comes the recollection of my recent sorrow, and the keen regret I feel, for the part which my father has played in these events; and without any lessening of the love which I must ever feel for him, I let my tears fall silently.

“ I do believe I've had a nap,” says Dumps, suddenly opening his eyes, “ and it's made me feel ever so much better too. I could go upstairs now, Via, without its hurting me.”

“ If you think so, we'll go,” I say, “ I expect we shall find nurse full of curiosity. We may have some difficulty in putting her off as to the reason of that visit from my lady.” But as soon as we are in the room, without giving us time to say a word, the dear old thing bursts out with what she thinks a perfectly miraculous phenomenon.

“ Now, I do hope for the future, unless anybody wants to anger me, they won't begin no argument against dreams,” in which she is a firm believer.

“ Why ? ” we cry, delighted to have her attention diverted from the subject we fear.

“ For this,” she says, with solemnity. “ Last night I dreamt that I was sitting as might be here, when in walked a cat, and sat herself down opposite me. I thought I got up and shished at her, but she wouldn't move; and then, all of a sudden, while I was looking, I saw it was my lady. Well, that dream went as clean out of my head as though it had never been in, until I walked into that room and saw her. ‘ There's the cat,’ I said, and you might have knocked me down with a feather.”

“ You managed to keep your presence of mind, though ? ”

“ In what way ? ”

“ Why, I thought when she spoke to you, you answered her very snappily.”

“ Not more than I meant to. I've no reason for curryin' favour with my lady. She could ‘ Sampson ’ me fast enough this morning when it suited her purpose to, but for the last twenty year and more, when I've met her, if I'd been Sampson walked out o' the Bible, she couldn't ha' passed by more as if she didn't know me.”

“ Oh,” I say, “ but you must try and think better of her, because she came to see me, and asked me to let her look on me as her old friend's daughter.”

“ Hm!” she snorts, “ s' 's taken her time about it anyway.”

“ When we've done wrong we can't do more than say we're sorry,” puts in Dumps.

“ Oh, well, if she's got to say she's sorry for every bit o' mischief she's done, her work's cut out for her. But there, I don't want to be a fire-brand in the family, keepin' up strifes and animosities; besides, I can see whose hand—under the hand of Providence—is workin' all this; 'tis easy to perceive it's Sir Felix's doin'. Why such a woman should have such a affectionate, right-minded, peace-makin' son beats me—though that's speakin' out of the wickedness of the heart, too, for, no doubt, the Lord's given him to her, that she may be showed the evil of her ways.”

(To be continued.)



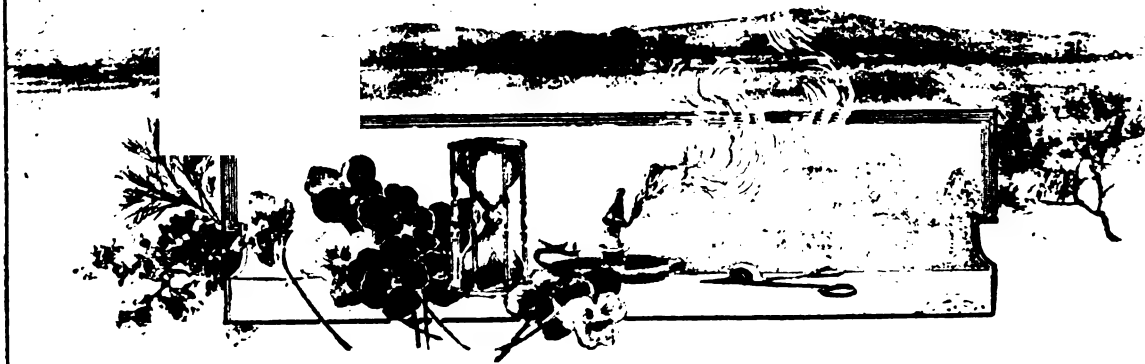
The sun-rise shows the gates of it,
That open always stay;
You turn towards it at the Creed,
It is not far away;
Dying at noon you may arrive
Before the fall of day.

Have we not been there, who can tell,
In sleep, when souls walk free?
O, land that lies behind the veil,
What did we hear and see?
Some shadow in the noonday floats,
Of long-lost memory.

It must be near, for when the soul
Has slipped across the stream,
A touch, a whisper brings it back
Into this earthly dream,
And we forget the things that are,
Lost in the things that seem.

But they will pass the waves no more,
They will not wake again;
In fields of lilies far away
The languid limbs have lain;
Amid the palms of Paradise
Doth their long rest remain.

H. E. HAMILTON KING.



TO PENNY READING RECITERS.

(*By One of Themselves.*)

I CONFESS the worst at once. I am that contemptible thing—the Amateur Reciter ; but I disarm the scorn of the haughtiest professional by the modesty of my claims. I ask only to be heard by fellow-workers who recognise their own limitations as fully as I do mine, and who are content to be useful, even if they cannot flatter themselves they are highly ornamental.

There are three stern facts that we, as reciters, are obliged to face—ourselves, our recitation, and our audience. These all, of course, act and react the one upon the other ; but each deserves separate consideration. If we could put ourselves out of the question altogether, what a blessing it would be!—but there, I am an obstinate reality, and I refuse to be ignored. We must think of ourselves beforehand, in order to forget ourselves when we face our audience. There are little peculiarities of temperament that must be dealt with, or the result will be disaster. A reciter soon learns if nervousness is a constitutional difficulty that must always be taken into account, and whether it is an influence for good or bad. It stimulates some of us to fresh effort. Some of us it handicaps seriously. We must know how far, in an emergency, we can rely on our memory. These are questions a reciter cannot settle at a moment's notice with her audience, and I think every reciter is wise to give a thought at least to her costume. I have never yet seen the actress who disdains to consider this question ; but I have often wondered that amateurs should so often appear on a platform absolutely reckless of this and a hundred matters of detail. Even if the performer herself has a soul above the condition of her hair, and can rise superior to petticoats so arranged as to display to the best advantage muddy boots that contribute a creaking obligato, the same state of mind can hardly be expected of an audience perhaps not actually hanging on her words. Believe me, we cannot

afford to despise any legitimate means, however humble, of starting fair with our audience. And, above all, let us never give ourselves airs. We make ourselves ridiculous, and we destroy more than half our usefulness, if we will not do this, or we must have that, if we convulse the programme, or if our highly-strung organizations are upset by the least mishap. We may flatter ourselves that these little effervescences are the sign of an artistic temperament ; but the less we regard ourselves as the pampered children of Art, the better is it for those we wish to serve. What are we, after all, but the hewers of wood and drawers of water in the world of Art ? Our work is simply to provide recreation for those whose circumstances prevent them from enjoying anything better, and we do not add to their enjoyment by seeking to magnify our office.

The choice of a subject is of the utmost importance to amateurs. A Brandram or a Clifford Harrison can make an effective recitation out of material that would extinguish altogether the average amateur. We are wise, I think, until we become very proficient, to choose poems whose intrinsic worth of form and matter we cannot destroy. To accomplish this we need not always remain among the mountain peaks of the great poets. That pure severity of perfect light is sometimes a little too much for the ordinary Penny Reading audience. There are plenty of popular writers whose verses ring so true, and tell so simply and strongly their tale of heroism, that they strike home to every heart. As examples of this, I need only mention the names of Clement Scott, of Will Carleton, of G. R. Sims ; though, with regard to the last-named, some of his subjects are too grim and ghastly to be within the powers of the average amateur. You will probably find, even among the works of these well-known writers, that you cannot interpret poems that are considered the stay and support of the

Penny Reading reciter. This has been my experience, and of course it is not unique. Poems are like people. There are the Dr. Fells among recitations as well as in society. To do either yourself or your audience justice you must be in sympathy with your subject. So, merely because you have heard another reciter turn a poem to good account, do not force yourself to do it if you find you cannot like it. He, probably, has just the same feeling towards some of your most cherished successes. We ought, nevertheless, to try to vary, as much as possible, the style of our recitations. It is our common weakness—let us own it frankly—to believe that pathos is our strong point; but, for the sake of our audience, let us try to have our lighter moments. We most of us prefer our serious work. Grave recitations are easier to find than gay, and they are undoubtedly easier to do. The silence of interest is more stimulating to the amateur than the constant little interruptions of laughter, which cause an interval that is quite long enough to bring many of us back to a consciousness of ourselves. Humorous recitations are excellent practice, and, if the audience finds they do not belie their name, they are pleasant work. Frank Anstey's little volume of parodies is a treasure-trove of fun, untainted by a breath of vulgarity. Each poem is so full of wit that it is a positive pleasure to do it, and I have seen these recitations produce their effect on the coldest of audiences. If we are too wise to resent the scathing satire of the introductory remarks, and really anxious to know our faults, we shall find in them a complete summary of all we ought to avoid. The home thrusts are merciless; but, though they may wound us for a moment, there is not one that we had better not lay to heart. If you intend to recite much, you should always be on the outlook for new material. The class of audience you desire to please can only digest a certain kind of mental food. Of course we may all be caught by the throat and

pilloried on the hearthrug of a drawing-room, or, lower depth still, be made to cheat a long-suffering public out of five shillings for a charity; but under these circumstances we know, in the bitterness of our hearts, that we are a bore to three-fourths of the assembled company, and this is not the kind of audience who desire us, or whom we mainly desire to please. Our mission is to provide recreation for people whose lives are too busy to allow them to cultivate their minds, though their intelligence is quick and their sympathy keen, but who are often too tired when evening comes to give their attention to what does not constrain it.

And our first thought should always be for our audience. Where should we be without our audience? They are the very cause of our being, and we ought to treat them with all consideration. They have done us the compliment of coming to hear us, though they may not have paid for the privilege, and it is only our duty, whether they be many or few, to give them of our best. I think very few of us would be guilty of the unpardonable vulgarity of, so to speak, playing down to a small audience; but we are not wholly free from this charge. A few of us may throw over engagements when they clash with our pleasures, but most of us, I believe, try humbly to follow the noble example of good faith and endurance set us by that profession in whose steps we are proud to tread. And of one thing at least we may all be sure. Every one of us who loyally does her best, who seeks honestly the pleasure of others rather than her own honour and glory, who never wittingly chooses an unworthy subject, whose aim at least is pure, though none knows better than herself how far she falls short of that aim, is sure of a welcome that will earn her warmest gratitude from that kindly hearted, most indulgent, most faithful of friends, the Penny Reading audience.

QUITE ANOTHER STORY.

A SEQUEL TO 'VERY YOUNG.'

Jean Hutton

VI.

A COMPLIMENT PAID.

“OH, what a jolly lark!” exclaimed the little brother; “but has he really said he shall, And.?”

“Well, no, he hasn't actually said so,” answered Andrew, “but possibly that was what the letters contained that we didn't get.”

“Oh!”

“Fergus will perhaps lead the hippopotamus here with a string, and when he is once in the pond you can feed him with sprats and barley sugar.”

“I shall spend my money in buying some for him.”

“But the camels,” said Tom, “will have to be tied, or they might march up the lane and look in at the windows when we are at church.”

“As regards *doing any more* philanthropy, though,” said Cousin Daisy, “you seem to have some on hand already; but I really don't think the Sunday-school treat will be done for half-a-crown a-week! Though, to be sure, as you are already of age—perhaps you put your own small economies, whatever they may amount to, against what you propose that Daisy shall save out of her allowance, and call the sum half-a-crown.”

“I don't call the Sunday-school treat philanthropy,” exclaimed Andrew, “not exactly——”

“No, nor I either,” said Daisy.

At this singular proof of unanimity on the part of the young people, both the mothers smiled.

“Why not?” said Mrs. E. Smith.

“Why, because that's a thing which it really

is incumbent on me to do. It would be horridly mean if I did not. The Fords can't have it in their little garden. More than half the parents are my tenants.”

“My dear, you forget the children from the town, nearly a hundred of them,” said Mrs. Capper.

“Oh, yes, I did. Well, so far as they are concerned it is philanthropy. Poor little wretches! Yes, and so is the paying their fare for this one station that they have to come.”

“Yes, that's philanthropy,” said Daisy. “It could not be expected of you; it's not an actual duty, that everybody says you ought to undertake, till the noise of what they are saying buzzes in your ears.”

“I am very much afraid, then, that you look on philanthropy as in some sort a work of supererogation,” said her mother. “There are no such things in our religion as works of supererogation.”

“No, Daisy did not mean that,” said Andrew, coming to the rescue; “I think she meant that works of philanthropy were done, less because they are duty than because they are pleasure.”

It was only two or three days after this that, to the surprise of his mother, another letter arrived from Fergus. Some of the “mission men,” it appeared, had been sent down the river with certain skins, horns, and boxes of insects. Fergus said they were only thirty miles higher up the river than when he had written last, and on its right or north bank.

There they had a splendid camp with a regular stockade, and had been out most days with Major and Cap, stalking and shooting. They had all been rather “seedy,” and Jock had had some

slight attacks of fever. The two naval men were very well, but said it was not prudent to be much on the river; said that all, but specially the young 'uns, ought always to sleep in the tents, inside the stockade.

"However," continued Fergus, "we have reckoned up the nights we slept on the river since we started, and they were only five; that's why Jock had fever, Smiles said, but he is such a thundering jackass that he'll say anything. Now I must consider what day it is—the 11th of March, 1885. As I told you when I related all about the natives, and tribes, and missionaries, and snakes, I shall not give you a diary, but only special adventures. So here goes. Yes, my boy, we've been among the lions. There are some perfectly glorious trees not a quarter of a mile from the stockade, and there a sort of platform has been made a good height up, and Major and Cap consented that we two should sit up three nights ago and shoot with them. It was not till quite dark that we were to steal down the river to the platform in the large canoe, with all the guns and some wraps and a dark lanthorn and some prog—oh, well, I can't tell it all. Jock and I were in the canoe, Cap and Major were coming. It was a strange night, there were such amazing numbers of shooting stars. It made the wild beasts restless to see them; they crackled and went off all over like rockets, and the critters howled and grunted at them.

"Well, I was tired while I sat waiting; I fell into a dead sleep. A very few stars were out, because the moon was so bright (I knew that in my sleep), and I dreamed that I was Daniel, and that King Darius was calling to me 'with a lamentable voice,' you know, for I was in the den of lions.

"I was very sound asleep, till I heard one lion give a kind of hollow long moan. Then all in an instant I was awake. Jock was shaking me, and holding his hand over my mouth to keep me from speaking. We were about forty feet only from the bank, which sloped down to the surface of the water, and there that lion was. He had come down to drink. All the men were lying quite flat at the bottom of the canoe. The lion did not appear to take any notice of us, but laid his chin down among the trampled ferny things and infant palms and roared, or I should call it

moaned, in a way that made the whole reach of the river and the forest shake and echo. I saw his melancholy evil countenance, and he slid forward with his paws in the water and lapped. I could see his tongue, and he made such a noise in lapping that one could hear every stroke as plainly as possible. Then he made his awful moaning again, lifted up his great head, and shook his mane to dry it. Meanwhile Jock had been crawling on his stomach, so as not to be seen, over the prostrate cowards to find our guns; and while he fumbled, two shots were fired and instantly the lion bounded back and was lost in the bush.

"Then directly Major and Cap boarded us, Major as white as a sheet. The lion had been so close to us! Jock sat down beside him and actually burst into tears—cried, I tell you, with rage and excitement. 'They weren't loaded,' he exclaimed, 'and if you hadn't fired he would have sprung on board!' 'Why, no,' said Cap, 'they weren't loaded; we meant to do that when they had been dragged up the tree.' 'And we never had a go at him at all,' said Jock. 'It was a shame.' 'Don't cry, my boy, don't,' said the Major. Jock fumbled for his pocket-handkerchief in vain; Major pulled out his and gave him, and when I saw that I burst into shouts of laughter. No doubt I was excited too. 'It was hard,' Jock went on. 'I could have shot him easily, only that first this fellow had to be awake, and then the rifles were not loaded.' All this time the canoe was going down to the trees, and we had the lanthorn lighted; but the strange thing was to hear the sputtering of the meteors and the alligators hissing as they came up to breathe.

"Well, we sat all night on the platform, but no lions. As for our lion, whom Major and Cap had shot at, we went back at dawn to have a jolly good breakfast inside the stockade, and the sun had hardly risen when some of the gunbearers came and declared that there were marks of blood in the path leading down to that watering-place.

"Off we set, the gunbearers behind us, and we had not gone a quarter of a mile before we saw the sight, which will be what I shall dream of now whenever I am deeper asleep than usual. I believe Major was sorry he had brought Jock—the excitement of that boy was portentous.

"There the lion was.

"It was a kind of lair in a narrow gully overshadowed by trees, and the bush was a good deal trodden down. There were several pairs of horns half trampled into it, and some skins. We were near enough to see the marks on them. As to the smell of him and his lair, it seemed as if it would reach from there to the North Pole.

"I put that in because I don't know how to describe the lion himself. He was crouched, with his chin on the ground, and towards us; but in the flash of an eye I could see that he was disabled. 'Now then, let fly!' the Major called out. Cap was a few yards on the left, and did not see him. I felt in that instant—before it could be said I *saw it*—that he was blind, or at least blind of one eye. He actually in the night had not seen us. We did let fly, and the brute, who had raised himself, subsided slowly with one of those awful roars and died.

"We wanted to rush up. 'No nearer!' cried the Major. 'A scratch from his claw would be poisonous. You are not sure he is dead.' He died with his eyes wide open, and when we did come up quite close we saw a film over one of them, and that the other was dim. He was so old that his skin was not worth saving.

"Those horns all about we two carried off for trophies.

"We are off to shoot for dinner some of the ugliest birds in creation. They look like vultures, but they are a kind of guinea fowl, and very good to eat. Love to mother and you all. I shall not forget November. That's enough for one letter.

"Yours, etc., F. C."

But that was not enough, it seemed. A postscript was added, with a date only ten days later.

"DEAR AND,—It's all up. Oh, I could cry over it, as Jock did over the guns. He is ill, poor fellow, and the fever so frequent and so serious. We were only ninety miles up the river, and not a glimpse of mountains yet to be seen (perhaps there are none!). Major decided to bring him down as fast as possible in the great canoe. Cap, with Dodd and Smiles, decided to stay behind; but when I saw the old boy's anxiety, and that all the pleasure Jock had when he was a little better was being with me, I said I should come too. The country is particularly quiet, two of the most war-like tribes gone south after some poor wretches,

their enemies, so this portion of the river is deserted, and we shall soon get into the swamps. About half the Zanzibar porters came down with us, and the head man.

"I have no fever worth mentioning. Major shakes a little now and then, but that is partly anxiety about Jock. He often says when that fellow is asleep and we are out shooting (for we must do that, you know, to supply them all and ourselves with meat), that he shall never forgive himself for having let him come. Of eland, hart-beest, buffalo, wart-hog, and multitudes of other creatures have we partaken. I felt when first I came here that it was cruel to shoot them, but I remembered that we eat beef and mutton every day at home! There is nothing like the rifle for mercifulness; our butchers are not so quick."

"Cousin Mary," said Daisy, a few mornings after at the breakfast table, "Andrew says I am demoralized by having so much to give away, and that none of it is really philanthropy."

"Well, I am rather afraid I agree with him," put in Mrs. E. Smith, while the hostess answered—

"I don't think I know what you mean, my dear."

"You should remember," observed Andrew, "that I made that remark mainly because I have not got just now any money to do that sort of thing with. It was, no doubt, a base kind of envy and jealousy more than anything else."

But Cousin Daisy went on—

"What I wish you could remember, love, is that money you have not the least use for is nothing for you to give, though it *may be* just as much for the poor to receive as if you did want it."

"MAY BE, mother dearest, surely it must be."

"No, perhaps it amounts only to meat and drink. Now, when our Lord promised a blessing to the person who gave a cup of cold water under certain circumstances, you must remember that the water cost something real. The woman who gave it would have to go to the well to draw, or she would have already drawn it, and would give it out of the jar which was for the use of the family. Also, the promise implies that she had nothing better to bestow."

"Yes, no doubt."

"Perhaps nothing else at all, and if so the promise was meant to console such as are poor,

but loving, towards others ; but not to please you, and such as you are."

"As to its amounting to anything more than meat and drink, or whatever it was meant to amount to," said Andrew, "how should it?"

"Ah, that is the question. It must in most cases amount to a good deal more unless it is to do harm."

"You mean that if we give to the idle we only encourage them to be more idle; and to the drunkards, we help them to get drunk again."

"I know we ought to be intelligent about it," said Daisy. "Mr. Ford was very right when he said in his sermon that the more we took other people's duties out of their hands and did them ourselves, the more we must; because the more helpless they would become."

"Yes," said her mother, "and if it is agreed that the rich like the pleasure of bestowing out of their abundance, they should be shown the more carefully that they must ask for a heavenly blessing to come down upon their earthly gifts, and then they will be truly worth having."

"But it's hard, mother," said Daisy, "that one must be so afraid of doing more harm than good."

"Oh, well," observed Andrew, "but we are not bound (particularly if we are of the gentler sex and not quite grown up yet)—not bound to solve all the deepest problems of the day; still we must all give such intelligence as we possess to them. Now, as to the tipsy cabman and the little tiny boy: it would do me a great deal of good if I could exercise my intelligence on their story."

"I know that story," observed Tom. "An appreciative young friend——"

"Two months older than you are!" Daisy exclaimed, in a parenthesis.

"As I was observing, when I was interrupted," Tom went on, "—has related that experience to me. Wisdom is not perhaps a conspicuous quality in the conduct described."

"I would rather tell it myself than that you should make fun of it," said Daisy.

"It would not be half so long if I tell it," answered Tom. "You need not blush so, 'Miss.' I see nothing to be so much ashamed of, though you did think when the tipsy cabman cried that he was overcome by his feelings only."

"After that," exclaimed Andrew, "nobody knows what we shall think you did if we are not told!"

"It was really not *very* foolish," faltered Daisy. "Well, if you will make it extremely short, Tom."

"All right; I will. Cousin Daisy was gone to see Miss Lancaster, who was extremely ill. Mactaggart came and said there was a poor man downstairs who seemed in distress of mind, and begged very hard to see her. The Fraulein consented that Daisy should go down with her and speak to him.

"They found a cabman, a very little one, shedding tears copiously. He had a good-sized pocket-handkerchief, which was rather dirty. No, I think you said it was rather clean. He wanted to see C. D.—that's for short. He had a dear precious little daughter thirteen years old; no place for her to live in but the mews—her dear mother dead. He seemed almost as if he wanted to go down on his knees to Fraulein, whom he mistook for C. D., and he begged that she would take her and send her abroad to be out of harm's way, and yet he knew it would break his heart to part with her. C. D. not at home; then he would come again to-morrow. Departed with pocket-handkerchief to his eyes.

"That's the end of the first scene—excepting that the hardened old footman said he smelt very strong of gin.

"Next day, Daisy having meanwhile expressed to C. D. that she wanted with some money she had to send the little girl to Canada, with a wooden box, you know, and a nice outfit in it which would cost——"

"Ten pounds," said Daisy.

"Yes, ten pounds; the passage money to be paid and the girl to go with that lady, you know, who takes them out.

"Cousin Daisy—C. D. I mean (for short), after reasonable demur, consented.

"—Cabman came again; brought a nice little girl, felt it rather hard that the money was not put into his hands—thought he could do it better; girl, asked if she was willing to go, said 'you bet.'

"I think that part of the legend is beautiful. They went away, cabman crying a good deal. Said he knew it would break his heart to part with his girl. Again the servants said he smelt of gin.

"Little girl sent off to Canada; cabman came afterwards and cried. Servants said if he did not go '*directly minute*' they would send for the police. So he went.

"Very late the next night came a small boy about seven years old with a letter. Servants just going to bed; C. D. called down; child said he could not go till she had it. And here is the letter: it was meant for Daisy, and I kept it, *and* they had to keep the child.

"Miss,

"'You've bin a mother to my gurl, but I can't abear my life without her, so I've sold up my bits of things and broke up my 'ome.

"'I bought a duck and a loaf of noo bred, and we've 'ad a good supper, me and my boy, which is my only one. I've gone into the country, and nobody'll ever see me moor, in this here city. So I makes over my boy to you, he 'as no hother friend; yoo take him, Miss, and welcome.

"'Doo the best, as you 'opes to be done bee.

"'You're umbel servant,

"'MICHAL SMART.'

VII.

GORGEOUS BROCADES.

AND so Cousin Daisy, her visit being over, departed for the North with her two girls; and Tom said how dull it was when they were gone; and Andrew said how dull it was. The mother could not say anything, but, like the parrot in the fable, she "thought the more."

It was natural enough that Tom should feel the withdrawal of the two girls; they had both, but especially Daisy, shown the utmost tact and most constant sympathy with him, for they always let him see their pleasure in his company, and so enabled him to present himself before them at his best; and yet they never let him see that it was sympathy which drew them towards him.

He often forgot that he was a cripple when they were by.

As for Andrew, he always assented when his mother said what a sweet creature Daisy was, how much she was improved in her appearance, and how beautifully she played; but he had his tour to think of, and there was nothing now to

prevent his having it with a clear conscience, and sooner than he had hoped, for Fergus wanted him to come down to Port Said in September instead of in November.

Accordingly, when two Swans had been introduced to take up (as was hoped) their permanent abode at Swandean, and when he had chosen two charming wedding presents for Pamela and Bertha, and been present, together with his mother, at their joint wedding, he set off rather before the time actually necessary, that he might linger a little on the Continent before he met his brother, as had been arranged.

It is not needful to describe a tour, and enlarge on experiences which mainly concerned Egypt, Burmah, and India, countries which have been fully over-run by tourists, soldiers, civilians, professional travellers, sportsmen, and even invalids. There are full accounts of them even in the guide-books.

Tom proved a good correspondent, and kept his brothers well informed of such things as they wanted to know, including the horses, dogs, puppies, and naturally all the more important creatures, as the younger brothers, who were both getting on "stunningly" at school; the Fords, who were so crowded in their little house; how Mrs. Ford was ill, and had the jaundice; that mother had taken three of the boys for a visit, and really contrived to make them behave tolerably; and Cowper, who was now openly engaged to Antoinette, had another, till the little wretch contrived to get himself as nearly as possible drowned in the pond, whereupon Aunt Hitchcock had proposed that he should go up and pay a visit to her in Bloomsbury. She was not afraid of any boy. So Mr. Ford thankfully consenting, Cowper took him up, and the next day he got out and lost himself somehow, and they had to tell the police; and Aunt Hitchcock fainted before he was found with a guinea-pig under his arm, which he had bought in some "slum."

Such news as this appeared to be all there was to tell for some months, but while they were at Rangoon came such an astonishing letter as almost took their breath away.

Daisy's guardian had run away. He was, as the brothers knew, a great racing man, a great gambler, and very extravagant, but he was supposed to be extremely rich, and always, of

course, paid his falsely called "debts of honour" with perfect readiness and promptitude.

Tom had sent some newspapers; the whole account was in them. He had also seen Cousin Daisy's letters to his mother, and was afraid the disaster was without remedy. Daisy's father had left her no land, only money, all sorts of shares, and when the matter came to be investigated it was found that most of these shares were actually sold. Then there were many thousands of pounds out at interest; they were gone, spent.

There had never been the slightest hesitation on the part of this same nefarious guardian about producing any sum the mother wished for, to be spent on Daisy's maintenance or education, and he always sent the income she was to have for her life to the exact day.

Bell had a different guardian. Her father, wishing to compliment a nephew of his, who was in trade, had given him this trust. That property remained precisely as before. But as for Daisy, her guardian had disappeared, and his ruin was complete. The whole of Daisy's fortune had been in his hands since she was four years old, and there was nothing left for her to have. It was all gone and spent, and besides that it was discovered that he had left the country deeply in debt.

Cousin Daisy had £150 a year of her own. That, she thought, was all she and her eldest daughter would now have to live on; and it was supposed that the guardian had been spending the heiress's money ever since it came into his keeping.

In a second letter Tom remarked that Cousin Daisy took the matter like a saint.

There were a good many jewels which could be sold.

"Oh!" exclaimed Fergus, "then they will be supplied with plenty of money for some time, even if none of it is sunk to make a small income."

But, no; Tom's next sentence was, "And so she hopes that no one will lose anything by her dear child, who, of course, wishes that all household debts should be paid out of this; and their ordinary Christmas bills. Also, that Fraulein should have a quarter's salary given to her, and her journey money, so that she may go home."

"Bell is engaged to Algy Deane."

"I say, what about Tom Hitchcock now?" exclaimed Fergus. "And, look here, the first of these letters was written three months ago. I told you that if we kept changing our route, the letters would chase us about all over."

Luckily the next address which had been given by the brothers was unchanged; accordingly they got a letter from Tom there at the proper date.

Bell, it appeared, was actually married.

Bell was barely eighteen, wanted, in fact, three months of eighteen.

"Not a word has been said by Daisy or her mother, but our mother is sure they do not like the affair, and I saw in C. D.'s letter that the Deanes have tied up Bell's fortune to her with great strictness. There seemed to be a sort of idea on Cousin Daisy's part that the girls would share."

"Why, of course," interrupted Fergus.

"But no such thing; her guardian said he had no power to allow anything of the sort. The Deanes, too, are almost proverbially mean, and as far as mother can judge they have got Bell completely under their thumb, and got the affair hurried on various pretences, lest Bell should insist on giving Daisy even a few thousands."

"Mamma went up to town to give what help she could to C. D. She thought she would be so cheated if she was left quite to herself."

"She said when she came home that she really thought Daisy and her mother were more vexed because Bell had not come out all that was high-minded than at anything else whatever. Daisy talks of being a governess."

"Droll," said Andrew; "but the creature has such a placid temper that she won't much mind the teasing of children. I never saw her in the least out of temper in my life."

"And then she has had a most excellent education," observed Fergus, "so that really, though I wouldn't be her, I shouldn't mind being the children."

Little more news than this came to the two brothers. Bell was on the Continent. She and Algernon Dean were on their wedding tour. Cowper and Antoinette were to be married in six weeks.

"I wonder," observed Fergus, "whether Daisy will take Tom Hitchcock now. After saying that he has been devoted to her so long when she was out of his reach, he cannot withdraw now,

and as his father is said to be rich, and he is clever, I should think they might marry."

Andrew left Fergus when he had only been eleven months on his travels. Hot climates did not suit him as well as they did his brother, and he set forth home, having gained at least two years in apparent age, and more still in manliness and experience.

He arrived at London, and passed through the square where was Cousin Daisy's town house which had so often received him. It was empty, and the windows, and even the walls, were placarded with notices of a sale of furniture, pictures, books, china, household linen, and other possessions of the late occupiers. This sale had already taken place, and the fluttering placards made the house look extremely forlorn.

The effect was almost disreputable, to his eyes.

He went on to his Aunt Hitchcock's much more modest residence.

He had brought a wedding present for Antoinette which was already promised, and he expected to find a letter there from his mother.

Everything looked dingy; London was dark, dirty, the streets were rather narrow. So was the door, he thought, and the hall of his aunt's house.

She was very cordial. Antoinette had been married three days, and she and her husband were on their wedding tour.

Wedding cake was handed to him with his tea, and the present, a vase from India, was duly admired.

The conversation soon drifted to Cousin Daisy and the girls.

"This is great news for Tom," said Andrew, with some interest.

"What is?" asked his aunt, with an air of surprise.

"Why, of course, I am sorry for Daisy, poor girl, but after Tom has been so devoted, so deeply in love for so long——"

"Nonsensical boy, yes, he was fond of saying so," interrupted the aunt. Andrew went on all the same.

"But now, who can say, there may actually be a chance for Tom, and he may find——"

"You talk as if you were really demented!" exclaimed Mrs. Hitchcock.

"Do I?" said Andrew.

"Do, you really suppose, even if he had not long seen his folly; in fact, ever since her mother, being told of his devotion, forbade his writing or giving her presents? Do you really suppose that a young man with slender means could, without the wildest imprudence, propose to marry a girl who has been brought up to have carriages and riding horses at her disposal, and more money than she knew how to spend? Do you really——"

"I am not sure that I do," said Andrew, when she stopped an instant for breath. "Oh! And so he has got over that lifelong infatuation, has he?" and, in spite of himself, he smiled.

Mrs. Hitchcock's colour had become very high. Andrew was almost afraid he was carrying the matter too far; but Fergus had been urgent to know how it stood, and what had been done with Daisy's photograph. Had it, as Fergus declared, been thrown away, or did Tom still burn a night-light before it? He felt that he could not ask, so he contented himself by saying, in a cogitative tone, "I always said you knew; at least, I said several times that I was sure it would never be."

And presently the excellent, upright old uncle came in, before whom Aunt Lucia took pains almost always to say what was true and real, and of others what was kind.

Tom followed. Andrew thought he looked at him with rather a meaning smile.

He was quite friendly—only wished he, also, could get a year to go to the East—was full of interest in Andrew's adventures, and when he took his leave followed him out to the hired cab he had at the door.

"Shake hands, old fellow," he said, after Andrew was actually in the cab. "It was a sell for both of us, wasn't it?" and he straightway went in.

"He means that he saw me on my knees," thought Andrew, as the four-wheeler went slowly jogging on, "and so considered me a rival. I said he would! but he intended to express to me (I wish I hadn't done it, though) that he doesn't care now. Mercenary little toad!"

So Andrew arrived at home and was received with rapture by his family, who were all at Swandean, as he was told at the station, where he was met by his servants with a carriage and two carts for the collection of curiosities that he

had brought with him. These included some orchids from Burmah, a number of horns, skins, and shells that Fergus had given to him and his mother, and a great deal of pottery and metal work from India, which had cost as much as it was worth in carriage. He even brought presents for Saunders, Callender, and the cook—this last on account of her attention to Tom, for the young woman who cooked, and milked the cow, at the Dower House was all very well, but Mrs. Murphy, constantly affirming that the young master had intended it, used to keep her hand in by making all sorts of delicacies for Mr. Tom, besides trudging over once a week to see him and bring something good, and hear the latest news of the Squire.

How pleasant it all was! Mrs. Capper had not merely got her son back again, but he was so much improved, so much more manly, that she felt she had now what she had longed for; someone to rely on, to depend upon, almost as years ago she had done on his father.

She stayed at Andrew's house for a week, before she went back to her own. The two boys, Miles and Martin, who had been allowed to come for three days to welcome him, were sent off to school.

"I suppose," said Miles, "that whenever Fergus gets back we shall, of course, come home just to welcome him, too;" while Mrs. Capper was considering what to say, and wishing she had not created a precedent, Andrew smiled and said, "No, dear boy, I think not."

Tom slept in the library, on the ground floor, where sitting in the hall, mother and son amused themselves by looking on when Andrew had his cases unpacked, and exhibited his effects.

"I like this gorgeousness," he remarked, when out of one particular box he hauled lace and embroidery, satins and silks, muslins and gauze-like fabrics, bedecked with beetle's wings, and white Indian muslins enriched with delicate needlework.

Saunders and Terence had been dismissed to their dinner. "I thought, mother," said Andrew, "you would choose a couple of the silk dresses, and look at the feathers, you'll have those, of course."

"My dear," she answered, in mild deprecation, "I have only worn black yet."

"The silks were gorgeous beyond expression, especially the coloured brocades. I think some of these are meant to cover sofas and settees," she said, admiringly, and not to disappoint him.

"You think you might not like to wear this? Well, it is rather a large pattern."

"I call it stunning!" exclaimed Tom, who, as well as Andrew, was without much taste or observation as regards dress. "Well, mother, you'll have all this, and do as you like with it. Now this," taking up a specially brilliant silk, with gold thread woven into it, "if you think the pattern too large for you, might please Cousin Daisy."

"Not to wear," said Mrs. Capper.

"Oh, you think not? Then for covering furniture?"

"Dear boy, she is living just now in seaside lodgings."

"Oh, yes, so you said; but I must give her something. If they had not lost their property, some china or a vase or two would have done." He lifted a piece of fine Indian muslin. "Do you think that would do for Daisy? But perhaps I might not give her anything to wear."

"No, I think you may not; and as to some of these lovely shells, or these skins of birds, I don't know where she is to keep them if you give them to her, for, as I told you, she is living for the present with Pamela and Mr. Belmore, teaching the children and trying to keep them in order."

"How ridiculous of Cousin Daisy to let her begin governess work so soon, almost as ridiculous as it was of Pamela to marry 'The Cossack.'"

"You think that was ridiculous? Well, I don't know. I wonder how she likes your always calling Mr. Belmore the 'Cossack?' To be sure, his being a widower with all those children is a disadvantage, but then she is greatly attached to him, and naturally they could not know that all the children could be so ill that they would have to be fetched home from their wedding tour, and then that they would be ill again almost all last winter, and have to be taken for such a long time to the sea. Then, as to Daisy, her mother is constantly expecting to have to go over to Bell, who is at Homberg, very unwell, and very much out of spirits. Algernon Deane is to summon her when he likes, and has not invited her to take Daisy with her."

"Very natural," said Andrew. "Daisy was always making game of him."

"And that was very natural," observed Tom; "for, she told me several times that he was a muff; and she did not believe he had even then made up his mind quite to give her up, though he had made Bell believe he was deeply attached to her."

"Well, then, it was also natural that Daisy should not like to go to Homberg without an invitation," said the mother; "and also that when the Belmores came to that very little sea-side place where she and her mother had gone just to rest, after this miserable business, and wait till Algernon chose to write, Daisy should ask Pamela (who already has a young infant of her own to attend to) if she would like to have her as an interim governess. She knew the Belmores were looking out for one, and she had met her several times last autumn when they were here. Cousin Daisy had only gone there to stay two or three weeks."

"Oh," said Andrew, innocently, "I suppose that was before you knew, or you would have asked them to come here."

Mrs. Capper paused an instant and then said, "Yes." She was fond of Daisy, but things were very much altered now. Who could deny it?

"And not a soul of all the people who used to toady her had gone down on both his knees to entreat her company," said Andrew. "Droll!" The brothers both laughed with exquisite enjoyment at this, without having the least perception that it included their mother.

"But, mamma," said Andrew, "don't you think that in a few days I had better just go down and see them. Cousin Daisy was always so affectionate to me. Surely among all these boxes there must be something I might give them. I should not have cared to do it while they were so rich, but now——"

Mrs. Capper at that moment had a great struggle with herself, and all that was best in her contended against interfering in the matter.

Her eyes wandered over the tumbled heap of finery, curiosities, china. She remembered Mrs. E. Smith's words about her son, and consciously plagiarized them in her mind. "I have that opinion of her that I know she will make no effort to get

Andrew for her child. She will merely leave it to him to speak if he loves her."

The better self prevailed.

She pointed to a beautiful carved fan. "Let me look at that," she said.

Andrew handed it to her. No, she thought, if I do it at all, I will do it as she would have done it to me.

"You did not bring this on purpose for Daisy, of course?"

"Oh, no," said Andrew.

"Well, suppose you give it to me, then."

"To you, mother? Well, I do."

"Yes. Well, now you can say that your mother thought it would be so much more appropriate for a girl that she sent it to Daisy, with her love." There, now, she thought, if he means nothing but civility, such a present so given will not commit him.

"And there's a handsome inlaid paper-case. I should think you might give that to Cousin Daisy. She can carry it about with her anywhere, it is not cumbersome."

Mrs. Capper went back to the Dower House.

"Mother," said Andrew coming over the next morning after breakfast, "I want to tell you of something that I've done."

"Yes?" she asked.

Tom was wheeling himself about in one of his chairs, among the flower-beds, and giving directions to a boy who was weeding; they both looked at him.

"I suppose he will never be better," observed Andrew.

"No," said the mother. "Is it not wonderful how patient and cheerful he is? I believe, Andrew, we are very much indebted to that woman, Mrs. Blount. He talks with her. He is very resigned now to the will of God. She told me the other day that he was much happier now that he was able to submit, and did not rage against his lot."

"She said so to me, too, and that Mr. Ford had persuaded him that it was unmanly as well as wrong not to go to church lest people should look at him."

"Yes, but he was excessively nervous the first time he went, and then Mr. Ford said that a little curtain which would pass for a screen to keep off any draught from the door would be a good thing.

It was put up at once, of course, and now he does not so much mind. The congregation does not see him sitting up in his chair."

"But I have been thinking, mother, what an expense he must always be to you——"

"Yes," she interrupted, "and in addition to his misfortune, I have the anguish of knowing that it was partly my fault. I always was so anxious that none of you should be wanting in courage and a proper daring. It was ignorance, no doubt, on my part, and you did warn me, but I thought he ought to be able to manage that mare. I thought it only wanted ordinary intelligence to drive."

"Well, dear mother," said Andrew, seeing her tears, "you did not know much of horses, excepting those in a London cab or fly."

"No, and I forgot how your father, when you had that little legacy, had made you spend it in learning to ride and drive."

"We must all make mistakes, sometimes. But, mother, this last has been a remarkably cheap year. I was away, the game was sold, and a quantity of the produce of the home farm. In the meantime my expenses were small, and so, besides my savings, I have burdened the estate with a very trifling sum, so that I may buy an annuity for Tom of three hundred a year. As he had got older, it would certainly have been bitter to him to be utterly dependent for everything on you, even for his pocket-money. Of course, he will always live with you, but now he will not feel that he is at such a terrible disadvantage."

Perhaps this was not philanthropy. Certainly it was nothing but a family duty in the view of the perpetrator.

"Oh, how like his voice is to his father's," thought Mrs. Capper, as Andrew went off. "I often feel as if my dear husband was talking to me. Yes, and how like the things are that he says. What does he not deserve of me?"

A young man walking about with rather a large parcel in his keeping. The sea flashing on his right, a little street running up on his left.

Andrew.

"Now, what is the name of that terrace, or was it place?" he was saying. "I think it was. How could I be so ridiculous as to take for granted that I knew it before I started?"

"Mrs. E. Smith, did you say, sir?" when he accosted a person at the letter post-office.

"Yes, I thought you would be sure to know: here."

The post-office was also a milk shop, and had some apples and likewise some buttons in the window.

"You see, sir, Smith's a very uncommonly common name," said the post mistress, in a tone of apology.

As she spoke Andrew turned his head.

A fine tall girl in a gown of sailor-blue serge and a flapping hat was passing the window some way off, with several children in her wake.

She had a plentiful head of hair, almost flaxen in its fairness, hanging down her back, and floating over her shoulders. If she had been bathing a delightful fresh wind had already dried it. The children, all girls, also had their hair down their backs.

The tall girl turned seaward, and all the children bounded after her, among the loose stones and dry sand.

"I wonder whether that's Daisy," thought Andrew, "but if I followed and called her, it would be rather awkward if it was not. No, that girl looks rather slender—and how well she walks. We used to think Daisy too fat, and almost clumsy before she was grown up."

In the meantime he got Mrs. E. Smith's address, and turned with his parcel to see her, and get rid of it.

Oh, such a little place!

"No, sir, Mrs. Smith is not at home," said the landlady.

"Will you say, then, that Mr. Capper called and left this parcel?" He produced a card. "I shall call again in the evening."

He had been shown into the small parlour, and put the parcel on a round table, covered with American cloth. There was a little shabby-looking glass over the chimney-piece, and there were four smart books laid symmetrically on a little side table, with a bell-glass, containing some artificial flowers between them.

Six chairs and a sofa completed the furniture. Andrew was almost dismayed.

"To come to this," he thought, "after all that luxury and splendour."

No; there was one other thing in the room, a violin, with a stand, and some music upon it. The very duet was at the top of it that Algernon Deane went down on both his knees to beg for.

Andrew did not put his thought into words, but when he saw this immense change he felt that he did not exactly know how to meet Cousin Daisy and her daughter. How should he throw enough condolence into his manner? what could he say?

"I shouldn't wonder," he thought as he came back to the little bricked frontage of the lodging-houses called (perhaps for fun) the Parade—"I shouldn't wonder if that was Daisy." He walked some distance along the sand, but no group reminded him of the tall girl who was walking so well in her dark gown, among the dishevelled children.

Perhaps he had strolled on half-a-mile when he saw a group, heard infantine singing, and another voice put in a note here and there. Then suddenly a clear voice called out, "Mar—ty, Mar—ty!"

"Ye-es!" shrieked a child's voice on the other side.

"You're not to go so near the wa-ave, the tide's rising."

He thought that must be Daisy's voice, and stopped short, when straightway the little child, squatted on the girl's dark gown, went on with her song, "Him little heart was so full of sorrow, sorrow, sorrow."

"Now, mit, miff, oo didn't help."

"Yes, I'm helping," said the tall girl, and then the two sang together, but the small voice was far the most shrill and distinct.

"If mit mine oo'l blent oo' lot, oh, what we havin' got, Of de neighbours we can borrow, borrow, borrow."

The girl was sitting in the shadow of the cliff, and just under it.

He came up almost close, she did not lift her head, and the flapping hat consequently hid her face.

She was making a sketch, and the little child squatting on her gown was watching her.

He came yet a step nearer, and lifted his hat, still not quite sure; he had not seen her for more than a year. Then she, seeing a gentleman's

legs, raised her face and put a stop to his uncertainty.

"Daisy!" He remembered her expression as he first caught sight of her, ever after. Perhaps she remembered his, but it is certain these same expressions both changed to the utmost surprise.

"Andrew!" she exclaimed, almost incredulous, in spite of her eyes, "why how is this, we had no notion that you had returned from India yet." He sat down beside her. "This really is you, I suppose," she went on, when she had shaken hands with him.

He hardly knew what he answered; he was instantly obliged to put away all thought of condolence; how serene, how contented she had looked. He perceived plainly how much she was improved, there was more bloom on her cheeks, more sweetness in her smile; but, besides that, the creature, as she sat making her sketch had, evidently been happy.

He hoped Cousin Daisy was well.

A smile of pleasure softened Daisy's mouth.

"Oh, yes, dear mother was very well now," she said.

"And you, too? You look uncommonly well, and pleased," he added.

"Yes, I am pleased, thankful, for we have had very good news of Bell. Bell has been extremely unwell, and we got a letter from her, herself, this morning to say she felt quite well again."

"And what could possibly have brought you to this out-of-the-way little place?" she went on.

"You know!" he exclaimed, almost indignantly, and when she looked at him he continued: "You cannot possibly think I should let such losses, such changes, come over you and Cousin Daisy, and not come near her to express my concern, to—to condole with her—to ask if, by chance, there might be any business I could help her to transact, and whether there was anything I might be allowed to do."

Daisy looked out to sea. Her eyes, more moist than usual, appeared to wander over the fishing-boats, and mark the deep blue rim of the calm horizon. When she turned to him he was surprised to hear that her voice was just a little agitated. She said, "How pleased mother will be." And then she laughed.

VIII.

PAMELA'S DISCOVERY.

AND then she laughed. Daisy actually laughed !

"Poor mother, dear, dearest mother."

"Cousin Daisy feels it deeply ?" Andrew asked.

"Well, who can wonder ? Of course she does."

"Feels it," repeated Daisy ; "no, she doesn't feel *it*, if by that you mean the mere loss of the income, the merely not being rich, mother does not feel that more than I do, perhaps not as much. Mother has so little pride, and she is so religious too, that she couldn't mind *that*." Then Daisy paused, and laughed again. "Do you remember how you and Fergus used to talk to us ?"

Andrew looked a little out of countenance. "If we ever said that your having such large fortunes did not make you more charming than other girls," he began.

"You know you did," she interrupted, "there is no occasion to argue about it. I fully agreed with you, of course."

"You are quite charming enough," he replied, with sudden and grave conviction, "either with fortune or without."

Polite multitudes of compliments had been paid to Daisy. It is possible that this one impressed her, for she went on with her drawing and said not a word. The little pupil put down her rosy cheek on Daisy's knees and closed her eyes. The newly made governess opened her large sunshade and placed it so as to shade the little sleepy creature. The other children were now making a castle in the sand not far off.

Andrew watched it all, with an idle sense of peace and well being.

"I'm glad I came home," he said. "It's all very well to have known the wonders of the sun, and to see the stars flash at one as if they meant to strike ; but this is better. I like to hear my own language in the streets. As for you, Daisy, you speak English delightfully."

"Do I ?" said Daisy, looking pleased. "But that is only nature ; it will not get me a good situation."

"Oh, how ridiculous that sounds !" exclaimed Andrew, and she went on :

"It's my French and German that will, I hope, do that. Yes, it does seem almost ridiculous to

myself sometimes. But at any rate, I have learnt to do without a maid."

"What, can you plait up all your long hair yourself ?"

"Of course, and post my letters myself."

"But if, Cousin Daisy (I always knew she was a saint), if she does not feel the loss of riches, I wish you would tell me what it is that she does feel."

Daisy looked at him, and blushed.

"Because," he went on, "if I don't know I may hurt her. It is certain that not the shadow of any blame can attach to her because your guardian proves a scamp."

"Oh, no, of course not ; but Bell and I often felt that mother did not know the world half so well as we did. And that was why she expected so much more—no, it was not mere expectation. She was sure of—she took for granted so much more."

"We knew just as well as you did" (Andrew rather winced when she said this) "that the outrageous compliments paid us, and all that admiration was sham, and the many offers made us were for our fortunes and for nothing else. But I think she was a good deal deluded about us. Some mothers are ; she thought some of the affection professed for her and for us was real."

"And now ?" asked Andrew.

"Well, she did not say much—but I know that she was—when the great smash came, and all my fortune and her income toppled over, and nobody came forward—she was——"

"Surprised !" suggested Andrew.

"Yes."

"Because nobody went down on both his knees, and entreated as usual that you could condescend to accept him, and everything he had and was."

"Just so. Cousin Mary came to see us ; she walked in all by herself, nobody else was there to give advice or assistance ; she looked round as if she expected to find a swarm of friends and relations with us. I was sitting on a box containing some of my very own things, such as my music and my violin. I could not help laughing, for I understood perfectly, and she went up to dear mother and hugged her."

"Dear creature," exclaimed Andrew, "I should like to hug her too."

"They both shed a few tears, and mother was better after that."

"Where was Bell?"

"Oh, the Deanes had got her utterly into their power. Algernon had made her truly love him."

"Well, I hope he loves her, then."

"She has married him, so let us hope he does," said Daisy, after a significant pause; "but you know that the darling creature had no power to divide her fortune with me."

"Always excusing that weak silly girl," thought Andrew; "just the same Daisy as ever."

Then when he made no answer she went on.

"The doctor says that her health will always be most uncertain, and she says she shall want mother to be with her a good deal. So, of course, I must have a home. At least, I mean that I must have a proper home, excepting in the holidays."

"And then you will come and stay with your friends?"

"Yes," said Daisy, with a certain hesitation, which made him aware that as yet she had not been overwhelmed with invitations, and then they went on talking of various things till she almost dismissed him by saying, "Well, now mother will be in, she dines early and has high tea about six o'clock; have tea with her, and, Andrew," she looked at him with a slight blush, "you will let mother know you came on purpose to condole, or

whatever one would call it. You would like to give her pleasure?"

"Indeed, I should."

"Well, that will give her pleasure; it is the help, the only kind of help you can give."

So Andrew set forth to give this pleasure, but in a few minutes, turning his head to look behind him, he saw that Daisy had collected her little tribe and was bringing them away, so he went back, joined them, and set the little one, who was very cross after her sleep, on his shoulder. In this style they all proceeded to the house the Belmores were lodging in. Little Mrs. Belmore, seeing them from the window, came forth to the door.

"Who would have thought of seeing you," she exclaimed, in almost the same words that Daisy had used. "Where are you staying?" He named the only hotel the little place boasted of.

"Do come and lunch with us to-morrow," she said. "The Cossack is away, but Mrs. Smith and I will be very glad of your company; we never see a soul."

"Oh, mamma!" exclaimed the eldest girl, in a conscientious spirit; "why, it's only three weeks since that Scripture Reader came, and father asked him in."

"Very true, Martey," said the young step-mother, as Andrew took his leave, "I had forgotten."

(To be continued.)

*"Bright-eyed Fancy, hovering o'er,
Scatters from her pictured urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn."*

ATALANTA SCHOLARSHIP AND READING UNION.

ENGLISH MEN AND WOMEN OF LETTERS.

DE QUINCEY.

DE QUINCEY is a peculiarly interesting author for *students*, first for the literary value of his writings, and secondly, for the questions as to the conduct of life that a consideration of his life and writings raise.

De Quincey's works cover a large field. He was, as he said himself, primarily an intellectual creature, who passed an almost incredible amount of his time in the pursuit of learning. From the age of fifteen, when he could converse fluently in Greek, his pursuits were purely intellectual. He was a man of letters to his finger-tips, one

so absorbed in his studies that his simplicity in business and all the practical affairs of life was that of a child. His natural curiosity of mind led him into many branches of study. He was a student of metaphysics, history, and politics, a ripe classical scholar, a prodigious reader of miscellaneous literature of every description, and it is only for specialists to correct him in his speculations. To give an account of the multifarious papers he contributed to the magazines between 1822 and 1850 would fill several pages of *Atalanta*; it is computed that their number is one hundred and fifty.

But De Quincey's reputation does not lie in the

depth or variety of his learning. We have laid stress on his pursuits here to point out that he was primarily a scholar, but his is one of the comparatively rare cases of a bookworm whose life-long devotion to books developed his natural powers, of a scholar who gained the knowledge that is power, and not merely the husks of learning. If it is rare for the learned man not to be mastered by his own erudition, if it is rare for the pursuit of knowledge to stimulate a desire for beauty and truth, and for the shaping of one's life thereby, it is rarer still for the scholar to express his knowledge with the force that makes it of permanent value to his fellows. With the example of the thousands upon thousands of pedants and schoolmen and dons to warn us of the dangers that beset the intellectual life, and to show us that it is from the contact of the intellect with life, and not with a pale reflection of life, that great works spring, we can remember but three or four instances in English literature of men who, primarily scholars, have developed their genius by their studies. Of these few Milton is chief, and a comparison of the use he made with his learning with the vulgar use will show that he held it as a means, and most men as an end.

Now, De Quincey's genius lies in the exquisite fusion he made of what he drew from books, and what he drew from life. There is no writer of this century who has relied more for his matter on his reading, and has, at the same time, turned his experiences to better advantage. De Quincey's sensitiveness and delicacy of fibre made him shrink from contact with the world, and he turned naturally to books as epitomizing human wisdom. With an amazing industry, his subtle brain, many-sided in apprehending, clear and logical in comprehending, built up for him, bee-like as it were, an intellectual honeycomb, on whose stores he could draw freely without ever exhausting them. And draw on them he did, as the matter of his essays testifies. Everywhere in his writings we see not only the particular subject clearly handled, whether critical or biographical or historical, but elucidated by the application of innumerable illustrations, parallels, and arguments drawn from a thousand sources. So rich, indeed, was De Quincey's mind that his particular strength at times becomes his greatest weakness, and in

the pursuit of analogies and in the unwinding of arguments he gets so far from his original subject that you fancy he can never get back to it. Thus his habit of digression led him in his paper on Keats to devote one-fifth to the poet and four-fifths to arguments that could well be spared. But in general the use he made of his book-lore is a lesson to all who would use theirs. Few have assimilated their facts better, none have let their investigations bias or monopolize their mental outlook less than he.

But if De Quincey owes much to study he owes as much to life. Could we analyze his work closely enough, we should see clearly that the vitalizing element came largely from his experiences, and quickened the mass of facts, theories, and ideas that his books supplied him with; and we should find that though the germs of his highest mental gifts, imagination and insight, only waited their development, that development under different circumstances might have been considerably lessened. We have not space to explain De Quincey's life here, further than to say that it was one of struggle and suffering, first through his being thrown on his own resources in early life, and later, through his succumbing to the habit of opium-eating. From the revelation of the world of sorrow that his London wanderings brought him, from his struggles, and renewed struggles, with the enslaving opium, from his nocturnal roaming that led him through the mazes of three sleeping cities, there came the knowledge which is only yielded in its fulness to the intellect by the senses—that reason is the one channel through which the soul cannot behold the Divine. De Quincey's experiences, in short, made a poet of him. They taught him that to the visionary and the dreamer are revealed more secrets of heaven and earth than to him who has the firmest grasp of facts. Thus his intellect, in a manner, turned upon itself—the test of a deep intellect—and abdicated its functions at the point where only the spiritually blind seek to judge. It is a common axiom, even among the learned, that poetry is the highest truth, but De Quincey did not merely recognise it: “I cannot live without mystery,” he said, and mystery became a part of his life. His “Confessions of an English Opium-eater” is a standing rebuke to the materialist.

From experiences which in the hands of others would seem absurd, or prosaic to a degree, he has woven a narrative which, from the subtle sense of mystery pervading it, retains a hold for ever on the imagination of those who read it. And again, though we can confidently expect that the bulk of his essays, critical and creative as they are at the same time, will secure him his fame, it is none the less true that the more imaginative they are the more do they call forth his genius.

We have said that De Quincey's genius lay in the exquisite fusion of what he drew from books and what he drew from life; and this is true, for, though it is possible to trace the two elements in all his works, it is impossible, with but few exceptions, to separate them one from another without destroying his power. The most notable exception is the fragment, "*Suspiria de Profundis*," which, embodying dreams, contains the finest and grandest passages he ever wrote. For the rest, it is most instructive to see how much his "*Autobiographical sketches*" depend for their interest on the chain of literary ideas he links to them, how his finest essays, such as the "*Spanish Military Nun*," are either history emphasized by arguments and heightened by dreams, or, like "*Murder considered as one of the Fine Arts*," are imaginative *tours de force*, mingling his observations, and investigations of human nature, with history, anecdote, and condition; and how his most purely literary, his critical and biographical papers owe their insight to what may be called a worldly point of view. To stretch a theory, however, to account for every fact, it must be admitted is pre-eminently the critic's vice. To what degree the taking of opium stimulated De Quincey's imagination and supplied his insight is a point on which opinions are divided, and we shall therefore not press our own view further, viz., that his imaginative vein might conceivably have been much less remarkable under different circumstances, but shall consider this quality independently of its origin. Imagination he possessed, indeed, to an extraordinary degree. Here is a specimen of his power, taken from "*The Spanish Military Nun*," describing Kate's escape from the convent:—

"Now she was ready; ready to cast off St. Sebastian's towing rope; ready to cut and run for port anywhere, which port (according to a smart American adage) is to

be looked for 'at the back of beyond.' The finishing touch of her preparations was to pick out the proper keys; even there she showed the same discretion. She did no gratuitous mischief. She did not take the wine cellar key, which would have irritated the good Father Confessor; she did not take the key of the closet which held the peppermint water and other cordials, for that would have distressed the elderly nuns. She took those keys only that belonged to her, if ever keys did; for they were the keys that locked her out from her natural birthright of liberty. Very different views are taken by different parties of this particular act now meditated by Kate. The Court of Rome treats it as the immediate suggestion of Hell, and open to no forgiveness. Another Court, far loftier, ampler, and of larger authority—viz., the Court which holds its dreadful tribunal in the human heart and conscience—pronounces this act an inalienable privilege of man, and the mere reassertion of a birthright that can neither be bought nor sold."

Here is one fact De Quincey gives us—Kate took the keys and escaped from the convent—and straightway his imagination clothes it with a most amusing tissue in which wit and wisdom equally blend—wit, be it especially remarked as being one of the many of his characteristics which no single paper on him can do more than barely mention. In this passage we have a very good example of the richness of De Quincey's mind, and the logical way it worked. First, we have a little hit at the foible of the good father confessor, then a little picture of the convent's domestic economy, then a most telling stab at the Roman Catholic Church, which puts the case against it in a nutshell, and lastly, a little argument to reinstate Kate in the reader's good opinion.

Through this faculty of imagination it is, indeed, that De Quincey has left a permanent mark on our literature. All critics, be it said, good or bad, are too apt to generalize on the laws of literature, to lay down comprehensive schemes of literary classification, showing authoritatively what laws an author must observe to succeed. But De Quincey, by his writings, shows us that all such schemes are of necessity futile, and that genius naturally seeks and discovers the best forms of expression suited to itself, and evolving new combinations, vindicates its right to depart from tradition. In "*The Spanish Military Nun*," "*The Revolt of the Tartars*," and "*Joan of Arc*," De Quincey has turned history into romance in a manner that has no parallel, yet so successfully that only pedants can object: but it is in his

passages of *prose poetry* that he especially defies criticism. About the time he began to write there was a very general impression that prose was separated from poetry by an inseparable barrier, and that poetry was necessarily the superior vehicle of expression. At the present day very few critics hold that opinion, and De Quincey has done more than any other writer to bring that change about. De Quincey is, be it said, a master in this peculiar art of expressing poetical ideas and images in prose by borrowing the music, colour, and rhythm of verse. The following example is taken from "The English Mail Coach":—

"Then was completed the passion of the mighty fugue. The golden tubes of the organ which, as yet, had but muttered at intervals—gleaming amongst clouds and surges of incense—threw up, as from fountains unfathomable, columns of heart-shattering music. Choir and anti-choir were filling fast with unknown voices. Thou, also, Dying Trumpeter!—with thy love that was victorious, and thy anguish that was finishing—did'st enter the tumult; trumpet and echo—farewell love and farewell anguish—rang through the dreadful *sanctus*. Oh, darkness of the grave! that from the crimson altar and from the fiery font wert visited and searched by the effulgence in the angel's eye—were these, indeed, thy children? Poms of life, that, from the burials of centuries, rose again to the voice of perfect joy, did ye, indeed, mingle with the festivals of Death?"

Who, after reading the splendid Dream-fugue, from which this passage is a quotation, can separate prose and poetry into two distinct spheres? All the attributes of poetry are contained in it except two—metre and rhyme—the

lack of which would have rendered useless his poetic gift had he not created a new form for it.

We ought not to leave De Quincey without alluding to that quality to which, more than to any other, it may be said with some little exaggeration, it is that he owes his place—we mean his *style*. Young writers are so often urged to adopt a good style that they come to think of it as independent of matter; whereas in fact *an author's style is an index to his mind*. You can easily see that this is so by comparing great writers one with another; the style of each is peculiar to himself, for, expressing his thoughts and feelings, it must necessarily express the *way* he thinks and feels. Now, De Quincey's style is one that may be studied by beginners in literature with great advantage. They will learn from his essays, directly, that his discursive, logical, and polished style therein corresponds exactly to his versatile, clear, and subtle intellect, and indirectly, that their own difficulties in expression will disappear in proportion as their desire becomes eager to express *something* and not anything. And from his splendid purple patches of languages they will learn that as to *reproducing* a scene, an idea, an emotion, requires art, an author must be an artist in words. They will learn also from "The Confessions of an English Opium-eater" that everybody who seeks to express beautiful ideas will find beautiful words; and that as style can only be taught in the rare case where one man impresses his mental views upon another, that to copy any writer's manner of expression is to sacrifice one's originality.

EDWARD GARNETT.

SCHOLARSHIP COMPETITION QUESTION.

"In *The Spanish Military Nun* and *Joan of Arc*, De Quincy has turned history into romance in a manner that has no parallel." Illustrate this from either of the chosen Essays.

WORK SELECTED.—*Joan of Arc*, or *The Spanish Military Nun*. (De Quincy's Works, Vol. III. A. and C. Black.)

Papers must contain not more than 500 words, and must be sent in by August 25.

AUTHOR SELECTED FOR SEPTEMBER.—Bulwer Lytton.

SEARCH QUESTIONS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

I.

Of what young lady was it remarked that her "Shoes were odd, and her temper even"?

II.

What were the names of the Shepherds who kept their flocks on the Delectable Mountains?

III.

Explain the expression "Jedwood justice."

IV.

Where may the following quotations be found, and to what places do they refer?

- (1) "Thou art the garden of the world, the home Of all art yields, and nature can decree."
- (2) "Half church of God, half castle 'gainst the Scot,

Where tower and buttress rose in martial rank,
And girdled in the massive donjon keep,

Answers to be sent in by August 15; they should be addressed to the SUPERINTENDENT, R.U.

And from their circuit peal'd o'er bush and bank
The matin bell with summons long and deep."

- (3) "There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass.
Here are cool mosses deep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in
sleep."

V.

Of whom was the following written?

"*Emigravit* is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies;
Dead he is not,—but departed,—for the artist never dies."

VI.

What was the chief item of anxiety in the life of Mr. Todgers?

VII.

Who lived at the following places?—1. Norton Bury
2. Violet Bank. 3. Moor House. 4. The Hall Farm.

ANSWERS TO SEARCH QUESTIONS (JULY).

I.

Thackeray. (*Vanity Fair*.)

II.

Little children; grasshoppers; tiny fairies; little boats; pale Diana; little flounders; dogs; autumn leaves; apparitions—all these "are fond of skipping. But oh! how Readers skip, In heavy volumes dipping." (*Skipping: A Mystery*. Hood.)

III.

1. "Redgauntlet." 2. "The Talisman." 3. "Quentin Durward" (*Louis XI.*). 4. "Heart of Midlothian." 5. "Fortunes of Nigel" (*George Heriot*). 6. "Peveril of the Peak" (*Charles II.*). 7. "Rob Roy." 8. "Guy Mannering." 9. "Ivanhoe" (*Robin Hood*).

IV.

Because he had only called to let the Watsons know that he was on his way home to an eight o'clock dinner, and the idea of sitting down to supper, to a man whose heart had been long fixed on calling his next meal a dinner, was quite insupportable. (Jane Austen. *The Watsons*.)

V.

1. By Romeo, at the tomb of Juliet. 2. Spoken by Rosalind, to Celia (*As You Like It*). 3. By Benedick, after over-hearing the conversation about Beatrice. 4. Said by the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III., to Queen Margaret. 5. When the witches were showing the apparitions to Macbeth. 6. Said by the clown, after singing to the Duke (*Twelfth Night*). 7. Spoken by King Lear, after the death of Cordelia. 8. When Coriolanus is trying to resist his wife's and mother's entreaties to return to Rome. 9. After the death of Hamlet.

VI.

THREE JOHNS.

1. The real John; known only to his Maker.
2. John's ideal John; never the real one, and often very unlike him.
3. Thomas's ideal John; never the real John, nor John's John, but often very unlike either.

THREE THOMASES.

1. The real Thomas.
2. Thomas's ideal Thomas.
3. John's ideal Thomas.



ON TEACHING TO SWIM.

ALL who have come to the ruminating stage will agree with me in thinking that a first achievement is something quite apart. The first bird you shot on the wing, the first trout you lured with the fly, is not to be confounded with any bird or fish lured or shot in after days. I have the most vivid and delightful recollection of these two great events in my life; but the remembrance of them grows pale before that of the week or ten days in which I learnt to swim—learnt to forge my way through the water with ease and pleasure, where before I had only been able to struggle convulsively for a few moments and then sink. I remember with delight the warm summer weather and the feverish eagerness with which I looked for twelve o'clock, when we hurried off to the beautifully clear river, and there, day by day, made some new advance; until after a fortnight or so after making my first rough but genuine strokes I became a competent swimmer, and began to revel in the deeper water. But it was a work of brute force; I had no instruction or method. It was the result of absolute determination not to be left behind, but, whether with head above or head beneath, to force my way through the water as other boys were doing. I must then have been about thirteen years of age. I am now convinced that, with a little judicious teaching, I might have learned five years before, and without any great effort. My own children, boys and girls, and others who have been to me as children, have not

had the opportunities of bathing that I had, but they have gone with me every year to the seaside in a country place for four or five weeks, and as soon as they were old enough to bathe with me they severally learnt to swim, after a few lessons and without effort. It may, perhaps, interest many people who take their children to the seaside to hear how this was accomplished, for it is certain that, notwithstanding the ease with which many learn to swim, there remain thousands of boys and girls, more girls, perhaps, than boys, who eagerly desire, but are unable to master this simple art. The Brown Owl requires brevity, so I must to business, and explain the method I have adopted with unfailing success. First, as to choice of bathing place. I have sacrificed everything to getting calm water. This is essential, and you will generally find on our coast some creek or pool where this can be secured. The water should be from four to five feet deep, so that the teacher can stand and the pupil cannot. Oral instruction should be given at home, so that when repeated in the water the pupil will understand at once, for it is not exactly the time for explanation when a child is shivering with cold or timidity, or half choked with a dose of salt water.

The chief difference between my method and that of others is, that I begin by teaching to swim on the back and then on the face. The reasons for this are clear; I need not enter into them in a

paper that has a purely practical aim ; but I am ready to explain and to defend them. Well, having instructed my pupil orally as much as possible at home, and having assured him that on no account will I let him sink if he will do what I tell him, I lay him gently on his back, telling him to arch his body, as if the back of his head were resting on one chair and his heels on another, and to extend his arms on the water at right angles to his body. I then place my right hand under the middle of his body and my left under his chin—the first in order to give him confidence, and to help him to arch his body ; the second, not to support his body at all, but to force the head backwards as far as possible, with the chin in the air, and the back of the head, and even the forehead, under the water. This, remember, is the only secret of floating. It is said that floating is all a matter of confidence. And so it is. But if you have all the confidence in the world, you will sink if you do not dispose your body correctly. And if you are dying of fright you will float if you consistently keep in the right position. Now, let us notice what action it is that the want of confidence invariably induces—for the action is always the same. The pupil will try to raise his head, and in doing so will also lift his feet out of the water, thereby destroying the arched or horizontal position of the body, and bending it in the contrary way. Everybody now knows that sea water will enable the human frame to float, only by displacing almost as much water as the space occupied by the body itself. That is to say, if you will let every part of your frame, in which I include the head, rest on the water, it will just allow you to keep your nose and face free, without any exertion on your part, but if you raise your head and feet (and you are sure to raise the feet if you raise the head), as a beginner always tries to do, you are bound to sink. I watch carefully, then, for this movement of my pupil, and by hand and voice urge him to keep his head thrown back, and it cannot be too far back ; the forehead should be covered. Any attempt to lay hold of my hand is promptly and severely repressed.

After a little while there is no convulsive effort to raise the head. Nevertheless, the left hand must not be taken from the chin ; but if I am convinced that there will be no effort to raise the head, I gently remove the right hand. I then tell my

pupil that he is floating, as he clearly is, for the hand under the chin is not a support. It is prudent, and only kind, after a little while, to lift the pupil up and take him in your arms, and let him have a little breathing-time. I then repeat the exercise, removing even the hand from the chin, if I am assured that there will be no effort to raise the head. The first lesson has always been enough to prove, by the experience of the pupil himself, that the water will support the body, and allow ample power of breathing, if only the head is thrown well back and kept consistently in that position. This is enough for one day. On the next occasion I repeat the lesson, removing the right hand almost immediately and the left as soon as possible. The pupil soon learns that his sole safety from a dose of salt water depends on keeping his head thrown back. I now allow him to float for a longer time, until he feels quite at home. Before the third lesson I give fair warning that I expect further progress, and that the pupil, from being a mere log, must now become an active agent—must, in fact, become a swimmer.

This will be done by opening the knees (not drawing them up to the chin), and by kicking not backwards, but out to the side. The kicks should not be too rapid, and here will be seen the advantage of learning on the back. There is no irresistible impulse to make rapid kicks. On the contrary, the timid pupil, knowing that by simply extending himself he can avoid swallowing salt water, will often be reluctant to repeat the kicks, because the first effect is often to send the head under water. The sole cause of this is that as soon as any movement is required the arched position is abandoned, and there is a tendency to raise the head. But by alternately encouraging the pupil to kick out and then to straighten himself with head thrown back, it will soon be found that he will do either at the word of command.

Before the end of the sixth lesson I have invariably found that he would swim twenty yards, and, what is more important, resting when he is told to rest, and striking out when he is told to strike. From want of space I have omitted many details, and must altogether defer the change from back to face. I do not say that when the stage to which I have come has been reached a pupil is a competent swimmer ; but I say the secret is now an open one, the necessary confidence has been

gained, and it is now only a question of practice and effort. My experience refers more to boys than girls; but when I have had a girl for a pupil she has been quite as quick to learn. The only reason why girls do not learn in greater numbers is because the conditions under which they attempt to do so are unfavourable. Their bathing is confined to the seaside, and on our coast the water is generally more or less rough and always cold, and competent instruction is scarce. If parents would take their girls to sea-side places where there are sea-water baths raised to a moderate temperature, then the chief of the adverse conditions vanish, and under the method I have too briefly tried to explain there would be no difficulty in teaching them to swim by hundreds. Swimming requires no special aptitude more than walking, no special courage, strength, or gift. And if I were given five boys and five girls as pupils for three weeks I should expect the same measure of success with the girls as with the boys; for it is a moral certainty that they would all be competent swimmers by the end of the third week.*

D. G. Thomas.

* * *

A NEW book has just appeared, called *A Social Departure* (Chatto and Windus). It has a second title, "How Orthodocia and I went Round the World by Ourselves." Its author, Sara Jeannette Duncan, has dedicated the volume, "as a slight tribute to the omnipotence of her opinion, and a humble mark of profoundest respect, to Mrs. Grundy." This book is a departure in more senses than one. It is a book of travel which is not dull, not hackneyed, free from dry statistics, with nothing at all pedantic or meant to be informing about it. The adventures, too, are nothing extraordinary. Given equal spirit and courage, they might happen to anyone. Yet the book is fascinating from cover to cover. It reads like a fairy-tale, only the fairies are real, and the stories true.

Now, this is what Orthodocia and her friend did. They overcame the prejudice of their friends, who were terribly afraid of Mrs. Grundy, and, like the lady of Ireland, who "felt not the least alarm," started on a tour round the world. Their point of departure was Canada, from where they went

* This paper invites discussion. All letters or remarks must reach the Editor not later than August 20, and must have the words "Brown Owl" on the cover.

over the prairies and across the Rockies, and finally took ship from Vancouver to Japan. From the first, Orthodocia and her friend determined to look at life through rose-coloured spectacles. The effect that these glasses gave to all the things they saw, to all the adventures that came to them, was simply this: trouble vanished, hardships were nowhere, fatigue was not to be spoken about. The whole thing was a gay joke, a delicious, vivifying, youthful experience. For the girls were very young and so fresh that, with the aid of their youth and those same glasses, they looked at the world in quite a new way, which is one of the reasons why the book now published will give pleasure wherever it is read.

The life in Japan is described in graphic touches. First of all there was an awful interview with the reporter of a Japanese newspaper. The account of that interview must be read, for to describe it fully would take up too much space, and to cut it down would spoil it.

After the interview, the next thing of note is where the travellers would keep house for themselves in Japan. They took a house in Tokio, had Japanese servants, and adopted as far as possible the manners of the country. By-and-by they were asked into Japanese society, where they saw some pretty sights, and heard many novel and amusing things. The Japanese are beginning to learn European ways, and the mixture of old Japan and modern England in their toilettes must have been irresistibly funny. The writer says—

* * *

"We were sorely tried by certain hybrid costumes which were introduced to us with profound gravity. On one occasion, when Orthodocia was doing her best to converse with a young gentleman in tennis shoes, a silk hat, and a dressing-jacket, and I talked to another in tails and a Tam-o'-Shanter, one of the young Takayanagis bore down upon us with still another in irreproachable evening dress, lavender kids, patent leather shoes, white tie and all—and, garnished as to his neck with a large, fluffy, comfortable Manchester bath towel, best quality."

Orthodocia and her friend were at a garden party, given by Mr. Takayanagi, when this apparition appeared. He introduced to them his sisters, who, fortunately, had not adopted European dress. "These," he said, "are my sisters."

"He indicated with that a row of the prettiest things you could imagine, each a little shorter than the next, every little round face daintily powdered and painted, with narrow, black eyes, modestly slanting, and shiny black cushions of hair, and a bright dab of gold beneath the full under lip. Their plump shoulders sloped under *kimonos*, which were pale blue and grey and rose and gold. . . . And the *kimonos* were tied in at the waist with embroidered *obis*, the wide sashes which are the pride and delight of feminine Japan, and which these maidens probably inherited from some of their grandmamas. Their garments were drawn much too tight round their ankles for the stage capers of a Gilbert and Sullivan Yum-Yum, and their shapely little feet were kept off the ground by lacquered sandals three inches high. I am afraid we stared rather; they were so new and sweet and pleasant to look at, for after they had made their little bows they hid their faces, each on the shoulder of the taller one, just as you may have seen bluebells do in the wind.' Further on, Orthodoxia has a novel and disagreeable experience in a bath. Readers must be referred to the book for the perusal of this episode; also for a good laugh over that dinner party where Orthodoxia, in full evening dinner dress found it inconvenient to sit on a flat cushion after the manner of the Japanese. Finally, these young ladies resolved not only to live in a Japanese house, but to receive visitors after the manner of the country.

* * *

"When they come to our country," Orthodoxia said, very properly, "they adopt our customs, our chairs, our knives and forks. It is only polite that we should return the compliment."

"So we had our bows in our pocket, as it were, and our raw fish, our seaweed, and our sugared beans all ready in the lacquered compartment box of ceremony. . . . The square, flat velvet cushions were ready, too, on which we were to drop gracefully, kneeling with palms outspread upon the floor, and bowing as low in that position as circumstances would permit. . . . Our first caller was Mr. Shiro Hashimoto. . . . Orthodoxia dropped according to agreement, with dramatic effect. In the midst of her third bow she cast upon me a look of agonized reproach, which I felt all too keenly that I deserved; for, covered

with ignominy, I was shaking hands with the native gentleman—Japan had required too much of me. And he, in horrible uncertainty, was making a superhuman gymnastic effort to pay his respects to both of us at once, which must have resulted in dislocation somewhere.

"I should be glad to accord this reception the distinguished success Orthodoxia and I intended it to be, but I can't with rectitude. We wanted to pay our guest the compliment of conversing in Japanese; he wanted to pay us the compliment of conversing in English; and the compliments got confused. We were very generous with our Japanese, we kept none of it in reserve. All we had we brought out freely for his benefit, and his English was submitted to us in the same candid way. When he fell back on Japanese, therefore, or we upon English, the situation became even more complicated, and the simplest phrases of an infant's primer in either language assumed a subtlety that required two grammars and a dictionary. Our refreshments were also a source of mortification to us. The tea was fairly appreciated, but our Japanese solids were ignored in a way that cut deep into Orthodoxia's housekeeping susceptibilities. In vain did she press our pearly rice in a red rice bowl; in vain did I offer one tier after another of our storied box of delicacies. Our visitor received one and all with a bow and a grave smile, laid it carefully on the floor beside him, and drank more tea to console our wounded feelings. After he had departed, little Chrysanthemum coming in to remove the *débris*, appeared to go into a suppressed convulsion. In the kitchen the convulsion became a series; and when we sternly demanded its cause, that dear little heathen, her small fat body doubled up with mirth, pointed to a corner where stood in a desolate row six pairs of the forgotten chop-sticks.

"It is difficult to acquire the domestic economy of Japan thoroughly in a month. The chop-stick might be called one of its features, and yet it had utterly escaped us."

But it is impossible to repeat even a tithe of the amusing things which befell these adventurous travellers. There was the shopping, which forms such a feature in Japan; there was the visit to the Mikado's palace. Finally, there was the tender and pathetic leave-taking; for the hearts of

the young Canadian and English girl stayed behind them in the dear, quaint, delightful place. The girls extended their tour to China, Ceylon, India, and other places, and curious episodes befell them by the way. On the whole, however, the account of their six weeks in Japan seems to impress one most. The whole book is written in a very kindly spirit, the humour is tender, reserved; like summer lightning, it flashes, but never wounds. The descriptions of nature are brief, but forcible, and now and then the simple, but fascinating, story rises to the point of pathos.

* * *

ANOTHER book which ought to receive special attention at this season, when not only tired workers, but all alike are seeking holidays, is *Up and Down; Sketches of Travel*," by Gilbert S. Macquoid (Ward and Downey). There are many illustrations by the author's father, Thomas R. Macquoid, R.I. All who have made the fascinating journeys described, and all who hope to do so at some time hereafter, ought to read "Up and Down." The author's style is extremely pleasant, and his experiences ought to prove of use. His account of Antwerp is especially full of interest. He touches slightly on the past history of the great cathedral, and renews the sympathy always felt for its old-world associations. The illustrations add much to the value of the volume.

* * *

A correspondent sends the following:—

Respected Brown Owl,—

I HARDLY think Professor Lloyd Morgan's reply on the subject of beautiful sunsets will satisfy the little girl of thirteen.

A beautiful sunset is a picture on a grand scale, and to see it a high position and extended foreground are requisite. My house is 430 feet above sea-level; we have uninterrupted views to the west and north for miles, and can see two distant ranges of hills—one above another—to the north-west. We thus sweep the horizon half round the heavens, and see the sun, as it were, after it should have set by the almanac. Under these conditions, we have almost daily a more or less splendid picture before, or at the time of, or after sunset. Sometimes the grandest picture is long after the sun has gone.

It is only under similar conditions that you can be sure of seeing beautiful sunsets over the sea. Some years ago I was staying at Newquay, on the north coast of Cornwall, for six weeks, and by going up day after day on to Towan Head—a high promontory from which the eye could sweep the Atlantic almost from north to south—I rarely missed seeing a glorious picture about the hour of sunset. I may mention that friends who live close to us at home, and friends staying at Newquay years ago have been astonished at the pictures to be seen from our windows and from Towan Head respectively. Without this vantage ground they missed them altogether.

So is a western aspect the best for seeing the glorious effects of sunrise. Sunrise is often a disappointing picture; but look to the west and note the beautiful effects of the early glimmerings of sunlight, and you will frequently see a picture such as no mortal hand could paint.

I am, yours respectfully,

J. B. D.

* * *

IT has come to my knowledge that some among the subscribers to *Atalanta* are members of "The Christian Kingdom Society," an association of workers pledged to brotherhood and sisterhood in the bond of useful and unselfish labour for the cause of human progress on both the spiritual and material planes, and I am happy to accede to the request to make it more widely known among our readers. I have also received the first number of the quarterly organ of the society, called *Christian Links*.

The title is a suggestive one. It can hardly be denied that the inherent tendency of inelastic creeds and stringent confessions of faith has always been towards division and separation. The new society aims at *Unity* rather, than *Uniformity*, and provides opportunities for Christians of all classes and parties to meet as friends and take counsel together on questions affecting the public welfare.

The religious basis is founded upon a single rule, which is:—"That the members shall endeavour in all things to render faithful and loyal obedience to the Spirit of Christ. This is the only rule of the Society."

The executive power, or store of moral force,

with which it enters upon its task of extending the kingdom of heaven upon earth by the promotion of personal holiness, national righteousness, and a spirit of sympathy and unity among Christians, is supplied by the voluntary devotion of the members. A subscription is no necessary preliminary to membership, and no contributions are extorted to be spent in demonstrations or advertisements, nor are great names paraded to attract attention; but relinquishing the sinews of worldly warfare, and contenting itself with the bare necessities of existence, provided by the voluntary aid of members and sympathizers, the ideal of the society as such is to part with all these things as encumbrances to the following of the Divine Master in the paths of gentleness and peace which He treads. Thus working quietly and unostentatiously, it hopes to secure in every district a band of members who, though they may differ in their theological and political views, will unite in an effort to set their sense of duty above personal interest or party expediency.

It is an *Association of Workers*, applying the term *workers* not only to those engaged in *great enterprises* and *far-off crusades*, but to all who, in *domestic and public life*, are consciously endeavouring, by thought, word, or deed, to bring about a more Christian spirit, wider sympathies, and a kindlier feeling among their fellows.

Penetrated with the conviction of the utter impossibility of securing perfect agreement on points of doctrine and questions of speculative theology among members, the Secretary Founder of the Society determined from the first to exclude the discussion of such subjects from all meetings and to devote every moment of time and every ounce of energy to practical objects. These objects, as regards each individual, are the fostering of a lofty spirit of self-renunciation, and devotion to the task of development of the higher nature for the purpose, and in the intention of becoming a more efficient servant of Christ and of humanity.

To conclude my notice of this "Communion of Saints," here is a list of Christian graces which each member is to cultivate:—

FAITH, HOPE, CHARITY.
 RIGHTEOUSNESS, TRUTH, JUSTICE
 TEMPERANCE, CHASTITY.

UNSELFISHNESS.

HUMANITY, MEEKNESS.

GENTLENESS, KINDNESS, COMPASSION.

FORBEARANCE, FORGIVENESS, MERCY.

PATIENCE, ENDURANCE, FORTITUDE.

HIGHER KNOWLEDGE.

DILIGENCE, EARNESTNESS, SERIOUSNESS.

CONTENTMENT, CHEERFULNESS, HAPPINESS.

LOVE, JOY, PEACE.

How many of these will the majority of our readers be compelled to class among the "Forgotten Graces"?

The Secretary, the Rev. Alex. H. Smith, M.A., 20, St. Bride Street, London, E.C., will be glad to afford every information about the Society.

J. C. Staples.

* * *

A VOLUME of poems called *The Religion of Humanity*, by Annie Matheson (Percival and Co.), has just appeared. Some of the poems are decidedly above the average, and one in especial, *A Song for Women*, strikes a deep note of earnestness; it is a poem of contrasts, and the truth of the double picture adds much to its pathetic power. A charming little "Flower-Fancy" is also to be found in this volume.

TO A DEVONSHIRE MAIDEN SOJOURNING IN LONDON.

O, bright Lent Lily with the golden hair,

Why art thou only lent and wilt not stay?

Thou art so wonderfully bright and fair,

My sunshine goes if thou but turn away,

Lent Lily!

Thy smile is welcome: though it come in Lent,

The gayest festival it well might grace.

There's not a fast but as a feast is spent,

Only in gazing on thy laughing face,

Lent Lily.

Why must thou go?—Why art thou only lent?

Oh, not a loan but a free gift I crave.

Only thyself, dear Lily, will content

This heart, possessed by ne'er a mortal save

Lent Lily.

L. T. Meade.

FLOWER AND FRUIT.

From the Drawing by ALICE REEVE.

ATALANTA

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No. 36.

A MORNING SONG.

Edward F. Strange.

OH! the roses were wet as with wine,
When my love passed through
Her garden fair, ere the sun did shine—
Red and heavy, and wet with the wine
Of the morning dew.

One white star shone in the dawn,
Shone dimly afar—
And my love is come from her curtains drawn
At the silent hour of the early dawn ;
When sweet thoughts are.

Clad she in cendaline,
White and pure gold—
A rose-crown wears as beseems a queen,
Roses and robe of cendaline,
And a rose to hold.

That rose in her dainty hand
She shall give to me !
Or ever the first sweet breeze has fanned
My lady's cheek, I shall clasp her hand
So fair to see.

And or ever the first sweet birdie's song
 Shall have upward flown,
 For ever shall end my waiting long,
 And my lady shall list to my love-song,
 Whom she loveth alone !

A ROUGH SHAKING.

George MacDonald.

LX.

A WALK WITH CONSEQUENCES.

CLARE had been in the bank more than a year, and not yet had Mr. Shotover discovered why he did not quite trust him. Had Clare known he did not, he would have wondered that he trusted him with such a precious thing as his little girl. But was little Ann really precious to Mr. Shotover? When a man's heart is in his business, that is, when he is set on making money, some precious things are not so precious to him as they might be—among the rest the living God and his own life. He would pass Clare and the child in his arms with a nod that indicated no disapproval, but not a smile would he spend on the small woman. Could he be pleased that a clerk in his bank should month after month play the nursemaid? Both he and his wife and daughter had, I presume, sufficient regard for the inoffensive little thing to be pleased she should be happy, so long as it cost them neither pains nor care. Anyhow no one interfered. To see them together, it was plain that the child was in charge of an angel. The countenance of Clare, with little Ann in his arms, was so peaceful, so radiant of simple satisfaction, that some in the large town must, seeing them, have thought of the angels that do alway behold the face of the Father in heaven.

One evening in the early summer, when they had resumed their walks after five o'clock, they

saw, in a waste place, where houses had been going to be built for the last two years, a number of caravans drawn up.

A rush of hope filled the heart of Clare: what if it should be the one he knew so well! And, yes, there, sure enough, was Mr. Halliwell superintending operations! But her father and mother might not like him to take little Ann to call upon Mrs. Halliwell! and if Glum Gunn were about, he might find it very awkward with the child in his arms. Gunn might not respect even her! He would take her home and come again to see his third mother, and hear all about his old friends—Pummy and the rest!

Little Ann was eager to know what those curious houses on wheels were; and he told her they were like her Noah's Ark, full of beasts, only they were all real live beasts, not beasts made of bits of stick. This made her quite anxious to see them. Her contempt of things that wouldn't come alive, had been growing stronger ever since she threw her doll out of the window. Clare told her he could not take her without first asking leave. This puzzled her: Clare was her highest authority!

"But if *you* take me," she said.

"Papa and mamma might not like me to take you!"

"But I'm yours!"

"Yes, you're mine—but not so much," he added with a sigh, "as theirs!"

"Ain't I?" she rejoined in a tone of protesting astonishment, and began to wriggle, wanting to get down.

Clare set her down, and would have held her as usual by the hand, but she would not let him. She stood with a face like gray stone. Clare was frightened to see her look so, and stood a moment silent, reviewing the situation.

"You see, little one," he said at length, "you were theirs before I came! You were sent to them! You are their own little girl, and we must mind what they would like!"

"It was only till you came!" she argued. "They don't care *very* much for me. Ask them, please, to sell me to you. I don't think they would want much money for me! How much money do you think I am worth, Clare?—not much, I hope!"

"You are worth more than all the money that ever was in your papa's bank," answered Clare, looking down at her lovingly.

The child's face fell.

"Am I?" she said. "I'm so sorry! I didn't know I was worth so much!—and not yours!" she added with a sigh that seemed to come from the very heart of her being.—"Then you won't be able to buy me?"

"No, indeed, little one," answered Clare. "Papas don't sell their little girls!"

"Oh, yes, they do! Gus said so to Trudie!"

Clare knew that *Trudie* meant her sister Gertrude; he did not know whom *Gus* meant.

"Who is Gus?" he asked.

"Trudie calls him Gus. I don't know any other name to him. Perhaps they call him something else in the bank!"

"Oh! he's in the bank, is he?" returned Clare. "Then I think I know him."

"He said it to her one night in my nursery. Jane went down. I was in my crib. They talked such a long time! I tried to go to sleep, but I couldn't. I heard all what he said to her. It wasn't half so nice as what you say to me!"

It was not pleasant news to Clare. Augustus Marway was, if half the tales of him were true, no fit person for his master's daughter to be intimate with! He had once heard Mr. Shotover speak about gambling in terms of disapprobation he had never heard him use about anything else; and it was understood among the clerks that Marway went gambling every night while he had anything to gamble with. He felt so troubled, that at first he wished the child had not told him.

For what was he to do? Was it right to let this go on? Clare felt sure that Mr. Shotover did not know Marway gambled, or did not know that he talked in the nursery to his daughter. He could do nothing without telling, and they all said it was dirt-mean to carry tales! For the young men "stuck by each other," and hid from Mr. Shotover things he had a right to know. But whatever they might think, he *must* do something in the matter! Little Ann wondered he hardly spoke to her all the way home. But she did not say anything, for she too was troubled: she did not belong to Clare so much as she had thought!

Clare reflected also as he went, how much he owed Ann's sister for letting him have the little one. She had always spoken to him kindly too, and never seemed, like the clerks, to look down upon him because he was once a page-boy. If they had been as often hungry as he, they would have been glad to be page-boys! He liked to be a page-boy! He would do anything for Miss Tempest! And he must do what he could for Miss Shotover! It would be wicked to let her marry a man that was wicked! He had himself seen him drunk—though not often! Would it be fair, knowing she did not know, not to tell? Would it not be helping to hurt her? Was he to be a coward and fear being called bad names! Was he, for the sake of the good opinion of rascals, to take care of the rascal, and let the lady take care of herself! There was this difficulty, however, that, called upon to prove what he said, he could not prove anything beyond having seen him drunk!

He carried Ann up the stairs to her nursery, and set out to find Mrs. Halliwell. When he knocked at the door of her caravan, she opened it herself, stared a moment, threw her arms round his neck, and kissed him.

"Come in, come in, my boy!" she said. "It makes me a happy woman to see you again! I've been right miserable over what might have befallen you, and me with all that money of yours! I've got it by me safe, ready to hand you! I used to lie awake and fancy Gunn had got a hold of you, and made away with you! I know he was absent more than once a-looking for you! I think he's afraid of you; I know he hates you. Mind you keep out of his way; he'll do you a mischief if

he has the chance. He's the same as ever, doing what he can to make life miserable."

"I've never done him wrong," said Clare, "and I'm not going to keep out of his way as if I were afraid of him! I mean to come and see the animals to-morrow!"

"Well, I don't think he'll venture—except he happens to be drunk. But what's that talking? We're all quiet for the night.—Listen!"

For some time Clare had been conscious of the whispered sounds of a conversation somewhere near, but had paid no attention. The voices were now plainer than at first; and, listening, he thought he had heard one of them before. It was peculiar—that of an old Jew whom he had seen several times in the bank. As they went on talking, he thought he knew the other voice also. It was that of Augustus Marway. Possibly the speakers fancied themselves against a caravan full of wild beasts.

Marway was the son of an old admiral who, late in life, had married a young and silly woman. She had been dead some years, but it was no loss to her son. Many of the King's ships had to come into the port, and his father being much respected in the navy, Augustus had made acquaintance after his kind, that is, with the most dissolute of the officers who came ashore, and had plenty of help to grow worse.

Of late he had been playing deeper and meeting worse luck; he had come to the pass that no one would lend him a single sovereign more. His father knew, in a vague way, how he was going on. He had lost nearly all hope of his reformation, and had let it be known that he would not be responsible for him in anything. Of great physical strength, he had seldom failed to appear at the bank in the morning, if not quite in time, yet sufficiently near it to escape rebuke. Mr. Shotover was a connection by marriage, and although that gave him no privilege in the bank, it gave him one elsewhere, which he greatly prized, for he hoped to turn it to good account—the privilege, namely, of being by Miss Shotover treated as a cousin. He was in a measure careful, therefore, not to lose the good opinion of his employer;—it had of late, he suspected, been something shaken by windy rumours.

Clare heard but portions here and there of he conversation going on outside the wooden

wall; but he could make out plainly enough that Marway was pressing his creditor to leave him alone until he married, when he would pay every shilling he owed him.

The young fellow had a persuasive tongue, and boasted he could get the better of even a Jew. The money-lender granted a truce of three months, after which, if Marway was not at least the accepted suitor of the lady whose fortune was going to redeem him, the Jew must take his course.

The moment Clare heard them about to part, he hastened from the caravan, and went along the edge of the waste ground, so as to meet Marway on his road back to the town: at the corner they came plump against each other. Marway would have passed with a polite word, but started and stopped when Clare addressed him. Seeing then who claimed his attention, he drew himself up, and said,

"Well?"

"Mr. Marway," said Clare, "I heard a great deal of what passed between you and old Lewin."

Marway used vulgar enough language at times, and he did so now. I can report only the substance of what he said.

"A spy! A sneaking spy!"

"Nobody minds being overheard except the man who has something to conceal. If I had low secrets I would not stand up against the side of a caravan to speak of them. I was inside, and should have had to stop my ears not to hear you."

"Why didn't you then, you low-bred flunkey?"

"Because I had heard of you what made it my duty to take what was given me in the way of information."

Marway cursed his insolence, and asked what he was doing there.

"That is my business. Had I known you for an honest man, I would not have listened. I should have had no right."

"You dare to tell me to my face I am not an honest man?"

"I do. But on grounds you are not aware that I possess."

"Bitterly shall you repent this, you prying rascal! This is your revenge for a blow you had not the courage to return! You must dog me

and get a hold of my affairs, you cur! You shall repent it, I swear!"

"You cannot make me repent the endeavour to hinder wrong. Does Miss Shotover know the sort of man who wants to marry her? Does she know why he wants to marry her? Does her father know that he is in the clutches of a money-lender?"

Marway shook with rage. He laid hold of Clare and threatened to kill him. Clare did not flinch.

He calmed down a little.

"Well, how much do you want to square it?" he said.

"I don't understand you," returned Clare.

"What size is your tongue-plaster?"

"I don't know your slang."

"How much will bribe you to hold your tongue?—I hope I speak plain enough now, even for *your* comprehension!"

"If I had meant to hold my tongue, I should have held it."

"What do you mean, then?"

"To tell either your father or Mr. Shotover what you're about."

"You won't easily convince me that even you are such a fool. What good would that do you? Hang it! where's the *use*? I'll give you four flimsies—there!—Twenty pounds, you idiot! There!"

"Mr. Marway, nothing could make me hold my tongue—not even your promise to tell the truth yourself!"

"Then why do you come and tell me now? From sheer impudence?"

"Not at all! I should have been glad not to have to tell you. It is for my own sake I do."

"That of course!"

"It is that I may do nothing underhand!"

"What are you going to do next, then?"

"What I told you—to tell Mr. Shotover or Admiral Marway—which, I have not made up my mind yet. I would tell Miss Shotover, only, if she be anything of a girl, she would not believe me."

"I should think not.—You will not compound, and leave me to my chance?"

"No. I will save the lady if I can. She shall at least, know the sort of man you are!"

"It is war to the knife?"

"If you make it such."

"Then do your worst for a cringing flunkey!"

"I haven't cringed to you, Mr. Marway!"

He made him no answer, but strode away into the gathering dark.

LXI.

PUMMY AND ABBY.

MARWAY was a fine, handsome fellow, whose frank, winning manners made him a favourite with such as were like him inside: two of the young men in the office were always ready to serve him slavishly. Every moment of the next day Clare was watched without his even suspecting it. Marway had laid his plans, and would forestall their frustration. Clare could hardly do anything before the dinner-hour, but he would make assurance double sure.

At anchor in the roads lay a frigate, whose duty it was to sail round and round the islands, watching them, like a duck her floating brood. Among the younger officers on board were several men with whom Marway was on terms of intimacy. Two of them he had met the night before, and what moments were not spent in winning one another's money, were spent in contriving the frustration of Clare's interference with Marway's scheme. The same thing made the two ready, even anxious to help him: he owed them both money. If he married the heiress, they would have their own. Clare had come in the way of all of them.

But the child was a guardian cherub to the object of their enmity, and he and she must be separated. They had found out that Clare had asked leave of Miss Shotover to take little Ann to the wild-beast show that evening: his going there would favour their plan, but the presence of the child would render it impracticable.

One thing in its favour was, that Mr. Shotover was from home. If Clare had resolved on telling him rather than the Admiral, he could not until the next evening: that would give them abundant time! And, in truth, Clare had come to the just conclusion that his master had the first right to know. Clare's object was not the exposure of Marway, but the protection of his master's daughter. He would, therefore, wait his return. Also, Marway would have thereby a chance to

bethink himself, and, like Hamlet's uncle, "try what repentance can!"

As soon as he had the place put in order for the night, he went to get his little companion, and take her to see the wild beasts. The child had been all the morning and afternoon in a profound stillness of expectation, but the hour came and passed, and he never came.

"You never never never came," she said to him long after. "I had to go to bed, and the beasts went away." It was many weeks before her solemn little visage smiled again.

Clare went to the little room off the hall, where the child was almost always waiting for him, ready-dressed to go. She was not there. He waited, but nobody came. He ran to go to the nursery—in his eagerness up the front stair, which was forbidden him. At the top he ran against the butler coming from the drawing-room—a respectable old man, who had been in the family as long as his master.

"Pardon me, Mr. Porson," he said, "but it is against orders to use this staircase."

"I know very well, and I'm in the wrong," answered Clare; "but I was in such a hurry that I ventured this once. I've been waiting for Miss Ann twenty minutes!"

"If you will go down, I will make inquiry, and let you know directly," replied the butler.

He had not waited more than another minute when the butler brought the message that the child was not to go out. In vain Clare sought an explanation; but the old man knew nothing of the matter, but confessed that Miss Shotover seemed a little put out.

Then Clare saw that his desire to do justice had forestalled his endeavour: Marway had seen Miss Shotover, and they had taken from him the child he loved! He repented, not that he had told him his purpose, but that he had told him before he was ready to follow it up with action. Distressed at the thought of little Ann's disappointment, but without the least apprehension for himself, he set out for the show, glad in the midst of his grief, that he was going to see Pummy once more.

The weather had been cloudy all day, but as he left the closer part of the town, the vaporous vault gave way, and the west revealed a glorious sunset. Troubled for the trouble of little Ann, Clare was drawn to the sunset more than to

the wild beasts. The splendour said to him—"Be still; sorrow is but a cloud. Do the work given you to do, and the clouds will keep moving; stop your work, and the clouds will stop and settle down hard."

"When I was on the tramp," thought Clare, "I always went on, and that's how I came here! If I hadn't gone on, I should never have found the darling!"

As little as during any day's tramp did he know how his reflection was going to be justified!

He wandered on, and the minutes passed. It was wandering now with no child in his arms! So long as he was in good time for the beasts, he preferred being late: he would the sooner have a talk with his mother!

At last, it being now quite dark, he turned, and made for the menagerie.

A crowd was going up the steps, passing slowly by Mrs. Halliwell, and descending into the open space amid the beasts. Clare laid his money on the little white table. The good woman took it with a smile, threw it in her wooden bowl, and handed him, as if it had been his change, three bright sovereigns. Clare turned his face away. He could not take them.

"The money's your own!" she said in a low voice.

"By and by, mother!" he answered.

"No, no, take it now!" she insisted, in an almost angry whisper. But the same moment she caught up the sovereigns, threw them among the silver, and threw some coppers after them.

Judging by her look that he had better say nothing, he turned away and went down the steps. Before he reached the bottom of them Glum Gunn elbowed his way past him, throwing him a scowl from his ugly eyes at the range of a few inches.

The place was fuller than it had been all the evening, and with a rougher sort of company. The show would close in about an hour. It seemed to Clare not so well-lighted as usual. Perhaps that was why he did not see that he was watched and followed by Marway, with two or three others about his own age, and one, burly, middle-aged, sailor-looking fellow. But then he had no suspicions, and was not at that time ready to analyse a crowd and note individuals.

He had not yet got near enough for Pummy to

see him; he had had but an occasional glimpse of the cougar between the moving heads, now opening a vista, now closing it again. But he kept gradually drawing nearer, hoping to be close to him when first the animal should see him; for he dreaded being the centre of a scene. But a worse scene was coming than any he had dreamed.

For suddenly rose a ferocious yell, which the very fibres of his body recognised as the roar of the puma. There he was, up on his hind legs, rampant against the front of his cage, every hair on him bristling, his tail lashing his flanks! Among the crowd, behind Clare, and to the left, had arisen a commotion—a pushing and stooping and rising with cries of, "Here he is! here he is!" With almost a prescience of the fact, he forced his way harder through the crowd, towards the puma's cage.

A moment more, elbowing his way roughly through the spectators, came Glum Gunn with red, evil face, partly in drink, but not at all drunk. Again, to the horror of Clare, he held by the neck his poor little Abdiel, again curled up into the shape of a flea. The brute was making his way with him to the cage of the puma, whose wrath, it was now evident, had the dog for its object.

I think some waft of the wild odour of the menagerie must have reached the nostrils of the loving creature, and brought back old times and his master, and waked the hope of finding him. How it was that he came at that moment, I cannot tell. He had but just arrived, for he had not had time to discover his master.

Clare had reached almost the edge of the crowd, and darted to the cage-door, to reach it before Glum Gunn. But he was hustled and impeded. Too eager to see that the block was intentional he yet succeeded in eluding it—apparently just too late. Gunn had opened the door of the cage, and thrown Abdiel to the puma, when he staggered back from a left-hander which Clare planted right between his eyes. With the sound of the blow came a roar from the puma, very different from his previous yelling. He had spied his friend the same moment the dog was thrown in, and was now tearing at the bars to get out, heedless that the door of the cage, though nearly closed, was on the swing—heedless too of Abdiel, who seemed even trying to attract his attention.

He was standing on his hind legs in the corner of the cage, with his head on his chest awaiting the moment when his terrible enemy would look round and see him. His master insisted that, knowing how friendly the puma was to the human form divine, he was doing his best to prejudice him in his favour, by showing how near he could come to it.

What Pummy would have done with him, I fear, but I cannot tell. There was no more a thought of the dog in him: he had seen and recognised his human playmate! Before Glum Gunn recovered his eyesight, Clare was in the cage with his two friends of the lower humanity, where it was at once evidenced that love, however often the cause of jealousy, is the most powerful mediator between the generous. Clare forgot the spectators, the puma forgot his hate, and the dog his fear, and in a moment, to the intense interest and admiration of the crowd, Clare and Pummy and Abby were rolling over and over each other on the floor of the cage.

I must say that Pummy had the best of the rough game. One moment he would be the centre of a seemingly inextricable knot of mingled animality, the next he would be hanging from the top of his cage, where the others could not follow him. Did he dream of lovely frolics with brothers and sisters, and a mother as madly merry as they, in still moonlit night, among rocks where neither sound nor scent of horse woke the devil in any of their bosoms?

Glum Gunn, recovered, but too angry to speak, stood watching with a scowl fit for Lucifer when he rose from his first fall from the heavens. He could do nothing! If he touched one, all three would be upon him! Experience had taught him what the puma would do in defence of one he loved. He must bide his time! One thing, however, he did think of: at a moment, when Clare was under the other two, he slid from his pocket his master-key, popped it into the keyhole, and locked the door of the cage. He had him now!—and his beast of a dog too! If he could have turned the puma mad, and made him fall upon them and tear them to shreds, he would not have lost a moment. But he must wait, and say, "About, my brains!"

The man, however, who wishes to do evil, will find as ready helpers as he who wishes to do well:

in the place were those that watched him as he was watching Clare.

He felt a touch on his arm, glanced sullenly round, and saw a face under whose beauty he saw the devil; and when eye and thumb requested him to withdraw for a moment, he did not hesitate to follow Marway, chuckling to himself at the thought of Clare when he found the door locked.

Marway, whose friends had drifted off to await him outside, rejoined them with Gunn; and retiring a little way from the caravans, they held a council together; the result of which will appear in the progress of my narrative.

But although Clare seemed absorbed in his game with his four-footed and one-tailed friends, he was much wider awake than anyone would have thought him: no one knew Clare yet. He had Abdiel to deliver, and he had, therefore, all the time kept at least half an eye on Glum Gunn. He saw Marway come up to him, saw the look on his face, and saw them retire together. It was the moment to get Abdiel and himself out of the cage! He rose, not without difficulty, because of the way they were jumping over and upon him, and went to the door.

The moment he got clear of his playmates, the crowd was amused to see how the puma turned upon the dog with a snarl, and how the dog, at the fearful sound of altered mood, immediately put on the man, stood upon its hind legs, and waited patient. The puma turned away, and went to heel to his spiritual master, where he stood while in vain he endeavoured to open the gate: he had never known it locked, and could not think when it had been done. Finding his endeavours of no avail, he returned and the three resumed the game.

At this the admiration of the visitors broke out. They had seen the door made fast, and had kept pretty quiet, enjoying the fun, while he sought to open it. When they saw him foiled, the ruder sort began to jeer. When they saw him laugh and resume the game, they all clapped their hands.

Mr. Halliwell went and told his wife that if they had the boy and his dog again, and were free of that brother of his, it would be a wild-beast paradise. He would have had her see the pranks in the puma's cage, but she was too tired. He

strolled out with his pipe, and left his men to close the exhibition.

Glum Gunn and his new associates were none of them seen to return into the arena of the show. But they were not far off. Gradually the folk thinned away; and at last only a few, who had got in at half-price, remained. To them the attendants hinted that they were going to shut shop, and at length they shuffled out, the reader that Clare and Abdiel were now so tired that Pummy could not get another movement of response from either. He was quite fresh himself, and had he been out in the woods, would certainly not have gone home till morning. But he was such a human creature that he would not insist when he saw Clare was weary; and he had no inclination to play with Abdiel when his master was out of the game—which was quite as well for Abdiel, for Pummy might have forgot himself. When Abby, however, not free from fear, as knowing well he was not free from danger, crept to his master's bosom as close as he could press, Pummy gave a low growl, and shoving his nose under the long body of the dog, with one jerk threw him a yard off upon the floor. Thence Abdiel returned to content himself with his master's feet, leaving the place of honour to one who knew himself stronger, and probably counted himself better. They all fell asleep in peace. For although Clare could not help feeling himself and Abdiel to no small degree in the power of Gunn so long as he had them locked in, and the key in his pocket, he did not fear a surprise while he slept with two such rousable companions.

LXII.

THE DOME OF THE ANGELS.

WHEN Clare awoke, he felt he had been asleep a long time. It was, notwithstanding, quite dark. He felt very strange. His head ached; it had never in his life ached before. He put out his hands: Pummy's hairy body was nowhere near! He called Abdiel: no whimper entered his ear, no cold nose was thrust into his hand! He had gone to sleep—surely—between his two faithful friends! He could not have only dreamed it!

Why was the darkness so thick? There must surely be light in the clouds by this time! He felt half awake and half dreaming.

What was the curious motion he was aware of? Was someone trying to keep him asleep or trying to wake him? Had they put him in a big cradle? were they heaving him about to rouse him? Could it be a gentle earthquake that was rocking him to and fro? Would it rouse itself presently, and pull and push, and shake, and rattle, until the dome of the angels came shivering down upon him?

Where was he? Not on the hard floor of Pummy's cage, but on something much harder—like iron! Was he in a waggon with the things they used in setting up the show? Something had happened to him, and his mother was taking him with them! But, then, he would be lying much softer! *She* would not have given him a bed so full of aches!

What would they think at the bank? What would little Ann think if he came to her no more?

He could not be in a caravan: though it was so hard under him, the motion was much too smooth and pleasant for that!

There was something wet on his cheek! It did not feel nice! It felt like blood! Had he had a blow on the head? Was that what gave him the headache? He felt his head all over, but could find no hurt.

Why was he lying like a log, wondering and wondering, instead of getting up and seeing what it all meant? It must be the darkness and the headache that kept him down. The place was very close! He *must* get out of it.

He tried to get on his feet, but as he rose, his head struck something, and he dropped back sitting. He got on his knees and groped about. On all sides he was closed in—not in a dungeon of stone, but in what seemed a great wooden box—small enough to be a box, much too large for a coffin! Could it be one of the oubliettes in the roof of the Doge's palace at Venice? He laughed at the idea, for the motion continued—the gentle earthquake that seemed trying to rock him to sleep: the Doge's palace could hardly be afloat on the grand Canal!

What could it all mean? What would little Ann do without him! She would not cry; she never cried—at least he had never seen her

cry; but that would not make it any easier for her!

What had become of Abdiel? Had they both fallen into the power of their enemy, Glum Gunn? Could the wet on his face be Abdiel's blood, shed in his defence when his enemies were carrying him away? Fears and anxieties, such as he had never had before, began to crowd upon him—not for himself; he was not made to think of himself, either first or second. Something might be going on that he neither knew nor could prevent! He had never been so miserable! It was high time to do something!—to ask the great one somewhere, he did not know where, who could somehow, he did not know how, hear the thoughts that were not words!—to ask him to do what he could not do for little Ann and Abdiel and Pummy! He prayed in his heart, lay still, and fell fast asleep.

He came to himself once more, no longer in the dark stifling box, but drawing a deep breath of cool delicious air. He was coming alive. A cold comforting wind was blowing all about him. It was like a live thing putting its own life into him. But his eyelids were heavy; he was unable to open them.

All at once they opened of themselves—and then!

The dome of the angels had come down and closed in round him, bringing room for him, taking none away. It was blue, and filled with the loveliest white clouds, possessed by a blowing wind that never was able to blow them away. The clouds were of strangely regular shapes, but not the less were they alive. They were piled one above the other, up and up, up ever so high! But the dome of the angels rose high, and ever higher still, above the clouds. They all kept their places, and threw the loveliest blue shadows upon each other. He gazed entranced at the sight. Then came a sudden strong heave and roll of the earthquake, and a light shone in his eyes that blinded him.

It was only the sun. When he opened his eyes again, he knew that he was lying on his back on the deck of one of the great ships he had so often looked at from the shore, so often longed after, as if in one or the other of them lay something he could not do without, yet could never put his hands upon. He lay on the ship, and the ship lay on the sea, like a world afloat on water, moving

as a planet moves through the heavens, but carrying her own heaven with her, attended by her own clouds, bearing her whither she would. Up into those clouds he lay gazing, as into the heaven of his soul's delight, drawing deeper and deeper breaths of gladness, too happy to think—when a foot sent a kick into his ribs, and a voice ordered him to get up: was he going to lie there till the frigate was paid off?

LXIII.

THE PANTHER.

CLARE scrambled to his feet, and surveyed the man who had thus roused him. He had a vague sense of having seen him before, but he could not remember where. Feeling faint, and finding himself between two guns, he leaned upon one of them and waited.

The sailor regarded him with an insolent look. Other sailors stood behind, and grinned.

"Wake up," he said, "and come along to the captain. What's the service a-coming to, I should like to know, when a shaver like you has the cheek to stow himself away on board one o' His Majesty's frigates! Wouldn't nothing less suit your highness than a berth on board the Panther?"

"Is that the name of the ship?" asked Clare.

"Yes, that's the name of the ship!" returned the man, mimicking him. "You'll have the panther, his mark, on the back of *you* presently! Come along, I say, to the captain! We ha' got to ask *him* what's to be done wi' rascals as rob their masters, and stow themselves away on board His Majesty's ships!"

"Take me to the captain," said Clare.

The man seemed for a moment to doubt whether he had not possibly mistaken his charge: he had expected to see him cringe in terror. Returning him no answer, he took him by the collar behind, and pushed him along by the star-board bulwark to the quarter-deck. There an elderly officer was pacing up and down alone, while two or three younger stood a little way off by the taffrail.

The boatswain saluted the captain.

"Well, Tom?" said the captain, stopping in his walk.

"Please, Sir Alexander," said the man, giving Clare a shove forward, "this here's a stowaway in the cable-tier. I found him fast asleep. Salute the captain, you beggar!"

Clare had no cap to lift, but he bowed like the gentleman he was. The captain stood looking at him. Clare returned his gaze and smiled. A sort of tremble, like that in the level air on a hot summer day, went over the captain's face. He looked hard at Clare. But as they gazed each at the other, a sound arose like the purring of an enormous cat—which, sure enough, it was. Chained to the foot of the forward binnacle was a panther, a dark yellow creature with black spots, bigger than Pummy. The moment Clare turned and looked at him, he made a leap to the height and length of his chain, and a sound like a musical yawn. Clare stretched out his arms to him, and the next moment the animal had him. The captain darted to the rescue. But the beast was only licking him wherever he could find a bare spot to lick; and Clare wondered to find how many such spots there were: he was in rags! The panther went tossing him over and over as if he had been a baby, and manifesting a joy extravagant. The captain stood staring like "one that had been stunned."

The boatswain was not astonished; he had seen Clare at home among wild animals.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Clare, rolling himself out of the panther's reach, and rising to his feet. "Wild things like me, somehow. I slept with a puma last night. He and this panther, sir, would have a terrible fight if they met!"

The captain threw a look of disappointment at the panther.

"Each wanting to have you, I suppose?" he said.—"Go forward, Tom."

The man did not like this turn of things. He had expected his order to be enough, and orders to be given concerning the rascal. But the captain was taken with the lubber!—and why?—Because his panther was taken with the wild-beast-smell about him.

"What made you come on board this ship?" asked the captain, in a quiet voice.

"I did not come on board, sir."

"Don't trifle with *me*," returned the captain, sternly.

But Clare looked straight at him and said:

"I have done nothing wrong, sir, and I know you will help me out of my trouble! I fell asleep last night, as I said, sir, in the cage of a puma I knew in a travelling show. I knew I had an enemy, but with my little dog to watch, I thought I should be safe. But now, I don't know how, I come awake on board your ship—and your panther receives me like an old acquaintance!" he added, with a smile.

The captain was a tall, rather thin man, with a graceful carriage, and a little stoop in the shoulders. He had a handsome sad face, growing old. His hair was more than half way to grey, and he seemed somewhere about fifty. His uniform pleased the eye of the boy in rags. He had the sternness of a man used to command, but under the sternness Clare saw the sadness.

His attention was, however, somewhat divided between the captain and his leopard—the animal seemed possessed with such a fierce desire to get at him, though plainly with no inimical intent. The eyes of the captain now rested for a moment on the animal, now turned again to the boy. Two officers on the other side of the quarter-deck stole glances at the strange group—the stately, solemn-still man, the ragged creature before him, who yet looked in his face without fear or anxiety, and with just as little presumption or impertinence; and the wildly excited panther, whose fierce bounding alternated with cringing abasement of his beautiful person, accompanied by loving sweeps of the tell-tale feline pendulum.

The captain made a tack or two on the quarter-deck, and turned sharp upon the boy.

"What is your name?" he said.

"I don't quite know, sir."

"Come after me."

To the surprise of the officers, the captain led the way to his state-room and the boy followed him. The leopard gave a howl as Clare disappeared. Both the officers remarked that the captain looked strange. His lips were compressed as if with vengeance, but the muscles of his face were twitching.

LXIV.

AT HOME.

CLARE followed, wondering, but nowise anxious. He saw nothing to make him anxious. The

captain looked a good man, and a good man was a friend to Clare. But when he entered the state-room behind him, he was startled, and wondered he should have taken such a ragamuffin scarecrow in there. For, in a mirror let into a bulkhead, Clare saw himself from head to foot, and was ashamed. He had felt dirty and disreputable; he had felt the dry rasping tongue of the leopard on patches of his bare skin, but he had had no notion of what a low creature he looked. Not a scrap of the clothes he saw in the mirror was his own, and in parts they were torn to ribbons. His hair was sticking out every way from his head, and his face was smeared with blood—in spots caked thick on it. His feet were bare, and one trouser-leg torn up to the knee. His enemies had done their best to rouse prejudice against him, and frustrate the hope of self-exculpation. They could not see that in his look which no honest man could misread. Clare's heart threw him on the mercy of the man before him.

The captain turned, and sat down, then saw the boy still by the door, staring at his reflex with consternation. He understood his look.

"Come forward, my poor boy," he said. "How did you get into this mess?"

"I think I know," answered Clare, "but I'm not sure."

"You must have been drunk," sighed the captain.

"Oh, no, sir!" returned Clare, with one of his radiant smiles; "I never had but one glass of beer in my life, and I didn't like it!"

The captain smiled too, and gazed at him again a moment without speaking.

"It seems to me," he said, thoughtfully, "that you are in want of something to eat!"

"Oh, no, sir. I'm used to going without."

He was back in the old wanderings, the old, hungry times. But did he ever look so lost as now in the mirror before him?

"You haven't told me——" said the captain, and stopped short, as if he dreaded going farther.

"I will tell you anything you want to know, sir. Please ask me."

"You say you did not come on board the frigate: what am I to understand by that?"

"That somebody brought me, sir. I can't tell who. It would hardly be fair—would it, sir—to

mention names when one doesn't know for certain? I never knew anything till I opened my eyes, and thought I was in——"

He paused.

"Where did you think you were?" asked the captain eagerly.

"In the dome of the angels, sir," answered Clare.

The captain's face fell. He thought he had an innocent before him better fit for an asylum. Rascals had been playing a practical joke on him! But that the boy was a simpleton proved nothing! Would he have *him* left to——?

The captain shuddered visibly, and was again silent.

"Tell me," he said, at length, "what do you remember?"

He meant of the circumstances that preceded his coming to himself on board the Panther, but Clare began long before that, with the first thing that occurred to him. He was still dazed. He had not got through a single sentence, when he saw that something earlier wanted telling first; and such interruptions grew so many, that Sir Alexander saw he had before him either a boy of fertile imagination, or strange eventful history. But if he had had the tenth part of the experiences hinted at; if, for one thing, he had been but a single month on the tramp, how had he kept such an innocent face, such an angelic smile? If, on the other hand, he was making up these tales, why did he not look sharper?—and again, whence the angelic smile? He feared the discovery that the seeming innocence was but such a lack of intellect as is occasionally found in conjunction with remarkable gifts. The best way would be to make him begin at the beginning, and tell everything he knew about himself.

"Stop there," he said. "You told me you did not quite know your name. What did they call you as far back as you remember?"

"Clare Porson," answered the boy.

At the first word the captain gave a little cry, but repressed the emotion, and went on. His face was very white, and his breath came and went quickly.

"Then why did you say you did not *quite* know your name?"

"My father and mother called me by their name because there was nobody to tell them what my real name was."

"Then they weren't your own father and mother that gave you the name?"

"No, sir. I'm but using theirs till I get my own. I shall one day."

"Why do you think so?"

"Don't *you* think, sir, that everything will be put right one day?"

"God grant it!" responded the captain with a groan, self-reproached in his heart for the little faith to match the strong desire.

"Do you think it wrong, sir, to use a name that is not quite my own?" said Clare. "People sometimes seem to think so!"

"Not at all, my boy! You must have a name, and you did not steal it. They gave it you!"

The look of the boy as the captain answered him, restored his confidence as to his mental condition, and showed him, besides, what a delicate conscience he had; while his ready answer to every question was such as bore the strongest impress of truth.

"If the boy be a liar," he said to himself, "I will never more trust the face of my kind! I will turn to the wild-beasts, and believe in panthers and hyenas!"

"They did, sir. Mr. Porson gave me his own name, and he was a clergyman; so, when I came to think about it, I thought it couldn't be wrong to use it."

But how could Sir Alexander linger so? He might have got at the facts much quicker!

It is very well for outsiders to criticise, knowing the facts which those concerned do not know. That is just how the critics talk about Hamlet, undertanding neither him nor Shakespeare. Sir Alexander shrank from seeing his suddenly wakened hope, dead for many a year, crumble before his eyes: he dared not yet drive question close.

"Did Mr. Porson give you both your names?" he asked.

"No, sir. My mother said I brought the other with me—that I told them—I don't remember myself—that my name was Clare.—I mean my second mother, sir; my own mother is in the dome of the angels."

Again a flash lightened from the captain's eyes, but it seemed to himself he went blind. Clare saw the flash, and wondered; but the captain kept back the words that seemed as if in spite of him

they would break from his lips. His boy's name was Clarence, but his mother, whose dearest friend was *Clara*, called her child Clare. And now arose, at the repetition of the words, *the dome of the angels*, the whole scene of the terrible event that had clouded his life. He saw it as clear as if again with his bodily eyes. He was looking up at the Assumption of the Virgin, painted in the dome, when the earthquake seized the church and shook the dome down on them. His little boy had stood with him staring up, holding his mother's hand, but doing as his father did.

Sir Alexander had to force his next words from his throat.

"Where did the good people who gave you their name find you?"

"Sitting on my mother—my own mother. The dome of the angels fell down on her, and mixed her up with them."

Some people always thought my friend Skymer "queer, you know!" I leave it to my reader, who will judge after his kind. His father did not think so any more. As often as the old, but never distant story brought back the old feelings, with them came the old thoughts, the old forms of them, and the old words their attendant shadows; and he talked like a child.

The tall, stern, sorrowful man hid his face in his hands, and sobbed aloud.

"Helen," he murmured—and Clare knew somehow that he was speaking to his wife, "we have him again! We will never distrust him more!"

Then Clare understood that the grand man was his father. He knelt before him, and laid his hands together as in prayer to him.

"Why did you distrust me, papa?" whispered the half-naked outcast.

"Not you, child! It was another I distrusted!"

He clasped him to his bosom. The boy laid his blood-stained face against his father's bosom, and his soul was in a better home than the dome of all the angels, for it was in his father's heart.

How long they remained thus I cannot tell, but it seemed to both as if so it had been from eternity, and so to eternity it would be. When a thing is as it should be, then we know it is from eternity to eternity. The true is for ever and ever.

The father at length relaxed the arms that strained his child to his bosom, and Clare rose to his feet, his face white and luminous. He looked a

long look at his father, said, as little Ann had said to him, "You're come!" and threw himself at his feet, clasped and kissed them, and would hardly let them go.

All this time the officers on the quarter-deck were wondering what the captain could have to say to the beggarly stowaway. The panther lay anxiously waiting, and turned his quick glance at every sound. He was looking for the boy with whom he had played, panther cub with human infant, the sweet airs of whose innocence were yet plainly recognisable to the panther through accretions that disfigured but could not defile. The two were the same age. They had rolled on floor and deck together when neither could hurt, and now neither would. The animal was perfectly harmless, and was chained only because he was rough with the men in their games, for when he was let loose there were rare larks. He had once knocked a man overboard, and had once tumbled overboard himself. He had never killed anything, and was particularly gentle with children. He could be trusted to take charge of any infant.

Sir Alexander raised his son, kissed him, set him on his own chair, and retired into an inner cabin.

A knock came to the door. Clare said, "Come in," and the quartermaster entered. Instead of the captain, he saw a disreputable-looking lad seated in his chair, swore at him, and ordered him to the fo'c'sle.

"Tell the bosun," he said, "to let you taste a rope's-end. I'll be after to see what it means!"

"My father told me to sit here," he said, and sat.

The officer looked closer at the ragged boy, begged pardon, saluted, and withdrew.

The father heard, and said to himself,

"The boy's a gentleman! He knows where to take his orders!"

Then he called him into his inner chamber, and himself washed him from head to foot, rejoicing to find under his rags a skin as clean as his own.

He sent for the ship's tailor. The boy begged to be dressed as a sailor.

"Make me your cabin-boy, father," he said; "I shall soon be a sailor."

"You shall be a sailor," his father answered: "you know how to obey orders."

"I will obey the cook, if you tell me to obey him, father."

"You shall obey nobody but myself—and the lord high admiral," returned his father with a glance upward, and a smile like his son's.

That day he kept to his father's state-room; the next he went on deck, a sailor-boy in rough blue, with the look of a gentleman that could obey orders.

LXV.

THE END OF CLARE SKYMER'S BOYHOOD.

His father had a hammock slung for him in the state-room: he could not bear to be parted from him even when they slept.

One night sir Alexander heard a movement in the state-room, and got up. It was a still, star-lit night. The frigate was dreaming away northward with all sail set. Through the stern windows shone the level stars. From above hung a dim lamp. He could see nothing. He laid his hands on the hammock. There was no boy in it! Then he saw him kneeling by one of the windows, and looking up.

"What are you doing, Clare?" he said.

"Trying to say *thank you for my father!*"

"Oh, thank him, thank him, my boy! Thank him with all your heart. He will give us *her* some day!"

"Yes, father, he will," responded Clare.

His father knelt down beside him, but neither said word that the other heard.

The next night Clare was on the quarter-deck with his father, and heard him give orders to the officers of the watch. He had never heard orders given like that!—so direct, and with such a noble simplicity. The night was gusty and dark, threatening foul weather. The captain walked up and down the quarter-deck as when first Clare saw him, but with how different a mien! He walked as slow and stately as before, but with a look almost of triumph in his eyes, glancing now at the clouds, or the streamer at the mast-head, now at the compass. The thought of having such a father made Clare tremble with delight from

head to foot. His father was the power whom the great vessel, and all aboard of her obeyed! He was the life of her motions, the soul of her! At his pleasure she bowed her obedient head, and went sweeping and swaying over the seas. Clare's heart swelled within him.

And this father of his he had seen the night before kneeling in the presence of one unseen, thanking a higher than himself! As the captain of the Panther sailed his frigate through the seas, so the great Father, the father of his father, to whom he kneeled as a little child, sailed through the heaven of heavens the huge ship of the world!—guided fleet upon fleet innumerable of such ships through trackless space! Clare was not old enough yet to think of an infinitely grander sea, over which the Father was carrying navies of human souls, every one a world in itself whose affairs none but himself could understand, through many and many a storm, and many and many a battle with the powers of evil, safe to the haven of all the children, which is the Father's home.

One day his father said to him—

"Clare, whatever you forget, whatever you remember, mind this—that you and I and your mother are the children of one father, and that we have all to be good children to that father. If we do as he tells us, he will bring us all at length to the same port. Our admiral is Jesus Christ. We take our orders from him. But each has to sail his own ship."

The boatswain shook in his wide shoes, but Clare took no notice of him, never showed him the least resentment. He recognised two other men on board as having been present that night at the wild-beast show, but he took no heed of them. He set himself to be a sailor, and did everything the other boys had to do, aloft and alow; and was as precise in obeying the officer in charge as the best sailor on board. In a few weeks he felt and looked to the manner born, for not only his father, but his grandfather, and great-grandfather were born sailors.

He had had a rough shaking. The earthquake had come and did come again and again. But he learned thereby to dwell in a world that cannot be shaken.

(The End.)

THE OLD HOME.

EVER and ever when spring-tide comes,
Of the dear old home I dream,
Where the skylark sings and the wild bee hums,
And through the meadows the cowslips gleam ;
And I hear on lawn and on springing grass
Footsteps that never again will pass.

Real they seem as the footsteps near,
Though they stopped so long ago ;
In the dead of the night their sound I hear,
Yet they cannot come to my door I know.
Rough and short was the way they trod ;
Now they lie under the churchyard sod.

But the may is out, and the gorse is bright,
As in days of long ago,
And the primrose smiles with its dewy light
In the glades I used to know.
It seems so strange that I could have been
The child I remember in that calm scene !

When a voice is hushed, and a step is missed,
That but now kept time with our own,
And the hands that clasped and the lips that kissed
From all mortal love have gone ;
Then the magic of life's spring-time is past,
And we know 'tis a sorrowful world at last !

Why come these thoughts with a passionate cry
Of days that we all have known ?
'Twas a breath of spring that went wondering by,
'Twas the scent of the lilac buds half-blown,
'Twas a glimpse of the pale laburnum gold :
How it glistens now in my home of old !

When the death-mists over my eyelids creep,
I think while a breath remains
A vision will to my memory leap
Of the old, old joys and pains,
Linked with the home that has passed away,
Yet seems like the home of yesterday.

MARY GORGES.

HARVEST TIME.

From the Drawing by PETER MACNAB.

HARVEST-TIME AND ITS CUSTOMS.

J. Macnab.

country of Moab and came to Bethlehem "in the beginning of barley-harvest."

In all countries and at all periods the end of the harvest has been celebrated by rejoicing and merry-making and thanksgiving by quaint customs which have been handed down from one generation to another, changing as they descend till their origin and meaning can only be guessed at.

In our own day, however, one cannot avoid noticing the gradual extinction of all old customs, the gradual suppression of all outward demonstration of joy and rejoicing, and of the substitution of the callous relationship of capital and labour for the close and personal bond which held master and man together. The new system may be a development, it may result in a better order of things, but before the old order changeth altogether it may be pleasant for a moment to look back at the time when, instead of as at present, the last load often trudges silently home, the "hock-cart," gay with ribbons and flowers, and crowned with happy sunburnt faces, bore the last of the harvest from the field to the farmyard.

The chief factor in the transformation which is now taking place is the introduction and application of machinery to agriculture. The reaping-machine, with its whirling arms, has a certain picturesqueness of its own, but it has depopulated the fields, and to a great extent already made the scene described by Thomson a comparative rarity—

"Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky,
And unperceived unfolds the spreading day,
Before the ripened field the reapers stand
In fair array, each by the lass he loves
To bear the rougher part, and mitigate,
By nameless gentle offices, her toil."

While the old customs which used to be practised at harvest-time differed in various districts, all pointed to some common origin, most

TO the true lover of nature each season brings its own particular charm, the winter its gloom and the summer its glory; but an especial fascination is felt by all to belong to spring and to autumn, to the seasons of seed-time and harvest, and to the sight of trees putting forth their tender green and the fulness of fields that are white unto harvest.

From Genesis to Revelations the Bible teems with references to harvest-time, to reaping, and to gleaning, the earliest occurring in Joseph's relation of his dream to his brethren—"Behold, we were binding sheaves in the field," and all through these early references the one duty most insisted on is the leaving a share of the plenty on the ground for the poor, the widow, and the fatherless who followed the reapers to glean and gather among the sheaves. When Ruth was gleaning in the field of Boaz, his commands to the reapers were, "Let her glean even among the sheaves and reproach her not; and let fall also some of the handfuls of purpose for her." The Book of Ruth is an autumn pastoral bathed in the glow and plenty of harvest-time, and in reading it we live in an atmosphere of reaping and gleaning and in-gathering of grain from the time that Naomi and Ruth returned out of the

probably the rites and sacrifices to Ceres, introduced by the Romans during their occupation of Britain.

At the beginning of the reaping it was customary to appoint one of the men to be "harvest lord," a capable, trustworthy man, who understood all kinds of harvest work, who headed the band of reapers and gave the time to those who followed. He it was also who asked and collected *largesse* of the passer-by. On any stranger passing near where the reapers were at work, "my lord" would leave his companions, and, approaching him, would respectfully ask a *largesse*. If the result were successful he would hail his companions to acknowledge the gift. "My lord" would place his troop in a circle, each man with his reaping-hook in hand, and, mounting on the stump of a tree or a gate-post, repeated a couplet. The men, still standing in circle, listened till the words were spoken, and then, with extended arms, pointing their reaping-hooks towards the centre of the circle, they uttered a groan as loud and long as their lungs would allow. This done, as by one movement, they raised their eyes to heaven, and, with hooks pointed upwards, changed the doleful groan to a great joyous shout, which was repeated three times. The *largesse* thus obtained was saved by "my lord," to be expended at a merry-making in the village ale-house when work was done. Even now, in some primitive parts of Norfolk and Suffolk, the reapers will stop work and ask *largesse* of the passer-by, but if he be a stranger or tourist, he is usually so ignorant of the custom and their pronunciation that he not infrequently takes out his watch and tells them what time it is, though this is not considered as a satisfactory or final reply by the reapers.

The formation of the circle and the pointing first downwards and then upwards was associated in Devonshire not with *largesse*, but with the custom of "crying the neck." When the labourers were reaping the last field of wheat, one of them went round the sheaves picking out a little bundle of all the best ears he could find; these he tied together with tasteful pleating and arranging of the straw. This was called "the neck." When the field was all cut, the reapers and workers stood round in a circle, with the one holding "the neck" in the centre. This he grasped with

both hands, and stooping, held it near the ground, while all the men forming the ring took off their hats, and, also stooping, held them towards the ground. Then all, in a prolonged, harmonious tone, called out "The neck!" at the same time slowly raising themselves upright with arms and hats above their heads. This was repeated three times, when the cry was changed to "way yen," given in the same prolonged, harmonious tone, and accompanied by the same movement of the body and arms. When this last cry was given, also three times, all burst out into a loud and joyous shout, flinging their hats and caps into the air and capering about. One of the band then took "the neck" and ran as hard as he could to the farmhouse, where one of the servant-maids stood with a pail of water. If he who carried "the neck" could enter the house in any way unseen or openly by any other way than the door at which the girl stood with the pail of water, then he was entitled to kiss her. If he failed in so doing he was soused with the contents of the pail. This throwing of water was evidently the remnant of some old rite, as in other districts it was a custom for the farmer to drive furiously home with the last load of the corn, while the people ran after with bowls full of water to throw on it.

The custom of having a figure of some sort to represent Ceres seems to have been very general. One writer, describing a harvest-home, says that "their last load of corn they crown with flowers, having besides an image richly dressed, by which they would signify Ceres. This they keep moving about, while men and women, men and maid-servants, riding through the streets in the cart, shout as loud as they can till they arrive at the barn."

Another states that he had seen in some places an image, apparelled in great finery, a sheaf of corn placed under her arm, and a sickle in her hand, carried on the morning of the final day of reaping from the village to the field with music and much shouting from the reapers. It was fixed on a pole all day till the reaping was done, when it was brought home with like signs of rejoicing. "This they call the harvest queen, and it represents the Roman Ceres." This image or figure was frequently made with a bundle of wheat tied and twisted into some resemblance to the human form, and called the *kern baby*. Another practice

THE LAST LOAD.

was to bind with a riband the last handful of standing corn. The reapers, standing at some distance, threw their sickles at it till it fell. This was called the *maiden sheaf*, and was usually given to one of the prettiest girls in the field, and borne home in triumph with music and rejoicing. The bearer of the *maiden* became queen of the feast, and the tiny sheaf was treasured and hung up in some conspicuous part of the house.

The journey of the "hock-cart" with the last load was, in these days, a gay and joyous one; it

started from the furthest field, and the load was usually a small one. Reaching only a little above the rails in front was placed the image, or kern baby, and on the top a happy crowd of sunburnt women and children. The horses were gaily decorated with boughs of trees, flowers, and ribands, and with shouts of "harvest home," the hock-cart was rapidly driven to the farm-house, where the inmates stood ready to give it welcome, and to distribute cakes and ale to all. In the evening an ample supper was provided, and all sat

down to eat, drink, and be merry, to sing and to dance, and to join in celebrating the safe ingathering of the harvest, the climax and reward to the patient labour of the ploughing and the sowing of the seed.

To poets and to painters harvest-time has ever been a happy source of inspiration. Listen to Herrick:—

"Come, sons of summer, by whose toils
We are the lords of wine and oil;
By whose rough labours and rough hands,
We rip up first, then reap our lands,
Crowned with the ears of corn, now come,
And, to the pipe, sing harvest-home.
Come forth, my lord, and see the cart
Drest up with all the country art.
See, here a mankin, there a sheet,
As spotless pure as it is sweet;
The horses, mares, and frisking fillies,
Clad all in linen, white as lilies;
The harvest swaines and wenches bound
For joy to see the hock-cart crown'd.
About the cart hear how the rout
Of rural younglings raise the shout;
Pressing before, some coming after,
Those with a shout, and these with laughter.

Some bless the cart, some kiss the sheaves,
Some prank them up with oaken leaves.
Some crosse the fill-horse, some with great
Devotion stroak the home-borne wheat."

Thomson, in his "Autumn," has told, with an especial charm, the harvest idyll of "the lovely young Davinia," when,

"With smiling patience in her looks, she went
To glean Palemon's fields";

and Keats, in an ode, has touched "the stubble plains with rosy hue."

We, as a nation, no longer produce sufficient wheat for our own consumption, and Russia and Hungary, the United States, Canada, and India all pour into our store-houses supplies of grain; but though our area of wheat-growing fields may lessen, though reaping-machines may become an almost universal substitute for hand labour, and the rites and customs of harvest-time fall into desuetude, the heart of man will never cease to be gladdened by the sight of ripened field over which the cloud shadows lightly float, while its surface gently heaves in response to the kiss of the autumn breeze.

DUMPS.

MRS. PARR.

CHAPTER XXVII.

LATER that same afternoon, as we are sitting in our own room—for as yet our habits remain unaltered—a familiar knock at the street door tells us that Sir Felix is our visitor. Since my father's death we have not met, and I feel suddenly that shrinking, which a recent sorrow gives, from fresh faces.

"I'd best go down and bring him here," says Nurse; "no more up-and-downstairs for you to-day." This is to Dumps, who answers her, "I'd rather you'd stop and give me my drops again. Via won't mind going down to him; will you?"

"No," I say, half hesitatingly, and then remembering all that has passed since we last parted, I am glad of his thoughtful suggestion. If ever Dumps asks anything for himself, you may be quite sure it is out of consideration for somebody else. "I'll just speak to him, and bring him up here directly."

Never could anyone say things that are more kind and full of sympathy than Sir Felix. He speaks in a way about my father that makes me feel so grateful to him. He tells me how sorry he felt for me, how much he wished to see me, how constantly he thought of me; and after talking for some time about this, he speaks of his mother and his delight at hearing of the visit she has paid me, and then it is my turn to tell him all that happened; what she said of herself and of him, and, finally, how she had taken me to her heart as her old friend's daughter.

"Didn't I tell you it would come all right?" he says, exultingly. "Oh! I know her so well; I shall always feel awfully sorry that your father and she didn't get on together; but you see it was all prejudice against him, not you. I don't believe anyone, if they tried, could help loving you, Via; I only know I couldn't."

Not a dawn of suspicion crosses his mind but that my lady's visit has been prompted by interest in me, for the sake of my mother, which my father's presence had hitherto barred. "And

Dumps," he says, "she is so taken with him, and that I really didn't dare to reckon on."

The mention of Dumps's name takes my eyes to the clock; the "directly" is already more than half an hour ago!

"How the time has gone!" I say.

"Hasn't it? Somehow it always does seem to fly when I am with you."

"I think we must fly upstairs now."

"Yes," he says, not moving but studying me attentively. "You're looking pale, Via."

"Perhaps it's partly the black dress."

"No; I like you in that, though I always think the last thing I see you in suits you better than anything I've ever seen before. My mother was quite struck with you; she had no idea you were so pretty."

"Pretty?"

"Well, no, beautiful is the word I use for you; that is what I think you are."

"Sir Felix," I say, reprovingly; and yet how sweet the flattery sounds in my ears.

"Now, that's another thing; you must not say *Sir* Felix; Felix you must call me; I call you Via."

"Oh, no, I couldn't. What would your mother think?"

"Think! I fancy I know what she'll think before very long, if she doesn't do so now."

But the smile he gives me I do not give back.

"Oh, Via," he says, "forgive me. I know I ought not to speak of such a thing to you yet. Say you are not angry with me, or I shall be miserable."

I suppose he takes silence for consent, for he puts his arm through mine, and we go out of the room and upstairs together. There his gaiety affects Dumps as it always does, and the two of them strive together to make me more cheerful. Indeed, mine would be an odd nature if I did not feel grateful for two such friends being given to me. The excitement of to-day has also been good for me. Yet I can hardly believe that all that has happened is not a dream, and that I shall presently

wake to find it fading before the light of day. Sir Felix says casually that my lady has some thought of going to spend a little time at the sea. A cousin of her's has offered to lend a house to her. "Wouldn't it be jolly, Dumps, for you and Via to go too, and be there at the same time we are?"

Dumps's face lights up at the very suggestion, and I cannot help a spasmodic "Oh!" escaping me, while Nurse, who has just come in, gives it as her opinion that it's an excellent idea, "for the house has to be regularly topsy-turvied," she says, "and I know that our room will be more welcome than our company."

Of course nothing is in the least degree decided upon; it is all in the cloudland of "wouldn't it be delightful?" but the thought is set stirring, and we each wonder how it could be accomplished. When Sir Felix leaves, which is not until he is almost driven away, running back, after many false starts, with, "Oh, what do you think?" or "I forgot," then Dumps and I are left alone. Very contrary to our usual habit, we only exchange a word now and again; gradually we even leave off doing that, and relapse into complete silence, which remains so long unbroken that I suddenly become conscious of it, and I look over at Dumps, who I find is looking at me. "A penny for your thoughts," I say, colouring as quickly as I speak, for not for pounds would I consent to reveal mine.

"Shall I tell them to you?"

"Yes, do."

"I had turned them back to days gone by, and was picturing my father and your mother, and the story of them that you repeated to me."

"That nurse told me, do you mean—about his being in love with her? Doesn't it now seem strange?"

"If she was like you," he says simply, "it seems very natural to me."

"I suppose she was like me. Nurse always says so. It's a great compliment, you know, because she was thought very pretty." In my heart I want to know what he thinks of me, not because he thinks it, but that I may find if what Sir Felix said is worth the least little bit of credit from me. How vain I must be growing to feel so greedy about every crumb of flattery! or is it that the one who gives it to me makes me think it tastes so sweet?

Very pretty, was she? Dumps repeats, dreamily.

"Yes; can't you believe it?" For a moment I feel a little huffed.

"I could believe that if she was like you she was very beautiful, Via."

A ripple of joy runs through me. "Oh, how absurd," I exclaim, "it is the second time to-day that I have been told that I was beautiful. You are bent on trying to turn my head with flattery."

"Who besides me?" he says, smiling.

"Who? Why Sir Felix; he said so this afternoon to me."

"Ah! I fancy that he and I think of you in very much the same way. I am certain that he loves you dearly, Via, and I love you dearly, too."

"I am quite sure of it," I say, earnestly.

"That's right; that satisfies me. I am contented that someone shall be dearer to you than I, but I can't consent to your thinking they love you better. Ah me! this comes of the possibility of wealth and position belonging to one; first you begin to struggle against fate, and then to cry for the moon."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SOME days later we hear from Sir Felix that my lady has gone to London.

"For long?" I ask.

"No, certainly not," he answers; "she hasn't even taken Blake, her maid, with her, so I know she is sure to return very soon. I think she's been having advice from some doctor there, and she fancies she ought to see him again."

Long after, when my lady and I shared many confidences with each other, I knew from her that the visit to London was improvised to cover the real visit which she made to the little Dorsetshire village church in which Dumps's parents had been married. She came back satisfied that all that had been told her was true.

The morning after her return to Sharrows, I receive a note asking me and Dumps to spend the day. The carriage is to be sent at two o'clock to fetch us.

I read the note aloud and look at him.

"Well," I say, "the man is waiting to take back the answer."

"Well, what? You'll go, of course."

"No, unless you go with me I shall not."

"I think I would rather stop until another time. I feel I must be a sort of skeleton at the feast to my lady."

"In that case the skeleton and I will spend the day at home together."

"No, no, Via, it would vex Sir Felix for you to decline."

"Not if he knows the reason."

"But it's just *that* I don't want him to know."

"I'll tell him then that I preferred to decline."

"You can't tell him that," says Dumps, pettishly; "he'd fret and fume to find out why. Oh, Via, can't you go without me?"

"I don't know whether I can't, but I won't," I say decidedly.

"Very well, then, you must have it as you wish. Say we'll both go. That's the way you've taken of late, to completely tyrannize over me."

I run off to write my answer, over which I sacrifice half-a-dozen sheets of paper; nothing I can think of seems quite the proper thing to say. "Dear Lady Deloraine, we are happy to accept"—that reads so formal. "Dear Lady Deloraine, we are very delighted to accept"—isn't *that* expressing too much of what I really feel? So in the end I make a compromise by thanking her for asking us and saying we shall be very happy to go, and then comes the difficulties of the ending; ought I subscribe myself sincerely yours, or yours very truly? Oh! I can't help it, I must put what I feel, that I am her grateful Sylvia Carleton.

If ever Nurse's heart softened towards her ancient enemy it is at sight of the Sharrows carriage drawn up at the door waiting to take us.

"Well," she says, with a deep-drawn sigh of satisfaction, "I'd give a good five-shilling piece, and not begrudge it either, to get sight of the faces of some of the Malletters when they see who 'tis sitting in that carriage out there."

It was a time-honoured fashion in our primitive little town for people to go to their doors when the carriages of the gentry went by. "They won't believe their eyes any more than I'd have given credit to my own a month or so ago. If anything could draw the dead from out their graves, that ought to your poor pa, considering what's been his aim in life for many a long year, and in a different spirit what a happiness to your dear ma if she's only permitted to look down from above and see her child in the proper place where

Providence meant to set her," and the dear old soul wipes from her eyes the tears called up by these memories.

She is perfectly correct as to the bewilderment caused by our appearance in that portion of the town we have to pass through, and I am not sure that I ever before felt so uncomfortable; harassed between the doubt as to whether I shall seem unconcerned and look straight before me, or whether I shall recognise those I see. The former they may set down to pride, the latter to condescension.

"Via," says Dumps, "what I would give to meet Lucy Clarke. 'You're not nearly as amusing as you used to be, or half as good tempered,'" he says, mimicking her, "'and neither Sir Felix nor any other young man need want to know you,'" he adds, finishing the quotation.

"You venomous boy," I say, "to recall that to me. Poor Lucy!"

So happy do I feel, that I can afford to be well disposed towards Lucy Clarke, and to forget her little boasts and taunts now that they no longer sting me.

Half way up the avenue that leads to Sharrows House we see Sir Felix watching for us. The instant we are in sight, he runs to meet us, waving his cap frantically. To spare Dumps the fatigue of mounting the flight of steps which lead up to the terrace on to which the principal entrance opens, Sir Felix directs that the carriage is to be driven to the side hall door, the one through which he carried Dumps on that first day of our meeting; but my lady will not allow this.

"No, Felix, no," she calls from the threshold of the great hall where she is standing.

"You'll have to try and manage it, old boy," says Sir Felix, regretfully. "My mother has evidently set her mind on making honoured guests of you. Of late it has only been on grand occasions that we've opened the outer hall."

Dumps's face flushes, and he looks at me appealingly.

"I'd much rather my lady had let us come simply," I say.

"Yes, I know," answers Sir Felix. "Still, the thought is a kind one, and as it is to honour you, Via, I know Dumps won't mind the effort."

"Not a bit," he says, seemingly relieved by this speech, showing how completely ignorant Sir Felix is of my lady's real motive. Going up the steps I manage to pause, pretending to be struck

With something in the distance that I see. This gives Dumps time, so that we reach the terrace together. Then my lady steps forward and takes his hand, holding it for a second before saying to him—

"It is more than good of you to come here."

Turning to me, she kisses me on either cheek.

"Welcome, Sylvia."

"Oh, mother!" Sir Felix says, delightedly giving her an embrace in which we all seem included, "there never was anyone so sweet as you can be."

"Have you yet discovered," and she looks at him with an indulgent smile, "what a flatterer this son of mine is, Sylvia."

"Oh, but she thinks the same; you don't call that flattering her, do you, Via?"

"No," I say, shyly.

"She says——" he continues. But here I give him a shake of my head.

"No, Sir Felix, please," with a little frown of warning.

"Don't you want her to know what you say of her? All right, then, mum's the word. I'm born but to obey—Shakespeare. Rightly quoted, Dumps, eh? He's the poet of the party, mother—Scott, Milton, Burns, Byron, all at his fingers' ends."

"A place where they are of very little service to me," says Dumps, laughingly.

"Oh, don't say that, Mr. Mock Modesty. You try him, mother?"

"While you have a stroll in the garden with Sylvia, shall I?" and without waiting for a reply, she says to Dumps, "There are things in the house which I think might interest you. Will you come and see them with me?"

"You are very kind," Dumps says, bravely, for I know in his heart the dear sensitive fellow shrinks from being left *tête-à-tête* with her. Was it selfish in me to insist on his coming here? I try to make him understand by a look that remorse is troubling me.

"I shall quite enjoy seeing everything," he says to me in answer. "It is very good of you, my Lady, to trouble about me."

She rests her hand gently on his shoulder and looks at him, and with an effort, which does not escape me, she says, "Then you and Sylvia will come back when you are tired of each other's company."

Oh, then, you don't want to see us for a very long time," says Sir Felix.

"Sylvia has something to say about that as well as you."

"Yes, indeed," I say, somewhat confusedly; "we shall soon be back again," and going down the steps we take the path which leads to the garden.

"Isn't my mother sweet, Via," says Sir Felix, enthusiastically. "Of course I knew she'd love you; she couldn't help it; but the way she has taken to Dumps is splendid. Somehow I fancy he reminds her of my half-brother who died. He was very delicate and weak, and since she has seen Dumps she has talked of him to me constantly. She hardly ever mentioned him to me before. It's strange, isn't it?"

"Was he married?" I venture to say.

"No; that is, I don't think he was. I never thought to ask, but she would have said if he had been. Poor fellow! it was sad to die and leave all that would have been his to one he never saw."

"Perhaps being so delicate he didn't so much care."

"Oh, I don't know. I think that might make him care more, although I can't believe anyone could love the old place more than I do. You love it too, Via, eh?"

"I do," I say warmly; "not perhaps in the same way that you do, because it does not belong to me; has not been in my family."

"I'm glad it is mine," he says, proudly.

"Why, couldn't you be happy and poor?"

"Oh, it isn't that; what makes me value it is that I shall be able to ask you to one day share it with me."

"How share it with you?" I say quickly.

"Well, of course, I should throw myself into the bargain," he says, stammeringly; "you'd have to take me as a sort of make-weight, you know."

"I think it's time that we returned to Lady Deloraine," I say, coldly.

"Oh! Via, you are offended with me?"

"No, only there are some things that are best not said, even in fun"; and as I speak I involuntarily look down at my black frock.

Sir Felix takes my hand with a penitent air.

"I understand," he says. "I see how thoughtless I have been; but promise me not to believe that I was thoughtless because I think lightly of what I

spoke of to you. If I said nothing at all—and I'm not meaning to say anything—you know how dearly I love you ; you must—everyone must—they do. I'm sure my mother sees it, and I didn't need to tell Dumps. Oh, we've had such talks about you, he and I ; and seeing you here, and he being here as well, don't be hard upon me if I let slip about that time that I am for ever thinking of, when we shall all of us be always together. Dumps and Nurse, too, for I wouldn't part you from one of those I love so dearly, because they love you so dearly."

I raised my head and looked at him ; then I held out to him my other hand, and without, I believe, either knowing why it happened, we were drawn nearer together until the tears, which had sprung from my happy heart to my eyes, were falling on his shoulder.

Later on a hundred drawbacks, duties, impediments may perhaps push us asunder, but for that afternoon we walk in the garden of Eden, and life is love, and love is ours.

CHAPTER XXIX.

I THINK I remember seeing it somewhere said that happy countries have no history. The same, I think, may be said of happy individuals, for of late this slight record of my girlish life has had but little set down in it. Not entirely because I have nothing to tell, but of that which claims most interest from me much would hardly bear being put into writing ; besides it is meant for *me*—only for *me*—and as I recollect it all and treasure each word separately in my heart, my heart is the safest place to keep it in.

As time went on—recalling what had passed between Sir Felix and me in the garden—I felt seriously ill at ease about our confidences. It seemed as if I was not acting straightforwardly, more particularly to my lady, whose generosity and affection demanded much in return from me. Dumps had become wonderfully influenced in her favour, and, indeed, with the knowledge I possessed of all that she owed to the dear unselfish fellow, I could but own that her manner to him left nothing one could desire. When we four were together, she, in a way, established herself as his companion, and seemed never so contented as when he was her care.

By every argument she possessed she entreated him to let her tell the truth to her son, urging (and in this I joined her) that it was due to Sir Felix that he should know his right position. But on this point Dumps was immovable ; he pleaded his health, his happiness, pointing out how greatly he valued the affection that Sir Felix gratuitously bestowed on him because he knew it was for himself only. When alone with my lady he had his health to put forward, and long afterwards we learnt that the London physician whom we believed she had asked to come on her account had been really summoned to see Dumps, he having thus far yielded to her entreaties. The opinion given was the reverse of encouraging ; but it had the effect the dear boy desired. My lady more resignedly permitted him for a time to have his own way.

That first day at Sharrows an understanding was come to about the projected sea-side visit, and it was decided that we should all go to the same place at the same time. We felt the need of getting to know each other better than could possibly be done in a place where it seemed to have become everybody's business to watch us and comment on all they heard and saw. Naturally, in Mallett every tongue was occupied in repeating fresh versions of this extraordinary reconciliation. Since the event of my mother's elopement with my father never had there been such a commotion. Everyone of those who knew me called at our house, happily, in very few cases finding me there. Those who visited at Sharrows went there, and there they generally found me.

How I envy my lady's ease of manner, the unembarrassed way in which she listens to remarks which set my cheeks burning, the cleverness with which she parries or puts down anything that savours of undue curiosity ! I cannot help telling her how full I am of admiration, and how awkward I often feel myself when at her side. "But you should not feel that," she says, smiling kindly at me all the time, "and that not because I say so, but because there is no occasion for it, and no reason for it. True courtesy has its root in the heart ; good feeling will generally prompt you to do what is right, and you will do that most gracefully by forgetting yourself and thinking of those you address." She must see that I am pleased by her approbation, for, she adds, with

a little laugh, "We must not make ours a mutual admiration society, but I may tell you how glad I am to find you so simple and unaffected, two of the best signs a young girl can show of good breeding."

"It is Nurse," I say, "who has taught me. I owe to her good teaching everything I know about behaviour."

"Nurse," and she makes a little sound which is just the least bit disdainful. "What, Sampson, do you mean?"

"Yes," I say, stoutly. "I know quite well that she does not pronounce her words rightly, and that she says very many funny things; but for all that she has the nature of a lady, and though she cannot always tell me what I ought to do, she always knows how I ought to feel."

The smile which has continued on my lady's face softens. "I suppose," she says, "you young people now are different in some things to those of my day. You so often remind me of Felix in the things you think and say."

And it is then that I feel guilty; if she was my own mother I would tell her—she is his, and always as his must be very dear to me. Why not be frank—confide in her—ask her what I shall do? So, after a little silence, during which I arrange a set speech, which directly I begin to speak I forget to say, I ask, with a little tremor in my voice, "Will you let me tell you something?"

"Certainly; what is it?" she says, encouragingly, "a secret?"

"Well, yes and no. It is a secret, and yet I am not betraying anyone by telling you."

Did she, I wonder, read what I meant to say in my face?

"Sit there," she said, pointing to a low chair, "where I can look at you."

"No, let me sit here"; and I sat down on the rug at her feet. "First of all," I began, "you must tell me that you are sure I only want to do what is right."

"Quite sure."

"And that you won't think me very vain because, when I am going over it to myself, it seems as if I must be."

"I promise not to think that."

Oh dear, what shall I say next? How very difficult it is to tell her. The sudden beating of my heart seems to suffocate me. Why did

I ever begin? However, it's of no use now, I must say something, and in my trepidation I blurt out, "The other day Sir Felix told me that he was very fond of me," and I give a gasp of relief that that much has come out.

"Was that a great surprise to you?" she says, kindly.

"No. I don't think it was; only that is not all; he asked me if when the time came that it would be proper to marry him would I say yes," and here I stop, overwhelmed by the enormity of this confession.

"And what did you say?"

"I can't tell what I said. I think he thinks I said yes, and I know I didn't mean to say no, but since, when I have thought it over, I felt sure that to have that understanding between us without your knowledge or your approval could not be right, and also that Sir Felix is not old enough to make choice of a wife yet, and that—that—" But I could not go on; the tears that had gathered so close to my eyes suddenly brimmed over, and I could only sob, "You must help me—you must show me what to do. I love him so dearly that you can trust me to make any sacrifice for him." I felt her arms put round me, and then with gentle force she raised my face, all bathed in tears, and I could see that her own eyes were full of tears also.

"In giving me two such children God has been more merciful to me than I deserve."

Two! can she include me? Oh, the delight is greater than I can believe.

"Already, Sylvia dear, Felix has entrusted his secret to me. I only needed that you should give me your confidence to make my happiness supreme. Dear little daughter, join with me in thanking God that it is by unmerited blessings He seeks to draw me nearer to Him. In my headstrong pride I sought to work out all things by my own strength of will. Humility has been taught me by finding those I despised possess a nobility of which my nature never dreamed."

So my lady knows all, and soon our engagement becomes an open secret in the family. Dumps was the first to be told by Felix and by me. No one rejoiced with us as he did, and yet, after telling him, before he could say one word to me, I flung my arms round his neck and sobbed as if my heart would break. Never

had he seemed so dear; and instead of telling him how I loved Felix, I could only repeat how I loved him. The great happiness that had come to me only drew us closer.

Several times during the months that I had decided to wait, I begged Dumps to let me tell the truth about himself to Felix, my lady always adding her entreaty to mine, but he silenced us by still repeating how sweet it was to him to feel that all the friendship Felix gave him was given for himself, not for any other reason—but as my marriage day drew near the thought of carrying about with me a secret which Felix did not share weighed on me heavily, and in a moment of confidence I could not help telling Dumps that it was the one speck in a joy otherwise complete. He did not answer, but lay on his sofa all the evening very quiet, making nurse very anxious because she feared he felt ill.

"But you don't feel ill, dear, do you?" I asked when I was bidding him good-night.

"Not at all. No, I've only been thinking—perhaps—well—" He stopped and gave a shake of his head, showing me that something was agitating him, and then he added in a lowered voice, "When Felix comes in the morning send him to me," and by the look in his face I knew that he meant to tell him. "I shall have to say what will cost me a great struggle, Via, but rather than cast the shadow of a cloud on your happiness."

All the morning Dumps and Felix were together, my lady and I sharing the anxiety for the pain both of them must suffer. At length the door opened, and we were called in. "Mother," cried Felix, throwing his arms round her, while the poor soul sobbed out her pent-up agony on his breast. Not another word was permitted between them. Dumps had stipulated that there should be no discussion, no mention of the subject ever again between us; and the terrible caution the doctor had impressed on my lady forbade us subjecting him to any contradiction that might cause him agitation. Only to me he whispered, "Via, he is worthy of you. I have not lost my friend, and I have gained a brother. Oh! how good to me God is."

The months—which had gone by quickly and yet slowly—at length ended in the day when I bade good-bye to Sylvia Carleton for ever.

My marriage took place at Sharrows Church,

and the wedding was the nicest, drollest, most original wedding ever seen. We wished it to be very quiet, yet without any invitations being given, everybody was there. Felix and I had arranged to make it a day of rejoicing to the many whose enjoyments come very rarely. They in their gratitude had put up arches, garlands, all sorts of decorations, at which some people laughed, but which delighted us, perhaps, because we were little more than boy and girl, although playing the important part of bride and bridegroom.

"Who is to give me away?"

"The head of the family," says my lady, and it is Dumps she means. In that way she always speaks to us of him now.

So Dumps stands as my father, who is not forgotten by me on this day.

Nurse, I say, is my bridesmaid.

"I feel foolish enough for twenty of 'em," she says, "and look it, too, I reckon, tricked out like a old-ewe-lamb-fashion"; and she holds out her lavender silk dress and white shawl, and, looking at me, laughs, and before I have time to laugh back at her she catches me in her arms and begins to cry, hugging me tightly all the time, to the imminent destruction of my dress and veil.

In spite of the little grimaces that my lady makes, I am firm that Miss Spratt must make the wedding-gown. Afterwards I will wear all the fine clothes that have come down from London for me, but on that day the old friend who transformed the little brown moth into a butterfly must complete the handiwork her clever fingers began. She is so proud. She says that, having a little independence put by, she thinks that with this *fait accompli* she will take her *congé* of the *demandes modes*.

It has long been settled that Dumps and nurse are to live at Sharrows.

While we are away—and oh! how odd it seems that Felix and I are going to Paris alone, with no one to consult or to guide us—we really don't seem quite grown-up enough for that, although we both very much enjoy the idea—well, while we are away, the unused rooms of the west tower are to be fitted up for them. If care and love can keep our dear companion with us, Dumps's life is for many a long year secure.

"I never felt so happy," he says, "nor half so well and strong as now," and he smiles gaily, and

we smile back at him, although the look on his angelic face sticks the sharp thorn of fear into our hopes.

When the Dower House is ready, my lady—the dowager as she already styles herself—is to live there. Mother, I am learning to call her, and as a mother, I believe, she feels towards me—very gentle, sweet, quiet she is now, so that the Mallett people, noting the alteration, shake their heads ominously. I fear they believe that the changes our marriage will bring about weigh heavily upon her, but, indeed, they are wrong. Could they hear some of those long talks she has with Dumps they would realize how completely she has given up the world, with its struggles and ambitions.

More than a year has gone by since first I signed myself Sylvia Deloraine, and so much does habit do for us, that when anyone says, my lady, it seems natural that they mean me, but, in many things, such a different *me* to the old-fashioned lonely girl of long ago. And yet, searching deep down, I find the same Sylvia, and I am glad that I have not entirely parted company with my old self.

Love, companionship, joy, sorrow have been granted to me. All have been given, some have been taken away.

Our dear one, our more than friend and brother, has left us, not suddenly, as we had always feared, but slowly, gradually fading away. When we returned from our honeymoon, we thought he looked more fragile, and we came to the decision that never would we be parted from him again. Then Felix suggested that the London doctor should be sent for; but our mother had forestalled this. She had had him down, and had been again told that nothing could be done. The cloud of this sorrow cast such a gloom over us, that it even affected Dumps, and for a week and more he was troubled, restless, silent. At length he spoke to us frankly. He told us he knew the

cause of our distress, for he had begged the good doctor to hide nothing from him. Death for our dear one had no terror.

"Since I was a child," he said, "I have had it before me as something that might happen any day. I used to tell myself that it was going home to my mother, and I like to think of it like that still; so you will not grieve me by showing me that you grieve. It is only for a little time that we are separated. *There*," and the expression in his face as he raised his eyes was as if already he beheld the glories of heaven, "*there* we shall meet to part no more. You two have made the life I have spent with you so happy; keep it happy to the end, and promise me this, that though I am not here for you to see, I shall have part in all you do. Think of me, speak of me, talk of me, and so mix me up with all those joys and sorrows which, well borne on earth, make our passport to heaven."

He was left to us many months after that evening—months of happiness to him, and of blessing to all about him.

Without in any way breaking confidence, our neighbours very soon rightly guessed at Dumps's position.

When he died, we laid him in the spot he had chosen—a little garden which, sitting in our pew at church, we can see through the open door. On the great marble scroll is newly emblazoned, "Marmaduke, 10th baronet, son of Harold and his wife Lucy," and the date at which he succeeded his grandfather, Sir Jasper Deloraine.

My simple tale is at an end. Some may ask, Where does its moral lie? That answer cannot be fully given until the course of two lives is at an end. Then all that is unselfish, good, praiseworthy in Felix and in Sylvia Deloraine will have had its spring in the example, the teaching, the memory of Dumps. So shall not only they but their children's children rise up to call him blessed.

THE END.

PICARDY AND ARTOIS.*

Sarah Zylber

WHEN we have surmounted the small difficulties and disagreeables of crossing the Channel, and arrived in France by the gateway either of Calais or Boulogne, we settle ourselves, as a rule, for a railway journey more or less long. We look about us disparagingly, and say, "Is this La Belle France, this low, flat country with no particular attractions?" The impression is stronger, if we land at Calais and journey on through sandy fields which look as though they were but freshly won from the domain of the sea, and are traversed by wide

lines, than to plough and harrows. Yet we are in Picardy—

"The chosen home of chivalry, the garden of romance."

There is not another small, remote corner of France so rich in historical and antiquarian remains, so abounding in interest; hardly a building a century old is without its stirring story, scarcely a league which has not been watered with Picard blood.

In the drawings before us we find in the strong, placid faces of the two peasant women, the one

ditches. We should as soon expect to see boats as carts figuring in the landscape, and might be tempted to recommend the natives to trust for the earning of their daily bread, rather to oars and

* Roger's *La Picardie et L'Artois*.

stove—not one, but two distinct national types. In neither of them is there the strong strain of brutal ignorance and violence, crossed by wild, brooding melancholy, which is often found in the Breton face.

In the woman netting there is a reflection of the bold, clear-cut Norman traits. But in the woman

knitting there is beyond mistake the face of Flanders, earnest, industrious, a little coarse but very cordial, and single-hearted. At the same time, it is neither the pure Norman nor Fleming, nor even Walloon that we meet in Picardy, it is the Norman, and the Fleming dashed with the fire of the Burgundian and the frank bluntness of the Englishman. The last had his foot in Picardy from 1346 to 1558, for two hundred and twelve years, and in these couple of centuries—though always regarded with jealous enmity as the alien invader, he could not fail to leave his mark on the place and the people.

If we leave the railway line, we shall soon learn for ourselves among the blossoming or fruit-laden orchards, green meadows, yellow cornfields, and waving woods, in lands watered by the Somme and the Oise, or on the pleasant coast-line which faces the English coast, from which the lights of Dover and Folkestone can be seen on a clear night, that, even in its local attributes, Picardy, with Artois in her embrace, is not undeserving of her old renown. Is it battlefields the stranger hankers after? He will find few more heroic, more piteous than Crécy, where the Black Prince won his three feathers, and his motto "*Ich dien*," or Agincourt, "the Waterloo of the middle ages," as the French historian calls it. There the echo of the rallying cry which Shakespeare put in the great leader's mouth still lingers on the breeze:

"*Cry 'God for England, Harry and St. George.'*"

In answer to a similar, if more prosaic appeal, seven princes of the blood royal of France, d'Alençon, de Nevers, de Brabant, d'Albret, etc., lay dead on the field, and upwards of eight thousand French knights perished, while the loss of the English was slight in proportion, in consequence not merely of the gallantry of the combatants, but of the masterly disposal of their far outnumbered troops, against which the crowded and maddened French army fought for three hours in vain.

As for jousts and tourneys, no less than four hundred cavaliers fought in the long-remembered lists of Anchen. The joust of St. Inglevert merited a description by Froissart, and what passage of arms is so quaintly, fantastically picturesque as that of "*La Croix Pélérine*"? Although it is said to have occurred not earlier than 1447 or '49, its records have a dim glory and poetic charm, which go back to the days of the Round Table, and

the borders of fairy-land. Its origin is no less mythical and charming. A beautiful pilgrim was stopped by pirates and delivered by the Lord of Haubourden, whose duty it was to keep the pass of the Beau Jardin, between Calais and St. Omer. *La Belle Pélérine*, in gratitude, presided over the joust at Beau Jardin. The *Sieur de Haubourden* appeared in the lists wearing the armour and shield of *Lancelot du Lac*. His horse was covered with embroidery, pearls, and diamonds, and had gold chains for reins. His squires wore the white robes of pilgrims, with tall pilgrim staves for weapons. I regret I am unable to add that the beautiful pilgrim showed her gratitude by farther rewarding this splendid cavalier with her hand; all that the legend states is that *La Croix Pélérine* was erected in memory of the tilting.

Ladies in litters or on horseback, in cloth of gold garnished with precious stones like the adornments of the gorgeous *Sieur de Haubourden*, were wont to flock to these splendid diversions, now in attendance on a Duchess of Burgundy, now in waiting on a young Princess of France, whose nuptials these brilliant mock fights were designed to celebrate. Many a bright eye, brighter than its owner's jewels, was bent wistfully on the confusion of the *melee*, many a little ear was inclined to listen to, and thrill at the sound of a familiar name, rising above the clash of arms: "*Notre Dame au Seigneur de Coucy*." "*Coucy à Merveille*," shouted the retainers of the *Seigneurs de Coucy*; "*A toute heure*," shouted back the followers of the *du Hamels*; while the single word, "*Bèthune*," "*Bèthune*," rose above all others, as if with a proud prescience that the house of *Bèthune* was to claim a *Sully* among its sons.

But what shall we say of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, that unrivalled gathering of kings and nobles, and of tilting matches without end? That, too, took place on Picardy soil. Is it the solemn and peaceful landmarks of religion, the stately cathedral towers, the lovely Lady-chapels we are in search of? Then *Amiens*, *Beauvais*, and *Laon* await us. Picardy had a notable and honourable position in all the religious movements in France, including that of the Crusades. Two very different men, inseparably associated with the Holy Wars, the one the hermit preacher who summoned the faithful to the desperate under-

taking, the other the brave Crusader who crowned the passionate enterprise so often begun, so often foiled, with a short-lived success, were both enthusiastic Picards.

Peter the Hermit held up the cross in every armed camp in Christendom, and was responded to by the devout cry from thousands of mail-clad soldiers, *Dieu le veut, Dieu le veut*; and so each man abandoned home and country for rough sea voyages, and terrible marches across the ghastly desert, where the bones of whole hosts bleached under the eastern sun.

The hero of Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered,"

Godfrey de Bouillon, the son of a Count of Boulogne, accomplished the hard task, and freed the Sepulchre from the infidel, when he refused to wear a crown of gold in the place where his Lord had worn a crown of thorns. Godfrey did not go alone from Picardy. Crowds of nameless Picards donned the white mantle with the red cross, and followed in his footsteps.

Nay, Picardy was to the front in the abortive French Reformation, for there as elsewhere among the men of substance and intelligence in the burgher classes of its busy and wealthy towns, among the sturdy, independent weavers like those

of Ghent, the leaven fermented which demanded the right of private judgment and the Bible open to all. In 1529 Loys Berquin, "a learned gentleman of Artois," was burned at the stake in Paris for the Protestant heresy. A greater than Berquin was to link the Reformation with the North of France—John Calvin, who was the son of a notary of Noyon, in Picardy.

Doubtless to counterbalance such influences, the renowned Roman Catholic colleges and seminaries of St. Omar and Douay are flourishing in the same neighbourhood, but the reaction has always been violent. Nowhere were the Trees of Liberty planted more determinedly, nowhere have they stood longer than in Picardy.

For after all, perhaps, Picardy's crowning distinction is her old burgher towns, dating their freedom and wealth from the middle ages. The "*beffrois*," belonging to these towns, with their bells which used to call the citizens to the defence of their liberties, are not wanted to show the strong tie that has always subsisted between northern France and the Low Countries. Each town had its speciality. Abbeville had its stout ships (an Abbeville sailor founded Quebec) and its flags; Arras, its tapestry; Amiens, its linen and woollen cloth; and just beyond the borderline in French Flanders were Lille with its thread, Cambrai which furnished more of the "Hollands fine" of old ballads than Holland itself; Valenciennes with its exquisite lace.

The châteaux sown broadcast over the country had yet other attractions. At the Château de Picquigny, Madame de Sevigne stayed, describing it as a place where "all the pride of the heiress of Picquigny is displayed," an old building above the town, as at Grignan, with terraces on the Somme, that take a hundred turns in the meadows. Partial as the writer was to Grignan, with its dearly-loved mistress, she admitted that the Provencal château had not such terraces.

At Chantilly, the castle of the great Condé, the Marquise of all Marquises, also halted to recount in her inimitable way, the magnificent *fêtes* given by its master to his Sovereign, Louis XIV. Condé entertained more than Louis at Chantilly; we meet there Corneille, Racine, Molière, Bossuet, and Bourdaloue. And surely Madame the spokeswoman of the sumptuous banquets, and of the good company, was not the only member of the *Précieuses*

Ridicules whom the princely general honoured by an invitation. Stately Madame de Rambouillet and her beautiful wayward daughter, Julie, with little Mlle. de Scuderi, to whom her host graciously gave the details of his campaigns for the benefit of her *Magnum Opus*, her novel of the "Grand Cyrus," were also amongst the guests.

At the little chateau with "tourelles" of "La Reine Blanche" which survived its bigger neighbour, St. Louis once dwelt for a time, with his mother, Blanche of Castile.

But it is not of princes and nobles, tourneys, and feasts that the motherly peasant women plying their netting and knitting needles, and the fishermen their husbands speak to their children, in the circle round the wood fire on the hearth, or the rude stove in their midst. These men and women dwell on other subjects to their cronies and gossips, on Saints' days and holidays, when families are abroad, sitting on the *plage*, or strolling in the meadows. Then there is leisure to talk of more than the last village quarrel, or marriage, or death, and the conversation strays to old-world tales. What frightful wrecks happened on the coast, before there was the pilot's signal-post at Cayeuse, to let strange vessels know where they could get skilful guides, to steer them clear of the sunk rocks and the breakers. Would anyone like to hear again the fine story of the faithful burghers of Calais? Everybody knows it, but, "*ma foi*," it cannot be told too often. The storyteller starts in very nearly the words of the old chronicler, and with even more details. The six burghers who went out, with halters round their necks, to save their good town, looking for but short shrift for themselves, from the furious English King, lose nothing at his hands. Eustache de St. Pierre was the richest man in the rich town; Jean d'Aire was not only a merchant with a great trade, he had two beautiful daughters, who hung about his neck and besought him to stay at home, miserable as it was in the bitter hardship of the siege, "*Non, mes filles*," he put them back, for he could not say another word. Jacques de Wisseaux was the owner of much goods and land, and his brother, who would have been his heir, went hand-in-glove with him in the despairing expedition.

King Edward's Queen, Philippa of Hainault,

A GREY DAY ON THE COAST OF PICARDY.

W. Rainey, Del.

who, when one came to think of it, had been in her youth the neighbour of these unhappy men, pleaded for their lives with generous importunity, and had her prayer granted, though with a rough rebuke from her rough lord, because she had taken it upon herself to meddle in the matter. But "*Très grands mercis*," she said with sweet thankfulness. She invited the stunned burghers to her rooms, had the degrading halters taken from their necks, made the men be clad in goodly raiment befitting their honourable station, fed their starved stomachs with an ample meal, presented each burgher with six nobles as a token of her regard, and sent the hostages, with a free pass, out of the camp into the town they had saved, where they were to be heroes for evermore.

A woman in the audience caps the glorious tale with another, of a land, and not a sea-siege, of a daring woman, instead of brave men this time. Jeanne Hachette is the peculiar property of Picardy. She is the Picarde Jeanne d'Arc. Jeanne Laisne, surnamed Tourquet, was an unmarried girl, daughter of Matthew Laisne, of Beauvais, in 1472, when Charles the Bold of Burgundy besieged the town, which held out stoutly for its king, Louis XI. In a moment of extremity, young Jeanne rushed with a hatchet on the walls, and succeeded in casting a Burgundian soldier, who sought to plant his colours on the ramparts, into the ditch. Like Black Agnes of Dunbar, or Charlotte of Derby, or the Maid of Saragossa, amazons far removed in time and place, Jeanne became, from that moment, one of the most active and powerful defenders of her town. She not only risked her life in carrying to the men-at-arms much needed wine and food, she collected together the arrows of the Burgundians, that they might be sent back to the foe from the bows of the Picard archers. She was as pious and beloved as she was dauntless. She induced the other women to join with her in persuading the priests to bring forth the sacred relics of Madame Ste. Angadrèsmes, the good Abbess who was the patroness of Beauvais, that the devoted women might form in procession behind

the clergy, and walk in a perilous circuit, through the streets, and round the fortifications. Inspired by this solemn rite, the women so aided the men, by putting their weak hands to all that was left them to do, especially by pouring down molten lead and boiling pitch on the assailants, that Charles of Burgundy was ignominiously defeated, raised the siege, and withdrew to Normandy.

The preservation of Beauvais was of the utmost importance to the crown of France, and there was no bounds to Louis's joy and gratitude. He began, characteristically, by taking a vow to eat no flesh till a votive offering, representing the town, had been executed in silver of the weight of two hundred thousand marks. He desired next to recognise the services of Jeanne and of the women of Beauvais. He provided Jeanne with a suitable husband, in the person of Colin Pillon, who, we must trust, was as redoubtable as his fair spouse. The king ordained that the couple should be exempt from the payment of all taxes imposed throughout the kingdom, and from guard and sentry duty. Louis, in addition, gave praise and thanks to the Almighty Creator, and to the blessed Sainte Angadrèsmes, and decreed that each year her day should be fitly held, at the king's expense, with a procession, mass, and sermon, in perpetual memory of her aid to Beauvais. In the procession the women were to walk after the priests, and before the men of the town.

The procession of St. Angadrèsmes is still conducted once a year at Beauvais, and if the fisher-folk on the coast have business to take them to the inland town, or can claim kindred and friends among the townspeople, and thus are able to visit Beauvais when *en fête*, the visitors may still see the women, in their gold ear-rings and lace caps, carrying the banner of Jeanne Hachette, walking before the men, and setting the torch to the "*coulouvrens*."

There is plenty of corroborative evidence among the peasant listeners to the story. Margot has witnessed the spectacle, and so has Lorlotte, and Etienne.

QUITE ANOTHER STORY.

A SEQUEL TO 'VERY YOUNG.'

Jean Hutton

VIII.

PAMELA'S DISCOVERY—(continued).

ANDREW went back to Cousin Daisy's lodgings. She was at home. He was naturally not afraid now of being what Daisy years ago had called relationy. He entered, and, as if he had been a nephew, greeted her with a kiss. One or two tears stole down her face.

She appeared well, and perhaps all the more so because her dress was very handsome, and looked conspicuously out of character with the shabby little parlour.

Mrs. Smith had no misgivings about consistency; she possessed many handsome gowns, and she wore them, for it would not have suited her convenience to spend even so much as half-a-crown in buying anything new.

She was very straightforward and simple. She did notice that the greeting was uncommon, and received pleasure from it.

"The Cappers," was her thought, "were always different from other people. What affectionate letters poor Tom wrote, and does still, to Daisy. Well, I have not lost all my friends after all."

"I wanted to see whether there was anything I could possibly do," said Andrew.

"No, dear fellow," she answered; "I wish there was. I like to see you, though, and hear you say so."

"You look well, Cousin Daisy."

"Yes, and I am well, I am thankful to say; and when you see Daisy I am sure you will say that she looks well and cheerful."

"Oh, I have seen Daisy; I sat with her on the

beach, and walked home with her and the Belmore children; she looks extremely well. I never saw anyone so much improved, and one might really think she likes playing the governess, she was so cheerful."

"It does me good to hear you say so," said Mrs. Smith. "Daisy is so anxious to make the best of things to me that I have been almost afraid she affected more cheerfulness than she felt when I was by."

"She said she was happy because you have had such good accounts of Bell."

"It was wrong of me to be so anxious," said Mrs. G. Smith, seeming to consider her words and speech with studious moderation, "but I had not a very high opinion of that young man, and Daisy positively disliked him; but we were both greatly relieved this morning when my dear child, who had been very ill and in low spirits, wrote and said she felt quite well again."

Andrew presented his little gift and left the fan for Daisy, and after a while went away to his hotel to dine, leaving the whole tribe of the Cappers, including the mother, very much in Cousin Daisy's good graces.

Little Mrs. Belmore, as Cousin Daisy told Andrew before he parted from her, was very much out of health, and found her own young infant and her husband's large family far too much for her strength.

On this account he did not choose to go to the house before the time when he had been invited to luncheon, and when he appeared he found her already seated at one end of the dining table and Daisy was holding the children.

Daisy, when seated between the two youngest,

seemed very much at her ease. Andrew sat near the hostess.

A large, rather badly cooked, leg of mutton was set on the table. Andrew asked if he might carve, and turned the dish toward him. Daisy cut up the meat and mixed it with potato for the little ones, as if she had been accustomed to be a nursery governess all her life. Then she sprinkled the plates with a little salt, and, as the servant of the house had no notion of waiting, got up and brought round some water, which she poured into the children's glasses.

Quite aware that he must not attempt to help her, Andrew sat still, and presently Mrs. Belmore said, "We find this house such a pleasant change after Belmore's Vicarage. This is a charming room, is it not; such a fine view of the sea?"

"Oh, delightful!" exclaimed Andrew, hardly knowing what he said.

Daisy also had something to say in praise of the air, and the good sands so nice for the children to play on.

As the meal went on, and the pudding came in, all the children broke out into exclamations of approval: "It was big, and such lots of raisins on the top!"

The delicate little stepmother was wonderfully changed from that Pamela Delany who had shown Andrew the photograph of the "Cossack," but about this period in the dinner she suddenly seemed to pluck up spirit. What it was that interested her did not appear, but she let her artless young governess quite alone.

Every time Daisy saw that anything was wanted she got up and provided it, serenely unconscious that she was affording a certain degree of amusement to Pamela, and also that Andrew was just the least in the world ashamed of himself.

Why? Well, once, when a momentary flash of displeasure had shown itself in his face on seeing Daisy almost waiting at table, he had met Pamela's eyes, and they had said to him, as plainly as any speech from her could have done, "I know all about it."

All about what? If he scarcely knew before she looked at him, so much was he surprised at himself and his emotions, he did afterwards; and for the short remainder of the meal he sat

almost silent. Not that there was the slightest struggle in his mind. He gave way at once. It merely seemed to him that his eyes were now opened.

With a flash of thought he perceived that he could now do exactly as he liked. He had been slightly in danger—very slightly as regarded Daisy—before. Now nobody could despise him as wanting to marry a great heiress for her fortune. While he ate his cheese he settled that matter, and before he rose from table he remembered HOW FOND HIS MOTHER WAS OF HER! So he naturally believed, as indeed he thought, "Everyone must be, sweet creature."

"Mr. Capper," said Mrs. Belmore, "I am ashamed to ask it of you, but I have only one servant here. My nurse——"

"What can I do?" he asked.

She had gone to her writing table, and was scribbling off a little note which she twisted up and directed.

"If you would not mind taking this for me, I should be so much obliged."

Andrew consented, of course.

"And oh, mamma!" exclaimed the eldest girl, "will Mr. Capper take me too? You did say that the very first person who went out I might go with to spend my sixpence."

"I did not mean Mr. Capper," said Mrs. Belmore. "You must wait, dear."

"But I should like to have them," said Andrew.

"He said them!" exclaimed the next child, starting up, and in one moment they had both darted out of the room to get their hats and gloves, and the next little sister was in tears because she was not to go also.

But whatever may have been in that note, which was directed to Mrs. G. Smith, was not of much use for the moment. In less than half an hour the two little girls burst in again with some crackling paper parcels in their arms and Andrew at their heels.

"Oh, such grandeur, mamma!" exclaimed Marty, the eldest.

"Why, this was never bought with your birthday sixpence," said the stepmother, laughing.

"Mrs. Smith was out, so we left the note," Andrew said.

"Oh," said Daisy, addressing Mrs. Delany, "this is mother's day for reading to the old

almswomen. I could have told you that, dear, if you had said your note was for her."

"But look, mamma!" cried one and the other, as a Noah's Ark and a large doll were thrust up into her face.

"And Mr. Capper said my sixpence was of no consequence, so I shall give it to Clare."

"And me, too, want to go out wiff Mr. Capper!" cried the smallest of the tribe.

"Very well," said Andrew, assenting, with great cheerfulness; "then whenever Miss Smith is ready we may all go together, perhaps."

"I am quite ashamed," exclaimed Mrs. Belmore. "I hope and trust, children, that you did not ask for these beautiful toys."

The children blushed. Andrew scarcely noticed what she had said; he was looking after Daisy, who was carrying the little one out to have her face washed. "Me, too!" she shouted, turning her face over Daisy's shoulder.

What does it signify, thought Mrs. Belmore, and she let them all alone.

The whole tribe scuttled out of the room after Daisy, and there was presently heard a good deal of scuffling in the back parlour where they all were.

Pamela, who had the most puny of infants lying flat on her knee, sat perfectly silent for awhile, till Andrew, remarking how she looked down on the small face and hand, remembered that it was incumbent on him to say something civil concerning this new arrival in our midst. He got up, and he also regarded the small thing attentively, then using the word which always amused her, he said, "The Cossack would be proud to have a boy at last, after his many girls."

She assented with an air of sincere conviction, and added, "He is coming home this evening at six. Andrew Capper, that note I sent by you to Mrs. Smith was to propose that Daisy should go and spend the evening with her. She has never left me once before since I had her. If you chance to go there, you will find her with her mother."

At that instant, and before Andrew had done more than look his thanks, the whole tribe came pouring back again and closed him in. They all wanted his hand, some from hope, and some from gratitude. It was plain that he was to go to the toy shop again immediately.

So to the toy shop they went, and it was a delightful visit for all parties.

The mistress whispered to her you that "This here gentleman was what you med call a real gentleman."

The little girls were in an ecstasy, even the two elder ones had something added to their former plunder. The younger ones chose what was biggest, as also what professed to be musical, and they made their property drum and squeak without any reference to what their sisters were about.

As for Andrew, there were intervals while the weighty matter of choice was going on when he could snatch a few delightful minutes of discourse, with Daisy; once or twice she blushed very much and this made the greater impression on him, because in former days she had not been at all inclined to blushing.

"It is extraordinary," thought Daisy, "that he has become almost quite indeed as deferential, and as complimentary too, as other young men. He does it on purpose, no doubt. Yes. I am poor now and I am a governess."

She was a very artless girl, she went on, and finished her thought thus:

"But if any of them in the days when we were rich had done it, as he does, I should certainly have been taken in."

And while she so thought, the bill was handed up to Andrew, and at the same moment a black cloud which had been hanging over burst and the little street was soon deluged with rain. No pleasant walk to be looked for now, no sitting on the sand.

There was nothing to be done but to leave the party in the toy shop and fetch some umbrellas. He carried the little one home and Daisy splashed on beside him. Then when they reached the house he had to leave them and go to his hotel. There was no pretence on which he could enter.

So he went to his hotel, and there found letters from home, including one from Fergus, which had been sent on.

"Dear old And," it began, and it set forth that the writer was rather dull without his brother; "but as to these 'hills' as they call them, they make one wonder the moon does not catch on them as she goes round.

"And the steepness of them!"

"And the absolute impossibility of getting up them !

"And the certainty that some of those peaks, whether they were bubbles in the aqueous fabric, or volcanoes shot up by the seething mass inside, were never got up aloft by agencies acknowledged and understood and confessed by mortals as natural forces, but must have had an extra heave from the great Creator, just to show how uneven the world could be and yet not rock as it rolled. All these considerations perfectly addled my brain for some days. I almost thought I should like to run away."

Then Fergus, after a good deal more rhapsody, named a place much frequented by the English at the right time of year. To this his letters were to be directed, and he hoped to be back shortly and get them. He added, "As I write I can see a good-sized island, about the size of the largest Egyptian pyramid, hanging up aloft with no roots as it seems in our world. You have to crick your neck to look up at it, as it hangs among some black clouds which close it round. That's not one of the loftier peaks, oh ! dear no. That is a mountain which you can scale.

"There, now I'll put this away till I come back, after going higher."

The writing was bad, and Andrew read with but little attention. He was thinking of something else, or rather of someone else.

Andrew blundered on, till it appeared that Fergus had got down from the hills and was in rather an out-of-the-way place, steep, very lonely, but not dangerous.

Then the letter went on :

"Such a strange thing has happened, such a sad thing. Do you remember that I told you long ago about a girl called Tammy, and how pretty she was, and how intimate we became in one day ? I used to think about her now and then, partly on account of a ridiculous joke her foolish uncle made about our meeting again. Well, I must tell this ; I want someone to say it to. I was passing close to a small bungalow in a hired gharri I had. My baggage was all in it, as usual. I heard a singular wailing noise. A young fellow who said he was an army doctor came running out, and asked if I had any salts or any eau de Cologne with me. By the merest chance there was some in my dressing-bag.

"It's for a poor lady whose sister has only died two or three hours ago—died quite suddenly of heart complaint. She is very faint ; I want some salts for her."

"While he and I were hauling my things out of the bag, a man came out, and the instant I saw him I recognised 'Tammy's' uncle.

"I could not tell which of the sisters had died. The poor old fellow was full of lamentation, but said nothing coherent. In another minute an Ayah, and some other female servants, led out a lady. I had but to glance to see which of them it was. They fanned her, and gave her some of my eau de Cologne, poor creature. The foolish, commonplace old uncle and that sister, so inferior to the other, were before me. It was Tammy who was gone.

"I told the young doctor I was acquainted with them. I don't know whether the uncle recognised me or not. He kept shaking hands with me and saying, poor man, 'that he did not know how it was, but he could not come to his hearing ; but for her to die at dawn and be buried at sunset was a thing he could not endure.'

"I asked the doctor if I might see her, and he pushed aside that kind of venetian blind that they have here, the 'tattie,' and I was in the room with it.

"I came on. It quite took my breath away. And there was such silence. I have often seen beautiful sights, but that——

"Her long hair was spread over her arms and down her sides, and her hands were folded on her breast.

"She had a white robe on, and looked like those marble figures that one sees on a tomb, but for the smile.

"I have never in my life seen anything that was so holy and so rapturous.

"I felt as if she could not possibly be gone, because as I looked and moved the expression of her face appeared to change.

"I went back to her sister, made her recognise me, and asked her if I might go into the room again, and if I might kiss her.

"They wanted me to go to the funeral, so of course I went. And there I remained and did what I could for them for some days.

"I was miserable ; it made me fancy all sorts of things.

"It seems that it was known to be bad for her to do any sort of climbing, and once, in an elevated spot, she had fainted before, and been a long time coming round again. And she only went up that last time such a little way. You can easily imagine how sorry I am.

"Your affectionate brother,

"F. C."

IX.

"I HAVE BROUGHT HER HOME."

THE little lodgings. Andrew entered, and tried to look as if he had not known that Daisy would be there.

She was standing in the middle of the small parlour, had the fan in her hand that his mother had sent, and which had only just been given to her, and she was looking at it as if deep in thought.

Some time ago she had said to her mother, "Cousin Mary is just like other people."

When she saw Andrew, her face lost that thoughtful look, but the gift still pleased her. "Cousin Mary," she now thought, "is like all the Cappers—why, she never gave me a present before! and now she has sent me this lovely thing because we are poor."

There was nothing very remarkable said during that pleasant little meal, but it seemed quite a new and superior sort of occasion to Andrew and to Daisy. The former felt keenly that he was making himself as agreeable as he knew how; the latter thought, when her thoughts turned on herself at all, "It will be dull teaching those children, after having had a dip into the old life again." And sometimes she smiled, as Andrew thought, delightfully, and sometimes there was a whimsical little touch of pathos after the smile that made him wonder what it meant.

As for Cousin Daisy, the occasion was not so soul-stirring to her; she was rather absent, leaned back in her chair, and said but little.

The reason was that Algernon had written at last.

Bell was much better; indeed, she seemed almost well, but both the doctors had said it would be a great advantage to her to have her mother with her for a while. He hoped she might count on her setting off that day week.

She had said nothing to Daisy about this yet. In the meantime Daisy had not any permanent "situation." Mrs. Belmore's governess was only away nursing a brother; he could not (one way or the other) want nursing *much* longer. He must die soon or get well.

Still Mrs. Smith was a truly religious woman, and she carried her religion out into common life. It was a pity that no relation and no old friend had proposed that Daisy should pay him or her a visit, and it was a pity that no desirable "situation" had been met with, but she trusted that something would be found that was suitable.

She woke up to common life, and remembered that the young people were talking beside her. Andrew was saying to Daisy, as he spoke of some young fellow who had been one of their many suitors,—

"I thought he belonged to Bell."

"Oh, no," said Daisy.

"One of your many lovers, then? Their name is legion."

Daisy drew herself up. "I never had a lover in my life; never. But Bell, as you very well know, used to say that if she thought anyone really loved her for her own sake, she must at once begin to love him out of gratitude. I don't think that was so very foolish. That was why she married Algernon. She thought he loved her."

"And you, Daisy," Andrew asked, with a certain deference, "would such a belief have any weight with you?"

There was something in the tone of the young "squire's" voice, and in the expression of his face which struck Mrs. E. Smith forcibly.

But she corrected herself with the thought, "If he had meant anything by it, he never would have said it before me." The sun, as his last little rim of crimson was going under, appeared to wait an instant for Daisy's answer. Her face had covered itself with blushes, in spite of herself the words would appear to have a personal application; but no, there was nothing to say, and when the sun sank under, she thought, "I need not answer at all." And she rose and said, "Mother, you wished for some music. Shall I ring to have the tea-things cleared away?"

Mrs. Capper, as she sat at breakfast one morning with Tom and a couple of visitors, thought

"Andrew has been away now five days." She looked at her letters, noticed that one of them was a thick letter, and that it was from him.

Andrew was by no means a good correspondent; he wrote frequently enough to his mother when he was away, that she might always be able to get at him if he was wanted; but one sheet of notepaper was all he ever required, and sometimes only one page or so of that.

"Yes," was her mental comment on the thick letter, "I said so!"

She put it down without opening it. He had made it manifest in his first letter from that little sea-side place that there was nothing to do and nothing to interest him but Daisy and her mother. And he had been at the little hotel several days. It does not take so long to express regret to a distant relative for her loss of fortune, to give her a paper-case and her daughter a fan.

Mrs. Capper went to her morning room, when breakfast was over, and Tom had gone into the garden, and as she drew out the folded sheets before she opened them, her eyes fell on these words, "And scarcely anything in my happiness, dear mother, gives me more pleasure than that you will be so glad. I delight in thinking (such a mother as you have always been to me) that I am not going to bring you home a stranger, who knows nothing about you, and whom, perhaps, you would not like, but the very girl whom you always wished for, and most wanted me to love."

Thus, before she had even unfolded the letter, Mrs. Capper knew all, and her first thought was, "I will be what he thinks me."

Two or three tears started in her eyes. No mother wants a deeply-loved son to take himself away from her, in so far as he gives himself to another woman.

But Mrs. Capper was improving so fast that this feeling was almost all that was left of her former self.

"Now, stop," she exclaimed, addressing herself, "I did wish for her. I did want him to try and win her. I did enlarge on her artlessness, her unworldly freedom from ambition, and her sweet temper, and it is perfectly true that all other things being equal I would rather have had her for a daughter-in-law than any other girl in the world.

"Yes but they are not equal—she is not her

own equal now. She was a great heiress, and now she has hardly a shilling.

"But then, with the encumbrance, as he thought it, of all that attendance, those footmen and maids and horses and carriage, the fuss made, the other aspirants not merely for what she had, but for her great expectations, he would not have come forward at all; he has plenty, and let me be just. She will never, never try to prevent him from doing as much as he wishes for his brothers."

Then she read the letter.

There was a good deal of rhapsody, but the mother was not displeased at that. "Yes," she said, as she folded it, "I have not lost my son, and I shall have a daughter. Do I know as much so that I can say as much of any other girl whatever. And her manner to me was always full of that pretty deference that now one so seldom sees.

"Yes," she said again, and the tears started in her eyes, "perhaps my boy thinks because I never feel able to mention my own little Daisy, my one girl, that she is seldom in my thoughts. But Andrew and Fergus must remember her perfectly well. To live only six months, and almost break my heart when she went to God!

"I do like to hear my boys using familiarly that name we gave her, after this Daisy's mother, and I do take the more interest in her on account of my only little girl.

"Yes, I want this Daisy, and I will make her truly welcome.

"Now is my time.

"I will make that true for good, which he says affectionately, and feels for the moment.

"I will write at once and ask her mother to let him escort her here as soon as she goes to Germany, and it shall be true, for I can make it so, *that I have gained a daughter without losing a son.*"

It may have been a week, perhaps, after this that Mr. Callender, coming up to the back premises at Swandean, observed something unusual. It was, in fact, the open carriage, an equipage hardly ever used.

The coachman, in his full livery, was already in his place, and Terence, the footman, was joining him.

"What's up?" he inquired, as it drove off.

"Well, to say Squire's coming home would not answer you, Mr. Callender," said Saunders, who

was looking on, "because it ain't his way to drive in that there carriage."

"Nor his ma's, either," said Mr. Callender. "Likes a little bit of a rattletrap of a pony chaise - a sight better, does the mistress."

"And that's just it," said Mr. Saunders. "The mistress ordered that carriage herself. Said she to John, 'Coachman, you'll bring it round, and I'll get in at my own house. I'm going to meet the 3.30 train; and mind, John, you're in good time.' He's such a one to hold his peace that I never might ha' known; but I went up and heard it. So I just asked if the young master was coming, or if he would dine that night at the Dower house, for, when he does, I always take the liberty to go over and help to wait."

"Dull ut is, when he's away so long," remarked the cook, "and the mistress wished I'd send over an ice pudding."

"Visitors, then?"

"To be sure, coming with squire."

"Well, I never knew her to go to the station to meet any living soul before."

"Thru' for you, Mr. Callender," said the cook, withdrawing her head from the larder window and retreating to her kitchen.

"I've heard talk that Mrs. Smith's expected. You may depend, as she's lost all that great fortune, the mistress is going out of her way to show her this extry respect."

Mr. Saunders smiled.

"Mrs. Smith, as I hear, have started for Homberg."

"And the mistress going to the station herself?"

"Well, the young squire's the best of sons, and have endeared himself to everybody umbrageous."

"But," interrupted Mr. Callender, "the mistress did not go to meet him when he came from foreign parts. Why, in nature, should she go now?"

"Why, that I can't tell. I'll tell you who it is he's got with him, if you like."

"Well, who is it?"

"Why, Miss Daisy!"

For a moment Callender said nothing. Then, after a gasp, he gave the reason: "Well, there's not a word I can lay my tongue to as'll satisfy my notion of all this here means."

The cook again put out her face. "It manes,

Mr. Callender, all anything airthly can mane, and I'm sending over clear soup and a *salmi* according."

The gardener sat down on the bench outside the larder window, while Mr. Saunders continued to lean at his ease against the door.

"Just my luck," he presently said; "no home has that family at present. 'Like as not, it'll be acted here, and like as not they'll not be able to fix it all up till Christmas, and I shall have nothing but a beggarly lot of Roman hyacinths and a score or two of lilies. Whereas, as if it had been in the next month or six weeks, I could have fairly smothered the house with camelias and chrysanthemums, and what not. Ay, I could; smothered it, and the church, too, as soon as look at it."

It was a most lovely afternoon early in October, and so still that the great plane leaves lying thickly in the road and in the drives never stirred. Daisy sat beside Mrs. Capper with an air so modest that it was even shy. All was so unwonted, and this was a true lover. He wanted her for herself alone. In fact, she had nothing else to give.

Andrew sat opposite. She looked all that he could wish; so did the place, and so did the peaceful, happy sky.

They turned up the drive to the Dower House. Tom was in his chair, come out to greet Daisy. She alighted, and stepped on a pace or two to meet him.

Andrew turned. He had not expected that this particular form of welcome would be given to his intended bride. It had a greater effect ever after than even Mrs. Capper could have hoped. He kissed his mother and said, "O, mamma, thank you!"

Andrew withdrew to his own home; he was coming again shortly to dine at his mother's.

He was now overhauling with great vigour and fervour a quantity of the fine silks, muslins and trinkets that he had brought from the East.

He was going to bring some of them over with him, and, metaphorically, fling them at Daisy's feet.

"Extraordinary," he exclaimed, "that I should have collected all these things. Ah, there's that real, old Trichinopoly chain, and the bracelets; and yet I never thought of her, nor any other girl when

I did it. (That chain shall go round her neck this very night.) This is Kismet—no, I had better say Providence. She is the very girl, the only one for me. Yes, I am thankful, but who could have expected that she would be so shy about it all?”

In the meantime, Mrs Capper had taken up Daisy to her room. She had no maid with her, so Mrs. Capper's maid had laid out her gloves and the gown she was to wear that evening, and had put two or three flowers for her hair in a glass on the dressing-table. “Cousin Mary” was sitting in an easy chair, looking on.

It was not time to dress yet, and the maid withdrew.

Then Daisy, who looked very shy—not painfully, but sweetly shy—came up to her, and

kneeling, put her arms about her, leaned her blushing face on Mrs. Capper's shoulder, and whispered, “I wanted to thank you for the fan, Cousin Mary.”

“The fan?”

“It meant—I thought afterwards, it meant—that I might say ‘Yes.’”

“Kiss me, my sweet,” said Cousin Mary.

Daisy lifted her face. Andrew's mother kissed her as much for his sake as for the babe's whom she had so deeply loved. Then she said, “I have no need to ask; I see, I know, Daisy, that you are happy.”

Then Daisy laughed with artless joy, and, as if it was a very wonderful thing to say, answered, “He loves me.”

THE END.

THE TALISMANS.

DR. GARNETT.

WHAT a wondrous creature is man! What feats the humblest among us perform, which, if related of another order of beings, we should deem incredible!

By what magic could the young student escape the weary old professor, who was prosily proving Time merely a form of thought; a proposition of which, to judge by the little value he appeared to set on the subject of his discourse, he must himself have been fully persuaded? Without exciting his suspicions in the smallest degree, the student stole away to a region inconceivably remote, and presented himself at the portal of a magnificent palace, guarded by goblins, imps, lions, serpents, and monsters whose uncouthness forbids description.

A singular transformation seemed to have befallen the student. In the professor's class he had been noted as timid, awkward, and painfully respectful. He now strode up with an air of alacrity and defiance, brandishing a roll of parchments, and confronted the seven principal goblins, by whom he was successively interrogated.

“Hast thou undergone the seven probations?”

“Yes,” said the student.

“Hast thou swallowed the ninety-nine poisons?”

“Ninety-nine times each,” said the student.

“Hast thou wedded a Salamander, and divorced her?”

“I have,” said the student.

“Art thou at this present time betrothed to a Vampire?”

“I am,” said the student.

“Hast thou sacrificed thy mother and sister to the infernal powers?”

“Of course,” said the student.

“Hast thou attestations of all these circumstances under the hands and seals of a thousand and one demons?”

The student displayed his parchments.

“Thou hast undergone every trial,” pronounced the seventh goblin; “thou hast won the right to enter the treasury of the treasurer of all things, and to choose from it any one talisman at thy liking.”

The imps cheered, the goblins congratulated, the serpents shrank hissing away, the lions fawned upon the student, a centaur bore him upon his back to the treasurer's presence.

The treasurer, an old bent man, with a single lock of silvery hair, received the adventurer with civility.

"I have come," said the student, "for the talismans in thy keeping, to the choice among which I have entitled myself."

"Thou hast fairly earned them," replied the old man, "and I may not say thee nay. Thou canst, however, only possess any of them in the shape which it has received at my hands during the long period for which these have remained in my custody."

"I must submit to the condition," said the student.

"Behold, then, Aladdin's lamp," said the ancient personage, tendering a tiny vase hardly bigger than a pill-box, containing some grains of a coarse, rusty powder.

"Aladdin's lamp!" cried the student.

"All of it, at least, that I have seen fit to preserve," replied the old man. "Thou art but just in time for this even. It is proper to apprise thee that the virtues of the talisman having necessarily dwindled with its bulk, it is at present incompetent to evoke any Genie, and can at most summon an imp, of whose company thou wilt never be able to rid thyself, inasmuch as the least friction will inevitably destroy what little of the talisman remains."

"Confusion!" cried the young man. "Show me, then, Aladdin's ring."

"Here," replied the old man, producing a plain gold hoop.

"This, at least," asked the student, "is not devoid of virtue?"

"Assuredly not, if placed on the finger of some fair lady. For, its magic properties depending wholly upon certain engraved characters, which I have gradually obliterated, it is at present unadapted to any other use than that of a wedding-ring, which it would subserve to admiration."

"Produce another talisman," commanded the youth.

"These," said the ancient treasurer, holding up two shapeless pieces of leather, "are the shoes of swiftness, incomparable until I wore them out."

"This, at least, is bright and weighty," exclaimed the student, as the old man displayed the sword of sharpness.

"In truth, a doughty weapon," returned the treasurer, "if wielded by a stronger hand than thine, for it will no longer fly in the air and smite off heads of its own accord, since the new blade hath been fitted to the new hilt."

After a hasty inspection of the empty frame of a magic mirror, and a fragment of the original setting of Solomon's seal, the youth's eye lighted upon a volume full of mysterious characters.

"Whose book is this?" he inquired. "Heavens, it is Michael Scott's!"

"Even so," returned the venerable man, "and its spells have lost nothing of their efficacy. But the last leaf, containing the formula for dismissing spirits after they have been summoned from the nether world, hath been removed by me. Inattention to this circumstance hath caused several most respectable magicians to be torn in pieces, and hath notably increased the number of demons at large."

"Thou old villain!" shouted the exasperated youth, "is this the way in which the treasures in thy custody are protected by thee? Deemest thou that I will brook being thus cheated of my dear-bought talisman? Nay, but I will deprive thee of thine. Give me that lock of hair."

"O, good youth," supplicated the now terrified and humbled old man, "bereave me not of the source of all my power. Think, only think of the consequences!"

"I will not think," roared the youth. "Deliver it to me, or I'll rend it from thy head with my own hands."

With a heavy sigh, Time clipped the lock from his brow and handed it to the youth, who quitted the palace unmolested by any of the monsters.

Entering the great city, the student made his way by narrow and winding streets until, after a considerable delay, he emerged into a large public square. It was crowded with people, gazing intently at the afternoon sky, and the air was rife with a confused murmur of altercations and exclamations.

"It is." "No, I tell you, it is impossible." "It cannot be." "I see it move." "No, it's only my eyes are dazzled." "Who could have believed it?" "Whatever will happen next?"

Following the gaze of the people, the youth

discovered that the object of their attention was the sun, in whose aspect, however, he could discover nothing unusual.

"No," a man by him was saying, "it positively has not moved for an hour. I have my instruments by me. I cannot possibly be mistaken."

"It ought to have been behind the houses long ago," said another.

"What's o'clock?" asked a third. The inquiry made many turn their eyes towards the great clock in the square. It had stopped an hour ago. The hands were perfectly motionless. All who had watches simultaneously drew them from their pockets. The motion of each was suspended; so intense, in turn, was the hush of the breathless crowd, that you could have heard a single tick, but there was none to hear.

"Time is no more," proclaimed a leader among the people.

"I am a ruined man," lamented a watchmaker.

"And I," ejaculated a maker of almanacks.

"What of quarter-day?" inquired a landlord and a tenant simultaneously.

"We shall never see the moon again," sobbed a pair of lovers.

"It is well this did not happen at night," observed an optimist.

"Indeed?" questioned the director of a gas company.

"I told you the Last Day would come in our time," said a preacher.

It was still long before the people realized that the trance of Time had paralyzed his daughter Mutability as well. Every operation depending upon her silent processes was arrested. The unborn could not come to life. The rich could not die. The human frame could not waste. Everyone in the enjoyment of health and strength felt assured of the perpetual possession of these blessings, unless he should meet with accident or violent death. But all growth ceased, and all dissolution was stayed. Mothers looked with despair on infants who could never be weaned or learn to walk. Expectant heirs gazed with dismay on immortal fathers and uncles. The reigning beauties, the fashionable boxers and opera dancers were in the highest feather. Nor did the intellectual less rejoice, counting on endless life and unimpaired faculties, and vowing to extend human knowledge beyond the conceivable. The

poor and the outcast, the sick and the maimed, the broken-hearted and the dying made, indeed, a dismal outcry, the sincerity of which was doubted by some persons.

As for our student, forgetting his faithful Vampire, he made his way to a young lady of great personal attractions, to whom he had been attached in former days. The sight of her beauty, and the thought that it would be everlasting, revived his passion. To convince her of the perpetuity of her charms, and establish a claim upon her gratitude, he cautiously revealed to her that he was the author of this blissful state of things, and that Time's hair was actually in his possession.

"O, you good, dear man!" she exclaimed, "how vastly I am obliged to you! Ferdinand will never forsake me now."

"Ferdinand! Leonora, I thought you cared for me."

"O!" she said, "you young men of science are so conceited!"

The discomfited lover fled from the house, and sought the treasurer's palace. It had vanished, with all its monsters. Long did he roam the city ere he mixed again with the crowd, which an old meteorologist was addressing energetically.

"I ask ye one thing," he was saying. "Will it ever rain again?"

"Certainly not," replied a geologist and a metaphysician together. "Rain being an agent of Time in the production of change, there can be no place for it under the present dispensation."

"Then will not the crops be burned up? Will the fruits mature? Are they not withering already? What of wells and rivers, and the mighty sea itself? Who will feed your cattle? And who will feed *you*?"

"This concerns us," said the butchers and bakers.

"Us also," added the fishmongers.

"I always thought," said a philosopher, "that this phenomenon must be the work of some malignant wizard."

"Show us the wizard that we may slay him," roared the mob.

Leonora had been communicative, and the student was immediately identified by twenty persons. The lock of hair was found upon him, and was held up in sight of the multitude.

"Kill him!"

"Burn him!"

"Crucify him!"

"It moves! it moves!" cried another division of the crowd. All eyes were bent on the hitherto stationary luminary. It was moving—no, it wasn't; yes, it certainly was. Dared men believe that their shadows were actually lengthening? Was the sun's rim really drawing nigh yonder great edifice? That muffled sound from the vast, silent multitude was, doubtless, the quick beating of innumerable hearts; but that sharper note? Could it be the ticking of watches? Suddenly all the public clocks clanged the first stroke of an hour—an absurdly wrong hour, but it *was* an hour. No mortal heard the second stroke, drowned

in universal shouts of joy and gratitude. The student mingled with the mass, no man regarding him.

When the people had somewhat recovered from their emotion, they fell to disputing as to the cause of the last marvel. No scientific man could get beyond a working hypothesis. The mystery was at length solved by a very humble citizen, a barber.

"Why," he said, "the old gentleman's hair has grown again!"

And so it had! And so it was that the unborn came to life, the dying gave up the ghost, Leonora pulled out a grey hair, and the student told the professor his dream.

THE LAST SHEAF.

From the picture by GEORGES LAUGÉ.

G. Laugé, pinxt.

"And nowhere a corner was there but I gathered up pleasure and gain,
From a hundred gardens the rose-blooms, from a thousand granaries, grain."

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

ATALANTA SCHOLARSHIP AND READING UNION.

ENGLISH MEN AND WOMEN OF LETTERS.

BULWER LYTTON.

— — —
CHARLES KENT.

THERE are men of eminence whose chief characteristic is their many-sidedness. The brilliancy of their repute, like the glitter of a well-cut diamond, is traceable in a great measure to the number of its facets. Conspicuous, if not pre-eminent, in this respect, among the celebrities of the present century, was the one whose name stands at the head of this paper. Regarded purely in his capacity as an author, he has been spoken of—and hardly with extravagance—as the Admirable Crichton of literature. Hardly, I have said, with extravagance. For, as a writer, he has secured to himself distinct reputations as novelist, dramatist, essayist, poet, historian, critic, scholar, and social philosopher.

Born in May, 1803, and dying in January, 1873, he had not quite completed his seventieth year when his life was closed. His ambition was first awakened when, as a stripling of seventeen, the thought of becoming an author occurred to him one summer's holiday on the bank of Lake

Windermere. His own especial desire was to win fame for himself as a poet. That wish was never really gratified. Four of his ten volumes of verse, he, as admitted failures, withdrew from publication. Four of the remaining six acquired no doubt a certain celebrity, one of them, *St. Stephen's*, being marked by a rare excellence. So little, however, was he qualified to judge aright as to where his capabilities were at their best, that, in the preface to the most ambitious of all, *King Arthur*, he refers to it as "the life of his life." Three of his eight dramas have retained their popularity on the national stage for half a century, as can be said of no other dramatist since the days of Sheridan. The earliest of these, *The Lady of Lyons*, written in less than a fortnight, and produced anonymously in 1838, was followed in 1839 by *Richelieu*, and in 1840 by *Money*. Diversified though his raids were in almost every department of literature, his one paramount claim to remembrance, beyond all doubt, however, is as a novelist.

For nearly half a century he was almost continuously before the reading public. Many-sided though he was, not a work of his but was stamped

by his distinct individuality. What his particular ambition was in authorship he acknowledged very early in life, when he wrote—

“I do confess that I have wished to give
My land the gift of no ignoble name,
And in that holier air have sought to live,
Sunned with the hope of Fame.”

But, later on in the same poem he said yet more finely—

“Better than fame is still the wish for fame,
The constant training for a glorious strife;
The athlete nurtured for the Olympian Game
Gains strength at least for life.”

The thought thus expressed runs, indeed, more or less articulately like a golden thread through the warp and woof of his writings, whether in prose or poetry. Throughout his career as an author he appeared to take particular delight in the cultivation of every intellectual power he possessed, and in the application of them as diversely as possible. In his dominant character as a novelist, this was especially observable. In his twenty-eight romances—for his works of that kind exceed in number the Waverley series of Scott—he wrote novels of almost every description, the fashionable, the political, the historical, the mystical, the sentimental, the humorous, the domestic, novels of crime, and, above all, novels of modern English Life and Manners. Of his first story, *Falkland*, which was his maiden work as a novelist, he spoke remorsefully as his “Werther.” *Pelham* was the earliest of all his novels to swing his name into celebrity. Unsurpassed by himself, even to the end of his career, in wit and vivacity, it presented to the reader's view the first of those young heroes of Bulwer, introduced, each in turn, conquering and to conquer, and as the very incarnation of success. Throughout, in all his varying moods, Henry Pelham is delightful, even when he remarks superciliously of vulgarians that “the credit they give is as short as their pedigree,” or when with a *blase* air he declares that “no business is half as fatiguing as pleasure,” or when speaking as an exquisite, he avers axiomatically that “nothing is so plebeian as imitation.”

During the earlier period of Bulwer's career as a novelist, he was spoken of, not in ridicule but seriously, as the Lord of Young Romance. His

second fiction of any importance, *The Disowned*, revealed perhaps, more clearly than any other, one of his most marked deficiencies, that arising from the fact that in his portraiture of all classes of society he was the least felicitous in his delineation of the middle classes. *Devereux*, the earliest of his historical romances, showed first of all conspicuously his extraordinary power of constructiveness in the elaboration of his plots. At this early stage in his progress to an ever-widening popularity as a writer of fiction, he opened up new ground for himself by producing the first of his three romances of crime.

Paul Clifford, the hero of which was a robber, was designed by its author with the high moral purpose of showing the evil influence of education in the corruption of a naturally pure and honourable character. Built up in great part as a burlesque, it had about it all the essentials of a tragedy. That tragedy attained its climax in the penultimate chapter, in which, immediately after condemning his son to death, William Brandon, the judge, then on the eve of being raised to the peerage as Lord Warlock and advanced in his profession to the dignity of Chief Baron, is found dead in his carriage upon the threshold of the sybarite, Earl Mauleverer. *Eugene Aram*, Bulwer's yet more celebrated romance, he inscribed to Sir Walter Scott, the mention of which fact recalls to my remembrance his once telling me that he had it from the lips of Her Majesty herself that the only two novels the Queen had read before coming to the throne were *Eugene Aram* and the *Bride of Lammermoor*.

Written simultaneously with the weird story of the Lynn schoolmaster, was Bulwer's tender love tale of *The Pilgrims of the Rhine*. Likened by himself in the preface to “a garland of wild flowers cast upon a grave,” it nevertheless had nothing morbid in its pathos, even though a presentiment of doom tracks the footsteps of the lovers, Gertrude and Trevylian, all through their pilgrimage. As if disdaining to trade upon the reputation he had already won, Bulwer brought his next fiction out anonymously. This was his political novel of *Godolphin*, the unsuspected author of which was trumpeted by the reviewers as a formidable rival to—himself! Yet the more discerning ought surely to have recognised in the title character the true Bulwerian

hero, who has love as his inspiration, who serves an apprenticeship in life resembling, with a difference, that of Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister," and who in the actual instance wins, in rapid sequence, wealth and honour and a countess.

At this stage in his career, Bulwer produced two more of his five historical romances—his classic one of *The Last Days of Pompeii* and his mediæval one of *Rienzi, the Last of the Roman Tribunes*. In the former, read alike by schoolboy and by scholiast, he was learned and enthralling; in the latter, he was as true to the original Italian record as Shakespeare in his historic dramas to the Chronicles of Holinshed. In attestation of which I vividly recall to mind his taking down one evening from a bookshelf in the library at Knebworth, the *Vita di Cola di Rienzi*, and reading aloud to me from it with the greatest enthusiasm in the Italian the account there given of the Tribune's pursuit and death, an account harmonizing in almost every detail with his own impassioned description of his hero's immolation. The historical novel, Bulwer Lytton himself avowedly regarded as the most difficult province of his art, requiring, as he argued in his preface to *The Last Days of Pompeii*, for its adequate completion, the hand of a master. And it is remarkable that whereas Scott selected invariably as the hero of his great historical romances a non-historical fictitious character, Bulwer Lytton, in three of his, chose by preference as the central figure on his canvas a grand historic personage, thus rendering the difficulty to be overcome more than ever difficult. The prose poem of *Harold*—the three volumes of which were dashed off by a very *tour de force* in a fortnight—portrayed at full length *The Last of the Saxon Kings*. *Rienzi*—the composition of which was interrupted midway by its author's visiting the ruins of the disentombed city at the foot of Vesuvius, the streets of which he felt constrained at once to re-people with a world of such vivid creations as Glaucus and Ione and Nydia and Arbaces and Apécides—revealed just as realistically in his turn *The Last of the Roman Tribunes*. While, in the most ornate of all his historical romances, *The Last of the Barons*, Bulwer Lytton grouped round the heroic form of Warwick the King-maker such other contemporaries of that epoch as Edward IV. and his formidable successor Richard, Duke of Gloucester.

In each of these works fiction was used purely as a means of illustrating history, the climax of each in turn being a grand historic catastrophe.

Three novels of Bulwer's middle period, each of which achieved an extraordinary success, were among the most characteristic of his writings. *Ernest Maltravers or the Eleusinia*, with its sequel of *Alice or the Mysteries*, exercised over his readers, imagination an almost enervating fascination. While the latest of these three exceptional works, *Night and Morning*, is remarkable among other things for this, that according to the statistics of his publishers, it has all along sold more largely than any other of his romances.

Another distinct group of Bulwer Lytton's works as a novelist began in his fortieth year with the publication of *Zanoni*. These exceptional works were his Tales of Mystery of which that weird narrative was the elaborate inauguration. In it the two chief characters, Zanoni the Idealist, and Mejnour the Man of Science, were both equally inspired by the ambition of winning the Elixir of Life—unlike Faust, however, by no compact with the Devil; but, on the contrary, by a resolute struggle against evil; the Man of Science, who loves not, living on; the Idealist, who loves, in the end dying. The story, which opens rapturously with the barbiton of Pisani, closes in the midst of the lurid and discordant horrors of the Reign of Terror. *The Haunted and the Haunters*, a minor tale of mystery, which Thackeray called with reason the finest ghost story that was ever written, and which was originally published in *Blackwood*, Bulwer Lytton had previously read to me in manuscript at Knebworth, immediately after its composition.

Scattered more or less widely through the earlier prose fictions of Bulwer were certain tricks of style or mannerisms out of which he eventually grew, but which are still remembered in his regard as pre-eminently characteristic. Chief among these was his habit of personifying various abstract qualities, such as the Good, the True, and the Beautiful. Yet, among his contemporaries, many kindred tricks of style were just as observable, though never in any instance so persistently ridiculed. Such, for example, as Carlyle's reiterated denunciations of Shams and allusions to the Immensities, or Matthew Arnold's references

to Sweetness and Light, or Disraeli's to Men of Light and Leading. Among the Novelists of the Victorian Age, just as Thackeray was unmistakably at his best when describing a gentleman like Colonel Newcome or a clubman like Major Pendennis, and Dickens when describing the very lowly and more particularly the lowly Londoner, Bulwer Lytton was never more essentially himself than when delineating an epicurean like the Earl Mauleverer, or a brilliant cynic like Lumley Ferrars, later on Baron Vargrave, of Vargrave.

Among all the many phases of Bulwer Lytton's genius as a novelist, however, the brightest and purest was unquestionably reached when, in 1848, he began contributing anonymously to *Blackwood's Magazine*, his serial story of *The Caxtons*. Under the sub-title of *A Family Picture*, it revealed in full perfection whatever powers were his as a humorous delineator of character, and [in doing so began the issue of those eleven volumes of the Caxton novels, which will henceforth constitute the securest pedestal for his reputation as a writer of fiction. Than the portraiture therein given of the various members of the Caxton family, there is nothing sweeter in English literature. The only bewilderment about it is—and it is one that must ever remain problematic—how it came to pass (quite unconsciously on Bulwer Lytton's part, there can be little doubt of it) that there grew up in his mind such an astounding reflex shadowing forth, through Pisistratus the Anachronism, and Austin the Scholar, and Captain Roland the Soldier, and Mr. Squills the Apothecary, of Tristram Shandy, and those immediately around him. It is, beyond all question, at once the oddest and the noblest tribute yet offered to the memory of Lawrence Sterne.

The second work of the Caxton Series—emphatically called *My Novel*—was the author's undoubted masterpiece. Among all his many admirable plots, it contained the very finest, the most ingenious, and the most highly elaborated in its construction. Which last word reminds me of Lord Lytton's telling me one day that he had just been calling in, as a total stranger, upon one of our; then most skilled phrenologists, who, after making a careful examination of the contour of his head (having no knowledge whatever at the moment

as to his identity) declared that the most conspicuous organ of all upon it was constructiveness. Another novel upon the same enlarged scale, and just as ingeniously constructed, completed the Caxton series. This was the elaborate work which, like its immediate predecessor, extended to four large volumes, and to which he gave the fantastic and unattractive title of *What will he do with it?* Sophy was the heroine of the story; while the four principal male characters were Guy Darrell, who should have been the acknowledged or titular hero of the narrative, Lionel Haughton, the young lover or walking gentleman, Waife, otherwise more affectionately spoken of as "Willy," the vagabond, and the villain of the tale, Jasper Loseley. The climax of the fiction is reached where the desperado last named, driven to bay and surrounded by overwhelming numbers, extricates himself by sheer audacity from the den of his infuriated accomplices. Besides this, three other imaginative prose narratives rounded the cycle of Bulwer Lytton's career as a novelist, when, upon the eve of the completion of his seventieth year, he was snatched away by death rather suddenly. One of these, *The Coming Race*, which had already achieved, on its own merits, such success that it had rapidly run through several editions, was only acknowledged to be from his hand on the morrow of his demise. Another, entitled *The Parisians*, the authorship of which was just as unsuspected, had then for some months been running its course as a serial in *Blackwood's Magazine*, while his last work, *Kenelm Chillingly*, was published posthumously, in its complete form as a three-volume novel, on the morrow of its author's interment in Westminster Abbey. That last written of all his love stories, curiously enough, commemorated, at the very close of his life, his own earliest experience of the master passion, when, as a stripling of sixteen, he indulged in his first day-dreams on the banks of the river Brent, near Ealing—a record as pure and tender as that in which Dante, through the *Vita Nuova*, has perpetuated the memory of his own Platonic affection for the little child of eight, Beatrice Portinari.

My Novel, however, among all Bulwer Lytton's voluminous works, holds to the last, by right, its place of pre-eminence. Through the medium of its Twelve Books, he takes a wider range than in any other of his writings of English scenes and of

English characters ; bringing to view, in succession, as by the unrolling of an ample panorama, town and country, noble and peasant, statesman and vagabond, Parson Dale and Squire Hazeldean, Sprott the Tinker and Dr. Morgan the Homœopathist, Riccabocca and his faithful Jackeymo, Dick Avenel the manufacturer and John Burley the Bohemian man of letters, Audley Egerton and — one of the most brilliant of all the author's creations — Harley L'Estrange, Egerton's chivalrous and confiding intimate. In equally striking contrast to one another are the principal female characters, such for example as the two heroines, Helen and Violante, or as the two matrons at Hazeldean, the Squire's Wife, "Harry" and the Parson's Wife "Carry." The leading interest of the narrative is in a great measure shared in strangely unequal proportions between the good genius of the tale, Leonard Fairfield, and its peculiarly despicable evil genius, Randal Leslie. As illustrating vividly the distinctive manner of Bulwer Lytton as a novelist, a

characteristic sentence from one or another of his more famous works might be adduced. As where, at the close of *The Last Days of Pompeii*, the narrator adds : "Viewing the various witnesses of a social system which has passed from the world for ever—a stranger from that remote and barbarian isle which the Imperial Roman shivered when he named, paused amidst the delights of the soft Campania and composed this history." Or as—to cite but one other instance of an unmistakably Bulwerian touch—where, in *My Novel*, Randal Leslie's nerves having "crisped at the sound of felon footfalls" in the London streets at night-time, it is added in his regard as "a thing of dark and secret mischief : " "Solitary amidst the vast city, and on through the machinery of civilization, went the still spirit of Intellectual Evil." Perhaps in nothing, after all, is the first Lord Lytton's masterpiece of *My Novel* more remarkable than in the consummate art with which the various threads of the romantic narrative are brought together in the climax of the closing incident.

SCHOLARSHIP COMPETITION QUESTIONS.

- I.—Paint as vivid a picture as you can of Life in Pompeii in the last days before its destruction
- II.—Mention some of the chief incidents in the life of Pisistratus Caxton.

WORK SELECTED.—*The Last Days of Pompeii*, or *The Caxtons*.

Only one question should be answered. Essays must contain not more than 500 words.



SEARCH QUESTIONS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

I.

In what unique travelling equipage did Miss Pratt arrive at the castle of Lord Rossville?

II.

In what works of Dickens do the following characters appear?—1. Mrs. Pipchin; 2. The Infant Phenomenon; 3. Mr. Grimwig; 4. The Seraph; 5. Silas Wegg; 6. The Marchioness; 7. Mr. Chadband; 8. Jingles; 9. Mr. Dick.

III.

To what flowers do the following quotations refer? Give the author and work in which they occur.

- (1) "Here are * *, on tiptoe for a flight."
- (2) "The sweetest flower for scent that blows."
- (3) "All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The * *, the little children's dower—
Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!"
- (4) "And at their feet the * * brake like fire."
- (5) "Thou only darest to believe in spring,
Thou only smilest, Lady of the Time!
Even as the stars come up out of the sea
Thou risest from the Earth."
- (6) "Bring the rathe * * that forsaken dies, . . .
With * * wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears."

(7) "O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that frightened thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon! * * * —
That come before the swallow dares and take
The winds of March with beauty; * * * dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath."

IV.

Where do we read of the boat-race in which the girl-crew of the *Atalanta* beat the college-crew of the *Algonquin*?

V.

What gifts did Queen Blanchelys give to the Pilgrim when he was going to fight for her?

VI.

Give author and work from which the following lines are taken:—

- (1) "In the dark chambère, if the bride was fair,
Ye wis, I could not see,
But the steed thrice neighed, and the priest fast prayed
And wedded fast were we."
- (2) "Over the grass we stepped unto it,
And God, he knoweth how blithe we were!
Never a voice to bid us eschew it;
Hey the green ribbon that showed so fair!"

Answers to be sent by September 15, and to be addressed to the SUPERINTENDENT, R.U.

ANSWERS TO SEARCH QUESTIONS (AUGUST).

I.

Of Helen Temple. [*Mademoiselle Panache*. Miss Edgeworth's *Moral Tales*.]

II.

Knowledge, Experience, Watchful, Sincere. [*Pilgrim's Progress*.]

III.

First the execution, then the investigation, last the accusation. [Macaulay's Essay on Lord Byron has a reference to the expression.]

IV.

1. Italy [Childe Harold.] 2. Durham Cathedral. [Scott. *Harold the Dawntless*.] 3. Land of the Lotos-eaters. [Tennyson.]

V.

Albrecht Durer. [Longfellow. *Nuremberg*.]

VI.

"The gravy alone is enough to add twenty years to one's age. The anxiety of that one item keeps the mind continually upon the stretch. . . . And what I have undergone in consequence no one would believe." [Mrs. Todgers, *Martin Chuzzlewit*.]

VII.

1. John Halifax. 2. The Harrels. [Miss Burney's *Cecilia*.] 3. Diana and Mary Rivers. [*Jane Eyre*.] 4. Mrs. Poyser. [*Adam Bede*.]

THE USE OF A YEARLY DRESS ALLOWANCE.

MOST girls remember the feeling of relief with which they hailed the day when they no longer had to beg of their parents a shilling to buy boot-laces or five shillings to spend on gloves, when they reached that glorious state of independence towards which for months past their hopes had been turning, the day on which they received their first quarter's allowance for dress. They also remember, many of them too well, how gladly a year from that day they would have returned to the time of their bondage, when an indulgent parent supplied all their wants and they had only to ask in order to have.

The first year of an allowance is like the first year of married life—a time of trial. If you surmount that, the rest will be plain sailing. Mutual concessions between demand and supply have constantly to be made, and unfortunately the time of life when girls are put on an allowance is not a period during which graceful concessions are found particularly easy. They are still undisciplined, and if they set their hearts on a thing, they want it very much indeed. They are keenly sensitive to any difference between themselves and their companions. They have not grasped the fact of compensation, which is the rock we all cling to in later life and in order to keep abreast with her surroundings, a girl will plunge into the wildest extravagances that cause her first quarter's expenses to absorb her whole year's allowance.

Of course there are born financiers who can always make both ends meet. They are convenient to have in a family to help you out of a difficulty; but they are rather uninteresting under other circumstances, and they can well be left on the pinnacle of their own excellence while we consider the ways and means to be pursued by less gifted beings in order to prevent a chronic condition of insolvency.

No dress allowance, however liberal, will supply you with everything you want. This is just the same if you scrape along on twenty pounds a year or if you revel in two hundred. It is some consolation to the owner of a limited income to reflect that if she had double, treble, quadruple her present sum, in a couple of years, if not less, she would be wanting a great deal more than she does at the present time. But a girl may start bravely, with every intention of keeping within the limits of her allowance, content with the sum, yet aware that it will not supply her with everything she would like, and still she may founder, through sheer ignorance of the value of money. This can only be learnt by sad experience, but it is undoubtedly a help to start children at an early age with a regular supply of pocket-money, even if it is only a shilling a month, and gradually increase this with an ascending scale of responsibilities until they blossom forth into the full dignity of a dress allowance.

Whether your allowance is small or great, be

very careful not to fritter it away. This is a real temptation when at first you have money of your own to spend, for which you are answerable to no one. Many girls cannot resist the dainty trifles they pass daily in the shop-windows, cheap in themselves—cruelly, I had almost said wickedly, cheap—but they mount up to a surprising sum at the end of the year. These are specially irresistible to girls who have a fatal knack for doing up their clothes. A gift for millinery and dressmaking is an enviable possession, but it can act in two ways; and it is not always an assistance in making a little allowance go a long way. A constant desire to “tinker” your garments should be carefully watched, and some note taken of how much money it absorbs. If it is your duty to be careful about your expenditure, never buy anything on an impulse simply because it takes your fancy. Very few people, even of those who have a fairly liberal allowance, can afford to buy a dress for a freak. You have to consider what you have already, what you are going to have: your hats, your bonnets, your jackets; or, instead of only a new dress, you will find yourself landed in a new outfit to meet the requirements of that unlucky dress. Try to have something to show for each quarter’s money—some good, solid garment that will save you from the reproach of having wasted your substance. If you can afford it, give good money for good work, and do not be led away by the joys of the cheap wares of nowadays. Leave them to those for whom they are intended, to those who can afford nothing else, and sacrifice a little in change and variety in order to spend your money on what is good. It may not be so amusing, but the result is certainly more satisfactory.

It is a good plan to begin at once to keep accounts, even if you start with a very small allowance. This is important as a training for the future, and in no other way can you keep a check on your natural tendencies. One girl would like to spend all her money on hats, another on boots; some people have a mania for pocket-handkerchiefs, and some for gloves. I am afraid in many cases there would be a strong desire to eliminate under-clothing altogether, and it might happen to us to find our allowance all absorbed before we could boast of a single necessary article. It is not a bad plan at first to divide an allowance into what we consider a just proportion, and keep

as much as possible within these limits. It does no one any harm to start with being too systematic; but it is manifestly impossible to lay down a hard-and-fast rule where, under certain circumstances, a hundred pounds would not go so far as thirty pounds in another case.

All that can be done is to lay to heart the few general principles that lie at the root of every question. To enter into detail demands a volume, as we saw some years back when we were instructed on how to dress on £15 a year, but fortunately the principles are the same whatever is the sum you may have. At first sight it seems as if your dress allowance would not concern anyone but yourself. The money is handed over to you to spend exactly as you like. Provided you spend it on dress, are fit to be seen, and do not wildly exceed your income, nothing more is asked of you. But can anything in this world come to a full stop in this manner? Certainly not with dress when everything you buy represents the means of existence to another human creature. If you keep this before your mind you cannot spend heedlessly. Deny yourself a little that you may do justice to the toiling millions who work for your needs. If a girl’s means are such that she must work for herself, then it is right that she should, and her discipline very likely comes to her in that way. But if it is not necessary, she should ask herself very carefully if she could not spend her time better in some other way, while she was also giving work to one whose livelihood depended on it.

A girl’s first and simplest duty is never to exceed her allowance. That sum, small or large, has been given to her in trust. It is her first effort in life to suit her desires to her means, to draw the line between what she needs and what she wants. As with small things, so with great. The whole advantage of an allowance is that it teaches us the value of money, and trains us to be responsible for it. If this were not so most girls would be much better dressed and much better off if they were left to the generosity of their parents.

Most parents recognise the advantage of training their children up to appreciate the value of money. If, in their first attempt, the children fail, not much more is expected of them, and no great harm is done, but the more hopelessly they fail

the more does it prove how essential was the trial. Dress may seem a worldly thing. A few scorn it; it is of paramount importance to many but no one can do without it. If a girl receives her dress allowance as the opening of her responsibilities in life as a foreshadowing of the time to come when she holds all her worldly possessions in trust, and does her duty faithfully in a few things she will find that this, too, may be one of the many means appointed by which she can train her nature to good or evil.

Eleanor Bairdsmith.

* * *

TWO novels of the season are *Misadventure*, by W. E. Norris (Spencer Blackett), and *Lady Baby*, by E. D. Gerard (Blackwood). They are both artistic in being admirably written and true to life, but they neither of them show their authors at their best. There is a certain common-placeness about them which is unexpected and disappointing. The freshness of *My Friend Jim* is altogether lacking in *Misadventure*, and the graphic and extraordinary realism displayed in the *Waters of Hercules* has no place in Dorothea Gerard's last book, *Lady Baby*. Still, both books are much above the average standard, and will be read with pleasure by many. In *Misadventure*, Cicely is a delightful heroine, true to life in her girlish self-confidence, which yet has nothing unpleasant about it. She represents a very ordinary type of girl of the present day, for the time has quite gone by when timidity was considered a virtue. The incident which gives the title to the book is of a sensational nature, but Mr. Norris possesses to perfection the art of never straining one's sensibilities too far. It might even be questioned whether he does not err a little on the other side. His books have a strange absence of passion, and his cynicism, though not unkindly, has the effect of continual cold water douches. Some critics have called Mr. Norris our modern Thackeray, but surely in some respects the pupil has failed to follow in the steps of the master. The older writer does occasionally allow us glimpses of his great and tender heart; the younger one carries the art of repression too far.

LADY Baby is also a charming little heroine, but the author has not the advantage of the bold and uncommon background which gave such a fresh atmosphere to *Reata* and *Beggar My Neighbour*. She does not seem quite at home in Scotland. Her descriptions are correct; but they are pictures; not life. They have no power of transporting the reader into the middle of the scene. The relations between Lady Baby and Peter have considerable humour, and there is decided power in the scenes in which she plays off the effusiveness of one suitor against the coldness of the other.

* * *

IN the Sunlight. Angelica Selby (Warne and Co.). This is the promising work of a young writer. The story has all the virtues and the faults of a gifted beginner. There is a certain freshness about the style; there is an intimate knowledge of girls, from a girl's own point of view, and notwithstanding the strange improbability of the plot, there is a steady and deep interest, which commences early in the first volume and carries one rapidly through the closely-written pages to the end of the second. This interest is almost remarkable, as the book is full of faults. The plot is absurd; girls don't, as a rule, fall in love with dying men old enough to be their fathers, after a single day's acquaintance. Ivy's love for Colonel Talbot is the moving lever of the story, and the circumstances which crowd round this central fact are nearly as far-fetched as the fact itself. Then, too, the canvas is over-crowded with figures. All is rush, confusion; there is a total absence of repose. The author has little or no idea of grouping her materials. She is extravagant in her use of them, and confusion is the result. Notwithstanding these faults, however, she has plenty of promise; she is full of enthusiasm, and her sentiments are pure and noble. The book is in some respects almost foolish, but one would forgive much for the sake of Billy, who is as upright and unselfish a young Englishman of the true old type as is often met with. His honest love for Ivy is the strongest feature of a book which, with all its crudities, has much to recommend it. He deserves to win her, although it would be unfair to say whether he succeeds or not.

THE following lines by Miss Harriett Stockall have been suggested by Professor Church's recent account of the discovery of the tomb of a young Roman bride :—

THE DEAD BRIDE'S DOLL.

"Brides were wont in old Rome to offer their dolls to Venus on their wedding day. Crepereia's was buried with her."—*ATALANTA* SUMMER NUMBER, 1890. Page 586.

Not unto Venus might she offer up
Her carven doll, the cherished childish toy;
Death laid his cypress-branch across the cup
With roses decked, and spilled the draught of joy.
Maiden they crowned her with the myrtle wreath,
Maiden they clasped her finger with the ring
That joined her to the grim, grey bridegroom, Death,
Maiden they bore her to her burying.
Not upon Venus' altar did they lay
Her carven, cypress doll, but near the heart
From which the glad young life had ebbd away;
The toy had grown too sacred in their eyes
Even for Venus. Death had claimed the prize!

* * *

PROFESSOR DOUGLAS'S second paper on the "Forgotten Graces" has been received with even deeper interest than his first. Extracts from some of the letters are published elsewhere. C. G. Luard pleads her cause with great ability, and as her letter is too long for insertion in the Letter-Bag, some of it is quoted here :—

"For the honour of that highly-privileged portion of the community which has been benefited by the modern system of Higher Education of Women, I must protest against the views expressed by Professor Douglas in a paper so widely read as *Atalanta*.

"From among generalizations, the careful gleaner may gather the following charges, which I summarize under these heads—

- "1. That 'the whole system is one of rivalry.'
- "2. That it is ruinous to health.
- "3. That it produces cram, not culture.
- "4. That 'the graces' are 'forgotten.'

"So far as my own experience of three years at one of the Universities, where I had many friends in colleges other than my own, goes, I

should answer them all in the direct negative. They seem to be based on an *à priori* reason which is not supported by actual facts.

'To criticize these charges in detail—

"1. That 'the whole system is one of rivalry.' Professor Douglas seems to forget that all University examinations are test, and not competitive. Women go in for them for the simple purpose of testing their own knowledge by the highest recognised standard, not for the absurdly inadequate motive of rivalling men. I won't deny that we thought it great fun when Miss Fawcett was placed above the Senior Wrangler, but our pleasure was rather that she had attained the highest pinnacle in one branch of science than that she had beaten a man. It is almost a truism at this time of day to say the primary object of Higher Education is the incalculable benefits it confers upon its recipients.

"2. 'That it is ruinous to health.'

"This objection is easily disposed of. It may be a relief to Professor Douglas to know that the elaborate investigations gone into lately by Mrs. Henry Sidgwick prove beyond dispute that the health of those who have gone to college has *not* suffered.

(It will be convenient to take 3 and 4 together, as they run into one another).

"3. 'That the modern system of the Higher Education produces cram, not culture.'

"4. 'That the graces are forgotten.'

"We are told that 'the push, rivalry, and cram of the University career in the case of honour girls is ruinous to the cause of real culture. To a certain amount of 'push' I will own. And an excellent thing it is to have to make a push sometimes. 'Cram': Anyone who aims at a high class knows that cram is worse than useless.

"It may even be contended that a University education tends to cultivate those very faculties which Professor Douglas thinks most important. 'The standard works of English literature' is the subject of an 'Honour School' for women at one University, 'Modern Languages' is another, 'History' is quite one of the most popular 'school.' He may also be glad to be assured that the very important art of expressing your thoughts 'with correctness and elegance of diction,' is one much cultivated and insisted on;

in fact, it is indispensable to distinction in the literary schools, which are the most numerous, of one University. If he knew the many Shakespeare or Browning Societies, the discussions on literature and art—truth compels me to add, on politics and economics also!—the music, singing, acting, dancing, needle-work, and other innocent and distinctly feminine forms of frivolity with which we temper our sterner studies, even he might see that we do not altogether forget the more graceful and softer side of life.

"I am very far from asserting that Higher Education makes a girl all that she should be; but I do say that *it does not prevent it*.

"So in the case of Professor Douglas's 'Forgotten Graces' Charles Kingsley is unwittingly responsible for a good deal of the prejudice against Higher Education. 'Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever,' he sings. But the antithesis is false. Why should not the 'sweet maid' be 'good' and 'clever'? Why should she not be graceful and learned? If 'a critical knowledge of Greek authors' does not turn a man into a boor, a prig and a pedant, I fail to see why it should have this curious effect upon a woman. I know various girls who have obtained high classes in final honour schools (including Classics, Mathematics, and Philosophy), who are even able 'in such minor matters as entering a room or handing a cup of tea,' to do so with ease and grace. Professor Douglas provides himself with a loophole for escape in the phrase, 'girls who escape from the evil effects of a University career do so in defiance of the system and in virtue of that truly womanly instinct which fortunately dies so hard. But unless my acquaintance is composed almost entirely of these exceptions—and I have no reason to think myself so singularly fortunate—I think I have some ground for my opinion that this 'truly womanly instinct' is, in the general way, sufficiently strong to resist these supposed evil tendencies.

"Finally, I may say that that class of most objectionable 'typical girls of the present day,' to whom all that is enjoyable is 'ripping' and all that is distasteful is 'beastly,' is the so-called 'fast girl,' not the student.

"I have written with some warmth, but not more warmth than the importance of the subject demanded. I only wish *Atalanta* would open its

columns to some other learned gentleman, who would show your many readers the other side of this question."

* * *

The following letter takes a different view of the matter:—

THE author of the paper on the "Forgotten Graces," in *Atalanta*, has been so belaboured on account of his opinions that I think it is but fair for some one to take up the cudgels on his behalf. I do not mean to say that I agree with all his remarks, but I think that the paper as a whole takes up a good position with regard to its subject. I should not, for instance, be so sweeping in condemnation of examinations for girls. They are invaluable in making one study the elementary parts of the subjects thoroughly, and without a grasp of the foundations of knowledge the upper structure can never be secured. But I also think with Professor Douglas that in these days examinations, and especially with girls, are carried too far; they cramp the mind and narrow the sympathies when they become the end of learning, and cease to be the means alone whereby something still more desirable is to be obtained. Of course one person's ideal woman is different in some degree from every other person's, so when Professor Douglas describes his ideal, which to a great many people seems a good one, he ought not to be treated like a heretic. My ideal woman is strong-minded, but truly feminine; clever, but not of necessity intensely learned; firm, yet gentle; practised in all those virtues which fit her to be the complement of man, for, whatever women themselves may say, it was for that end and no other that we were created.

Not an INDIGNANT ONE.

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FOR my part, I feel deeply grateful to Professor Douglas for giving us such an interesting subject to consider. I should be glad to receive suggestions from any readers of *Atalanta* with regard to questions of the day that the Brown Owl might discuss.

L. T. Meade.



